Behould the Man whose Words & Workes were One,
Whose Life & Labours have few Equalls knowne:
Whose Sacred-Layes his Browes with Bayes have bound,
And Him, his Ages Poet-Laureat crowned:
Whom Envy (scarce) could hate, Whom All admired,
Who liv'd beloved and a Saint expired.

John Vicars

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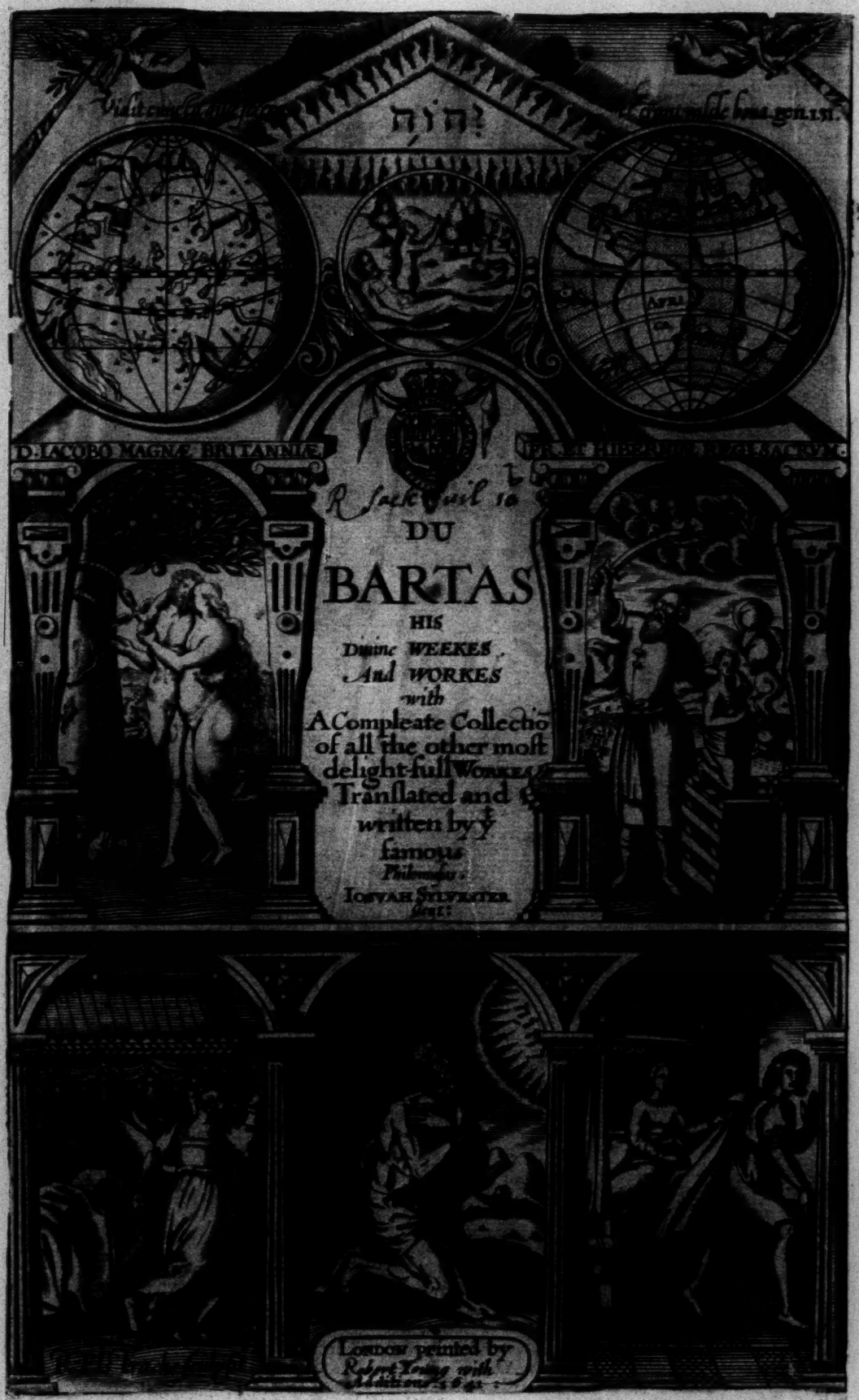
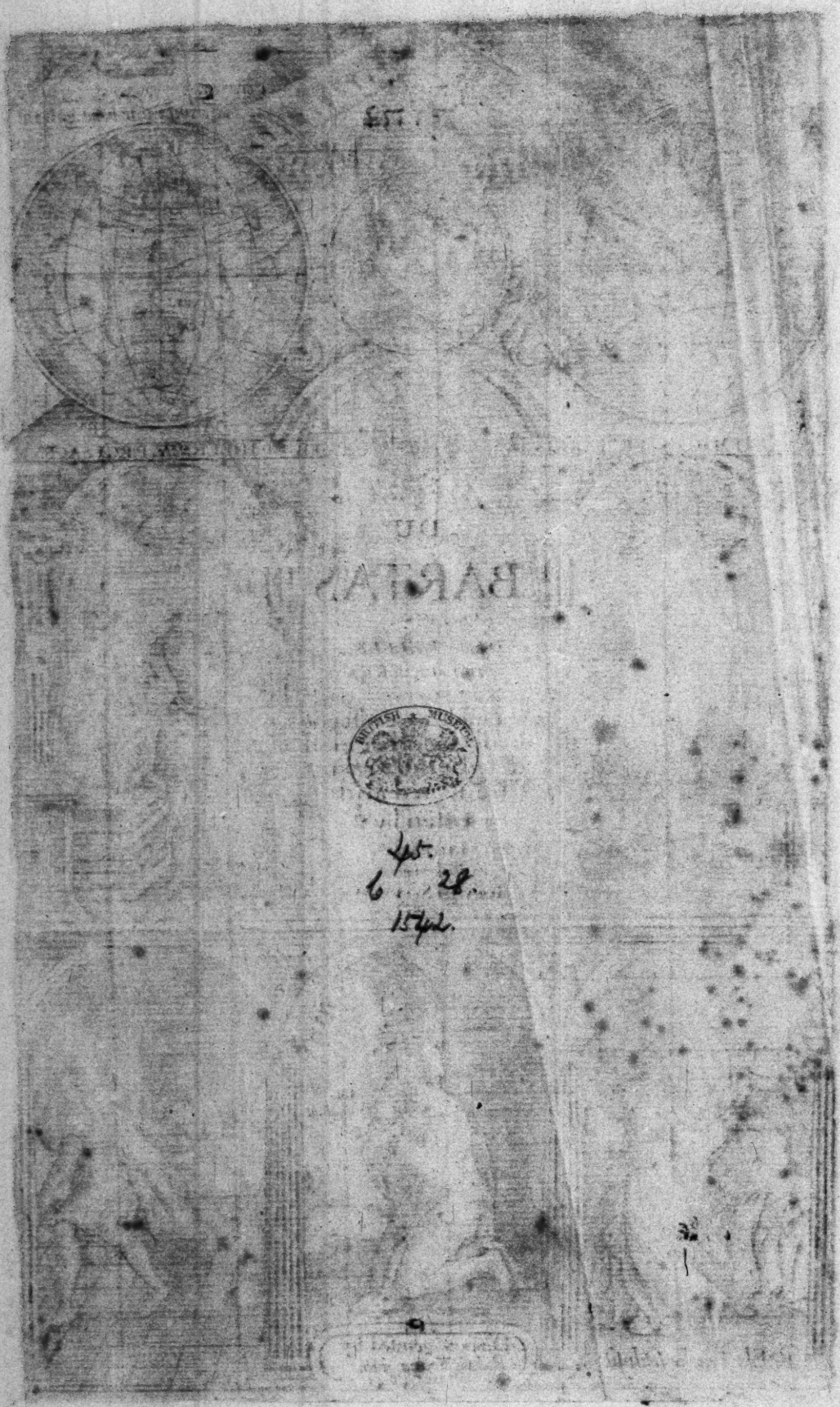

יהוה
D. IACOBO MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ
R Sackuil le
DU
BARTAS
HIS
Diuine WEEKES
And WORKES
with
A Compleate Collectiō
of all the other most
delight-full Workes
Translated and
written by ye
famous
Philomusus
IOSVAH SYLVESTER
Gent:
London printed by



ANAGRAMMATA REGIA:

REGI.

Iacobus Stuart:

Justa Scrutabo.

Iames Stuart:

A just Master.

Or A just Master *have I labour'd long;*
To A just Master *have I vow'd my best;*
By A just Master *should I take no wrong;*
With A just Master *would my life be blest.*
In A just Master *are all Vertues met;*
From A just Master *flowes aboundant grace;*
But, A just Master *is so hard to get,*
That A just Master *seems of Phœnix race;*
Yet, A just Master *have I found in fine,*
Of A just Master, *if you question This,*
Whom A just Master *I so just define;*
My Liege JAMES STUART A just Master is.
And A just Master *could my Worke deserve,*
Such A just Master *would I justly serve.*

Voy Sire Saluste.

AU TRES-PUISSANT, TRES-PRUDENT, ET TRES-AUGUSTE

Iaques (par la grace de Dieu) Roy de la Grand Britaign, de France, & d'Ireland : Defenſeur de la *Foy unique Catholique, Apoſtolique, &* CHRISTIENE.

VOY (SIRE) ton SALUSTE habillé en *Anglois*
(*Anglois* encore plus de *Cœur* que de *language*)
Qui, cogniſſant loyall ton Royall *Heritage*
En ces beaux *Liz Dorez* au Sceptre des *Gaulois*
(Comme au vray *Souverain* des vrays Subjects *Francois*)
Cy a tes pieds ſacrez te fait ſon ſainct *Hommage*
(De ton *Hœur* & *Grandeur* eternel teſmoignage)
Miroir de touts *Heros*, Miracle de tous *Roys*.
VOY (SIRE) ton SALUSTE, ou (pour le moins) ſon ombre;
Ou l'ombre (pour le moins) de ſes *Traicts*, plus divins,
Qui, ores trop noyrcis par mon pinceau trop ſombre,
S'eſclairciront aux Raiz de tes Yeux plus benins.
Donques d'un *œil benin* & d'un accueil *Auguſte*
Recoy ton cher *Bartas*, & VOY SIRE SALUSTE.

Anagrammatiſme
de JOSUA SYLVESTER:

de voſtre Majeſté
Tres humble Subject & Serviteur.

A l'iſteſſa ſua Majeſtà ſereniſma.

NEptun', *gielozo de La* Muſe Ingléſe,
L'immura ſi del Braccio cryſtallino,
Ch' il piu divin del Canto *ſuo divino*
Poco ſ' intende fuòr del ſuo Paêze:
Pero (Signor) *Come già la* Francéze
T' à Celebrato di-quà l' Apenino;
Di-là, l' ITALICA *al Peregrino*
Anche far à l' alte tue Lodi intèſe.
Siche, la Sèna, *el* Pàdo *preſtaranno*
Lor Chori *ſacri, per Cantàr l' immenza*
Alma Virtù, Valòr, Pietà, Prudénza
Di GIACOMO (*gran* SALOMOM Britanno)
Per di tua Gloria (*vdita qual' e quanta*)
Raptr' il Mondo in maravigliia ſanta.

L' iſteſſo Oſſervantiſſimo
I. S.

To England's, Scotland's, France and Ireland's KING:
Great Emperour of EUROPE'S greateſt Iles:
Monarch of Hearts, and Arts, and every thing
Beneath BOOTES, many thouſand miles:
Upon whoſe Head, Honour and Fortune ſmiſes:
About whoſe brows, cluſters of crowns do ſpring:
Whoſe Faith, Him Champion of the FAITH *en-ſtiles:*
Whoſe Wiſedome's *Fame*
Ore all the World doth ring:

MNEMOSYNE
&

Her faire Daughters bring
The DAPHNEAN Crown
To Crowne Him (Laureat)
Whole and ſole Soveraigne
Of the THESPIAN Spring:
Prince of PARNASSUS, and Piërian State:
And with their crown, their kingdoms Arms they yeeld;
Thrice three Penns Sunne-like in a Cynthian field.
Sign'd by TIMES-SELVES, and their high Treaſurer
BARTAS, the Great: Ingroſs'd by SYLVESTER.

Our SUN did Set, and yet no NIGHT enſew'd;
Our WOE-full loſſe ſo JOY-full gaine did bring,
In teares wee ſmile, amid our ſighes wee ſing:
So ſuddenly our dying LIGHT renew'd.
As when th' ARABIAN (only) Bird doth burne
Her aged body in ſweet FLAMES to death,
Out of Her CINDARS
A new Bird hath breath,

NOVÆ MVSÆ, SYLVESTRES:

In whom the BEAUTIES
Of the FIRST returne;
From Spicie Aſhes of the ſacred URNE
Of Our dead Phœnix (dear ELIZABETH)
A new true PHOENIX *lively flouriſheth,*
Whom greater glories then the Firſt adorne.
So much (O KING) thy ſacred Worth preſume I on,
JAMES, thou juſt Heire of *Englands joyfull* UNION.

JAMES, Thou juſt Heir of *Englands joyfull* UNION,
UNITING now too This long ſever'd ILE
(Sever'd for ſtrangers, from it ſelfe the while)
Under one Scepter, in One Faith's Communion:
That in our Loves may never bee diſ-union,
Throughout-all Kingdoms in thy Regall Stile,
Make CHRIST thy Guide
(In whom was never guile)

To RULE thy Subjects
In his GOSPEL S Union.
So, on thy Seat thy Seede ſhall ever Flouriſh
To SION's Comfort, and th' eternall Terror
Of GOG and MAGOG, Atheïſme and Error:
So ſhall one TRUTH *thy people train and nouriſh*
In meeke Obedience of Th' Almightie's Pleaſure,
And to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR.

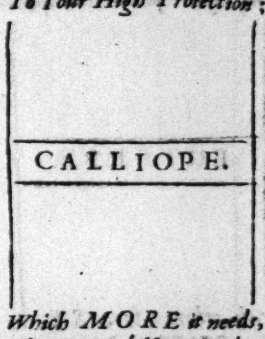
And (to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR)
To ſacred Thee (drad Soveraigne) deareſt JAMES,
While ſad-glad ENGLAND *yeelds Her Diadems,*
To bee diſpos'd at Thine Imperiall Pleaſure:
While Peers & ſtates expoſe their pomp & treaſure
To entertain thee from thy Tweed to THAMES,
With ROYALL *Preſents,*
And rare-precious Gemmes;

As Mindes and Meanes
Concurre in happy meaſure.
Here (gracious Lord) low proſtrate I preſent you
The richeſt Jewell my poore FATE affords,
(A ſacrifice, that long-long ſince I meant you)
Your Minion BARTAS, *masked in my words:*
With him, my Selfe, my Service, Wit and Art,
With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart.

With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart,
Unto Your ROYALL Hands I humbly Sacre
These Weeks (*the works of the worlds glorious Maker*)
Divinely warbled by LORD BARTAS *Art*
(Though through my rudeneſs here miſ-tun'd in part).
For, to whom meeter ſhould this Muſe betake her,
Than to YOUR *Highneſſe,*
Whom (*as chiefe Partaker*)

All MUSES *Crowne*
For Principall Deſert?
To whom ſhould ſacred Art and learned Pietie
In Higheſt Notes of Heav'nly Muſicke Sing
The Royall Deedes of the redoubted Deitie,
But to a Learned and Religious KING?
To whom but You ſhould Holy *Faith* commend-her,
Great King of *England*, Chriſtian *Faith's* Defender?

Great King of *England*, Chriſtian *Faith's* Defender;
No Selfe--preſuming of my Witt's perfection
(*In what is mine of this Divine Confection*)
Boldens mee thus to You the Same to tender:
But with the Reſt, the Beſt I have to render
For Loyall Witneſſe of my glad affection,
My MITE *I offer*
To Your High Protection;



Which MORE *it needs,*
The more it ſelfe is ſlender.
But, for mine AUTHOR, in his ſacred-furie,
I know your Highnes knows him Prince of Singers,
And His rare Workes worthy Your Royall fingers
(*Though here His luſtre too-too-much obſcure-I*):
For His ſake therefore, and Your Selfes Benignitie,
Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie.

Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie
(Smoothing with ſmiles ſterne Majeſties Severitie)
Sith from this Errour of my bold Temeritie,
Great good may grow, through heav'n & your benignity:
For, farre more equall to your BARTAS Dignitie,
This may provoke (with more divine Dexteritie)
Some NOBLER Wit,
To SING to our Poſterity

TERPSICHORE.

This NOBLEST Worke,
After it Self's Condignitie:
Or elſe the ſweet Rayes of your Royall Favour
May ſhine ſo warm on theſe wilde fruits of mine,
As much may mend their vertue, taſte, & ſavour,
And Ripen faire the Reſt that are behinde:
The rather, if ſome Clowde of COMFORT drop
Amid the Braunches of my blaſted Hope.

Amid the Braunches of my blaſted Hope,
Three Noble pearches had my Muſe of late,
Where (Turtle-like) groaning ſad tunes ſhee ſate:
But (O!) curſt ENVIE did untimely lop
The Firſt: the Next, bruiz'd with his fall, did drop:
The Third remains, grow'n a great arm of State:
Moſt WORTHIE So,
But ſo pre----occupate

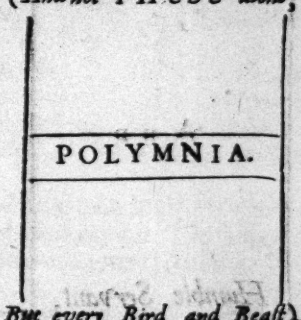
EUTERPE.

With others MUSES,
That OURS hath no ſcope.
Wherefore for ſuccour in her wearie flight
Hardly purſu'd by that ſharp Vulture, WANT,
She's fain my Liege (with your good leave) to light
Amid the Top-leaves of Your CEDAR Plant:
Where, if you daign Her Reſt from *Fortune's* wrong,
Shee ſhall more ſweetely End her ſolemne Song.

Shee ſhall more ſweetely End Her ſolemne Song
(If Heav'n grant Life, and You give leave to doe it)
By adding fitly All thoſe Parts vnto it
Which more preciſely to your Prayſe belong
(Wherein expreſly, with a Thankfull Tongue,
To your great Self, APOLLO's ſelf applies him,
Yeelds YOU His Laurels,
And doth all agnize him

Rapt with the Wonder
Of Your Vertues, Young).
All the Poſthumiall race of that rare Spirit
(His Swan tunes, ſweeteſt neer his lateſt breath)
Which, of his glorie their Childes-part inherit
(Though born, alas! after their Father's death)
As Epilogue, ſhall PAY our gratefull Vowes
Under the ſhadow of Your Sacred Boughes.

Under the ſhadow of Your Sacred Boughes,
Great, Royall CEDAR of Mount LIBANON
(Greater then that great Tree of BABYLON)
No marvaile if our TURTLE ſeek to Houſe;
Sith CESAR's Eagles, that ſo ſtrongly Rouze:
Th'old Haggard FALCON, hatcht by *Pampelon:*
Th' IBERIAN GRIPHIN
(And not THESE alone,



But every Bird and Beaſt)
With HUMBLE vowes,
Seeks rooſt or reſt under your mighty Bowers:
So mighty hath the Almighty made you now:
O Honour Him who thus hath Honour'd you,
And build His houſe who thus hath bleſſed Yours.
So STUARTS ay ſhall ſtand (propt with His Power)
To Foes a Terrour, and to Friends a Tower.

To Foes a Terrour, and to Friends a Tower:
ERROR's Defyer, and True FAITH's Defence;
A Sword to Wrong, a Shield to Innocence:
Cheering the milde, checking the wilde with power:
The Starre of other States, and Sterne of Our:
The Rod of Vice, and VERTUE's Recompence:
Long Live King JAMES
In all MAGNIFICENCE:

URANIA.

And (full of DAYES)
When (in his Bliss-full Bowr)
Heav'ns King shal crown thee with th'immortal flowr,
Fall all These Blessings on that forward Prince
HENRY (*our Hope*) *to crowne His Excellence*
A KING *at home, abroade a* CONQUEROR;
So Happily, that wee may still Conclude,
Our Sunne did set, and yet no Night ensew'd.

YOUR MAJESTIES

Most loyall Subject

AND

Humble Servant,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

SACRUM MEMORIÆ
Ornatiſsimi Pientiſsimique ipſius Amici, Magiſtri *Joſuæ Sylveſter*; Qui in Oppido Middleburgenſi, viceſimo octavo die Septembris,

Anno Dom. 1618. *Annoq; Ætatis ſuæ* 55.

Fatis Conceſsit.

HIS LIFE, &c.

IN *Verſe* to perſonate what *Art* hath painted,
Craves not *Apelles*, but *Apollo's* skill;
The *veine* and *ſtraine* of *Maro's* learned Quill,
Or ſome, with ſweet *Urania* beſt-acquainted.

Yet, ſith ev'n all, whoſe *brows* are deckt with *bayes*,
Seem to neglect Thee; *Pan* hath ta'n the paines
(With Oaten-pipe, in homely ruſtick *Strains*)
To ſound, not *Arts*, but *Hearts* plain warbled *layes*.

Is't not a Wonder, worthy admiration,
In this ſo *Sin-full*, *Sin-ſoule* Age, to ſee
All reall *Vertues* in one Man to be?
All, met in one, to have cohabitation?

Thou waſt no Lordly great *Coſmopolite*;
Yet, much renowned by thy vertuous *Fame*:
A *Saint* on Earth (No need of greater Name.)
A true *Nathanael*, *Chriſtian-Iſraelite*.

Thy *Wiſedome*, in thy *Sparing-Speech* was ſhown.
'Tis ſtrange his *Words* ſhould drop, whoſe *works* did
Yet words & works ſhone, *all*, w^th *graces* beam: (ſtream:
Thy *Piety*, *ſobriety*, well known.

Religious, *valiant*, like good *Joſua*.
Religious, in Thy Selfe and Familie:
Courageous, to withſtand Adverſitie (may.
And worldly Cares; which moſt men, moſt diſ-

No *Temporizer*; yet, the *Court* frequenting:
Scorning to *ſooth*, or *ſmooth* this Ages crimes:
At *War* with *Vice*, in all thy holy *Rymes*:
Thine *Iſraels*-Sins (with *Jeremie*) lamenting.

No *Cræſus*-rich, nor yet an *Irus*-poore:
The *Golden-Mean*, was thy Chiefe Loves delight.
Thy *Portion* pleas'd thee well; and well it might:
Then *Piety*, what Riches better? more?

Adorned with the *Gift* of *Gods* good *Spirit*: His languages.
I mean the *Gift* of *Tongues*; French, Spaniſh,
Italian, Latin. As thy Selfe, few ſuch: (Dutch,
But, for thy Native-Engliſh, of moſt Merit.

Wherein, like former fluent *Cicero* (rare)
(With Figures, Tropes; Words, Phraſes, ſweetly
Of Eloquence thou mad'ſt ſo little ſpare,
That *Nile* (in *Thee*) may ſeem to overflow.

Witneſſe *Du Bartas* (that rare *Maſter-peece* His Works.
Of *Poetry*) to paſt and future Times:
By whoſe melliſluous, ſugred, ſacred *Rimes*,
Thou got'ſt more fame, then *Jaſon* by his *Fleece*.

Of which thy *Work* (I juſtly may averre)
The radiant Sun-ſhine is ſo fair, ſo trim.
As other Poets Moon-light much doth dim;
Admired *Silver-Tongued Sylveſter*.

Yea, All thy full-ear'd Harveſt-Swathes are ſuch,
As (almoſt) all thy *Brethrens* high-topt *Sheaves*
Bend, bow to thine, like Autumn-ſcattered *leaves*,
So *white* thy *Wheat* is, and the *Weight* ſo much.

Nor wrong I them, by this harſh appellation.
Their pleaſing Veine was oft too vaine: but, Thine,
Still-pleaſant-grave: Here, Morall; There, Divine.
Right *Poet-Laureat Thou* wert of our Nation.

This

This then, say I (maugre the Spleen infernall
Of Elvish-*Envie*) shall promote thy *Prayse*,
And trim thy Temples with ne'er-fading *Bayes*.
Such heav'nly *Off-springs* needs must live Eternall.

What should I say? much more then I can say.
A *Man* thou wert; and yet, then man much more.
Thy Soule resembled, right, an *House* of *Store*;
Wherein all *Vertues*, in *Thee*, treasur'd lay.

His death.

A blessed Death a holy Life ensues,
Thy pious End this *Truth* hath well expreſt:
Such as thy *Life*, such was thy *Death*; all-blest:
Thy Heav'n-born *Soule*, her Native-home did chuse.

And hadst thou dy'd at *Home* it had been better;
It would (at least) have given thee much Content:
But, herein, *England's* worthy to be shent,
Which to thy Worth did prove so bad a *Debter*.

Nor minde I this, but then I blush for shame
To think, that though a *Cradle*, *Thee*, it *gave*,
Yet (O unkinde) deny'd thy *Corps a Grave*;
Much more a *Statue*, reared to thy *Name*.

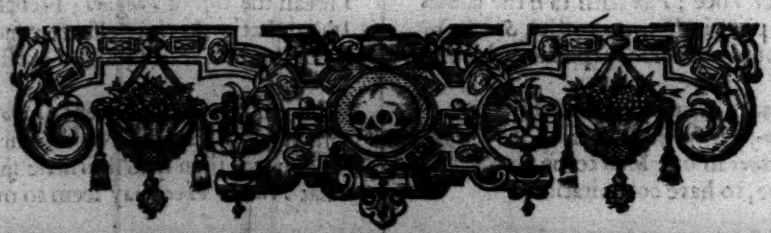
But, *Thou* wert wise; who to *thy Selfe* built'st
(Such, such an *One*) as is of endlesse Date: (One
A reall royall-one; which (spite of Hate)
To *Times* last time shall make thy *Glory* known.

Now, though thy step-Dame Country cast thee off;
(*Ah! too ungratefull, most unkinde, to Thee.*)
Yet here accept a Mite of Love from Mee,
(*Thy meaneſt Brother*) *This Mean Epitaph*:

HIS EPITAPH.

Here lyes (*Death's* too-rich *Prize*) the *Corps* enterr'd
Of JOSUAH SYLVESTER, DU BARTAS Peer;
A *Man* of *Arts* best *Parts*, to *God*, *Man*, deare
In formost *Rank* of *Poets* best, preferr'd.

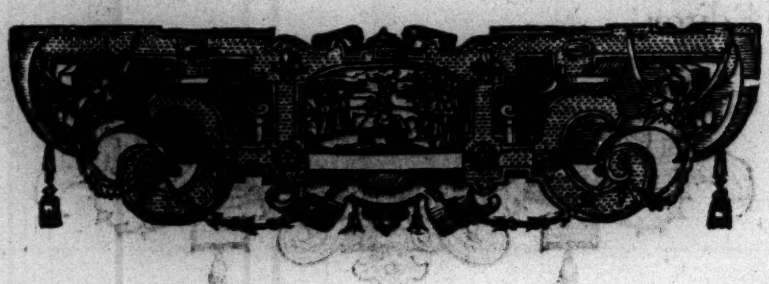
JOHN VICARS.



The Printer to the Reader.

THe Name of *Josuah Sylvester* is garland enough to hang before This doore; a name worthily deare to the present Age, to Posteritie. I doe not therefore goe about to apologize for this VVorke, or to commend it; it shall speake for it selfe, louder then either others friendship, or envie. I onely advertise my Reader, that since the death of the Author (if at least it be safe to say those men are dead, who eversurvive in their living monuments) I have carefully fetcht together all the dispersed Issue of that divine VVit; as those which are well worthie to live (like Brethren) together under one faire roofe, that may both challenge time, and outweare it. I durst not conceale the harmlesse fancies of his in offensive youth, which himselfe had devoted to Silence and Forgetfulnesse; it is so much the more glory to that worthy Spirit, that hee who was so happy in those youthfull strains, (some whereof, lately come to hand, and not formerly extant, are in this Edition inserted) would yet turne and confine his pen to none but holy and religious Dities. Let the present and future times injoy so profitable and pleasing a work; and at once honour the Author, and thank the Editor.

ENGLAND'S
Apelles (rather
OUR APOLLO)
WORLD'S wonder
SYDNEY,
That rate more-than-man,
This LOVELY VENUS
Firſt to LIMNE beganne,
With Such a PENCILL
As no PENNE dares follow:
How then ſhould I, in wit & art ſo ſhallow,
Attempt the *task* which yet none other can?
Far bee the thought, that mine unlearned hand
His heav'nly Labour ſhould ſo much unhallow:
Yet, leſt (that Holy-RELIQUE being ſhrin'd
In ſome high-Place, cloſe lockt from common light)
My Countrey-men ſhould bee debarr'd the ſight
Of theſe DIVINE pure Beauties of the Minde;
Not daring meddle with APELLES TABLE,
THIS have I muddled, as my MUSE was able.



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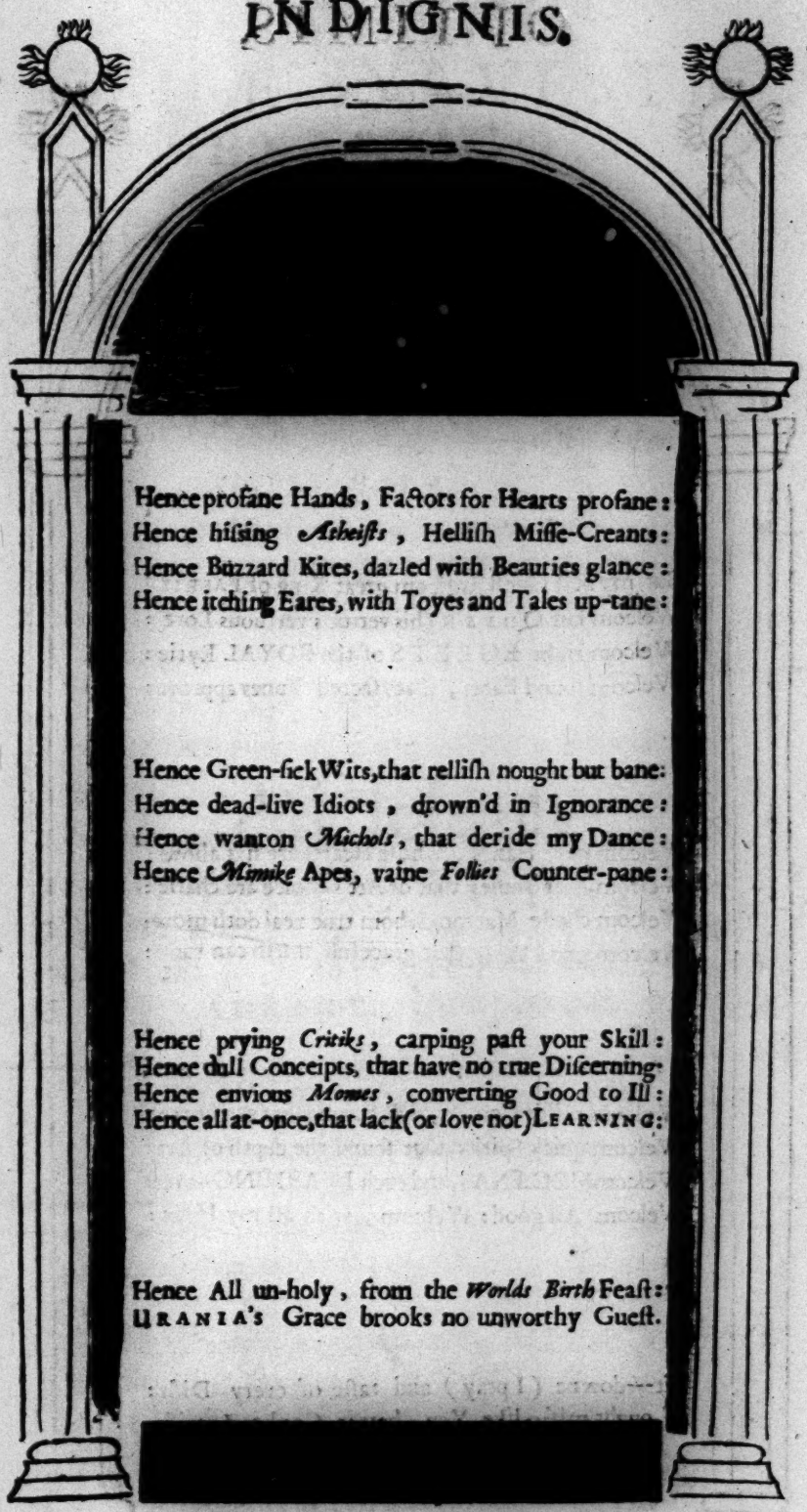


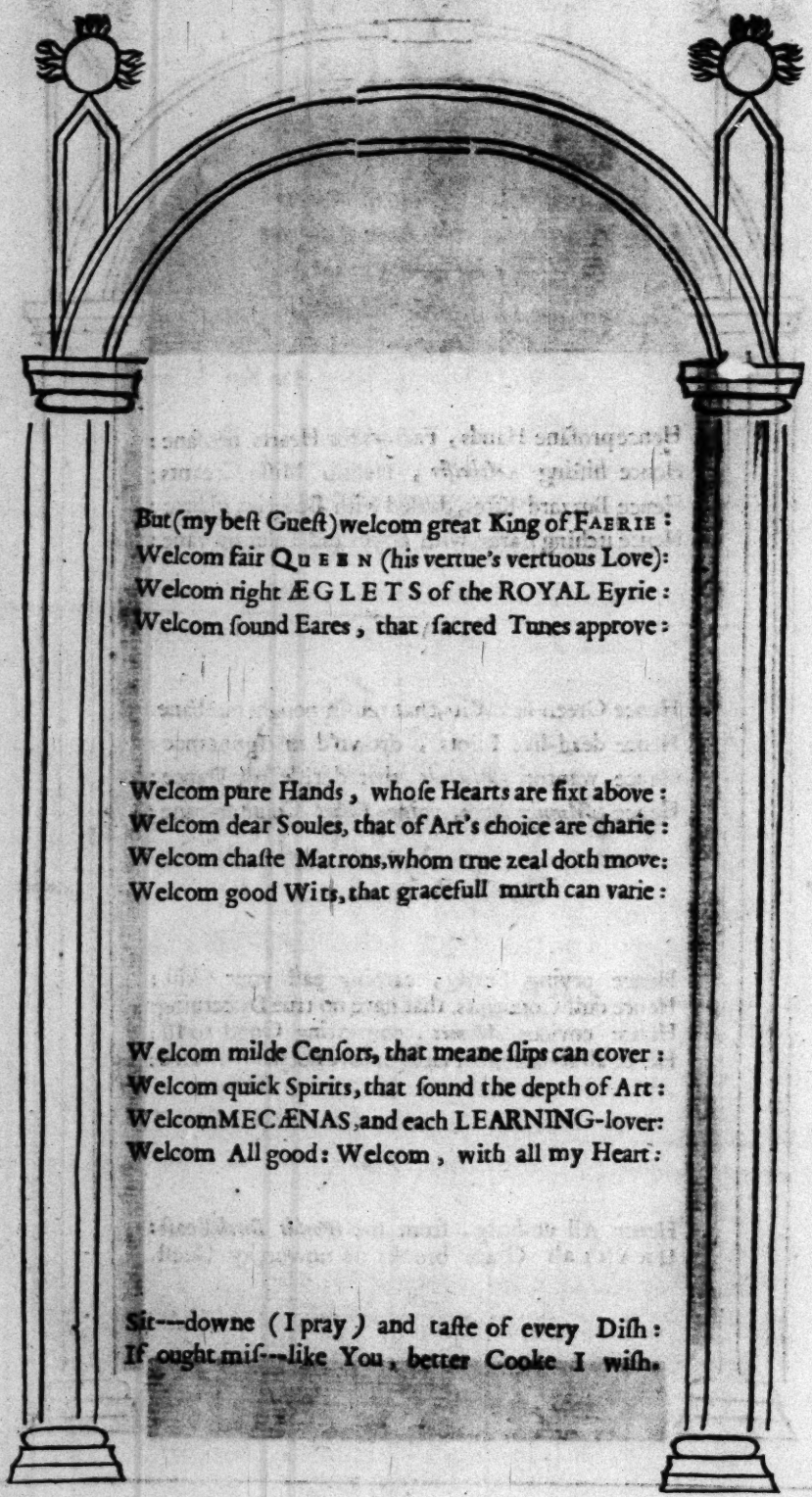
Hence profane Hands, Factors for Hearts profane:
Hence hiſsing *Atheiſts*, Helliſh Miſſe-Creants:
Hence Buzzard Kites, dazled with Beauties glance:
Hence itching Eares, with Toyes and Tales up-tane:

Hence Green-ſick Wits, that relliſh nought but bane:
Hence dead-live Idiots, drown'd in Ignorance:
Hence wanton *Michols*, that deride my Dance:
Hence *Mimike* Apes, vaine *Follies* Counter-pane:

Hence prying *Critiks*, carping paſt your Skill:
Hence dull Conceipts, that have no true Diſcerning:
Hence envious *Momes*, converting Good to Ill:
Hence all at-once, that lack (or love not) LEARNING:

Hence All un-holy, from the *Worlds Birth* Feaſt:
URANIA's Grace brooks no unworthy Gueſt.

OPTIMIS.



But (my beſt Gueſt) welcom great King of FAERIE:
Welcom fair QUEEN (his vertue's vertuous Love):
Welcom right ÆGLETS of the ROYAL Eyrie:
Welcom ſound Eares, that ſacred Tunes approve:

Welcom pure Hands, whoſe Hearts are fixt above:
Welcom dear Soules, that of Art's choice are charie:
Welcom chaſte Matrons, whom true zeal doth move:
Welcom good Wits, that gracefull mirth can varie:

Welcom milde Cenſors, that meane ſlips can cover:
Welcom quick Spirits, that ſound the depth of Art:
Welcom MECÆNAS, and each LEARNING-lover:
Welcom All good: Welcom, with all my Heart:

Sit---downe (I pray) and taſte of every Diſh:
If ought miſ---like You, better Cooke I wiſh.

Intimo
JOSUÆ SYLVESTRI,
HEXASTICON.

UT prodesse suis possit, Salustius offert
Gallis, quod nobis Josua *noster opus:*
Ille ergo eximiis hoc uno nomine dignus
Laudibus; at duplici nititur hic merito:
Quem simul Authoris famæ, charæque videmus
Communi Patriæ consuluisse bono

Jo. Bo. Miles.

Ad Iosuam
SYLVESTERUM,
G. SALUSTII
Genuinum Interpretem.

EAre agè, divini cultissima lingua Salusti,
(SYLVESTER) *Clarii ceu fuit ille* Dei;
Elyzii qua parte Jugi convenerat, & te
Edocuit sensus & sua verba Senex?
An mage, corporeâ Herois *compage soluta,*
In te Anima Elyzium fecerat ipsa sibi?
Credo equidem; & Samii *rata Dogmata sunt* Senis; *unde,*
Non Translata mihi, sed genuina canis.
Quin & Posteritas, si pagina prima taceret,
Interpres dubitet túne vel ille siet.

Car. Fitz-Geofridus Lati-Portensis.

JOSUA SYLVESTER,
ANAGRAM.
Vere Os Salustii.

QUis tu SYLVESTER noſtro cur Ore vocaris?
An quòd in ORE feras Mel? quod in Aure Mel-os?
An quòd BARTASI faciem dum pingis & ORA,
ORA tui pariter quælibet ora colit?
Nempe licet duram præ te ferâs nomine SILVAM,
Silvas & ſalebras carmina nulla tenent:
Sed quod Athenarum COR, dux Salaminius olim
Dixit, Ineſt libris Osq; vigorq; tuis.
Ergo Os eſto aliis, mihi Suadæ LINGUA videris;
Muſis & Phœbo charus OCELLUS eris.

Ad Gallum
DE BARTASIO JAM
Toro Anglicè donato.

QUòd Gallus factus modò ſit, mirare, Britannus,
Galle? novum videas, nec tamen invideas:
Silveſter veſter, noſter Bartaſius, ambo
Laude quidem gemina digni, ut & ambo pari.

IN DETRACTORES
Ad Authorem.

TAceat malevolum Os malè ſtrepentis Zoili;
Monſtrum bilingue, ſeptuplex Hydræ caput:
Dum Septimanam ſeptiès fauſtum canis
Te Septimana ſeptiès fauſtum facit
Quævis, nec ulla deleat Joſuam Dies.
Nempe ORE fari Vera ſi licet meo,
Os ipſe VERE diceris SALUSTII;
Qui ſi impetaris dentibus mordentibus
Impurioris ORIS, ἀφ' οὗ Theon
Os non carere dentibus ſciat tuum.

E. L. Oxon.

In Duo
POETARUM LUMINA,
BARTAM & SYLVESTRUM,
Carmen Asclepiadeum, Gliconicum, decol. Distroph.

TE *Barta* caneret Melpomenes melos,
Vel Germana soror nympha Polymnia,
Musarumve potens pater,
Pulsans plectra sonantia.
Sylveſtere, meam tu superas lyram,
Et linguam modulum dum rudis obstrepit:
Vatem commeruit decus
Illustrem ingenii tui.
Nemo fronte gerens Daphnidis arborem,
Vel Martem valuit scribere bellicum
Digne, vel Veneris rosæ
Vultum purpureæ parem:
Nec vestram valeo tollere versibus
Laudem ter geminam Sicælidum meis
Sacra progenies satis;
Non vos æquiparem modis.
Gallorum Druidas hospites arborum
Bartas grandiloqui carminis alite
Præstat: noster amat sui
Ponti vincere Naïadas:
Ambo sic proprias viribus ingeni
Divas ruricolas ponticolas simul
Vicistis, trivii meum
Vicistis miserum melos.
Cœlum percutiat Gallia vertice,
Ipsos cœlicolas terra Britannica,
Quæ Vates tulerint duos
Claros præ reliquis novos.

G. B. Cantabrig.

Epigram
TO MASTER JOSUA SYLVESTER.

IF to admire were to commend, my praiſe
Might then both Thee, thy Work and Merit raiſe:
But, as it is (the Childe of Ignorance,
And utter ſtranger to all ayre of France,)
How can I ſpeake of thy great paines, but erre,
Since they can onely judge, that can conferr?
Behold! the reverend ſhade of BARTAS ſtands
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands
That to the World I publiſh, for him, This;
BARTAS doth wiſh thy *Engliſh* now were His.
So well in that are his inventions wrought;
As His will now be the Tranſlation thought,
Thine the Originall; and France ſhall boaſt,
No more, thoſe mayden glories ſhee hath loſt.

BEN. JOHNSON.

In praiſe of the Tranſlator.

IF divine BARTAS (from whoſe bleſſed Braines
Such Works of grace, or gracefull workes did ſtream)
Were ſo admir'd for Wit's celeſtiall Strains
As made their Vertues Seat, the high'ſt Extream;
Then JOSUAH, the Sun of thy bright praiſe
Shall fixed ſtand in Arts faire Firmament
Till Diſſolution date Times Nights, and Dayes,
Sith right thy Lines are made to BARTAS Bent,
Whoſe Compaſſe circumſcribes (in ſpacious words)
The Univerſall in particulars;
And thine the ſame, in other tearms affords:
So, both your Tearms agree in friendly Wars:
If Thine be onely His, and His be Thine,
They are (like God) eternall, ſith Divine.

JOHN DAVIES,
OF HEREFORD.

To Maſter
JOSUAH SYLVESTER,
OF HIS BARTAS
Metaphraſed.

Dare confeſſe, Of Muſes more then Nine,
Nor liſt, nor can I envie none, but thine.
Shee, drencht alone in Sion's *ſacred Spring,*
Her Makers praiſe hath ſweetly choſe to ſing,
And reacheth neereſt th' Angels notes above;
Nor liſts to ſing or Tales, or Wars, or Love.
One while I finde her, in her nimble flight,
Cutting the brazen ſpheares of Heaven bright:
Thence, ſtraight ſhee glides, before I be aware,
Through the three Regions of the liquid Ayre:
Thence, ruſhing downe, through Nature's *Cloſet-dore,*
Shee ranſacks all her Grandame's ſecret ſtore;
And, diving to the darkneſſe of the Deepe,
Sees there what Wealth the Waves in Priſon keepe:
And, what ſhee ſees above, below, between,
Shee ſhowes and ſings to others eares and eyne.
'Tis true; thy Muſe anothers ſteps doth preſſe:
The more's her paine; nor is her praiſe the leſſe.
Freedome gives ſcope, unto the roving thought,
Which, by reſtraint, is curb'd. Who wonders ought,
That feete unfettred, walken far, or faſt;
Which pent with chaines, mote want their wonted haſte?
Thou follow'ſt Bartaſſes *diviner ſtreine;*
And ſing'ſt his numbers in his native veine.
BARTAS *was ſome French Angel, girt with Bayes:*
And thou a BARTAS *art, in Engliſh Layes.*
Whether is more? Mee ſeems (the ſooth to ſay'n)
One BARTAS *ſpeakes in Tongues, in Nations, twain.*

JOS. HALL.

TO MY GOOD FRIEND, M. SYLVESTER, In honour of this sacred VVORKE.

THus to adventure forth, and re-conuay
The best of treasures from a forrain Coast,
And take that wealth wherein they gloried most,
And make it ours by such a gallant prey,
And that without injustice; doth bewray
The glory of the Worke, that wee may boast
Much to have wonne, and others nothing lost
By taking such a famous prize away,
As thou industrious SYLVESTER hast wrought,
And here enricht vs with th' immortall store
Of others sacred lines; which from them brought,
Comes by thy taking greater then before:
So hast thou lighted from a flame devout,
As great a flame, that never shall goe out.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

To Master JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

A SONNET.

THe glorious Saluſt, morall, true-divine;
Who (all inſpired with a Holy rage)
Makes Heav'n his ſubject, and the Earth his ſtage,
The Arts his Actors, and the Triple-Trine:
Who his rich language gilds, and graceth fine:
His Countries honour, wonder of our age;
Whoſe Worlds bleſt Birth, and bleſſed Pupillage,
Gain him a world of fame for every line;
Hath here obtain'd a true Interpreter.
Whom fame, nor gaine, but love to Heav'n and us,
Mov'd to un-French his learned Labours thus.
Thus loves, thus lives all-loved SYLVESTER,
Forward, ſweet friend: Heav'n, Nature, Arts, and Men,
All to this taske prefer thine onely Pen.

G. GAY-WOOD.

Dilectiſsimo
JOS. SYLVESTRI.

GAllica viſa fuit Princeps modo lingua; nec ulla
Illi vel ſimilis, vel mihi major erat:
Credideram magni nullo ſermone referri
BARTASI ingenium poſſe, vel eloquium:
Cum ſubito clarum dedit alma Britannia ſolem,
Ingenii tenebras abſtulit ille mei.
Carmina BARTASI SYLVESTER carmine vertit;
Et ſi ſucceſſu non meliore, pari.
O ter felicem venam, Dulceiſque Camœnas!
Queis tanto Vati contigit eſſe pares.
Incepto felix SYLVESTER tramite perge;
Tam bene ne cœptum deſtituatur opus,
Sic pia Sicælides aſpirunt Numina Muſæ:
Sic faveat cœptis doctis Apollo tuis:
Sic tandem felix te gaudeat Anglia vate:
Sic te Virgilium norit & ipſa ſuum.

Jo. Mauldeus Germanus.

Amiciſsimo
JOSUÆ SYLVESTRI,
G. SALUSTII
D. BARTASII INTERPRETI,
Encomium.

QUod conſpecta Pharus vario dat lumine vaſta
Æquora ſulcanti, cum vaga Luna ſilet:
Et quod luſtratis Phœbi dat flamma tenebris
Erranti in ſylvis dum manifeſtat iter:
Hoc dat præſtanti methodo SALUSTIUS illis
Cognitio ſanctæ queis placet Hiſtoriæ.
Ille dedit Gallis quod nobis JOSUA noſter,
Qui ſolus patrio ductus amore dedit.
Ingenium cupitis, non fictaque flumina Vatum?
Hic magnum doctis Hortus acumen habet:
Muſa tua eſt BARTAS dulciſsima: Muſa videtur
Ipſi tamen NOSTRI, dulcior eſſe mihi.

Si. Ca. Gen.

Flexanimo
SALUSTII DU BARTAS
Interpreti, *Jos. Silvestri*, Carmen Encomiasticon.

OFt have I seene sweete fancie-pleasing faces
Consort themselves with swart mis-shapen features,
To grace the more their soule-subduing graces,
By the defect of such deformed creatures;
As Painters garnish with their shadowes sable
The brighter colours in a curious Table:
So, English Bartas, *though thy beauties, here*
Excell so far the glory of the rest,
That France *and* England *both must hold the deare,*
Sith both their glories thou hast here expreſt
(Shewing the French tongues plenty to be such,
And yet that ours can vtter full as much)
Let not thy faireſt Heav'n-aspiring Muse
Disdaine these humble notes of my affection:
My faulty lines let faithfull love excuse,
Sith my defects shall adde to thy perfection:
For, these rude rimes, thus ragged, base, and poore,
Shall (by their want) exalt thy worth the more. E.G.

IN COMMENDATION OF DU *Bartas*, and his Translator, Mr. JOSUAH SYLVESTER,
A SONNET.

WHile nights black wings the dayes bright beauties hide,
And while faire Phœbus *dives in western deepe;*
Men (gazing on the heav'nly stages steep)
Commend the Moon, and many Stars beside:
But, when Aurora's *windowes open wide,*
That Sol's *clear rayes those sable clouds may banish,*
Then suddenly those petty lights doe vanish,
Vailing the glories of their glistring pride:
So, while du Bartas *and our* Sylvester
(The glorious lights of England, *and of* France)
Have hid their beames, each glowe-worme durst prefer
His feeble glimpse of glimmering radiance:
But, now these Suns begin to gild the day,
Those twinkling sparks are soon dispersed away. R.H.

IN COMMENDATION
OF THIS
VVORTHY VVORKE.

EOole that I was, I thought in younger times,
That all the *Muſes* had their graces ſow'n
In *Chaucers*, *Spencers*, and ſweet *Daniels* Rimes
(So, good ſeems beſt, where better is unknown).
While thus I dream'd, my buſie phantaſie
Bade mee awake, open mine eyes, and ſee

How SALUST's Engliſh *Sun* (*our* SYLVESTER)
Makes *Moon* and *Stars* to vail: and how the *Sheaves*
Of all his *Brethren*, bowing, doe *prefer*
His *Fruits* before their Winter-ſhaken *Leaves*:
So much for *Matter*, and for *Manner* too,
Hath hee out-gone thoſe that the reſt out-goe.

Let *Gryll* be *Gryll*: let *Envie's* vip'rous ſeed
Gnaw forth the breaſt which bred and fed the ſame;
Reſt ſafe (Sound truth from feare is ever freed,)
Malice may bark, but ſhall not bite thy Name:
JOSUA, thy Name with BARTAS name ſhall live.
For, double life you each to other give.

But, Mother *Envie*, if this *Arras*, ſpunne
Of *Golden* threeds, be ſeen of *Engliſh* eyes,
Why then (alas!) our *Cob-webs* are undone.
But Shee, more ſubtle, then religious-wiſe,
Hatefull, and hated, proud, and ignorant,
Pale, ſwoln as Toad (though cuſtomed to vaunt)

Now holds her *Peace*: but (O!) what Peace hath Shee
With *Vertue*? None: Therefore defie her frown.
'Gainſt greater force growes greater victorie,
As Camomile, the more you tread it down,
The more it ſprings; *Vertue*, deſpightfully
Uſed, doth uſe the more to fructifie:

And ſo doe Thou, untill thy *Mauſole* rare
Doe fill this World with wonderment; and, that
In *Venus* Form no clumſie fiſt may dare
To meddle with thy Pencill and thy Plat.
I feare thy life more, till thy goale be run,
Then Wife her Spouſe, or Father feares his Son.

R. R.

Malum patienti Lucrum.

AN ACROSTICK SONNET, TO HIS FRIEND MASTER JOS. SYLVESTER.

JOSUA SILVESTER

IF profit, mixt with pleasure, merit praise,
Or Works divine be'fore profane preferr'd:
Shall not this heav'nly Work the Workers raise,
Unto the Clouds on Columnes selfly-rear'd?
And (though his Earth be low in Earth interr'd)
Shall not DU BARTAS (Poets pride and glorie)
In after Ages bee with wonder heard,
Lively recording th' UNIVERSALL Storie?
Undoubtedly Hee shall: and so shalt Thou,
Eare-charming Eccho of his sacred Voyce:
Sweete SYLVESTER, how happy was thy choyce,
To taske Thee thus, and thus to quit thee now?
End as thou hast begunne; and then by right
Rare Muses NON-SUCH, shall thy Worke behight.

R. N. Gent.

TO THE SAME.

HAd golden Homer, and great Maro kept
In envious silence their admired measures,
A thousand Worthies worthy deeds had slept:
They, reft of praise; and we of learned Pleasures.
But (O!) what rich incomparable Treasures
Had the world wanted, had this modern glory,
Divine DU BARTAS, bid his heavenly ceasures,
Singing the mighty World's immortall storie?
O then how deeply is our Ile beholding
To Chapman, and to Phaer! but, yet much more
To thee (deare SYLVESTER) for thus unfolding
These holy wonders, hid from us before.
Those works profound, are yet profane; but thine,
Grave, learned, deep, delightfull, and divine.

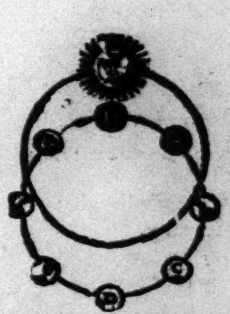
R. N.

DU BARTAS HIS FIRST WEEKE: OR, BIRTH OF THE WORLD.

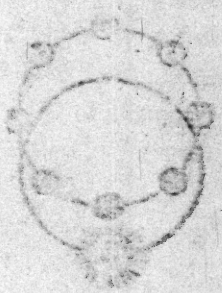
WHEREIN,

In SEVEN DAYES the glorious VVorke of The CREATION is divinely handled;

In the
- 1 Day, The CHAOS.
- 2 Day, The ELEMENTS.
- 3 Day, The SEA and EARTH.
- 4 Day, The HEAVENS, SUN, MOON. &c.
- 5 Day, The FISHES and FOWLES.
- 6 Day, The BEASTS and MAN.
- 7 Day, The SABBATH.



Acceptam refero.



BIRTH OF THE FIRST WEEK: OR, BARNABAS DU

THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

GOD's Aide implor'd: the ſumme of all propos'd:
World *not eternall, nor by* Chance *compos'd:*
But of meere Nothing *God it eſſence gave:*
It had Beginning: *and an* End *ſhall have:*
Curſt Atheiſt quipt: the Heathen Clerkes controul'd:
Doom's *glorious day:* Star-Doctors *blam'd, for bold.*
The Matter *form'd: Creation of the* Light:
Alternate changes of the Day *and* Night:
The birth of Angels; *ſome for* Pride *dejected:*
The reſt perſiſt in Grace, *and guard th' Elected.*

The Poet implores the gracious aſſiſtance of the true God of Heaven, Earth, Aire, and Sea, that he may happily finiſh the worke he hath taken in hand.

THOu glorious Guide of Heav'ns ſtar-gliſtring (motion,
Thou, thou (true *Neptune*) Tamer of the *Ocean*,
Thou Earth's dread Shaker (at whoſe only Word,
Th' *Eolian* Scouts are quickly ſtill'd and ſtirr'd)
Lift up my Soule, my drowſie Spirits refine:
With learned Art enrich this Work of mine.
O Father, grant I ſweetly warble forth
Unto our ſeed the WORLD's renowned BIRTH:
Grant (gratious God) that I record in Verſe
The rareſt Beauties of this UNIVERSE:
And grant, therein Thy power I may diſcern;
That, teaching others, I my ſelfe may learne.

The Poet flatters himſelfe in nothing and acknowledging his own inſufficiency for ſo excellent a labour, craveth alſo the aid of the All-ſufficient God.

And alſo grant (great Architect of wonders,
Whoſe mighty voyce ſpeaks in the midſt of Thunders,
Cauſing the Rocks to rock, and Hils to teare;
Calling the things that Are not, as they Were;
Confounding Mighty things by meanes of Weak;
Teaching dumb Infants thy dread Praiſe to ſpeak;
Inſpiring Wiſdome into thoſe that want,
And giving Knowledge to the Ignorant,)
Grant me, good Lord (as thou haſt giv'n me Heart
To undertake ſo excellent a Part)
Grant me ſuch Judgement, Grace, and Eloquence,
So correſpondent to that Excellence,
That in ſome meaſure, I may ſeem t' inherit
(Eliſha-*like*) *my deare* Elias *ſpirit.*

CLEAR FIRE for ever hath not Aire imbrac'd,
Nor Aire for aye inviron'd Waters vaſte,
Nor Waters alwaies wrap'd the Earth therein;
But all this *All* did once of nought begin.
Once *All* was made; not by the hand of *Fortune*
(As fond *Democritus* did yerſt importune)
With jarring Concords making Motes to meet,
Inviſible, immortall, infinite.

The World was not from everlaſting.

Th' immutable divine Decree, which ſhall
Cauſe the Worlds End, caus'd his Originall:
Neither in Time, nor yet before the ſame,
But in the inſtant when Time firſt became.
I mean a Time confuſed: for, the courſe
Of yeeres, of months, of weeks, of dayes, of hours,
Of Ages, Times, and Seaſons is confin'd
By th' ordred Dance unto the Stars aſſign'd.

Neither made by chance, but created together with Time by the almighty wiſdome of God.

Before all Time, all Matter, Form, and Place;
God all in all, and all in God it was:
Immutable, immortall, infinite,
Incomprehenſible, all ſpirit, all light,
All Majeſtie, all-ſelf-Omnipotent,
Inviſible, impaſſive, excellent,

God was before the world was.

He confuteth the Atheists, questioning what God did before he created the World.

Pure, wise, just, good, God reign'd alone (at rest)
Himselfe alone, selfs Palace, Host, and Guest.
Thou scoffing Atheist, that inquirest what
Th' Almighty did before he framed that:
What weighty work his minde was busied on
Eternally before this World begun,
(Sith so deep Wisdome and Omnipotence,
Nought worse beseems, then sloth & negligence).
Know (bold Blasphemer) that, before, he built
A Hell to punish the presumptuous guilt
Of those ungodly, whose proud sense dares cite
And censure too his Wisdome infinite.
Can Carpenters, Weavers and Potters passe,
And live without their severall works a space?
And could not then th' Almighty All-Creator,
Th' All-prudent, *B E E*, without this frail Theater?
Shall valiant *Scipio* Thus himselfe esteem,
Never less solo then when he sole doth seem? (folly!)
And could not GOD (O Heav'ns! what frantick
Subsist alone, but sink in Melancholy?
Shall the *Pryenian* Princely *Sage* averr,
That *all his goods he doth about him bear?* (measure,
And should the LORD, whose Wealth exceeds all
Should he be poor without this worldly Treasure?
God never seeks out of himself for ought;
He begs of none, he buyes or borrows nought;
But aye, from th' *Ocean* of his liberall Bounty,
He powreth out a thousand Seas of Plenty.

What God did before he created the World.

Ere *Eurus* blew, ere Moon did wex or wane,
Ere Sea had fish, ere Earth had grasse or grain,
God was not void of sacred exercise;
He did admire his Glories Mysteries:
His Power, his Justice, and his Providence,
His bounteous Grace, and great Beneficence
Were th' holy Object of his heav'nly thought,
Upon the which, eternally it wrought.
It may be also, that he meditated
The Worlds *Idea*, ere it was created:

Of 3 Persons in one only Essence of God: of the eternall generation of the Son.

Alone he liv'd not; for his Son and Spirit
Were with him aye, equall in Might and Merit.
For, *sans* Beginning, Seed, and Mother tender,
This great Worlds Father he did first ingender
(To wit) His Son, Wisdome, and Word eternall,
Equall in Essence to th' *All-One* Paternall. (ded,

Of the holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Sonne: The which three Persons are one only and the same God.

Out of these Two, their common Power proceeds
Their Spirit, their Love: in Essence undivided;
Only distinct in Persons, whose Divinitie,
All Three in One, makes One eternall Trinitie.
Soft, soft, my *Muse*, lanch not into the Deep,
Sound not this Sea: see that aloof thou keep
From this *Charybdis* and *Capharean* Rock,
Where many a Ship hath suffred wofull wrack,
While they have fondly vent'red forth too-far,
Following frail Reason for their only Star.

How to thinke and speak of God.

Who on this Gulf would safely venture fain,
Must not too-boldly hale into the Main,
But 'longst the shore with sails of *Faith* must coast,
Their Star the Bible, Steer-man th' holy Ghost.

The Heathen Philosophers lost themselves and others in their curiositie & meaning to be wise, became fooles.

How many fine Wits have the World abus'd,
Because this Ghost they for their Guide refus'd;
And scorning of the loyall Virgins Thred,
Have them and others in this Maze mis-led?
In sacred sheets of either Testament
'Tis hard to finde an higher Argument,
More deep to sound, more busie to discusse,
More usefull, known; unknown, more dangerous.
So bright a Sun dazels my tender sight,
So deep discourse my Sense confoundeth quite:
My Reason's edge is dull'd in this Dispute,
And in my Mouth my fainting words be mute.

God the Father, Son, and holy Ghost created of nothing the Worlds goodly frame.

This TRINITIE (which rather I adore
In humbleness, then busily explore)
In th' infinite of *Nothing*, builded all
This artificiall, great, rich, glorious Ball;
Wherein appears ingrav'n on ev'ry part,
The Builders beauty, greatnesse, wealth and art;
Art, beauty, wealth, and greatnesse, that confounds
The hellish barking of blaspheming Hounds.

Leaving curious (speculations, the Poet teacheth how to contemplate God in his Works.

Climb they that list the battlements of Heav'n;
And, with the Whirl-wind of Ambition driv'n
Beyond the World's wals, let those Eagles flie,
And gaze upon the Sun of Majestie:
Let other-some (whose fainting Spirits do droop)
Down to the ground their meditations stoop,
And so contemplate on these Workmanships,
That th' Authors praise they in Themselves eclipse.
My heedfull *Muse*, trained in true Religion,
Divinely-humane, keeps the middle Region:
Lest, if she should too-high a pitch presume,
Heav'ns glowing flame should melt her waxen
Or, if too-low (neer Earth or Sea) she flag, (plume;
Loaden with Mists her moistned wings should lag.
It glads me much, to view this Frame; wherein
(As in a Glasse) Gods glorious face is seen:
I love to look on God; but, in this Robe
Of his great Works, this Universall Globe.
For, if the Sun's bright beams do blear the sight
Of such as fix'dly gaze against his light;
Who can behold above th' Emperiall Skies,
The lightning splendor of God's glorious Eyes?
O, who (alas) can finde the Lord, without
His Works, which bear his Image round about!

God makes himself (as it were) visible in his Works.

God, of himself, incapable to sense,
In's Works, reveals him t' our intelligence:
Therein, our fingers feel, our nostrils smell,
Our palates taste his vertues that excell:
He shews him to our eyes, talks to our ears,
In th' ord'red motions of the spangled Sphears.

Sundry important, shewing what the Christian should make in considering the Works of God in this mighty World.

The World's a School, where (in a general story)
God alwaies reads dumb Lectures of his Glory:
A paire of Staires, whereby our mounting Soule
Ascends by steps above the arched Pole:
A sumptuous Hall, where God (on every side)
His wealthy Shop of wonders opens wide:
A Bridge, whereby we may passe-o're (at ease),
Of sacred Secrets the broad boundlesse Seas.
The World's a Cloud, through which there shineth
Not fair *Latona*'s quiv'red Darling deer; (cleer,
But the true *Phœbus*, whose bright countenance
Through thickest vail of darkest night doth glance.
The World's a Stage, where Gods Omnipotence,
His Justice, Knowledge, Love, and Providence
Do act their Parts; contending (in their kindes)
Above the Heav'ns, to ravish dullest minds.
The World's a Book in *Folio*, printed all
With God's great Works in letters Capitall:
Each Creature is a Page; and each Effect
A fair Character, void of all defect.

But,

But, as young Trewants, toying in the Schools,
In ſtead of learning, learn to play the fools:
We gaze but on the Babies, and the cover,
The gawdy Flowrs, and Edges gilded-over;
And never farther for our Leſſon look
Within the Volume of this various Book;
Where learned Nature rudeſt ones inſtructs,
That, by His wiſdome, God the World conducts.
To read This Book, we need not underſtand
Each ſtrangers gibbriſh; neither take in hand
Turks Characters, nor *Hebrew* points to ſeek,
Nyle's Hieroglyphikes, nor the Notes of *Greek*.
The wandring *Tartars*, the *Antarticks* wilde,
Th' *Alarbies* fierce, the *Scythians* fell; the Childe
Scarce ſev'n years old, the bleared aged eye,
Though voyd of Art, read here indifferently.
But he that wears the ſpectacles of *Faith*,
Sees through the Sphears, above the higheſt height:
He comprehends th' Arch-mover of all Motions,
And reads (though rüning) all theſe needfull notions.
Therefore by *Faith's* pure rayes illumined,
Theſe ſacred *Pandects* I deſire to read,
And (God the better to behold) behold
Th' Orb from his Birth, in 's Ages manifold.
Th' admired Author's Fancie, fixed not
On ſome fantaſtick fore-conceited Plot:
Much leſs did he an elder World erect,
By form whereof he might his Frame erect:
As th' Architect that buildeth for a Prince
Some ſtately Palace, yet he doe commence
His Royall Work, makes choiſe of ſuch a Court
Where coſt and cunning equally conſort;
And if he finde not in one Edifice
All anſwerable to his queint device;
From this faire Palace then he takes his Front,
From that his Finials; here he learns to mount
His curious Stairs, there finds he *Friſe* and *Corniſh*,
And other Places other Peeces furniſh;
And ſo, ſelecting every where the beſt,
Doth thirty Models in one Houſe digeſt.
Nothing, but *Nothing* had the Lord Almighty,
Whereof, wherewith, whereby, to build this City:
Yet, when he, Heav'ns, Aire, Earth, & Sea, did frame,
He ſought not far, he ſweat not for the ſame:
As *Sol*, without deſcending from the Sky,
Crowns the fair Spring in painted bravery;
Withouten travaile cauſeth th' Earth to bear,
And (far off) makes the World young every year.
The Power and Will, th' affection and effect,
The Work and Project of this Architect,
March all at once: all to his pleaſure ranges,
Who *Alwaies One*, his purpoſe never changes.
Yet did this *Nothing* not at once receive
Matter and Forme: For, as we may perceive
That He, who means to build a warlike Fleet,
Makes firſt proviſion of all matter meet,
(As Timber, Iron, Canvaſe, Cord, and Pitch)
And when all 's ready; then appointeth, which
Wch peece for planks, wch plank ſhall line the waſte,
The Poup and Prow, which Fir ſhall make a Maſt;
As Art and Uſe directeth, heedfully,
His hand, his tool, his judgement, and his eye:
So God, before This Frame he faſhioned,
I wote not what great *Word* he uttered
From's ſacred mouth; which ſummon'd in a Maſſe
Whatſ'ever now the Heav'ns wide arms embrace.
But, where the Ship-wright, for his gaineſull trade,
Findes all his ſtuff to 's hand already made;
Th' Almighty makes his, all and every part,
Without the help of others Wit or Art.
That firſt World (yet) was a moſt formleſs *Forme*,
A confus'd heap, a *Chaos* moſt deform,
A Gulf of Gulfs, a body ill compact,
An ugly medley, where all difference lackt:
Where th' Elements lay jumbled all together,
Where hot and cold were jarring each with either;
The blunt with ſharp, the dank againſt the drie;
The hard with ſoft, the baſe againſt the high;
Bitter with ſweet: and while this brawl did laſt,
The Earth in Heav'n, the Heav'n in Earth was plac't:
Earth, Aire, and Fire, were with the Water mixt;
Water, Earth, Aire, within the Fire were fixt;
Fire, Water, Earth, did in the Aire abide;
Aire, Fire, and Water, in the Earth did hide.
For yet th' immortall, mighty Thunder-darter,
The Lord high-Marſhal, unto each his quarter
Had not aſſigned: the Celeſtiall Arks
Were not yet ſpangled with their fiery ſparks:
As yet no flowrs with odours Earth revived,
No ſcaly ſhoals yet in the Waters dived:
Nor any Birds with warbling harmony
Were born as yet through the tranſparent Sky.
All, All was void of beauty, rule, and light; Genes. 1. 2.
All without faſhion, ſoule, and motion, quite.
Fire was no fire, the Water was no water,
Aire was no aire, the Earth no earthly matter.
Or if one could, in ſuch a World ſpy forth
The Fire, the Aire, the Water, and the Earth;
Th' Earth was not firme, the Fier was not hot,
Th' Aire was not light, the Water cooled not.
Briefly, ſuppoſe an Earth, poor, naked, vaine,
All void of verdure, without Hill or Plaine,
A Heav'n un-hangd, un-turning, un-tranſparent,
Un-garniſhed, un-gilt with Stars apparent;
So maieſt thou gheſs what Heav'n & Earth was that,
Where, in confuſion, reigned ſuch debate:
A Heav'n and Earth for my baſe ſtile moſt fit,
Not as they were, but as they were not, yet. (ter,
This was not then the World: 'twas but the Mat-
The Nurcery whence it ſhould iſſue after;
Or rather, the *Embryon*, that within a *Weeke*
Was to be born: for that huge lump was like
The ſhape-leſs burthen in the Mothers womb,
Which yet in time doth into faſhion come:
Eyes, eares, and noſe, mouth, fingers, hands, and feet,
And every member in proportion meet;
Round, large, and long, there of it ſelfe it thrives,
And (*Little-World*) into the World arrives.
But that becomes (by Natures ſet direction)
From foul and dead, to beauty, life, perfection.
But this dull heap of undigeſted ſtuff
Had doubtleſs never come to ſhape or proof,
Had not th' Almighty with his quickning breath
Blow'n life and ſpirit into this Lump of death.
The dreadfull Darkneſſe of the *Memphytiſts*,
The ſad black horror of *Cimmerian* Miſt,
The ſable fumes of Hell's infernall vault
(Or if ought darker in the World be thought)

Although the world diſcover ſufficiently even to the moſt rude the Eternity and power of God: Yet onely the true Chriſtians doe rightly entitle it.

God meaning to Eden, our premeditation, his pattern of his worke, of nothing made all the World.

A ſit Simile to that purpoſe.

Of nothing, God created the matter, whereunto afterward he gave the forme and figure which now we behold in the creatures.

What that new created Chaos was, before God gave it form, figure, place, and ſituation.

The Chaos how to be conſidered.

A Simile.

Of the ſecret power of God in quickning the matter wherein the World was made.

Muffled the face of that profound Abyſs,
Full of Diſorder and fell Mutinies:
So that (in fine) this furious debate,
Even in the birth, this Ball had ruinate,
Save that the Lord into the Pile did pour
Some ſecret Maſtick of his ſacred Power,
To glew together, and to govern faire
The Heav'n, and Earth, the Ocean, and the Aire;
Who joyntly juſtling, in their rude Diſorder,
The new-borne Nature went about to murder.

The Spirit of God, by an inconceivable meane, maintained, and (as it were brooding) warmed the ſhapeleſſe Maſſe. Gen. 1.

As a good wit, that, on th' immortall Shrine
Of *Memory*, ingraves a Work Divine
Abroad, a-bed, at boord, for ever uſes
To minde his Theam, and on his Book ſtill muſes:
So did Gods Spirit delight it ſelfe a ſpace
To move it ſelfe upon the floting *Maſſe*:
No other care th' Almightie's mind poſſeſt
(If care can enter in his ſacred breſt.)
Or, as a Hen that fain would hatch a Brood
(Some of her own, ſome of adoptive bloud)
Sits cloſe thereon, and with her lively heat,
Of yellow-white bals, doth live birds beget:
Even in ſuch ſort ſeemed the Spirit Eternall
To brood upon this Gulf; with care paternall
Quickning the parts, inſpiring power in each,
From ſo foule Lees, ſo faire a World to fetch.
For't's nought but all, in't ſelfe including All;
An un-beginning, midleſſe, endleſſe Ball.
'Tis nothing but a world, whoſe ſuperfice
Leaves nothing out, but what meer nothing is.

That there is but one World: confuting the Error of Leucippus and his Diſciples, by two reaſons.

Now, though the great *Duke*, that (in dreadful aw)
Upon Mount *Horeb* learn'd th' eternall *Law*,
Had not aſſur'd us that Gods ſacred Power
In *ſix Daies* built this Univerſall Bower;
Reaſon it ſelfe doth over-throw the grounds
Of thoſe new Worlds that fond *Leucippus* founds:
Sith, if kinde Nature many Worlds could ( ) clip,
Still th' upper World's water and earth would ſlip
Into the lower; and ſo in concluſion,
All would returne into the Old Confuſion.
Beſides, we muſt imagine emptie diſtance
Between theſe Worlds, wherein, without reſiſtance
Their wheels may whirl, not hindred in their cour-
By th' inter-juſtling of each others forces: (ſes,
But, all things are ſo faſt together fixt
With ſo firme bonds, that there's no void betwixt.
Thence comes it, that a Cask peire't to be ſpent,
Though full, yet runs not till we give it vent.
Thence is't that Bellowes, while the ſnout is ſtopt,
So hardly heave, and hardly can be op't.
Thence is't that water doth not freeze in Winter,
Stopt cloſe in veſſels where no aire may enter.
Thence is't that Garden-pots, the mouth kept cloſe,
Let fall no liquor at their ſive-like noſe.
And thence it is, that the pure ſilver ſource,
In leaden Pipes running a captive courſe,
Contrary to it's nature, ſpouteth high:
To all, ſo odious is Vacuitie.

O Embacer.

Confutation of another Error of ſuch as make Nature and the Heavens infinite.

God then, not only framed Nature one,
But alſo ſet it limitation
Of Forme and Time: exempting ever ſolely
From quantitie his own ſelf's Eſſence holy.
How can we call the Heavn's unmeaſured,
Sith meaſur'd Time their Courſe hath meaſured?
How can we count this Univerſe immortall,
Sith many-wayes the parts prove hourely mortall?
Sith his Comencement proves his Conſummation,
And all things aye decline to alteration?
Let bold *Greek* Sages faine the Firmament
To be compoſ'd of a fift Element:
Let them deny, in their profane profoundneſſe,
End and beginning to th' Heav'ns rowling roundnes:
And let them argue, that Deaths lawes alone
Reach but the Bodies unto *Cynthia's* Throne;
The ſandy grounds of their *Sophiſtick* brawling
Are all too-weak to keep the World from falling.

A lively deſcription of the end of the World.

One day the Rocks from top to toe ſhall quiver,
The Mountaines melt and all in ſunder ſhiver:
The Heav'ns ſhall rent for feare; the lowly Fields,
Puft up, ſhall ſwell to huge and mightie Hils:
Rivers ſhall dry: or if in any Flood
Reſt any liquor, it ſhall all be bloud:
The Sea ſhall all be fire, and on the ſhoar
The thirſty Whales with horrid noyſe ſhall roar:
The Sun ſhall ſeize the black Coach of the Moon,
And make it midnight when it ſhould be noon:
With ruſty Mask the Heav'ns ſhall hide their face,
The Stars ſhall fall, and all away ſhall paſſe:
Diſorder, Dread, Horror, and Death ſhall come,
Noiſe, Storms, and Darkneſſe ſhall uſurp the roome.
And then the *Chief-Chief-Juſtice*, venging Wrath
(Which here already often threatned hath)
Shall make a Bon-fire of this mighty Ball,
As once he made it a vaſt Ocean all.

Againſt judiciall Aſtrologers, that preſume to point the very time thereof.

Alas! how faithleſſe and how modeſt-leſſe
Are you, that (in your *Ephemerides*)
Mark th' yeer, the month, & day, which evermore
'Gainſt years, months, daies, ſhall da-up *Saturns* dore!
(At thought wherof, even now, my heart doth ake,
My fleſh doth faint, my very ſoule doth ſhake)
You have miſ-caſt in your *Arithmetick*,
Miſ-laid your Counters, groapingly ye ſeek
In nights black darkneſſe for the ſecret things
Seal'd in the Caſket of the King of kings.
'Tis he, that keeps th' eternall Clock of Time,
And holds the weights of that appointed Chime:
He in his hand the ſacred book doth bear
Of that cloſe-claſped finall *Calendar*;
Where, in *Red letters* (now with us frequented)
The certaine Date of that *Great Day* is printed;
That dreadfull Day, which doth ſo ſwiftly poſt,
That 'twill be ſeen, before foreſeen of moſt.
Then, then (good Lord) ſhall thy dear Son deſcend
(Though yet he ſeem in feeble fleſh ypend)
In complete Glory, from the gliſtering Skie:
Millions of Angels ſhall about him flie:
Mercie and *Juſtice*, marching cheek by joule,
Shall his Divine *Triumphant Chariot* roule; (bout,
Whoſe wheels ſhall ſhine with Lightning round a-
And beames of Glory each-where blazing out.
Thoſe that were loadē with proud marble tombs,
Thoſe that were ſwallow'd in wild Monſters wombs,
Thoſe that the Sea hath ſwill'd, thoſe that the flaſhes
Of ruddy Flames have burned all to aſhes,
Awaked all, ſhall riſe, and all reveſt
The fleſh and bones that they at firſt poſſeſt.
All ſhall appear, and heare before the Throne
Of God (the Judge without exception)

The

The finall Sentence(ſounding joy and terror)
Of ever-laſting Happineſs or horror.
Some ſhall his *Juſtice*, ſome his *Mercy* taſte;
Some call'd to joy; ſome into torment caſt,
When from the Goats he ſhall his Sheepe diſſever;
Theſe *Bleſt* in Heav'n, thoſe *Curſt* in Hell for ever.
O thou that once(ſcorn'd as the vileſt drudge)
Didſt bear the doom of an *Italian* Judge,(ſummon,
Daigh(deereſt Lord)when the laſt Trump ſhall
To this *Grand Seſſions*, all the world in common;
Daign in that Day to undertake my matter:
And, as my Judge, ſo be my Mediator.

Having ſpoken of the Creation of the Matter, he ſheweth how and what Forme God gave unto it, creating in ſix Dayes his admirable works.

Th' eternall Spring of Power and Providence,
In Forming of this All-circumference,
Did not unlike the Bear, which bringeth-forth
In th' end of thirty dayes a ſhapeleſſe birth;
But after, licking, it in ſhape ſhe drawes,
And by degrees ſhe faſhions out the pawes,
The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
To a perfect Beaſt that firſt deformed thing.
For when his Word in the vaſt Voyd had brought
A confus'd heap of Wet-dry-cold-and-hot,
In time the high World from the low hee parted,
And by it ſelfe, hot unto hot he ſorted;
Hard unto hard, cold unto cold he ſent;
Moiſt unto moiſt, as was expedient.
And ſo in *Six dayes* form'd, ingeniouſly,
All things contain'd in th' UNIVERSITIE.

Wherefore God imployed ſix Dayes in creating the World.

Not but he could have, in a moment, made
This flowry Manſion where Mankind doth trade;
Spred heav'ns blu curtens & thoſe lamps have burniſht;
Earth, aire, and ſea; with beaſts, birds, fiſh, have furBut, working with ſuch Art ſo many dayes, (niſht;
A ſumptuous Palace for Mankinde to raiſe,
Yet man was made yet; he declares to us,
How kinde, how carefull, and how gracious,
He would be to us being made, to whom
By thouſand promiſes of things to-come
(Under the Broad Seal of his deere Sons bloud)
He hath aſſur'd all Riches, Grace, and Good.

How men ſhould imitate God in his works.

By his Example he doth alſo ſhew-us,
We ſhould not heedleſs-haſtily beſtow us
In any Work, but patiently proceed
With oft re-viſes, *Making ſober ſpeed*
In deareſt buſineſs, and obſerve by proof,
That, *What is well done, is done ſoon enough.*

The firſt ſtructure, extracted from the Chaos, was Light.

O Father of the Light! of Wiſedom fountain;
Out of the Bulk of that confuſed Mountain
What ſhould(what could)iſſue, before the *Light*?
Without which, Beauty were no beauty hight.
In vain *Timanthes* had his *Cyclop* drawn,
In vain *Parrhaſius* counterfeited Lawn,
In vain *Apelles Venus* had begun,
Zeuxis Penelope; if that the Sun,
To make them ſeen, had never ſhewn his ſplendor:
In vain, in vain, had been (thoſe *Works of Wonder*)
Th' *Epheſian Temple*, and high *Pharian Tower*,
And *Carian Toomb* (Trophies of wealth & power)
In vain had they been builded every one,
By *Scopas*, *Soſtrates*, and *Creſiphon*;
Had all been wrapt-up from all humane ſight,
In th' obſcure Mantle of eternall Night.
What one thing more doth the good Architect
In Princely Works (more ſpecially) reſpect,
Then light ſomneſs? to th' end the Worlds bright
Careering daily once about the Sky, (Eye,
May ſhine therein; and that in every part
It may ſeem pompous both for Coſt and Art.

Sundry opinions concerning the matter, and creation of Light.

Whether Gods ſpirit moving upon the Ball
Of bubbling Waters (which yet covered All)
Thence forc'd the Fire (as when amid the Sky
Auſter and *Boreas* juſting furiouſly
Under hot *Cancer*, make 2. clouds to claſh, (flaſh;)
Whence th'aire at midnight flames with lightning
Whether, when God the mingled Lump diſpackt;
From Fiery Element did Light extract:
Whether about the vaſt confuſed Crowd
For twice ſix-houres he ſpread a ſhining Cloud,
Which after he re-darkned, that in time
The Night as long might wrap-up either Clime:
Whether that God made, then, thoſe goodly beams
Which gild the World, but not as now it ſeems:
Or whether elſe ſome other Lamp he kindled
Upon the Heap (yet all with Waters blindled)
Which flying round about, gave light in order
To th' unplac'd Climates of that deep diſorder;
As now the Sun, circling about the Ball
(The Light's bright Chariot) doth inlighten All.

Gen. 1. 3.

No ſooner ſaid he, *Be there light*, but ſo
The form-leſs Lump to perfect Form 'gan grow,
And, all illuſtred with Lights radiant ſhine,
Doft mourning weeds, and deckt it paſſing fine.

Of the effect, calleth uſe and commoditie of Light.

All-hail pure Lamp; bright, ſacred and excelling;
Sorrow & Care, Darknes, & Dread repelling: (rot,
Thou World's great Taper, Wicked mens juſt Ter-
Mother of Truth, true Beauties only Mirror,
Gods eldeſt Daughter: O! how thou art full
Of grace and goodnes! O! how beautifull!
Sith thy great Parent's all-diſcerning Eye
Doth judge thee ſo: and ſith his Majeſtie
(Thy glorious Maker) in his ſacred layes
Can doe noe leſſe than ſing thy modeſt praiſe.

Why God ordained the Night and day alternately to ſucceed each other.

But yet, becauſe all Pleaſures wax unpleaſant,
If without pawſe we ſtill poſſeſſe them, preſent;
And none can right diſcerne the ſweets of Peace,
That have not felt Wars irkeſom bitterneſs;
And Swans ſeem whiter if ſwart Crowes be by
(For, Contraries each other beſt deſcry.)
Th' All's Architect, alternately decreed
That night the day, the day ſhould night ſucceed.

The commoditie that the Night bringeth us.

The Night, to temper daies exceeding drought,
Moiſtens our Aire, and makes our Earth to ſprout.
The Night is ſhe that all our travailes eaſeth,
Buries our cares, and all our griefes appeaſeth.
The Night is ſhe, that (with her ſable wing,
In gloomy Darkneſs huſhing every thing)
Through all the World dumb ſilence doth diſtill,
And wearied bones with quiet ſleep doth fill.
Sweet Night, without Thee, without Thee (alas!)
Our life were loathſome; even a Hell to paſſe:
For, outward paines and inward paſſion ſtill,
With thouſand Deaths, would ſoule & body thrill.
O Night, thou pulleſt the proud Maſk away (Play,
Wherewith vaine Actors in this World's great
By Day diſguiſe them. For, no difference
Night makes between the Peaſant and the Prince,
The poore and rich, the Priſoner and the Judge,
The foule and faire, the Maſter and the Drudge,

The foole and wise, *Barbarian* and the *Greek*:
For, Night's black Mantle covers all alike.
He that, condemn'd for some notorious vice,
Seeks in the Mines the baits of Avarice;
Or, swelting at the Furnace, fineth bright
Our soules dire sulphur; resteth yet at night.
He that, still stooping, toyles against the tide
His laden barge alongst a Rivers side, (quite;
And filling shoares with shouts, doth melt him
Upon his pallet resteth yet at Night.
He, that in Sommer, in extremest heat
Scorched all day in his owne scalding sweat,
Shaves with keen Sythe, the glory and delight
Of motly Medowes; resteth yet at Night,
And in the arms of his deere Pheer forgoes
All former troubles and all former woes.
Onely the learned Sifters sacred Minions,
While silent Night under her sable pinions (tread
Folds all the world, with pain-lesse paine they
A sacred path that to the Heav'ns doth lead;
And higher than the Heav'ns their Readers raise
Vpon the wings of their immortall Layes.

Before he conclude the first Day, he treateth of Angels.

EVEN NOW I liftned for the Clock to chime
Dayes lateſt hower; that for a little time,
The Night might ease My Labours: but I see
As yet *Aurora* hath scarce smil'd on me;
My Work still growes: for, now before mine eyes
Heav'ns glorious hoast in nimble squadrons flyes.

The time of their Creation not certainly resolved.

Whether, *Thir-Day*, God made you, Angels,
Under the name of Heav'n, or of the light: (bright,
Whether you were, after, in th' instant borne
With those bright spangles that the heav'ns adorn:
Or, whether you derive your high Descent
Long time before the World and Firmament
(For, I nill stifly argue to and fro
In nice Opinions, whether so, or so;
Especially, where curious search, perchance,
Is not so safe as humble ignorance;)
I am resolv'd that once th' Omnipotent
Created you immortall, innocent,
Good, faire, and free; in briefe, of Essence, such
As from his owne differ'd not very much.

Some of them are fallen, revolting from God and are cast into Hell, therefore called Evill Angels, Wicked Spirits and Divels.

But even as those, whom Princes favours oft
Above the rest have rais'd and set-aloft,
Are oft the first that (without right or reason)
Attempt Rebellion, and doe practise Treason;
And so, at length, are justly tumbled down
Beneath the foot, that raught above the Crown:
Even so some Legions of those lofty Spirits
(Envying the glory of their Makers merits)
Conspir'd together, strove against the streame,
T' usurpe his Scepter and his Diademe.
But He, whose hands doe never Lightnings lack
Proud sacrilegious Mutiners to wrack,
Hurl'd them in th' Aire, or in some lower Cell:
For, where God is not, every where is Hell.
This curſed Crew, with Pride and Fury fraught,
Of us, at least, have this advantage got,
That by experience they can truely tell
How far it is from highest Heav'n to Hell:
For, by a proud leap they have ta'en the measure,
When head-long thence they tumbled in displeasure.
These fiends are so far-off from bettring thē (sure.
By this hard Judgement, that still more extreme,
The more their plague, the more their pride increases.
The more their rage: as Lizards cut in peeces, (ses,
Threat with more malice, tho with lesser might,
And even in dying shew their living spight.
For, ever since, against the King of Heav'n
Th' Apostate Prince of Darkenesse still hath striv'n,
Striv'n to deprave his Deeds, t' interr their glory,
T' undo his Church, to under-mine his Glory;
To reave this world's great Body, Ship, and State,
Of Head, of Master, and of Magistrate.
But finding still the Majestie divine
Too strongly fenc'd for him to under-mine;
His Ladders, Canons, and his Engines, all
Force-les to batter the Celestiall wall;
Too weak to hurt the head, he hacks the members:
The Tree too hard, the branches he dismembers.

The insolent and audacious attempts of Satan and his Followers against God and his Church.

The Fowlers, Fishers, and the Forresters,
Set not so many toyls, and baits, and snares,
To take the Fowle, the Fish, the savage Beasts,
In Woods, and Floods, and fearfull Wilderness:
As this false Spirit sets Engines to beguile
The cunningest, that practise nought but wile.
With wanton glance of Beauties burning eye
He snares hot Youth in sensuality.
With Gold's bright lustre doth he Age intice
To Idolize detested Avarice.
With grace of Princes, with their pomp, and State,
Ambitious Spirits he doth intoxicate. (witches
With curious Skill-pride, and vaine dreames, hee
Those that contemn Pleasure, and State, and Riches.
Yea *Faith* it selfe, and *Zeale*, be sometimes Angles,
Wherwith this Juggler heav'n-bent souls intangles:
Much like the greene Worm, that in spring devours
The buds and leaves of choicest Fruits and Flowers:
Turning their sweetest sap and fragrant verdure
To deadly poyson, and detested ordure.

The divers baits of the Divell to entrap mankinde.

Who but (alas!) would have bin gull'd yer-whiles
With night's black Monark's most malicious wiles?
To hear stones speak, to see strange wooden Mira-
And golden gods to utter wondrous Oracles? (cles,
To see him play the Prophet, and inspire
So many *Sybils* with a sacred fire?
To raise dead *Samuel* from his silent Tombe,
To tell his King Calamities to-come?
T' inflame the Flamine of *Iove Ammon* so
With Heathen-holy fury-fits to knowe
Future events, and sometimes truely tell
The blinded World what afterwards befell?
To counterfeit the wondrous Works of God;
His Rod turne Serpent, and his Serpent Rod?
To change the pure streams of th' *Egyptian* Flood
From cleareſt water into crimsin blood?
To rain-down frogs, and Grass-hoppers to bring
In the bed-chambers of the stubborne King?
For, as he is a spirit, unseen he sees
The plots of Princes, and their policies;
Unfelt, he feeles the depth of their desires;
Who harbours vengeance, and whose heart aspires:
And, as us'd daily unto such effects,
Such feats and fashions, judges of th' effects.
Besides, to circumvent the quickest sprighted,
To blind the eyes even of the cleareſt sighted;
And to enwrap the wiſest in his snares,
He oft foretels what he himselfe prepares.

Their Oracles.

1 Sam. ab. 14, 17.

Their false Miracles Exod. 7. 11. 22. & 8. 7.

Their wiles

For,

Wherefore their effects are so strange and wonderfull.

For, if a Wise-man (though Mans dayes be don
As soon almost as they be here begun;
And his dull Flesh be of too slow a kinde
T' ensue the nimble Motions of his minde)
By th'onely power of Plants and Minerals
Can work a thousand super-naturals:
Who but will think, much more these Spirits can
Work strange effects, exceeding sense of Man?
Sith, being immortall, long experience brings
Them certain knowledge of th' effects of things;
And, free from bodie's clog, with less impeach,
And lighter speed, their bold Designes they reach.

God refraines them at his pleasure.

Not that they have the bridle on their neck,
To run at random without curb or check,
T'abuse the Earth, and all the World to blinde,
And tyrannize o're body and o're minde.
God holds them chain'd in Fetters of his Power;
That, without leave, one minute of an houre
They cannot range. It was by his permission,

1 Kin. 22. 35

The *Lying Spirit* train'd *Achab* to perdition;
Making him march against that Foe with force,
Which should his body from his Soule divorce.

Job 1. 13. &c.

Arm'd with Gods sacred Pass-port, he did try
Just humble *Iob's* renowned Constancie:
He reaves him all his Cattell, many wayes,
By Fire and Foes: his faithfull Servants slayes:
To loss of goods he adds his Childrens loss,
And heaps upon him bitter cross on cross.

Why the Lord sometimes lets loose those wicked Spirits.

For th' only Lord, sometimes to make a tryall
Of firmest *Faith*; sometimes with Errors viol
To drench the Soules that Errors sole delight,
Lets loose these *Furies*: who with fell despight
Drive still the same Nail, and pursue (incensed)
Their damned drifts in *Adam* first commenced.

Of the good Angels serving to the glory of God, and good of his Church, both in generall and particular.

But as these Rebels (maugre all that will)
T' assist the Good, be forc'd t'assault the Ill:
Th' unspotted Spirits that never did intend
To mount too high, nor yet too low descend,
With willing speed they every moment go
Whither the breath of divine grace doth blow:
Their aimes had never other limitation
Then God's owne glory, and his Saints salvation.
Law-less Desire ne'er enters in their breast,
Th'Almightie's Face is their *Ambrosiall* Feast:
Repentant tears of strayed Lambs returning, (ning.
Their *Nectar* sweet: their *Musick*, Sinners Mour-
Ambitious Man's greedy Desire doth gape
Scepter on Scepter, Crown on Crown to clap:
These never thirst for greater Dignities;
Travail's their ease, their bliss in service lies.
For, God no sooner hath his pleasure spoken,
Or bow'd his head, or given some other token,
Or (almost) thought on an Exploit, wherein
The Ministery of Angels shall be seen,
But these quick Postes, with ready expedition,
Fly to accomplish their divine Commission.

Gen. 21. 17. 18.

One followes *Agar* in her pilgrimage,

Rzod. 23. 23. & 33. 2.

And with sweet comforts doth her cares asswage.
Another guideth *Isaac's* mighty Hoasts;
Another, *Iacob* on th' *Idumean* Coasts.

Tobi. 11. 7. 11. & 12. 14. & 15. Luke 1. 26.

Another (skill'd in Physick) to the Light
Restores old faithfull *Tobies* failing sight.
In *Nazareth*, another rapt with joy,
Tels that a Virgin shall bring-forth a Boy;
That *Mary* shall at-once be Maid-and-Mother,
And bear at-once her Son, Sire, Spouse, & Brother:
Yea, that Her happy fruitfull womb shall hold
Him, that in him doth all the World infold.
Some in the Desart tendred consolations, (tations.

Mat. 4. 11. Luke 22. 43.

While Jesus strove with Sathans strong Temp-
One, in the Garden, in his Agonies,
Cheers-up his feares in that great enterprise,
To take that bloudy Cup, that bitter Chalice,
And drink it off, to purge our sinfull Malice.

Mat. 28. 05.

Another certifies his Resurrection
Unto the Women, whose faith's imperfection
Suppos'd his cold limbs in the Grave were bound,
Untill th' Archangels lofty Trump should sound.

Luke 1. 13.

Another, past all hope, doth pre-averr
The birth of *Iohn*, *Christ's* holy Harbenger.

Act. 12. 1.

One, trusty Serjant for divine Decrees,
The *Iewes* Apostle from close prison frees:

Exod. 12. 29

One, in few houres, a fearfull slaughter made
Of all the First-born that the *Memphians* had;
Exempting Those upon whose doore-posts stood
A sacred token of Lambs tender bloud.

2 Kin. 19. 35.

Another mowes-down in a moments space,
Before *Ierusalem* (Gods chosen place)
Senacherib's proud over-daring Hoast;
That threatned heav'n, & 'gainst the earth did boast;
In his blasphemous Braves, comparing ev'n
His Idol-gods, unto the God of Heav'n.
His troups, victorious in the East before,
Besieg'd the City, which did sole adore
The only God; so that, without their leave,
A Sparrow scarce the sacred Wals could leave.
Then *Ezechias*, as a prudent Prince,
Poyzing the danger of these sad events,
(His Subjects thrall, his Cities wofull Flames,
His Childrens death, the rape of noble Dames,
The Massacre of Infants and of Eld,
And's Royall Selfe with thousand weapons queld;
The Temple raz'd, th' Altar and Censer void
Of sacred use, Gods Servants all destroid)
Humbled in Sack-cloth and in Ashes, cries
For ayd to God, the God of Victories;
Who hears his suit, and thunders down his Fury
On those proud *Pagan* Enemies of *Iury*.
For, while their Watch within their *Corps de Garde*
About the fire securely snorted hard,
From Heav'n th'Almighty looking sternly down
(Glancing his Friends a smile, his Foes a frown)
A sacred Fencer 'gainst th' *Assyrians* sent,
Whose two-hand Sword, at every veny, slent,
Not through a single Souldiers feeble bones,
But keenly slyces through whole Troops at once;
And hews broad Lanes before it and behinde,
As swiftly whirling as the whisking winde.
Now 'gan they fly; but all too slow to shun
A flying Sword that follow'd every one.
A Sword they saw; but could not see the arm
That in one Night had done so dismall harm:
As we perceive a Winde-mils sails to go;
But not the Winde, that doth transport them so.
Blushing *Aurora*, had yet scarce dismist
Mount *Libanus* from the Nights gloomy Mist,
When th' *Hebrew* Sentinels, discov'ring plain
An hundred foure score and five thousand slain,

Exceeding

Exceeding joyfull, 'gan to ponder ſtricter,
To ſee ſuch conqueſt and not know the Victor.
O ſacred Tutors of the Saints! you Guard
Of Gods Elect, you Purſuivants prepar'd
To execute the Counſels of the Higheſt;
You Heav'nly Courtiers, to your King the nigheſt;
Gods glorious Heralds, Heav'ns ſwift Harbengers,
'Twixt Heav'n and Earth you true Interpreters;
I could be well content, and take delight
To follow farther your celeſtiall Flight;
But that I feare (heer having ta'en in hand
So long a journey both by Sea and Land)
I feare to faint, if at the firſt too faſt
I cut away, and make too-haſty haſte:
For, Travailers, that burn in brave deſire
To ſee ſtrange Countries, manners and attire,
Make haſte enough, if only the *First Day*
From their owne Sill they ſet but on their way.

So Morne and Evening the First Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE SECOND DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

The Argument.

Lewd Poets *checkt* : *Our* Poets *chaſte Intents* :
Heav'ns Curtain *ſpread* : *th' all forming* Elements;
Their number, nature, uſe and Domination,
Content, exceſſe, continuance, ſituation :
Aire's *triple* Regions ; *and their* Temper's *change* :
Windes, Exhalations, *and all* Meteors *ſtrange*;
Th' effects, the uſe (apply'd to Conſcience:)
Mans Reaſon non-pluſt *in ſome* Accidents:
Of Prodigies : *of th'* Elementall Flame :
Heav'ns ten fold Orbs : Waters *above the ſame.*

A juſt reproofe of wanton and lascivious Poets of our Time.

THoſe learned Spirits, whoſe wits applied (wrong,
With wanton Charms of their inchanting ſong,
Make of an old, foule, frantick *Hecuba,*
A wondrous freſh, faire, wittie *Helena :*
Of lewd *Fauſtina* (that looſe Empereſſe)
A chaſte *Lucretia,* loathing wantonneſſe :
Of a blinde Bow-Boy, of a Dwarf, a Baſtard,
No petty Godling, but the Gods great Maſter;
On thankleſſe furrowes of a fruitleſſe ſand
Their ſeed and labour loſe, with heedleſſe hand;
And (pitching Nets, to catch I little wott
What fume of Fame that ſeems them to beſott)
Reſemble Spiders that with curious pain
Weave idle Webs, and labour ſtill in vain. (ſure)
But (though, than time, we have no deerer Trea-
Leſſe ſhould I wail their miſſe-expence of leaſure,
If their ſweet *Muſe,* with too-well ſpoken Spell
Drew not their Readers with themſelves to Hell.
For, under th' hony of their learned Works
A hatefull draught of deadly poyſon lurks :
Whereof (alas) Young ſpirits quaffe ſo deep,
That, drunk with Love, their Reaſon fals aſleep;
And ſuch a habit their fond Fancie gets,
That their ill ſtomack ſtill loves evill meats.

The danger of their learned Readers.

Th' inchanting force of their ſweet Eloquence
Hurls headlong down their tender Audience,
Aye (child-like) ſliding in a fooliſh ſtrife,
On th' Icie down-Hils of this ſlippery Life.
The ſongs their *Phœbus* doth ſo ſweet inſpire,
Are even the Bellowes whence they blow the fire
Of raging Luſt (before) whoſe wanton flaſhes
A tender breſt rak't-up in ſhamefac't aſhes.
Therefore, for my part, I have vow'd to Heav'n
Such wit and learning as my God hath giv'n ;
To write, to the' honour of my Maker dread,
Verſe that a Virgin without bluſh may read.
Cleare Source of Learning, ſoule of th' Univerſe,
(Sith thou art pleas'd to chuſe mine humble Verſe
To ſing thy Praiſes) make my Pen diſtill
Celeſtiall *Nectar* , and this Volume fill
With th' *Amalthean* Horn; that it may have
Some correſpondence to a Theam ſo grave:
Rid thou my paſſage, and make cleare my way
From all incumbers : ſhine upon *This Day*;
That guided ſafely by thy ſacred Light,
My *Rendez-vous* I may attain yer night. (profound,
THAT HUGE broad-length, that long-broad height
Th' infinite finite, that great moundleſſe Mound,
I meane

Our Poets modeſt purpoſe.

Againe he calls upon God, for aſſiſtance in the deſcription of the ſecond daies Work.

Which is, the Firmament mentioned by Moſes in the 1. Cha. of Gen. v. 6, 7, 8. Comprehending the Heavens and all the Elementary Regions.

I meane that *Chaos*, that ſelf-jarring Maſs,
Which in a moment made of Nothing was;
Was the rich Matter and the Matrix, whence
The Heav'ns ſhould iſſue, and the Elements. (ters)
Now th' Elements, twin-twins (2. ſons, 2. daugh-
To wit, the Fire, the Aire; the Earth, and Waters
Are not *compounded*: but, of them is all
Compounded firſt, that in our ſenſe can fall:
Whether their qualities, in every portion
Of every thing, infuſe them with proportion:
Whether in all, their ſubſtance they confound,
And ſo but one thing of their foure compound:
As in a *Venice* Glaſſe, before our eyne,
We ſee the Water intermix with Wine:
Or, in our Stomack, as our drink and food
Doe mingle, after to convert to bloud.
This in a Fire-brand may we ſee, whoſe Fire
Doth in his Flame toward's native Heav'n aſpire,
His Aire in ſmoak; in aſhes fals his Earth,
And at his knots his Water wheezes forth.
Even ſuch a War our bodie's peace maintains:
For, in our fleſh, our Bodie's Earth remains;
Our vitall ſpirits, our Fire and Aire poſſeſs;
And, laſt, our Water in our humours reſts.
Nay, there 's no Part in all this Bulk of ours,
Where each of theſe not intermix their powers;
Though 't be apparent (and I needs muſt grant)
That aye ſome one is moſt predominant.
The pure red part, amid the Maſs of Blood,
The *Sanguine* Aire commands: the clutted mud,
Sunk down in Lees, Earths *Melancholy* ſhowes,
The pale thin humour, that on th' out-ſide flowes,
Is watery *Phlegme*: and the light froathy ſcum,
Bubbling above, hath Fiery *Choler* room.

Divers Similies.

A viciſſitude of the Elements predominance.

Not, that at all times, one ſame Element
In one ſame Body hath the Regiment:
But, by turns reigning, each his Subjects draws
After his Lore: for, ſtill *New Lords New Lawes*;
As *ſans* reſpect how Rich or Noble-born,
Each Citizen rules and obeys, by turn,
In chart'red Towns; which ſeem in little ſpace,
Changing their Ruler, even to change their face;
(For, as *Chameleons* vary with their object,
So *Princes manners do transform the Subject*):
So th' Element in Wine predomining,
It hot, and cold, and moiſt, and dry doth bring;
By 's perfect or imperfect force (at length)
Inforcing it to change the taſte and ſtrength:
So that it doth Grapes ſharp-green juice transfer
To Muſt, Muſt t' Wine, and Wine to Vineger.

Excellent ſimilies ſhewing the commodity or diſcommodity of the proportion or exceſſe of every of the Elements.

As while a Monarch, to teach others aw,
Subjects his owne ſelfs-Greatneſs to his Law,
He ruleth fearleſs: and his Kingdoms flouriſh
In happy Peace (and Peace doth Plenty nouriſh);
But if (fell Tyrant) his keen ſword be ever
Unjuſtly drawn, if he be ſated never
With Subjects blood; needs muſt his Rage (at laſt)
Deſtroy his State, and lay his Countrey waſte:
So (or much like) the while one Element
Over the reſt hath modeſt Government;
While, in proportion (though unequall yet)
With Soveraign Humours Subject Humours fit,
The Bodie's ſound; and in the very face
Reteins the Form of beauty and of grace:
But if (like that inhumane Emperour
Who wiſht, all People underneath his Power
Had but one head, that he might butcher ſo
All th' Empires Subjects at one onely blow)
It, tyrannizing, ſeek to wrack the reſt,
It ruines ſoon the Province it poſſeſt;
Where ſoon appears, through his proud uſurpation,
Both outward change, and inward alteration.

Exceſſe of Moiſture.

So, too-much Moiſt, which (uncencoct within)
The Liver ſpreads betwixt the fleſh and skin,
Puffs up the Patient, ſtops the pipes and pores
Of Excrements: yea, double bars the doores
Of his ſhort breath; and ſlowly-ſwiftly curſt,
In midd'ſt of Water makes him ever thirſt:
Nor gives Man Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of ſtones.

Of Drought.

So, too-much Drought a lingring Ague drawes,
Which ſeeming pain-leſs, yet much pain doth cauſe,
Robbing the nerves of might, of joy the heart,
Of mirth the face, of moiſture every part
(Much like a Candle fed with it own humour,
By little and little it own ſelfs conſumer)
Nor gives man Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of ſtones.

Of Heat.

So, too-much Heat doth bring a burning Fever,
Which ſpurrs our Pulſe, and furrs our Palate ever;
And on the tables of our troubled brain,
Fantaſtickly with various pencil vain
Doth counterfait as many Forms, or moe
Then ever Nature, Art, or Chance could ſhow:
Nor gives man Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of ſtones.

Of Cold.

So, too-much Cold covers with hoary Fleece
The Head of Age, his fleſh diminiſhes,
Withers his face, hollows his rheumy eyes,
And makes himſelfe even his own ſelfe deſpiſe;
While through his marrow every-where it enters,
Quenching his native heat with endleſs Winters:
Nor gives man Reſt, nor Reſpite till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of ſtones.

Of the continuance of the Elements maintaining, that whatſoever is now new formed, hath ſtill his ſubſtance from the *Matters* prima: and what ſoever diſſolves, reſolves into the ſame, changing onely form: and alſo confuting the contrary Errors.

Yet think not, that this *Too-too-Much* remiſes
Ought into nought: it but the Form diſguiſes
In hundred faſhions, and the Subſtances
Inly, or outly, neither win nor leeſe.
For, all that's made, is made of the *Firſt Matter*
Which in th' old *Nothing* made the All-Creator.
All, that diſſolves, reſolves into the ſame.
Since firſt the Lord of nothing made This Frame,
Nought's made of nought; & nothing turns to nothing:
Things birth, or death, chãge but their formal cloth-ing:
Their forms do vaniſh, but their bodies bide;
Now thick, now thin, now round, now ſhort, now ſide.
For, if of Nothing any thing could ſpring,
Th'earth without ſeed ſhould wheat & barley bring:
Pure Maiden-wombs deſired Babes ſhould bear:
All things, at all times, ſhould grow every where,
The Hart in Water ſhould it ſelfe ingender;
The Whale on Land; in Aire the Lambling tender:
Th' Ocean ſhould yeeld the Pine and Cornell Tree;
On Hazels Acornes, Nuts on Oaks ſhould be:
And breaking Natures ſet and ſacred uſe,
The Doves would Eagles, Eagles Doves, produce.
If of themſelves things took their thriving, then
Slow growing Babes ſhould inſtantly be Men:

Then

Then in the Forreſt ſhould huge boughes be ſeen
Borne with the bodies of unplanted Treen;
Then ſhould the ſucking Elephant ſupport
Upon his ſhoulders a well-manned Fort;
And the new-foaled Colt, couragious,
Should neigh for Battell, like *Bucephalus*.
Contrariwiſe, if ought to nought did fall;
All, that is felt or ſeen within this *All*,
Still loſing ſomwhat of it ſelf, at length
Would come to Nothing: If Death's fatall ſtrength
Could altogether Subſtances deſtroy,
Things then ſhould vaniſh ev'n as ſoon as dy.
In time the mighty Mountains tops be 'bated;
But, with their fall, the neighbour Vales are fatted;
And what, when *Trent* or *Avon* over-flow,
They reave one field, they on the next beſtow:
Love-burning Heav'n many ſweet Dews doth drop
In his deer Spouſes faire and fruitfull lap;
Which after ſhe reſtores, ſtraining thoſe ſhowrs
Through the hid pores of pleaſant plants & flowrs.

By an apt ſimilitude, he ſheweth the continuall Change of the World, in the matter & form thereof, according to Gods pleaſure: in ſuch ſort, as that the matter remaines, though it receive infinite Forms.

Whoſo hath ſeen, how one warm lump of Wax
(Without increaſing or decreaſing) takes
A hundred figures; well may judge of all
Th' inceſſant Changes of this neather Ball.
The Worlds owne Matter is the waxen Lump,
Which, un-ſelf-changing, takes all kind of ſtamp:
The Form 's the Seal; Heav'ns gracious Emperour
(The living God) 's the great *Lord Chancellour*;
Who, at his pleaſure, ſetting day and night
His great *Broad Seals*, and *Privie Signets* right
Upon the Maſſe ſo vaſt and variable,
Makes the ſame Lump, now baſe, now honourable.
Here's nothing conſtant: nothing ſtill doth ſtay;
For, Birth and Death have ſtill ſucceſſive ſway.
Here one thing ſprings not till another die:
Onely the Matter lives immortally,
(Th' Almighties Table, body of this All,
Of change-full Chances common Arcenall,
All like it ſelfe, all in it ſelfe contained, (ned)
Which by Times Flight hath neither loſt nor gai-
Change-leſſe in Eſſence; changeable in face,
Much more then *Proteus*, or the ſubtill race
Of roving *Polypes*; who (to rob more)
Tranſform them hourly on the waving ſhore:

Sundry Similitudes to that purpoſe.

Much like the *French* (*or like our ſelves their Apes*)
Who with ſtrange habit do diſguiſe their ſhapes:
Who loving novels, full of affectation,
Receive the Manners of each other Nation;
And ſcarcely ſhift they ſhirts ſo oft, as change
Fantaſtick Faſhions of their garments ſtrange;
Or like a *Laïs*, whoſe inconſtant Love
Doth every day a thouſand times remove;
Who's ſcarce unfolded from one Youths embraces,
Yet in her thought another ſhee embraces;
And the new pleaſure of her wanton Fire
Stirs in her ſtill another new Deſire:
Becauſe the Matter, wounded deep in Heart
With various Love (yet, on the ſelfe-ſame part,
Incapable, in the ſame time, at once
To take all figures) by ſucceſſions,
Form after Form receives: ſo that one face
Anothers faces features doth deface.

The chiefe motive of this Change of Forms in the matter.

Now the chiefe Motive of theſe Accidents
Is the dire diſcord of our Elements;
Truce-hating Twins, where Brother eateth Brother
By turns, and turn them one into-another,
Like Ice and Water that beget each other;
And ſtill the Daughter bringeth-forth the Mother.

Enigma.

But each of theſe having two qualities,
(One bearing Rule, another that Obeyes)
Thoſe, whoſe effects doe wholly contradict,
Longer and ſtronger ſtrive in their Conflict,
The hot-dry Fire to cold-moiſt Water turns not,
The cold-dry Earth to hot-moiſt Aire returns not,
Returns not eas'ly: for (ſtill oppoſite)
With tooth and nail as deadly foes they fight.
But Aire turne Water, Earth may Fierize,
Becauſe in one part they do ſymbolize;
And ſo in combat they have leſſe to doo;
For, *'t 's eaſier farre to conquer one then two.*

Of the Situation of the Elements, & of the effects thereof, compared to the Notes of Muſick, and to the Letters of the Alphabet.

Sith then the knot of ſacred Marriage,
Which joyns the Elements, from age to age,
Brings forth the Worlds Babes: ſith their Enmities,
With fell divorce, kill whatſoever dies:
And ſith, but changing their degree and place,
They frame the various Forms, wherewith the face
Of this faire World is ſo imbelliſhed,
[As ſix ſweet Notes, curiouſly varied
In skilfull Muſick, make an hundred kindes
Of Heav'nly ſounds, that raviſh hardeſt mindes;
And with Diviſion (of a choice device)
The Hearers ſoules out at their ears intice:
Or, as of twice-twelve *Letters*, thus tranſpos'd,
This world of Words is variouſly compos'd;
And of theſe Words, in divers order ſow'n,
This ſacred *Volume* that you read, is grow'n
(Through gracious ſuccour of th' *Eternall Deity*)
Rich in Diſcourſe, with infinite Variety]
It was not cauſe-leſſe, that ſo carefully
God did divide their common Seign'ory;
Aſſigning each a fit confined Sitting,
Their quantity and quality befitting.

A ſimile lively repreſenting the ſeparation of the Elements.

Whoſo (ſometime) hath ſeen rich Ingots tride,
When forc'd by fire, their treaſures they divide,
(How fair and ſoftly Gold to Gold doth paſſe,
Silver ſeeks Silver, Braſſe conſorts with Braſſe;
And the whole Lump, of parts unequall, ſevers
It ſelf apart, in white, red, yellow Rivers)
May underſtand, how, when the Mouth *Divine*
Op'ned (to each his proper place t' aſſigne)
Fire flew to Fire, Water to Water ſlid,
Aire clung to Aire, and Earth with Earth abid.

Situation of the Earth and Fire.

Earth, as the Lees, and heavie droſſe of All
(After his kinde) did to the bottome fall:
Contrariwiſe, the light and nimble Fire
Did through the crannies of th' old Heap aſpire
Unto the top; and by his nature, light
No leſſe then hot, mounted in ſparks upright:
As, when wee ſee *Aurora* paſſing gay,
With Opals paint the Cieling of *Cathay*,
Sad Flouds do fume; & the celeſtial Tapors, (vapors.
Through Earth's thin pores, in th' Aire exhale their
But, leſt the Fire (which all the reſt embraces)
Being too neer, ſhould burn the Earth to aſhes;
As choſen Umpires, the great All-Creator
Between theſe Foes placed the Aire and Water:
For, one ſuffic'd not their ſtern ſtrife to end.
Water, as Couſin, did the Earth befriend:

Of Aire and Water placed between the Earth and Fire.

Aire,

Aire, for his Kinſman Fire, as firmly deals:
But both, uniting their divided zeals,
Took up the matter, and appeas'd the brall;
Which doubtleſſe elſe had diſcreated All.
Th' Aire lodg'd aloft, the Water under it,
Not caſually, but ſo diſpoſed fit
By him, who (Nature in her kinde to keep)
Kept due proportion in his Workmanſhip;
And, in this Store-houſe of his Wonders treaſure,
Obſerv'd in all things number, weight and meaſure.

Why the Aire was lodged next the Element of Fire.

For, had the Water next the Fire been plac'd,
Fire, ſeeming then more wrongd & more diſgrac'd,
Would ſuddenly have left his Adverſary,
And ſet upon the Umpire (more contrary).
But all the Links of th' holy Chain, which tethers
The many members of the World togethers,
Are ſuch, as none but only He can break them,
Who at the firſt did (of meer nothing) make them.
Water, as arm'd with moiſture and with cold,
The cold-dry Earth, with her one hand doth hold;
With th' other th' Aire: The Aire as moiſt & warm,
Holds Fire with th' one, Water with th' other arm:

The diſpoſing & ſtabliſhing of the Elements. A Similitude.

As Country-Maidens, in the Month of *May*,
Merrily ſporting on a Holy-day,
And luſty dancing of a lively Round
About the May-pole, by the Bag-pipes ſound;
Hold hand in hand, ſo that the firſt is faſt
(By means of thoſe between) unto the laſt.
For, ſith 't is ſo, that the dry Element
Not only yeelds her own Babes nouriſhment,
But with the milk of her aboundant breſts
Doth alſo feed th' Air's nimble winged gueſts,
And alſo all th' innumerable Legions
Of greedy mouths that haunt the Briny Regions,
(So that th' Earth's Mother, or elſe Nurſe of all
That run, or flee, or ſwim, or ſlide, or crawll)
'T was meet, it ſhould be it ſelfe's Counterpoize,

Why the Earth is the loweſt, and environed with the other three Elements, ſubtiler, & in the center.

To ſtand ſtill firm againſt the roaring noiſe
Of wrackfull *Neptune*, and the wrathfull blaſts
Of parching *South*, and pinching *Boreas*.
'T was meet, her ſad ſlow body to digeſt
Farther from Heav'n then any of the reſt:
Leſt, of Heav'ns Courſe th' Eternall ſwift Careers,
Ruſhing againſt her with their whirling Spheers,
Should her tranſport as ſwift and violent,
As ay they do their neighbour Element.
And ſith on th' other ſide th' harmonious Courſe
Of Heav'ns bright Torches is th' immortall ſource
Of earthly life: and ſith all alterations
(Almoſt) are caus'd by their quick agitations
In all the World, God could not place ſo fit
Our Mother Earth, as in the midſt of it.
For, all the Stars reflect their lively rayes
On Fire, and Aire, and Water, divers wayes;
Diſperſing, ſo, their powerfull influence
On, in, and through theſe various Elements:
But, on the Earth, they all in one concurr,
And all unite their ſeverall force in her;

Simile.

As in a Wheel, which with a long deep rut
His turning paſſage in the durt doth cut,
The diſtant Spoaks neerer and neerer gather,
And in the Nave unite their points together.

Simile.

As the bright Sun ſhines through the ſmootheſt
The turning Planets influence doth paſſe (Glaſſe,
Without impeachment through the gliſtring Tent
Of the tralucing Fiery Element,
Th' Air's triple Regions, the tranſparent Water;
But not the firm Baſe of this faire Theater.
And therefore rightly may we call thoſe Trines
(Fire, Aire and Water) but Heav'ns Concubines:
For, never Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars injoy
The love of theſe, but only by the way,
As paſſing by: whereas inceſſantly
The luſty Heav'n with Earth doth company;
And with a fruitfull ſeed, which lends All life,
With-childes, each moment, his own lawfull wife;
And with her lovely Babes, in form and nature
So divers, decks this beautifull Theater.

The Water between the Earth and Aire.

The Water, lighter then the Earthy Maſſe,
Heavier then Aire, betwixt them both hath place;
The better ſo, with a moiſt cold, to temper
Th' ones over-drineſſe, th' other's hot diſtemper.

Leaving the Earth and Sea till the next Book, he comes to treat of the Aire.

But, my ſweet Muſe, whither ſo faſt away?
Soft, ſoft, my Darling: draw not dry *To-day*
Caſtalias Springs; deferr the Cirque and Seat,
The power and praiſe of Sea and Earth as yet:
Do not anticipate the Worlds Beginning;
But, till *To-morrow*, leave the enter-blinning
Of rocky Mounts, and rowling Waves ſo wide.
For, even *To-morrow* will the Lord divide,
With the right hand of his Omnipotence,
Theſe yet confus'd and mingled Elements;
And liberally the ſhaggy Earth adorn
With Woods, & Buds of fruits, of flowers and corn.
'T is time, my Love, 't is time, mine only Care,
To hie us hence, and mount us in the Aire:
'T is time (or never) now, my deareſt Minion,
To imp ſtrong farcels in thy ſacred pinion;
That lightly born upon thy Virgin back,
Safe through the Welkin I may courſe may take:
Come, come, my Joy, lend mee thy Lilly ſhoulder;
That thereon raiſed, I may reach the bolder
(Before the reſt of my decre Country-men,
Of better wit, but worſe-applyed pen.)
At that green *Laurel*, which the niggard Skies
So long have hidden from my longing eyes.

The Aire diſtinguiſhed into 3 Regions.

Th' *Aire* (hoſte of Miſts, the bounding Tennis-ball,
That ſtormy Tempeſts toſſe and play withall,
Of winged Clouds the wide inconſtant Houſe,
Th' unſetled Kingdome of ſwift *Æolus*, (gives
Great Ware-houſe of the Windes, whoſe traffick
Motion of life to ev'ry thing that lives)
Is not throughout all one: our Elder Sages
Have fitly parted it into three Stages.

The High.

Whereof, becauſe the higheſt ſtill is driv'n
With violence of the *Firſt-moving* Heav'n,
From Eaſt to Weſt, and from the Weſt returning,
To th' honor'd Cradle of the roſiall Morning,
And alſo ſeated next the Fiery vault;
It, by the Learned, very hot is thought.

The Low.

That which we touch, with times doth variate,
Now hot, now cold, and ſomtimes temperate;
Warm-temp'red ſhowrs it ſendeth in the *Spring*:
In *Autumn* likewiſe, but more varying:
In *Winter* time, continuall cold and chill:
In *Summer* ſeaſon, hot and foultry ſtill:
For then the fields ſcorched with flames, reflect
The ſparkling rayes of thouſand Stars aſpect;

And

And chiefly *Phœbus*, to whose arrows bright
Our Globy Grandame serves for But and White.
The Middle Region of the Aire.
But now, because the Middle Region's set
Far from the Fiery fielings flagrant heat,
And also from the warm reverberation
Which aye the Earth reflects in divers fashion;
That Circle shivers with eternall colde.
Of the causes of Hayle
For, into Hail how should the Water molde,
Even when the Summer hath gilt *Ceres* Glowbe,
Except those Climes with Yce-sickles were sowne?
So soon as *Sol*, leaving the gentle *Twins*,
With *Cancer*, or thirst-panting *Leo* inns,
The mid-most Aire redoubleth all his Frosts;
Being beseiged by two mighty Hosts
Of Heat more fierce gainst his cold force than ever,
Cals from all quarters his chill troops together,
T' incounter them with his united Power,
Which then dispersed, hath far greater power:
As *Christian* Armies, from the Frontiers far,
And out of fear of *Turkes* outragious war,
March in disorder, and become (dispers't)
As many Squadrons as were Souldiers yerst;
So that sometimes th'unrained Multitude
With bats and bows hath beat them and subdu'd:
But, if they once perceive, or understand
The *Moony* Standards of proud *Ottoman*
To be approaching, and the Sulph'ry thunder (under;
Wherewith he brought both *Rhodes* and *Belgrade*
They soon unite, and in a narrow place
Intrench themselves; their courage growes apace;
Their hearts on fire; and circumcised Powrs,
By their approach, double the strength of ours.
*Contrary Circumstance. The effects thereof in the middle Region of the Aire.
'Tis (doubt-less) this * *Antiperistasis*
(Bear with the word, I hold it not amiss
T' adopt sometimes such strangers for our use,
When Reason and Necessity induce;
As namely, where our native Phrase doth want
A Word so force-full and significant)
Which makes the Fire seem to our sense and reason
Hotter in Winter then in Summer season:
'Tis it which causeth the cold frozen *Scythia*,
Too-often kist by th' husband of *Orithya*,
To bring forth people, whose still hungry breast
(Winter or Summer) can more meat digest,
Then those lean starvelings wch the Sun doth broil
Upon the hot sands of the *Libyan* soil:
And that our selves, happily seated faire,
Whose spungy lungs draw sweet & wholesom Aire,
Hide in our stomacks a more lively heat,
While bi-front *Janus* frosty frowns do threat,
Then when bright *Phœbus*, leaving swarthy *Chus*,
Mounts on our *Zenith*, to reflect on us.
Why the Aire in Zona Torrida is colder in the top, then the middle.
Th' Almightie's hand did this partition form;
To th'end that Mist, Comets, and Wind, and Storm,
Dew, drizling Showrs, Hail, slippery Yce, & Snow,
In the three Regions of the Aire may grow:
Whereof some, pointed th' Earth to fertilize,
Others to punish our impieties,
Might daily grave in hardest hearts the love
And fear of him, who reignes in Heav'n above.
Of exhalations, and wherunto they are appropriate, by the Sun and the Region of the Aire.
For, as a little end of burning wax,
By th'emptiness, or of it selfe, attracts
In Cupping-glasses, through the scorched skin
Behinde the Poll, superfluous humours thin,
Which fuming from the braine did thence ascend
Upon the sight, and much the same offend:
So the swift Coach-man, whose bright flaming hait
Doth every day gild either *Hemisphear*,
Two sorts of Vapors by his heat exhales
From floating Deeps, and from the flowry Dales:
Th' one somwhat hot, but heavie, moist, and thick;
Th' other, light, dry, burning, pure, and quick;
Which, through the Welkin roaming all the yeare,
Make the world divers to it selfe appear.
Of Mist.
Now, if a Vapour be so thin, that it
Cannot to water be transformed fit,
And that with cold-lym'd wings, it hover neer
The flowry mantle of our Mother deer;
Our Aire growes dusky; and moist drowsie Mist
Upon the Fields doth for a time persist.
Of Rain and Yce.
And if this Vapour fair and softly fly,
Not to the cold stage of the middle Sky,
But bove the Clouds, it turneth (in a trice)
In *April*, Dew; in *January*, Yce.
But, if the Vapour bravely can adventure
Up to th'eternall seat of shivering Winter,
The small thin humor by the Cold is pierst
Into a Cloud; which wanders East and West
Upon the Winde's wings, till in drops of Rain
It fall into his Grandames lap again:
Whether some boistrous winde, with stormy puff
Jousting the Clouds with mutuall counter-buff,
Doe break their brittle sides, & make them shatter
In drizling showrs their swift distilling water:
Divers Similes, shewing how the Rain is caused through the encounter of the Clouds, which are the matter of it.
As when a wanton heedless Page (perhaps)
Rashly together two full glasses claps;
Both being broken, suddenly they pour
Both their brew'd liquors on the dusty flour.
Whether some milder gale, with sighing breath
Shaking their Tent, their tears dissevereth:
As after rain another rain doth drop
In shady Forests from their shaggy top, (do whirl
When through their green boughs, whiffing winds
With wanton puffs their waving locks to curl:
Or, whether th' upper Clouds moist heaviness
Doth, with his weight, an under Cloud oppress,
And so one humour doth another crush,
Till to the ground their liquid pearles doe gush:
As the more clusters of ripe grapes we pack
In Vintage-time upon the hutdles back;
At's pierced bottom the more fuming liquor
Runs in the scummy Fat, and fills the thicker Jarr.
Whence it proceedeth, that sometimes it rains with frogs.
Then, many Heav'n-floods in our Floods do lose-
Nought's seen but Showrs: the heav'ns sad fable bo-
Seems all in tears to melt; & Earths green bed (seem
With stinking Frogs is sometimes covered:
Either because the floating Cloud doth fold
Within it self both moist, dry, hot, and cold,
Whence all things here are made: or else for that
The active Windes, sweeping this dusty Flat,
Sometimes in th'aire some fruitfull dust do heap:
Whence these new-formed ugly creatures leap:
As on the edges of some standing Lake
Wch neighbour Mountains with their gutters make,
The foamy slime, it selfe transformeth oft
To green half-Tadpoles, playing there aloft,
Half-made, half-unmade; round about the Flood,
Half-dead, half-living; half a frog, half-mud.

Of Snow.

Sometimes it happens, that the force of Cold
Freezes the whole Cloud: then we may behold,
In silver Flakes, a heav'nly Wool to fall;
Then, Fields seem gras-les, Forests leaf-les all,
The world's all white; and, through the heaps of
The highest Stag can scarce his armor show. (Snow,

Of Haile.

Somtimes befals, that when by secret pow'r,
The Cloud's new-chang'd into a dropping show'r,
Th' excessive cold of the mid-Aire (anon)
Candies-it all in bals of Ycy-stone:
Whose violent storms somtimes (alas!) do proin,
Without a knife, our Orchard and our Vine;
Reap without sickle, beat down Birds and Cattle,
Disgrace our Woods, and make our Roofs to rattle.

Of some vapours, or exhalations whirling in the Low and Middle Regions of the Aire, and where of the winds are ingendred.

If heav'ns bright torches, from earth's kidneys, sup
Som somwhat dry and heatfull Vapours up,
Th' ambitious lightning of their nimble Fire
Would suddenly neer th' Azure Cirques aspire:
But scarce so soon their fuming crest hath raught,
Or toucht the coldness of the middle Vault,
And felt what force their mortall enemy
In Garrison keeps there continually;
When down again towards their Dam they bear,
Holp by the weight which they have drawn from (her
But in the instant, to their aid arrives
Another new heat, which their heart revives,
Re-arms their hand, and, having staied their flight,
Better resolv'd, brings them again to fight.
Well fortifi'd then by these fresh supplies,
More bravely they renew their enterprize:
And one-while th' upper hand (with honor) getting,
Another-while disgracefully retreating,
Our lower Aire they tosse in sundry sort,
As weak or strong their matter doth comport.
This lasts not long; because the heat and cold,
Equall in force and fortune, equall bold
In these assaults; to end this sudden brall, (fall:
Th' one stops their mounting, th' other stayes their
So that this vapour, never resting stound,
Stands never still, but makes his motion round,
Posteth from Pole to Pole, and flies amain
From *Spain* to *India*, and from *Inde* to *Spain*.
But though these blustring spirits seem alwaies
By the same spirit, & of like vapor grow'n; (blow'n
Yet, from their birth-place, take they, diversly,
A divers name and divers quality.

Of the VVinds, whereof there are foure principall, compared to the foure Seasons, the foure Complexions, the foure Elements, and the foure Ages of man: and assigned to the foure corners of the VVorld: And called Est, West, North and South.

Feeling the foure Windes, that with divers blast,
From the foure corners of the World doe haste;
In their effects I finde foure Temp'raments,
Foure Times, foure Ages, and foure Elements.
Th' *East-winde*, in working, follows properly
Fire, Choler, Summer, and soft Infancy:
That, which dries-up wilde *Affrick* with his wing,
Resembles Aire, Blood, Youth, and lively Spring:
That, which blows moistly from the *Western* stage,
Like Water, Phlegme, Winter, and heavie Age: (ly,
That, which coms shiv'ring from cold Climats sole-
Earth, wither'd Eld, Autumn, and Melancholy.
Not, but that Men have long ere this found-out
More than these 4. winds, *East*, *West*, *North*, & *South*:
Those that (at Sea) to see both Poles are wont,
Upon their Compass two and thirty count,
Though they be infinite, as are the places
Whence the Heav'n-fanning Exhalation passes:
But whersoever their quick course they bend,
As on their Chiefs, all on these Four depend. (sweep

Divers effects of the VVinds.

One while, with whisking broom they brush and
The Cloudy Curtains of Heav'ns stages steep:
Anon, with hotter sighes they dry the Ground,
Late, by *Electra* and her Sisters, drown'd:
Anon, refresh they, with a temp'rate blowing,
The soultry Aire; under the Dog-starr glowing:
On Trees anon they ripe the Plum and Pear,
In Cods the Poulse, the Corn within the Ear:
Anon, from North to South, from East to West,
With ceas-les wings, they drive a ship addrest:
And somtimes whirling, on an open Hill,
The round-flat Runner in a roaring Mill,
In flowry motes they grind the purest grain,
Which late they ripened on the fruitfull Plain.

Divers effects of hot exhalations.

If th' Exhalation hot and oyly prove;
And yet (as feeble) giveth place above
To th' Airie Regions ever-lasting Frost,
Incessantly th' apt tinding fume is tost
Till it inflame; then like a Squib it falls,
Or fire-wing'd shaft or sulph'ry Powder balls.
But if this kinde of Exhalation towr
Above the Walls of Winters ycy bowr,

Of Comets.

'T inflameth also; and anon becoms
A new strange Star, presaging wofull doms:
And for this Fier hath more fewell in 't
Then had the first, 'tis not so quickly spent:
Whether the Heav'ns incessant agitation,
Into a Star transforming th' Exhalation,
Kindle the same: like as a coal, that winkt
On a sticks end (and seemed quite extinct)
Tost in the dark with an industrious hand,
To light the night, becoms a fier-brand:
Or whether th' upper Fire do fire the same;
As lighted Candles doe th' unlight inflame.
According as the Vapour's thick or rare,
Ev'n or unev'n, long or large, round or square,

Of other fiery impressions in the Regions of the Aire.

Such are the Forms it in the Aire resembles:
At sight whereof, th' amazed Vulgar trembles.
Here, in the night appears a flaming Spire;
There a fierce Dragon folded all in fire;
Here, a bright Comet; there, a burning Beam;
Here, flying Launces; there, a fiery Stream:
Here seems a horned Goat, environ'd round
With fiery flakes, about the Aire to bound;
There, with long bloudy haire, a blazing Star
Threatens the World with Famin, Plague, and War:
To Princes, death: to Kingdoms, many crosses:
To all Estates, inevitable losses: (sions:
To Heard-men, Rot: to Plow-men, hap-les Sea-
To Sailors, Stormes: to Cities, civill Treasons.

A lively description of thunder and lightning.

But hark: what hear I in the Heav'ns? me thinks
The World's wall shakes, & his foundation shrinks:
It seems even now that horrid *Persephone*,
Loosing *Meger'*, *Alect'*, and *Tysiphone*,
Weary of raigning in black *Erebus*,
Transports her Hell between the Heav'n and us.

How they are ingendred.

'Tis held, I know, that when a Vapour moist
As well from fresh as from salt water's hoist
In the same instant with hot Exhalations,
In th' Airy Regions secondary stations;
The fiery Fume, besieged with the Croud
And keen-cold thicknes of that dampish Cloud,

Strengthens

Strengthens his ſtrength; & with redoubled Vollies
Of joyned Heat, on the Cold Leaguer ſallies.
A Simile. Like as a Lion, very late exil'd
From 's native Forreſts, ſpet-at, and revil'd,
Mock'd, mov'd, and troubled with a thouſand toyes,
By wanton children, idle girles and boyes;
With hideous roaring doth his Priſon fill,
In 's narrow Cloiſter ramping wildely, ſtill,
Runs to and fro; and furious, leſſe doth long
For liberty, then to revenge his wrong:
Thus Fire, deſirous to break forth again
From's cloudy Ward, cannot it ſelf refrain;
But, without reſting, loud it grones and grumbles,
It rouls, & roars, & round-round-round it tumbles,
Till (having rent the lower ſide in ſunder)
With ſulph'ry flaſh, it have ſhot-down his thunder:
Though willing to unite, in theſe alarms,
To 's Brothers forces, his own fainting arms;
And th' hotteſt Circle of the World to gain,
To iſſue up-ward, oft it ſtrives in vaine:
But 't is there fronted with a Trench ſo large,
And ſuch an Hoaſt, that though it often charge,
On this and that ſide, the Cold Camp about
With his hot skirmiſh; yet ſtill, ſtill the ſtout
Victorious Foe repelleth ev'ry puſh;
So that (deſpairing) with a furious ruſh
(Forgetting honour) it is fain to fly
By the back-door, with bluſhing infamy.
Their effects. Then th' Ocean boyls for fear: the Fiſh do deem
The Sea too ſhallow to ſafe-ſhelter them:
The Earth doth ſhake: the Shepheard in the field
In hollow Rocks himſelf can hardly ſhield:
Th' affrighted Heav'ns open; and, in the vale
Of *Acheron*, grim *Pluto's* ſelf looks pale: (Thunder
Th' Aire flames with Fire: for, the loud-roaring
(Renting the Cloud, that it includes, aſunder)
Sends forth thoſe flaſhes which ſo bleer our ſight:
Simile. As wakefull Students, in the Winters night
Againſt the ſteel, glancing with ſtony knocks,
Strike ſudden ſparks into their Tinder-box.
Admirable effects of Lightning. Moreover, Lightning of a fame is fram'd;
Through 't's ſelfs hot-drineſſe, evermore inflam'd:
Whoſe powr (paſt credit) without razing skin,
Can bruiſe to powder all our bones within;
Can melt the Gold that greedy Miſers hoord
In barred Cofers, and not burn the boord:
Can breake the blade, and never ſinge the ſheath:
Can ſcorch an Infant in the womb to death,
And never blemiſh, in one ſort or other,
Fleſh, bone, or ſinew of th' amazed Mother:
Conſume the ſhooes, and never hurt the feet:
Empty a Cask, and yet not periſh it.
My younger eyes have often ſeen a Dame,
To whom the flaſh of Heav'ns fantaſtick flame
Did elſe no harm, ſave (in a moments ſpace)
With windy Raſor ſhave a ſecret place.
Of Coronets and Circles about the Sun, Moon, and other Planets. Shall I omit an hundred Prodigies,
Oft ſeen in fore-head of the frowning Skies?
Somtimes a fiery Circle doth appear,
Proceeding from the beauteous beams and clear
Of Sun, and Moon, and other Stars aſpect,
Down-looking on a thick-round Cloud direct; (it,
When, not of force to thruſt their raies through-out
In a round Crown they caſt them round about it:
Like as (almoſt) a burning candle, put
Into a Cloſet, with the door cloſe ſhut;
Not able through the boords to ſend his light,
Out at the edges round about ſhines bright.
Simile. But in 's declining, when *Sols* countenance
Direct upon a wat'riſh Cloud doth glance
Of the Rain-bow, and how it is made. (A wat'riſh Cloud, which cannot eaſily
Hold any longer her moiſt Tympany)
On the moiſt Cloud he limns his lightſome front;
And with a gawdy Pencill paints upon 't
A blew-green-gilt Bow bended over us:
For, th' adverſe Cloud, which firſt receiveth thus
Apollo's rayes, the ſame direct repells
On the next Cloud, and with his gold it mells
Her various colours: Like as when the Sun
Simile. At a bay-window peepeth in upon
A bole of water, his bright beams aſpect
With trembling luſtre it doth far reflect
'Gainſt the high fieling of the lightſome Hall,
With ſtately Fret-work over-cruſted all.
How it comes to paſs, that ſometimes appeare divers Suns & Moons at once. On th' other ſide, if the Cloud ſide-long ſit,
And not beneath, or juſtly oppoſite
To Sun and Moon; then either of them forms,
With ſtrong aſpect, double or treble Forms
Upon the ſame. The Vulgar's then affright
To ſee at once three Chariots of the light;
And, in the Welkin, on Nights gloomy Throne,
To ſee at once more ſhining Moons then one.
A check to mans pride, in ſtriving to yield a reaſon in Nature of all theſe accidents. But, O fond Mortals! Wherefore do ye ſtrive
With reach of Senſe, Gods wonders to retrive?
What proud deſire (rather what *Furie's* drift?)
Boldens you god-leſſe, all Gods works to ſift?
I'le not deny, but that a learned man
May yeeld ſome Reaſon (if he liſt to fain)
Of all that moves under Heav'ns hollow Cope;
But, not ſo ſound as can all ſcruple ſtop:
And though he could, yet ſhould we evermore,
Praiſing theſe tools, extoll his fingers more
Who works with them, and many waies doth give
To deadeſt things (inſtantly) ſoules, to live.
True Philoſophy for Chriſtians, to apply all to their conſciences for amendment of life. Me thinks I hear, when I doe hear it thunder,
The voice that brings Swains up, and *Ceſars* under:
By that Towr-tearing ſtroak I underſtand
Th' undaunted ſtrength of the Divine right-hand:
When I behold the Lightning in the Skies,
Me thinks I ſee th' Almightie's glorious Eies:
When I perceive it rain-down timely ſhowrs,
Me thinks the Lord his horn of plenty pours:
When from the Clouds exceſſive Water ſpins,
Me thinks God weeps for our unwept-for ſins:
And when in Heav'n I ſee the Rain-bow bent,
I hold it for a pledge and argument,
That never more ſhall Univerſall Floods
Preſume to mount over the tops of Woods,
Which hoary *Atlas* in the Clouds doth hide,
Or on the Crowns of *Caucaſus* do ride:
But, above all, my pierced ſoule inclines, (Signes;
When th' angry Heav'ns threat with prodigious
When Natures order doth reverſe and change,
Prepoſt'rouſly into diſorder ſtrange.
All the learned in the world cannot one of the Schools of Nature give reaſon Let all the Wits that ever ſuck'd the breſt
Of ſacred *Pallas*, in one Wit be preſt,
And let him tell me (if at leaſt he can
By rule of Nature, or meer reach of man)

fire mainly things that are created in the High and Middle Regions of the Aire.

A sound and certain reason of the Cream,
The Wooll & Flesh that from the Clouds did stream:
Let him declare what cause could erst beget,
Amid the Aire those drizzling showrs of Wheat,
Which in *Carinthia* twice were seen to shed;
Whereof that people made them store of Bread.

The true cause of these Prodigies.

God, the great God of Heav'n, sometimes delights
From top to toe to alter Nature's Rites;
That his *strange* Works, to Nature contrary,
May be fore-runners of some misery.
The drops of fire which weeping Heav'n did showr
Upon *Lucania*, when *Rome* sent the Flowr
Of *Italy* into the wealthy Clime
Which *Euphrates* fats with his fruitfull slime;
Presag'd, that *Parthians* should the next yeer tame
The proud *Lucanians*, and nigh quench their Name.
The clash of Arms, and clang of Trumpets heard
High in the Aire, when valiant *Romans* warr'd
Victoriously, on the (now-Canton'd) *Swisses*,
Almans, and *Cymbrians*, hewing all in peeces;
'Gainst *Epicures* profane assertions, show
That 't is not Fortune guides this World below.
Thou that beheld'st from heav'n, with triple flashes,
Cursed *Olympius* smitten all to ashes,
For blasphemies 'gainst th' ONE-Eternall-THREE;
Dar'st thou yet belch against the TRINITIE?
Dar'st thou profane, spet in the face of God,
Who for Blasphemers hath so sharp a rod?

Examples drawne out of the History of the Romans, Jewes, Turks, and French-both Rockefish-all & prophane.

Jewes (no more *Jewes*, no more of *Abr'ham* Sons;
But *Turks*, *Tartarians*, *Scythians*, *Lestrigons*) (long
Say what you thought; What thought you when so
A flaming sword over your Temple hung;
But that the Lord would, with a mighty arme,
The righteous vengeance of his wrath performe
On you and yours? that what the Plague did leave,
Th' insatiate gorge of Famine should bereave?
And what the Plague and Famine both did spare,
Should be clean gleaned by the hand of War?
That sucking Infants, crying for the teat,
Self-cruell Mothers should unkindly eat?
And that (ere long) the share and coulter should
Rub off their rust upon your Roofs of gold?
And all because yon (cursed) crucifi'd
The Lord of life, who for our ransome dy'd.
The ruddy Fountain that with blood did flow:
Th' huge fiery Rock the thundring Heav'ns did
Into *Lyguria*; and the bloody Crosses (throw
Seen on mens garments, seem'd with open voices
To cry aloud, that the *Turks* swarming hoast
Should pitch his proud *Moons* on the *Genoan* coast.

The Poet severely taxeth his Countrimen for not marking, or not making use of strange & extraordinary tokens of Gods imminent displeasure.

O Frantick *France!* why dost not Thou make use
Of strangefull Signes, whereby the Heav'ns induce
Thee to repentance? Canst thou tear-lesse gaze
(Ev'n night by night) on that prodigious blaze,
That hairy Comet, that long streaming Star,
Which threatens earth with Famine, Plague & War
(Th' Almighty's *Trident*, and three-forked fire
Wherewith he strikes us in his greatest ire)?
But what (alas!) can Heav'ns bare threatnings urge?
Sith all the sharp Rods which so hourly scourge
Thy sense-lesse back, cannot so much as wrest
One single sigh from thy obdurate breast? (eatest,
Thou drink'st thine own blood, thine own flesh thou
In what most harms thee, thy delight is greatest.
O sense-lesse Folk, sick of a Lethargy,
Who to the death despise your Remedy!
Like froward Jades, that for no striking slur,
But wax more restif still the more we spur:
The more your woūds, more your secturnes grow,
Eat with afflictions, as an Asse with blows:
And as the sledge hardens with stroaks the steel;
So, the more beaten, still the lesse ye feel.

Upon like confideration the Translator sharply taxeth England; and to rouze her from her present security, propoſeth sundry fatall examples of her owne troublous changes, and others terrible chastisements.

And wanton ENGLAND, *why hast Thou forgot*
Thy visitation, as thou hadst it not?
Thou hast seen Signes, *and thou hast felt the rod*
Of the revenging wrathfull hand of God.
The fromning Heav'ns in fearfull Sights fore-spoke
Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, *and* Norman *Yoke*:
And since (alas!) unkinder wounds then those,
The Civill rents of thy divided ROSE:
And, last of all the raging Wolves of Rome,
Tearing thy limbs (Christs Lambs) in Martyrdome.
Besides Great Plagues, *and grievous* Dearths, *which*
Have oft the sinews of thy strength reverst. (erst)
But Thou, more fondly, more forgetfull art
Then Boyes that fear but while they feel the smart:
All this is past, and Thou, past fear of it,
In Peace *and* Plenty, *as a Queen, dost sit;*
Of Rods *forgetfull, and for* Rest *ingratefull,*
(That, sottish dulnesse; this, a sin most hatefull:)
Ingratefull to thy God, who all hath sent;
And thy late Queen, his sacred Instrument,
By whose pure hand he hath more blessed Thine,
Then erst his own Choice-planted Hebrew Vine:
From whence hee look'd for Grapes (as now from thee);
That bore him Crabs: Thou worse (if worse may be):
That was destroy'd, the wild Boar entred in.
ENGLAND, *beware*: Like punishment, like sin.

Ezay ch. 5. 1, 2, 3, &c.

But, O! what boots, or what avails my sung
To this deaf Adder, that hath slept so long,
Snorting so loud on pillows of Security,
Dread-lesse of danger, drenched in Impurity;
Whose senses all, all over-growne with fat,
Have left no doore for feare to enter at?
Yet once again (dear Country) must I call:
ENGLAND, *prevent; Fall, to repent thy* Fall.
Though thou be blinde, thy wakefull Watchmen see
Heav'ns irefull vengeance hanging over thee
In fearfull Signes, threatning a thousand Woes
To thy Sins Deluge, *which all over-flowes.*
Thine uncontroll'd, bold, open Atheism:
Close Idol-service: *cloaked* Hypocrism:
Common Blaspheming *of Gods Name in* Oaths:
Usuall profaning *of his* Sabbaoths:
Thy blind, dumb, Idol-shepheards, *cheak'd with steeples,*
That fleece thy Flocks, and do not feed thy Peoples:
Strife-full Ambition, Florentizing *States:*
Bribes and Affection *swaying Magistrates:*
Wealth's mercy-lesse Wrong, Usury, Extortion:
Poore's Idlenesse, repining *at their portion:*
Thy Drunken Surfets; *and* Excesse *in* Diet:
Thy Sensuall *wallowing in* Lascivious Riot:
Thy huff'd, puff'd, paint ed, curl'd, purl'd, wanton Pride,
(The Baud to Lust, *and to all sins beside)*
These are thy sins: These are the Signes *of Ruin,*
To ev'ry State *that doth the same pursu-in:*
Such, *cost the* Jewes *and* Arians *Desolation,*
Now turned Turks, *that were the holy* Nation.

Happy

Happy who take by others dangers warning:
All that is writ, is written for our learning;
So preach thy Prophets: But, Who heeds their cry?
Or who beleeves? *then much lesse hope have I.*
Wherefore (deer Bartas) *having warned them;*
From this Digression, turn we to our Theam.

Simile.

As our All-welcome SOVERAIGN *(England's solace,*
Heav'n's care, Earth's comfort) in his stately Palace,
Hath next his Person, Princes of his Realms
Next him in Blood, extract from Royall Stems;
Next those, the Nobles; next, the Magistrates
That serve him truely in their severall States;
As more or lesse their divers Dignitie
Comes neer the greatnesse of his Majestie:
So, next the Heav'ns, God marshall'd th' Element,
Which seconds them in swift bright Ornament:
And then the rest, according as of kin,
To th' Azure Sphears, or th' Erring Fires they bin.

Having sufficiently discoursed of the Aire, he begins to handle the Element of Fire.

Yet some (more crediting their eyes, then reason)
From 's proper place this Essence doe disseyn;
And vainly strive (after their Fancies sway)
To cut the World's best Element away,
The nimble, light, bright-flaming, heatfull *Fire*,
Fountain of life, Smith, Founder, Purifier,
Cook, Surgeon, Souldier, Gunner, Alchymist,
The source of Motion; briefly, what not is't?
Apt for all, acting all; whose arms embrace,
Under Heav'n's arms, this Universall Masse.

Against such as deny the Fire to be an Element.

Their reasons.

1.

For, if (say they) the *Fire* were lodg'd between
The Heav'ns and us, it would by night be seen;
Sith then, so far-off (as in Meads we passe)
We see least Glow-worms glister in the grasse:
Besides, how should we through the *Fiery Text*
Perceive the bright eyes of the Firmament?

2.

Sith here the soundest and the sharpest eye
Can nothing through our Candle-flames descry.

Answers.

O hard beleeving Wits! If *Zephirus*
And *Austers* sighes were never felt of us,
You would suppose the space between Earth's Ball
And Heav'ns bright Arches, void and empty all:
And then no more you would the *Aire* allow
For Element, then th' hot bright *Flames* now.
Now, ev'n as far as *Phœbus* light excels
The light of Lamps and ev'ry Taper els
Wherewith we use to lengthen th' After-noon
Which *Capricorn* ducks in the Sea too soon;
So far in pureneſse th' *Elementall Flame*
Excels the Fire that for our use wee frame.
For, ours is nothing but a dusky light,
Grosse, thick, and smoaky, enemy to sight:
But, that above (for, being neither blent
With fumie mixture of grosse nourishment,
Nor tos'd with winds, but far from us) comes neer
It's neighbour Heav'n, in nature pure and cleer.

Differences between the Elementary Fire & ours

Here, for conclusion of this second booke, he commeth to discourse of the Heavens, and first intreateth of their Matter and Essence.

But, of what substance shall I, after-thee
(O matchlesse Master) make Heav'ns Canopie?
Uncertain, here my resolutions rock
And waver, like th' inconstant Weather-Cock;
Which, on a Towr turning with ev'ry blast,
Changeth his Master, and his place as fast.
Learned *Lyceum*, now a-while, I walk-in:
Then th' *Academian* sacred Shades I stalk-in.

According to the opinion of the Philosophers.

Treading the way that *Aristotle* went,
I doe deprive the Heavins of Element,
And mixture too; and think, th' Omnipotence
Of God did make them of a Quint-Essence:
Sith of the Elements, two still erect
Their motion up; two ever down direct:

Their course.

But the Heav'ns course, not wandring up nor down,
Continually turns only roundly round.
The Elements have no eternall race,
But settle aye in their assigned place:
But th' azure Circle, without taking breath,
His certain course for ever gallopeth; (weight,
It keepes one pace, and mov'd with weight-lesse
It never takes fresh horse, nor never baits.

Heavens not subject to alterations, as are the Elements.

Things that consist of th' Elements uniting,
Are ever tos'd with an intestine fighting; (sing,
Whence springs, in time, their life and their decea-
Their divers change, their waxing and decreasing:
So that, of all that is, or may be seen
With mortall eyes, under Nights horned Queen,
Nothing retaineth the same form and face,
Hardly the half of half an hours space.
But the Heav'ns feel not Fates impartiall rigour:
Yeers add not to their stature nor their vigour:
Use wears them not; but their green-ever Age
Is all in all still like their Pupillage.

What use of Elements in the Heavens.

Then suddenly, turn'd studious *Platonist*,
I hold, the Heav'ns of Elements consist: (rent,
'Tis Earth, whose firm parts make their Lamps appa-
Their bodies fast; Aire makes them all transparent;
Fire makes their restlesse circles pure and cleer,
Hot, light some, light, and quick in their career:
And Water, 'nointing with cold-moist the brims
Of th' enter-kissing turning Globes extreams,
Tempers the heat (rans'd by their rapid turning)
Which else would fet all th' Elements a-burning.

Difference between the Elements, whereof the Heavens are composed, and these inferiour Elements.

Not, that I do compare or match the Matter
Whence I compose th' All-compassing Theater,
To those grosse Elements which here below
Our hand and eye doth touch, and see, and know:
'T's all fair, all pure; a sacred harmony
Those bodies bindes in end-lesse Unity:
That Air's not flitting, nor that Water floating,
Nor Fire inflaming, nor Earth dully doating;
Nor one to other ought offensive neither:
But (to conclude) Celestiall altogether.

Detesting the presumption of those curious Wits searching their secrets, which Illuminats himself within the bounds of Christian Sobriety.

See, see the rage of humane Arrogance:
See how far dares man's erring Ignorance,
That with unbridled tongue (as if it oft
Had try'd the mettle of that upper Loft)
Dares, without proofe, or without reason yeelded,
Tell of what Timber God his Palace builded.
But, in these doubts much rather rest had I,
Then with mine error draw my Reader wry;
Till a Saint *Paul* do re-descend from Heav'n,
Or till my selfe (this sinfull robe bereav'n,
This rebell Flesh, whose counterpoize oppresses
My pilgrim Soule, and ever it depresses)
Shall see the Beauties of that Blessed Place:
If (then) I ought shall see, save Gods bright Face.

Divers opinions of the number of the Heavens.

But ev'n as many (or more) quarrels cumber
Th' old Heathen Schools about the Heavens number:
One holds but one; making the World's Eyes shine
Through the thin-thicknesse of that Chrystall line,
(As through the Ocean's cleer and liquid Flood
The slippery Fishes up and down do scud):

Another, judging certain by his eye,
And, seeing Sev'n bright Lamps mov'd diversly,
Turn this and that way: and, on th' other side,
That all the rest of the Heav'ns twinkling pride
Keep all one course; ingeniously, he varies
The Heav'ns rich building into eight round Stories.
Others, amid the Starriest Orbe, perceiving
A triple cadence, and withall conceiving
That but one naturall course one body goes,
Count nine, som ten; not numbring yet (with those)
Th' Empyreall Palace, where th' eternall Treasures
Of *Nectar* flow, where everlasting Pleasures
Are heaped-up, where an immortall *May*
In blisse-full Beauties flourisheth for ay,
Where life still lives, where God his * Sises holds
Environ'd round with Seraphins and Souls (Flight
Bought with his precious blood, whose glorious
Erst mounted Earth above the Heavens bright.
Nor shall my faint and humble Muse presume
So high a Song and Subject to assume.
O fair, five-double Round, Sloth's Foe apparent,
Life of the World, Daies, Months, & Yeers own Parent,
Thine own selfs modell, never shifting place, (rent;
And yet thy pure wings with so swift a pace
Fly over us, that but our Thought alone
Can (as thy babe) pursue thy motion:
Infinite-finite; free from growth and grief,
Discord and death; dance-lover; to be brief,
Still like thy self, all thine own in thee all,
Transparent, cleer, light; law of this low Ball:
Which in thy wide bout, bound-lesse all dost bound,
And claspest all under, or in thy Round;
Throne of th' Almighty, I would faine rehearse
Thy various Dances in this very Verse,
If it were time, and but my bounded Song
Doubteth to make this *Second-Day* too-long.
For, notwithstanding, yet another Day
I feare some Critick will not stick to say,
My babbling Muse did faile with ev'ry gale,
And mingled yarn to length her web withall.
But know, what e'r thou be, that here I gather
Justly so many of Gods Works together,
Because by th' Orbe of th' ample Firmament,
(Which round *This Day* th' Eternall Finger pent
Between the lower Waters and the higher)
I mean, the Heav'ns, the Aire, and th' upper Fire,
Which separate the Ocean's waters salt,
From those which God pour'd o'r th' Ethereal vault.
Yet have I not so little seen and sought
The Volumes, which our Age hath chiefest thought,
But that I know how subtly greatest Clerks
Presume to argue in their learned Works,
T' o'r-whelme these Floods, this Crystall to deface,
And try this Ocean, which doth all imbrace.
But, as the beauty of a modest Dame,
Who, well-content with Natures comly Frame,
And native Fair (as it is freely giv'n
In fit proportion by the hand of Heav'n)
Doth not, with painting, prank, nor set-it out
With helps of Art, sufficient Fair without;
Is more praise-worthy then the wanton glance,
Th' affected gate, th' alluring countenance,
The Mart of Pride, the Periwigs and Painting,
Whence Courtizans refresh their beauties fainting:
So do I more the *sacred Tongue* esteem
(Though plaine and rurall it doth rather seem,
Then school'd *Athenian*; and Divinity,
For only varnish, have but Verity)
Then all the golden Wit-pride of Humanity,
Wherewith men burnish their erroneous vanity.
I'll rather give a thousand times the lie
To mine owne Reason, then but once defie
The sacred voice of th' everlasting Spirit,
Which doth so often and so loud averr-it,
That God, above the shining Firmament,
I wot not, I, what kind of Waters pent:
Whether that pure, super-celestiall Water,
With our inferiour have no likely nature:
Whether, turn'd Vapour, it hath round enbow'd
Heav'ns highest Stage in a transparent Cloud:
Or, whether (as they say) a Crystall Case
Do round about the Heav'nly Orb embrace.
But, with conjectures, wherefore strive I thus?
Can doubtfull proofs the certainty discusse?
I see not why Mans reason should withstand,
Or not beleeve, that He, whose pow'rfull hand
Bay'd-up the *Red-sea* with a double Wall,
That *Israels* Hoast might scape *Ægyptian* thrall,
Could prop as sure so many waves on high
Above the Heav'ns Star-spangled Canopy.
See we not hanging in the Clouds each hour
So many Seas, still threatning down to pour,
Supported only by th' Aire's agitation
(Selfly too weak for the least weight's foundation)?
See wee not also, that this Sea below,
Which round about our Earthly Globe doth flow,
Remains still round; and maugre all the surly
Æolian Slaves, and Water's hurly burly,
Dares not (to levell her proud liquid Heap)
Never so little past her limits leap?
Why then beleeve we not, that upper Sphear
May (without falling) such an Ocean bear?
Uncircumcised! O hard hearts! At least
Let's think that God those Waters doth digest
In that steep place: for, if that Nature here
Can form firm Pearl and Crystall shining cleer
Of liquid substance; let's beleeve it rather
Much more in God (the Heav'ns & Natur's Father:)
Let us much more, much more let 's poiz & ponder
Th' Almightie's Works, & at his Wisdom wonder:
Let us observe, and boldly-weigh it well,
That this proud Palace where we rule & dwel (since,
(Though built with matchlesse Art) had fall'n long
Had 't not been fiel'd-round with moist Elements.
For, like as (in Mans *Little-world*) the Brain
Doth highest place of all our Frame retain,
And tempers with its moistfull coldnesse so
Th' excessive heat of other parts below:
Th' eternall Builder of this beauteous Frame
To inter-mingle meetly Frost with Flame,
And cool the great heat of the *great-world's* torches,
This-Day spread Water over heav'ns bright Arches.
These Seas (say they) leagu'd with the Seas below,
Hiding the highest of the Mountains tho. (ded
Had drown'd the whole World; had not *Noah* buil-
A holy Vessell, where his House was shielded:
Where, by direction of the King of kings,
He sav'd a seed-pair of all living things.

No

* Sises.

We happily at the consummation and finish of this Verse: Which last confirmeth an Affinigrified into our Sages or Nazarites.

The summe of what hath been handled in this booke, and what is to be handled in those found by the Firmament which bounds the distinction in Genesis.

Against those that think there are no Waters above the Firmament: Whom he confuteth by divers Reasons.

Similes.

1. The word of God to be preferred before the voice of man.

2. Gods Word mentioneth waters before the firmament.

Gen. 1. 7. Psal. 104. 3. Psal. 148. 4.

3. The Power of God ought to be of greater authority then mans reason.

4. The consideration of the Waters which hang in the Aire, and of the Sea which compasseth the Earth.

5. Divers effects continuall and admirable in Nature.

Taking occasion by his former discourse, he cureth of the incon-

ter of the upper Waters with the lower, whence followed the generall flood in the dayes of Noah: Which here he lively repreſenteth.

No ſooner ſhipp'd, but inſtantly the Lord
Down to th' *Æolean* dungeon him beſtirr'd;
There muzzled cloſe Cloud-chaſing *Boreas*,
And let looſe *Auſter*, and his lowring race,
Who ſoon ſet forward with a dropping wing;
Upon their beard for ev'ry hair a Spring,
A night of Clouds muffled their brows about,
Their wattled locks guſh'd all in Rivers out; (der,
And both their hands, wringing thick Clouds aſun-
Send forth fierce lightning, tempeſt, rain & thunder.
Brooks, lakes, & floods, rivers & foaming Torrents
Suddenly ſwell; and their confuſed Currents,
Loſing their old bounds, break a neerer way
To run at random with their ſpoils to Sea. (her,
Th' earth ſhakes for fear, & ſweating doth conſume
And in her veins leaves not a drop of humor.
And thou thy ſelfe, O Heav'n, didſt ſet wide ope
(Through all the Marches in thy ſpacious cope)
All thy large Sluces, thy vaſt Seas to ſhed
In ſudden ſpouts on thy proud Siſters head;
Whoſe aw-leſſe, law-leſſe, ſhame-leſſe life abhor'd,
Only delighted to deſpight the Lord. (no ſhore:
Th' Earth ſhrinks and ſinks; now th' Ocean hath
Now Rivers run to ſerve the Sea no more;
Themſelves are Sea: the many ſundry Streams,
Of ſundry names (deriv'd from ſundry Realms)
Make now but one great Sea: the World it ſelf
Is nothing now but a great ſtanding Gulf,
Whoſe ſwelling ſurges ſtrive to mix their Water
With th' other Waves about this round Theater.
The Sturgeon, coaſting over Caſtles, muſes
(Under the Sea) to ſee ſo many houſes.
The *Indian* Manat, and the Mullet float
O'r Mountain tops, where erſt the bearded Goat
Did bound and brouz: the crooked Dolphin ſcuds
O'r th' higheſt branches of the hugeſt Woods.
Nought boots the Tigre, or the Hart, or Horſe,
Or Hare, or Gray-hound, their ſwift ſpeedy courſe;
For, ſeeking land, the more they ſtrain & breath thē,
The more (alas) it ſhrinks and ſinks beneath them.
The Otter, Tortoiſe, and fell Crocodile,
Which did enjoy a double houſe ere-while,
Muſt be content with only Water now.
The Wolf and Lamb, Lions and Bucks do row
Upon the Waters, ſide by ſide, ſuſpect-leſſe.
The Glead & Swallow, labouring long (effect-leſs)
'Gainſt certain death, with wearied wings fall down
(For want of Pearch) and with the reſt do drown.
And, for mankinde, imagine ſome get up
To ſome high Mountains over-hanging top;
Some to a Towr, ſome to a Cedar-tree,
Whence round about a World of deaths they ſee:
But whereſoever their pale fears aſpire
For hope of ſafety, Th' Ocean ſurgeth higher;
And ſtill-ſtill mounting as they ſtill do mount,
When they ceaſe mounting, doth them ſoon ſur-
One therefore ventures on a Plank to row, (mount.
One in a Cheſt, another in a Trough:
Another, yet half-ſleeping, ſcarce perceives
How 's bed and breath, the Flood at once bereaves;
Another, lab'ring with his feet and hands,
A-while the fury of the Flood withſtands,
(Which by his ſide hath newly drown'd his Mother,
His Wife, his Son, his Siſter, Sire, and Brother):
But tyr'd and ſpent, weary and wanting ſtrength,
He needs muſt yeeld (too) to the Seas at length:
All, all muſt dye then. But * th' *imperiall Maids*,
Who wont to uſe ſo ſundry tools for aids,
In execution of their fatall ſlaughters,
Had only now the furious foaming Waters.
Safely, the while, the ſacred Ship did float
On the proud ſhoulders of that boundleſſe-Moat,
Though Maſt-leſs, Oar-leſs, and from Harbour far;
For, God was both her Steers-man and her Star.
Thrice fifty dayes that Univerſall Flood (good
Waſted the World; which then the Lord thought
To re-erect. in his Compaſſion great,
No ſooner ſounds he to the Seas retreat,
But inſtantly wave into wave did ſink
With ſudden ſpeed, all Rivers 'gan to ſhrink;
T' Ocean retires him to his wonted priſon:
The Woods are ſeen; the Mountain tops are riſen
Out of their ſlimy bed: the Fields increaſe
And ſpread apace; ſo faſt the Waters ceaſe.
And, briefly th' only thundring hand of God
Now earth to heav'n, heav'n unto earth re-ſhow'd;
That he again *Panchaian* Fumes might ſee
Sacred on Altars to his Majeſty.
Lord, ſith 't hath pleas'd thee likewiſe, in our Age,
To ſave thy Ship from Tyrants ſtormy rage,
Increaſe *in Number* (Lord) thy little Flock;
But more *in Faith*, to build on Thee, the Rock.

* *Parca*, à non parcendo: The not-ſparing Fates, that is to ſay, Death.

He concludeth with a moſt godly prayer, to be recommended to the Church in our time.

So Morne and Even the Second Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE THIRD DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

The Argument.

The Sea, and Earth: their various Equipage:
Sever'd apart: Bounds of the Oceans rage:
T'imbraceth Earth: it doth all Waters owe:
Why it is salt: How it doth Ebb and Flow:
Rare Streams and Fountaines of strange operation:
Earth's firmenesse, greatnesse, goodnesse: sharpe taxation
Of Bribes, Ambition, Treason, Avarice:
Trees, Shrubs, and Plants: Mines, Metals, Gemms of price:
Right use of Gold: the Load-stones rare effects:
The Countrey-life preferr'd in all respects.

From the Heaven and Regions of the Air, the Poet descendeth to the Earth and Sea.

MY sacred Muse, that lately soared high,
Among the glistring Circles of the Sky,
(Whose various dance, which the first Mover drives
Harmoniously, this Universe revives)
Commanding all the Winds and sulph'ry Storms,
The lightning Flashes, and the hideous Forms
Seen in the Aire; with language meetly brave
Whilom discours'd upon a Theme so grave:
But, *This-Day*, flagging lowly by the *Ground*,
Shee seems constrain'd to keep a lowly sound;
Or if, sometimes, she somewhat raise her voice,
The sound is drown'd with the rough Oceans noyse.

He calleth upon the true God to be assisted in the description of their two Elements, and the things therein.

O King of grassie, and of glassie Plains,
Whose pow'rful breath (at thy dread wil) constrains
The deep Foundations of the Hils to shake,
And Seas salt billows 'gainst Heav'ns vaults to rake:
Grant me, *To-Day*, with skilfull Instruments
To bound aright these two rich Elements:
In learned Numbers teach me sing the Natures
Of the firm Earth, and of the floating Waters;
And with a flowring stile the Flowrs to limn,
Whose colours now shall paint the Fields so trim.
All those steep Mountains, whose high horned tops
The misty cloak of wandring Clouds enwraps,
Under first Waters their crump shoulders hid,
And all the Earth, as a dull Pond abid,
Untill th' All-Monarch's bounteous Majesty
(Willing t'enfeoff man this Worlds Empery)
Commanding *Neptune* straight to marshall forth
His Floods a-part, and to unfold the Earth;
And, in his Waters, now contented rest,
T'have all the World, for one whole day, possest.

God in this third Day gathers together the Waters, & separated them from the Earth.

As when the muffled Heav'ns have wept amain,
And foaming streams assembling on the Plain,
Turn'd Fields to Floods; soon as the showrs do cease,
With unseen speed the Deluge doth decrease,
Sups up it selfe, in hollow sponges sinks,
And 's ample arms in straiter Channell shrinks:
Ev'n so the Sea, to 't self it self betook,
Mount after Mount, Field after Field forsook;
And suddenly, in smaller Cask did run
Her Waters, that from ev'ry side did run:
Whether th' imperfect Light did first exhale
Much of that primer humor, wherewithall
God, on the *Second-Day*, might frame and found
The Chrystal Spheres that he hath spread so round:
Whether th' Almighty did new place provide
To lodge the Waters: whether op'ning wide

By an apt comparison how the Water withdrew from off the Earth.

Th'

Th' Earth's hollow pores it pleas'd him to conveigh
Deep under ground some Arms of such a Sea:
Or whether, pressing waters gloomy Globe,
That cov'red all (as with a cloudy Robe)
He them impris'ned in those bounds of brasse,
Which (to this day) the Ocean dares not passe
Without his licence. For, th' Eternall, knowing
The Seas commotive and inconstant flowing,
Thus curbed her; and 'gainst her envious rage,
For-ever fenc'd our Flowry-mantled Stage:
So that we often see those rowling Hils, (Fields,
With roaring noyse threatning the neighbour
Through their own spite to split upon the shore,
Foaming for fury that they dare no more.
For, what could not that great, high Admirall
Work in the Waves, sith, at his Servants call,
His dreadfull voice (to save his ancient Sheep)
Did cleave the bottom of th' *Erithrean* Deep?
And toward the Crystall of his double source
Compelled *Jordan* to retreat his course?
Drown'd with a *Deluge* the rebellious World?
And from dry Rocks abundant Rivers purld?
Lo, thus the weighty Water did ere-while
With winding turns make all this World an Ile.
For, like as moulten Lead being poured forth
Upon a levell plat of sand or earth,
In many fashions mazeth to and fro;
Runs here direct, there crookedly doth go;
Here doth divide it selfe, there meets again;
And the hot Riv'let of the liquid vain,
On the smooth table crawling like a Worm,
Almost (in th' instant) ev'ry form doth form:
God pour'd the Waters on the fruitfull Ground
In sundry figures; some in fashion round,
Som square, som cros, som long, som lozenge-wise,
Some triangles, som large, som lesser size
Amid the Floods (by this fair difference)
To give the World more wealth and excellence.
Such is the *German* Sea, such *Persian* Sine,
Such th' *Indian* Gulf, and such th' *Arabian* Brine,
And such Our Sea: whose divers-branch'd * retorti-
Divide the World in three unequall portions. (ons,
And, though each of these Arms (how large soe-
To the great Ocean seems a little River: ver)
Each makes an hundred sundry Seas besides
(Not sundry 'n Waters, but in Names and Tides)
To moisten kindly, by their secret Veins,
The thirsty thickness of the neighbour Plains:
To bulwark Nations, and to serve for fences
Against th' invasion of Ambitious Princes:
To bound large Kingdomes with eternall limits:
To further traffick through all Earthly Climates:
T' abridge long Journies; and with aid of Winde
Within a Month to visit either *Inde*.
But, th' Earth not only th' Oceans debter is
For these large Seas; but owes him *Tanais*,
Nile (*Ægypts* treasure) and his neighbour stream
That in the Desart (through his haste extream)
Loseth himselfe so oft; swift *Euphrates*;
And th' other proud Son of cold *Niphates*:
Fair spacious *Ganges*, and his famous Brother,
That lends his name unto their noble Mother:
Gold-sanded *Tagus*, *Rhyne*, *Rhone*, *Volga*, *Tiber*,
Danubius, *Albis*, *Po*, *Sein*, *Arne*, and *Iber*;
The *Darian Plate*, and *Amazonian* River (liver):
(Where SPAIN's Gold-thirsty Locusts coole their
Our silver Medway (*which doth deep indent*
The Flowrie Meadowes of My native KENT;
Still sadly weeping (*under* Pensherst *Walls*)
Th' Arcadian Cygnet's *bleeding* Funeralls)
Our Thames *&* Tweed, *our* Severn, Trent *and* Hum-
And many more, too infinite to number. (ber,
Of him she also holds her silver Springs,
And all her hidden Crystall Riverlings:
And after (greatly) in two sorts repayes
Th' humour she borrows by two sundry wayes.
For, like as in a Limbeck, th' heat of Fire
Raiseth a Vapour, which still mounting higher
To the Still's top; when th' odoriferous sweat
Above that Miter can no further get,
It softly thickning, falleth drop by drop,
And, cleer as Crystall, in the glasse doth hop;
The purest humour in the Sea, the Sun
Exhales in th' Aire: which there resolv'd, anon,
Returns to Water; and descends again,
By sundry wayes, unto his Mother Main.
For, the dry Earth, having these Waters (first)
Through the wide sieve of her void entrails fierst;
Giving more room, at length from rocky moutains
She, night & day pours forth 1000 fountains: (*rents*;
These fountaines make fresh brooks, with murm'ring cur-
These murm'ring Brooks, the swift & violent Tor-
These violent torrents, mighty Rivers; these, (rents;
These Rivers make the vast, deep, dreadfull Seas.
And all the highest Heav'n-approaching Rocks
Contribute hither with their snowie locks:
For, soon as *Titan*, having run his Ring,
To th' ycie Climates bringeth back the Spring;
On their rough backs he melts the hoary heaps,
Their tops grow green; and down the water leaps
On every side, it foams, it roares, it rushes,
And through the steep and stony hils it gushes,
Making a thousand brooks; whereof, when one
Perceives his fellow striving to be gone,
Hasting his course, he him accompanies;
After, another and another hies,
All in one race; joint-losing all of them
Their Names and Waters in a greater Stream:
And he that robs them, shortly doth deliver
Himselfe and his into a larger River;
And that, at length, however great and large,
(Lord of the Plain) doth in some Gulf discharge
His parent-Tribute to *Oceanus*,
According to th' Eternall *Rendez-vous*.
Yet, notwithstanding, all these Streams that enter
In the Main Sea, do nought at all augment her;
For that, besides that all these Floods in one,
Match'd with great *Neptune*, seem as much as none;
The Sun (as erst I said) and Windes withall,
Sweeping the fur-face of the Brinie-Ball,
Extract as much still of her humours thin,
As weeping Aire, and welling Earth pours in.
But, as the sweltring heat, and shiv'ring cold,
Gnashing and sweat, that th' Ague-fick do hold,
Come not at hazzard, but in time and order
Afflict the body with their fell disorder:
The Sea hath * fits, alternate course she keeps,
From Deep to Shore, and from the Shore to Deeps.
Whether

Of the lodging & bed of the Sea.

The Sea kept within her bounds by the Almighty power of God.

Exod. 14. 21 Josh. 3. 16. Gen. 7. 21. Exod. 17. 6.

A fit smile shewing the winding turns of the Sea about the Earth.

4 Windings

The armes of the Sea distinguished into smaller members, with commodities & use thereof.

A Catalogue of most of the most famous Rivers in the World.

Fountains, Springs & Rivers welling out of the Earth.

A Simile shewing how the waters of the Earth are exhaled by the Sun, and then poured into the Sea.

How the Fountains come to break forth of the earth.

The increasing of Brooks and Rivers, and of their falling into the Sea.

Why the Sea ceaseth with no increase of all the Waters that fall therein.

*Of the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea: & sundry causes thereof.

Whether it were, that at the first, the Ocean (on,
From Gods owne hand receiv'd this double moti-
By means whereof, it never resteth stound;
But (as a turning Whirli-gig goes round)
Whirls of it selfe, and good-while after takes
Strength of the strength which the first motion
Whether the Sea, which we *Atlantick* call, (makes:
Be but a piece of the *Grand Sea* of all;
And that his Floods, entring the ample Bed
Of the deep Main (with fury hurried
Against the Rocks) repulsed with disdain,
Be thence compelled to turn back again:
Or whether *Cynthia*, that with changefull laws
Commands moist bodies, doth this motion cause:
As on our Shore, we see the Sea to rise
Soon as the Moon begins to mount our Skies.
And when, through Hear'ns Vault vailing toward
The Moone descendeth, then it Ebbs again. (*Spain*,
Again, so soon as her inconstant Crown
Begins to shine on th' other *Horizon*,
It flows again: and then again it falls
When she doth light th' other *Meridionals*.
We see moreover, that th' *Atlantick* Seas
Doe Flow far farther than the *Genoese*,
Or both the *Bosphor's*; and that *Lake's*, which growe
Out of the Sea, do neither Ebb nor Flowe:
Because (they say) the silver fronted Star,
That swells and shrinks the Seas (as pleaseth her)
Pours with lesspow'r her plenteous influence
Upon these straight and narrow streamed Fennes,
And In-land Seas, which many a Mount immounds,
Then on an Ocean vast and void of bounds:
Even as in Summer, her great brothers Ey,
When Winds be silent, doth more ear'ly dry
Wide spreading Plains, open and spacious Fields,
Then narrow Vales vaulted about with Hils.
If we perceive not in the *Deep* so well
As by the Shore, when it doth shrinke and swell;
Our spright full Pulse the Tide doth well resemble,
Whose out-side seems more then the midst to trem-
Nor is the glorious Prince of Stars less mighty (ble.
Then his pale Sister, on vast *Amphitrite*.
For, *Phœbus*, boyling with his lightsom Heat
The Fish-full Waves of *Neptunes* Royall Seat,
And supping up still (with his thirsty Rayes)
All the fresh humour in the floating Seas,
In *Thetis* large Cels leaveth nought behind,
Save liquid Salt, and a thick bitter Brine.
But see (the while) see how the Sea (I pray)
Through thousand Seas hath carried me away,
In feare t' have drown'd my selfe and Readers so,
The Floods so made my words to over-flowe.
Therefore a-shore; and on the tender Lee
Of Lakes, and Pools, Rivers, and Springs, let's see
The Soverain vertues of their severall Waters,
Their strange effects, and admirable natures,
That with incredible rare force of theirs,
Confound our wits, ravish our eyes and ears. (light,
Th' *Hammonian* Fount, while *Phœbus* Torch is
Is cold as Yce; and (opposite) all night
(Though the cold Crescent shine thereon) is hot,
And boiles and bubbles like a seething pot.
They say (forsooth) the River *Silarus*,
And such another, call'd *Eurimenus*,
Convert the boughs, the barke, the leaves, and all,
To very stone that in their Waters fall.
O! Should I blanch the *Jewes* religious River,
Which every *Sabbath* dries his Channell over;
Keeping his Waves from working on that Day
Which God ordain'd a sacred Rest for ay?
If neere unto the *Eleusinian* Spring,
Som sport-full Jig som wanton Shepheard sing,
The Ravisht Fountaine falls to daunce and bound,
Keeping true Cadence to his rustick sound.
Cerona, *Xanth*, and *Cephisus*, doe make
The thirsty-Flocks that of their Waters take,
Black, red, and white: And, neer the crimsin Deep,
Th' *Arabian* Fountain maketh crimsin Sheep:
Salonian Fountain, and thou *Andrian* Spring,
Out of what Cellers do you daily bring
The Oyle and Wine that you abound with, so?
O Earth! Do these within thine entrals grow?
What? be there Vines & Orchards under ground?
Is *Bacchus* Trade, and *Pallas* Art there found?
What should I of th' *Illirian* Fountain tell?
What shall I say of the *Dodonian* Well?
Whereof, the first sets any cloathes on-fire; (mire?)
Th' other doth quench (Who but will this ad-
A burning Torch; and when the same is quenched,
Lights it again, if it again be drenched.
Sure, in the *Legend* of absurdest Fables
I should enroll most of these admirables;
Save for the reverence of th' unstained credit
Of many a Witnes where I yerst have read it:
And saving that our gain-spurr'd Pilots finde,
In our dayes, Waters of more wondrous kinde.
Of all the Sources infinite to count,
Which to an ample Volume would amount,
Far hence on Forein unfrequented Coast,
I'le onely chuse som five or six at most,
Strange to report, perhaps beleev'd of few;
And yet no more incredible then true.
In th' *Ile of Iron* (one of those same Seav'n
Whereto our Elders * *Happy* name had giv'n)
The Savage people never drinke the streams
Of Wells and Rivers (as in other Realms)
Their drink is in the Aire; their gushing spring
A weeping Tree out of it selfe doth wring:
A Tree, whose tender-bearded Root being spred
In dryest sand, his sweating Leafe doth shed
A most sweet liquor; and (like as the Vine
Untimely cut, weeps (at her wound) her Wine,
In pearled tears) incessantly distills
A Crystall stream, which all their Cisterns fills,
Through all the Iland: for, all hither hy;
And all their vessels cannot draw it dry.
In frosty *Islands* are two Fountains strange:
Th' one flowes with Wax; the other stream doth
All into Iron; yet with scalding steam (change
In thousand bubbles belcheth up her stream.
In golden *Perú*, neere Saint *Helens* Mount,
A stream of Pitch coms from a springing Fount.
What more remains? That *New-found World* be-
Toward the West many a fair River guides; (sides,
Whose floating Waters (knowing th' use aright
Of Work-fit Day, and Rest-ordained Night,
Better then men) run, swiftly, all the Day;
But rest all Night, and stir not any way.

Great

Simile.

Proof of the third cause: wit-that the waxing and waning of the Moon, causeth the flowing and ebbing of the Sea.

VVhy the tide is not so well perceived at Sea as by the Shore.

The cause of the saltnes of the Sea.

Of waters seperated from the Sea.

VVonderfull effects of divers Fountains.

A conclusion of the admirable effects of certaine VVaters.

* Insula Fortunatæ

Great Engineer, Almighty Architect,
I fear, of Envie I should be suspect,
Envie of thy renown and sacred glory,
If my ungratefull Rimes should blanch the Story
Of Streams distilling through the Sulphur-Mines,
Through Bitumen, Allom, and Nitre veins;
Which (perfect Leacher) with their vertues cure
A thousand Griefs we mortals here endure,
Old in the April of our age therewith,
Whose rigour strives to *outre*-date our death.
Now, as my happy *Gascony* excels,
In Corne, Wine, Warriours, every Country els;
So doth she also in free *Bathes* abound;
Where strangers flock from every part around.
The barren womb, the Palsie-shaken wight,
Th' ulcerous, gowtie, deaf, and decrepit,
From East and West arriving, fetch from hence
Their ready help with small or no expence.
Witnes *Ancesse, Caudreus, Augueseald,*
Barege, Baigners; Baigners, the pride of all,
The pride, the praise, the onely Paradise
Of all those Mountaines mounting to the Skies,
Where yerst the *Gaulian Hercules* begot
(Wanton *Alcmena's* Bastard, meane I not)
On faire *Pyrene* (as the fame doth go)
The famous Father of the *Gascons*; who
By noble deeds do worthily averr
Their true discent from such an Ancester.
On th' one side, Hils hoar'd with eternall Snowes,
And craggy Rocks *Baigneres* doe inclose:
The other side is sweetly compast-in
With fragrant skirts of an immortall Green,
Whose smiling beauties far excell, in all,
The famous praise of the *Penian* Vale:
There's not a House, but seemeth to be new;
Th'even-slated Roofs reflect with glistering blew.
To keep the pavement ever cleane and sweet,
A Crystall River runs through every Street,
Whose Silver stream, as cold as Yce, doth slide
But little off the *Physick* Waters side;
Yet keeps his nature, and disdaines, a jot
To intermix his cold with th' others hot.
But all these wonders, that adorn my Verse,
Yet come not neer unto the wondrous *Lers*.
If it be true, that the *Stagyrian* Sage, (rage)
(With shame confus'd, and driv'n with desperate
Because his reason could not reach the knowing
Of *Euripus* his seav'n-fold Ebbing-flowing,
Leapt in the same, and there his life did end,
Compriz'd in that he could not comprehend:
What had he done, had he beheld the Fountain, (tain
Which springs at *B'lestas*, neere the famous Moun-
Of *Foix*? whose floods, bathing *Masserian* Plains,
Furnish with wood the wealthy *Tholosains*.
As oft as *Phœbus* (in a complete Race)
On both th' *Horizons* shewes his radiant Face,
This wondrous Brook (for 4 whole months) doth
Four-times-six-times, & Ebbs as oft as low: (Flow,
For halfe an houre may dry-shod passe that list;
The next halfe houre, may none his course resist:
Whose foaming stream strives proudly to compare
(Even in the birth) with Fame-full'st Floods that
O learned (Nature-taught) *Arithmetician!* (are.
Clock-less, so just to measure *Time's* partition.

And little LAMBES-BOURN, *though thou match not*
Nor had'st the Honour of DUBARTAS *Verse*; (Lers,
If mine *have any*, Thou *must needs partake*
Both for thine Owne, *and for thine* Owners *sake*;
Whose kind Excesses *Thee so neerly touch*,
That Yeerely *for them thou doost* weepe *so much*,
All Summer-long (*while all thy Sisters shrinke*)
That of thy teares *a million daily drinke*;
Besides thy waste, which then in haste doth run
To wash the feet of CHAUCER's Donnington:
But (*while the rest are full unto the top*)
All Winter-long, *Thou never* show'st *a drop*,
Nor send'st a doit of need-less Subsidie,
To Cramm the Kennet's *Waste-less Treasurie*,
Before her Store be spent and Springs be staid:
Then, then alone Thou lend'st a liberall Aid;
Teaching thy wealthy Neighbours (*Mine of late*)
How, When, and Where to right-participate
Their streams of Comfort, to the poore that pine,
And not to greaze fat the too-greazy Swine:
Neither for fame, nor formes (*when others doe*)
To give a Morsel, or a mite or two;
But severally, and of a selfly motion,
When others miss, to give the most devotion.
Most wisely did th' eternall All-Creator
Dispose these Elements of Earth and Water:
For, sith th' one could not without drink subsist,
Nor th' other without stay, bottom and list,
God intermixt them so, that th' Earth her brest
Op'ning to the Ocean, th' Ocean winding prest
About the Earth, a-thwart, and under it:
For, the World's Center, both together fit.
For, if their mixt Globe held not certainly
Just the just midd'st of the Worlds Axle-tree,
All Climats then should not be serv'd aright
With equall Counterpoiz of day and night:
The *Horizons* il-level'd circle wide,
Would sag too-much on th' one, or th' other side:
Th' *Antipodes*, or wee, at once should take
View of more *Signes* then halfe the *Zodiack*:
The Moon's Eclipses would not then be certain,
And settled Seasons would be then uncertain.
This also serveth for probation sound,
That th' Earth and Waters mingled Mass is Round,
Round as a Ball; seeing on every side
The Day and Night successively to slide.
Yea, though *Vespusio* (famous *Florentine*)
Marke Pole, and *Columb*, brave *Italian* Trine, (land,
Our (*Spain's Dread*) *Drake, Candish, and Cumber-*
Most valiant Earle, most worthy High Command,
And thousand gallant modern *Typheis* else,
Had never brought the *North-Poles* Parallels
Under the *South*; and, sayling still about,
So many *New-worlds* under us found out.
Nay, never could they th' *Articke* Pole have lost,
Nor found th' *Antarticke*, if in every coast
Seas liquid Glass round-bow'd not every where,
With sister Earth, to make a perfect Sphear.
But, perfect Artist, with what Arches strong,
Props, Staies, and Pillars, hast thou stay'd so long
This hanging, thin, sad, slippery Water-Ball
From falling out, and over-whelming all?
May it not be (good Lord) because the Water
To the Worlds Center tendeth still by nature;

And

Of Baths & Medicinable Waters.

Of the excellent Bathes in Gascony.

Of the most wonderfull Fountaine of Bolebat.

The inward mould of the Earth and Sea, and of the commodities there arising, as contrariwise of the casualties that would follow, if they were separated.

The Mass of the Earth and Water together make a perfect Globe.

How it comes to passe that the Sea is not flat nor level; but rising round and bowed about the Earth

And toward the bottom of this bottom bound,
Willing to fall, doth yet remain ſtill round?
Or may 't not be, becauſe the ſurly Banks
Keep Waters captive in their hollow flanks?
Or that our Seas be butereſt (as it were)
With thouſand Rocks diſperſed here and there?
Or rather, Lord, is 't not Thine onely Powr
That bows it round about Earth's branchy Bowr?

The ſecond part of this third Book containing of the Element of Earth, and firſt of the firmaments thereof.

Doubtleſs (great God) 'tis doubtleſs thine owne
Wheron this Manſion of *Mankind* doth ſtand; (hand
For, though it hang in th' Aire, ſwim in the Water,
Though every way it be a round Theater,
Though All turn round about it, though for ay
It ſelfes Foundations with ſwift motions play,
It reſts un-moveable, that th' Holy Race
Of *Adam* there may find fit dwelling place.

Earth is the Mother, Nurſe, and Hoſteſſe of Mankind.

The Earth receives man when he firſt is born:
Th' Earth nurſes him; and when he is forlorn
Of th' other Elements, & Nature loaths-him, (him.
Th' Earth in her boſom with kind buriall cloaths-
Oft hath the Aire with Tempeſt ſet-upon-us,
Oft hath the Water with her Floods undon-us,
Oft hath the Fire (th' upper as well as ours)
With wofull flames conſum'd our Towns and
Onely the Earth, of all the Elements, (Towrs:
Unto Mankind is kind with out offence:
Onely the Earth did never jot diſplace
From the firſt ſeat aſſign'd it by thy grace.

Of Earthquakes, and of the opening of the Earth.

Yet true it is (good Lord) that mov'd ſomtimes
With wicked peoples execrable crimes,
The wrathfull power of thy right hand doth make,
Not all the Earth, but part of it to quake,
With ayd of Windes: which (as impriſoned deep)
In her vaſt entrails, furious murmurs keep. (ble?)
Fear chils our hearts (what heart can feare diſſem-
When ſteeples ſtagger, & huge mountains tremble
With wind-leſs wind, and yawning Hell devours
Somtimes whole Cities with their ſhining Towrs.

The Globe of the Earth and Sea, is but as a little point in comparſon of the great circumference of Heaven.

Sith then, the Earth's & Water's blended Ball
Is center, heart, and navell of this All;
And ſith (in reaſon) that which is included,
Muſt needs be leſs then that which doth include it;
'Tis queſtion-leſs, the Orb of Earth and Water
Is the leaſt Orb in all the All-Theater.

Sith by the Doctrines of Aſtronomers, the leaſt Starre in the firmament is 18. times bigger then all the Earth.

Let any judge, whether this lower Ball
(Whoſe endleſs greatneſs we admire ſo, all)
Seem not a point compar'd with th' upper Sphear
Whoſe turning turns the reſt in their Career;
Sith the leaſt Star that we perceive to ſhine,
Above diſperſt in th' Arches cryſtalline
(If, at the leaſt, Star-Clarks be credit worth)
Is eighteene times bigger then all the Earth:
Whence, if we but ſubtract what is poſſeſt
(From North to South, & from the Eaſt to Weſt)
Under the Empire of the Ocean
Atlantike, *Indian*, and *American*;
And thouſand huge Arms iſſuing out of theſe,
With infinites of other Lakes and Seas:
And alſo what the two *intemperate Zones*
Doe make unfit for habitations;
What will remaine? Ah! nothing (in reſpect):
Lo here, O men! Lo wherefore you neglect
Heav'ns glorious Kingdom: Lo the largeſt ſcope
Glory can give to your ambitious hope.

By conſideration whereof, the Poet taketh occaſion to cenſure ſharply the Ambition, Bribery, Uſury, Extortion, Deceipt, and generall Coveteouſneſs of Mankind.

O Princes (ſubjects unto pride and pleaſure)
Who (to enlarge, but a hair's breadth, the meaſure
Of your Dominions) breaking Oaths of Peace,
Cover the Fields with bloudy Carkaſes!
O Magiſtrates, who (to content the Great)
Make ſale of *Juſtice*, on your ſacred Seat!
And, breaking Laws for Bribes, profane your Place,
To leave a Leek to your unthankfull Race!
You ſtrict Extorters, that the poor oppreſs,
And wrong the Widdow and the Father-leſs,
To leave your Off-ſpring rich (of others good)
In Houſes built of Rapine and of Blood)
You City-Vipers, that (inceſtious) joyn
Uſe upon uſe, begetting Coyn of Coyn!
You Marchant Mercers, and Monopolites,
Gain-greedy Chap-men, perjur'd Hypocrites,
Diſſembling Broakers, made of all deceipts,
Who falſifie your Meaſures and your Weights
'T inrich your ſelves, and your unthrifty Sons
To Gentilize with proud poſſeſſions!
You that for gaine betray your gracious Prince,
Your native Country, or your deereſt Friends!
You that to get you but an inch of ground,
With curſed hands, remove your neighbours bound,
(The ancient bounds your Anceſtors have ſet)
What gaine you all? alas! what do you get?
Yea, though a King by wile or war had won
All the round Earth to his ſubjection;
Lo here, the Guerdon of his glorious pains,
A needles point, a Mote, a Mite he gains,
A Nit, a Nothing (did he All poſſeſs);
Or if then Nothing any thing be leſs. (can,

God having diſcovered the Earth, commands it to bring forth every green thing herbs, trees, flowers, and fruits.

When God, whoſe words more in a moment
Then in an Age the proudeſt ſtrength of Man,
Had ſevered the Floods, levell'd the Fields,
Embas't the Valleys, and Emboſt the Hils;
Change, change (quoth he) O fair & firmeſt Globe,
Thy mourning weed, to a green gallant Robe;
Cheer thy ſad brows, and ſtately garniſh them
With a rich fragrant, flowry Diadem;
Lay forth thy locks and paint thee (*Lady-like*)
With freſheſt colours on thy ſallow cheek.
And let from henceforth thy abundant breſts
Not onely Nurſe thy own Wombs native gueſts,
But frankly furniſh with fit nouriſhments
The future folk of th' other Elements;
That Aire, and Water, and the Angels Court,
May all ſeem jealous of thy praiſe and port.

Of trees growing in Mountains and in Valleys.

No ſooner ſpoken, but the lofty *Pine*
Diſtilling-pitch, the *Larch* yeeld-Turpentine,
Th' ever-green *Box*, and gummy *Cedar* ſprout,
And th' Airy Mountains mantle round about:
The Maſt-full *Oke*, the uſe-full *Aſh*, the *Holm*,
Coat-changing *Cork*, white *Maple*, ſhady *Elm*,
Through Hill & Plain ranged their plumed Ranks.
The winding Rivers bordered all their banks
With ſlice-Sea *Aldars*, and green *Oſiars* ſmall,
With trembling *Poplars*, and with *Willows* pale,
And many trees beſide, fit to be made
Fewell, or Timber, or to ſerve for Shade.

Of Fruit-trees.

The dainty *Apricock* (of Plums the Prince)
The velvet *Peach*, gilt *Orenge*, downy *Quince*,
All-ready beare grav'n in their tender barks,
Gods powerfull providence in open marks.

The sent-sweet *Apple*, and astringent *Pear*,
The *Cherry*, *Filberd*, *Wal-nut*, *Medleler*,
The milky *Fig*, the *Damson* black and white,
The *Date*, and *Olive*, ayding appetite,
Spread every-where a most delightfull spring,
And every-where a very *Eden* bring.
Of shrubs. Here, the fine *Pepper*, as in clusters hung:
There *Cinamon*, and other *Spices*, sprung.
Here, dangled *Nutmegs*, that for thrifty pains
Yearly repay the *Bandans* wondrous gains; (Reed
There growes (th' *Hesperian* Plant) the precious
Whence *Sugar* sirrops in abundance bleed; (whence
There weeps the *Balm*, and famous Trees from
Th' *Arabians* fetch perfuming *Frankinsence*.
Of the Vines, and the excellent use of Wine temperately taken. There, th' amorous *Vine* call's in a thousand sorts
(With winding arms) her Spouse that her supports:
The Vine, as far inferiour to the rest
In beauty, as in bounty past the best:
Whose sacred liquor, temperately ta'en,
Revives the spirits, and purifies the brain,
Cheers the sad heart, increaseth kindly heat,
Purgeth gros bloud, and doth the pure beget,
Strengthens the stomack, and the colour mends,
Sharpens the Wit and doth the bladder cleanse,
Opens obstructions, excrements expels,
And easeth us of many Languors els. (state
He preventeth an objection, and sheweth that notwithstanding mans fall, the Earth yeeldeth no matter enough to perfect and magnifie her Maker. Simile. And though through Sin (wherby from Heav'nly
Our Parents barr'd us) th' Earth degenerate
From her first beauty, bearing still upon her
Eternall Scarrs of her fond Lords dishonour:
Though, with the Worlds age, her weak age decay,
Though she becom less fruitfull every day
(Much like a Woman with oft teeming worn;
Who, with the Babes of her own body born,
Having almost stor'd a whole Towne with people,
At length becomes barren, and faint, and feeble)
Yet doth shee yeeld matter enough to sing
And praise the Maker of so rich a Thing.
Of Flowrs. Never mine eyes in pleasant Springs behold
The Azure *Flax*, the gilden *Marigold*,
The *Violet's* purple, the sweet *Roses* stammell,
The *Lillie's* showe, and *Pansey's* various ammell;
But that (in them) the Painter I admire,
Who in more Colours doth the Fields attire,
Then fresh *Aurora's* rose cheeks display,
When in the East she Ushers a fair day:
Or *Iris* Bowe, which, bended in the Sky,
Boades fruitfull dews when as the Fields be dry.
An addition by the Translator of the rare transforming Lotos. *Here (deer* S. Bartas) *give thy Servant leave*
In thy rich Garland one rare Flower *to weave,*
Whose wondrous nature had more worthy been
Of thy divine immortalizing Pen:
But, from thy sight, when Sein *did swell with bloud,*
It sunk (perhaps) under the Crimsin Flood
(When Beldam Medices, Valois, *and* Guise,
Stain'd Hymens *Robe with* Heathen *cruelties)*
Because the Sun, to shun so vile a view,
His Chamber kept, and wept with Bartholmew.
For so, so soon as in the Western Seas
Apollo *sinks in silver* Euphrates
The Lotos *drives, deeper and deeper ay*
Till mid-night: then, remounteth toward Day:
But not above the Water, till the Sun
Doth re-ascend above the Horizon.
So ever true to Titans *radiant Flame,*
That (Rise he, Fall he) it is Still the same. Semper eadem.
A Reall Emblem of her Royall Honour
That worthily did take that Word *upon her;*
Sacred Eliza, *that ensu'd no less*
Th' eternall Sun of Peace and Righteousness;
Whose lively lamp (what ever did beside-her)
In either Fortune was her onely Guider.
For in her Fathers and her Brothers Dayes,
Fair rose this Rose *with truth's new-springing rayes:*
And when again the Gospels *glorious Light*
Set in her Sisters superstitious Night,
She sunk with all under afflictions streams
(As sinks my Lotos *with* Sols *setting beams):*
But, after Night, when Light again appear'd,
There-with, again her Royall Crown she rear'd;
And in an Ile amid the Ocean set
(Maugre the Deluge *that* Romes *Dragon spet,*
With spightfull storms striving to over-flowe her,
And Spain *conspiring jointly t' over-throwe-her)*
Her Maiden *Flowr flouriht above the Water;*
For, still Heav'ns Sun cherisht his loving Daughter:
Bel fiord' Honor, ch'in Mare'l Mondo ammira,
Al sole sacro, ch' Ei Ben T' Alza E Gira
(So, my deer Wiat, *honouring* Still the same,
In-soul'd an Impress *with her* Anagram):
And last for guerdon of her constant Love,
Rapt her intirely, to himselfe above.
Elizabetha Regina. Anagram. Ei ben t' alza e gira. *So set our Sun; and yet no Night ensu'd:*
So happily the Heav'ns our Light renu'd:
For, in her stead, of the same Stock of Kings
Another Flowr (or rather Phœnix) springs;
Another like (or rather Still the same)
No less in love with that Supernall Flame.
So, to God's glory, and his Churches good,
Th' honour of England, *and the Royall blood,*
Long happy Monarch may King James *persist;*
And after him His; Still the same *in Christ.*
Of divers Hearbs and Plants, and of their excellent vertues. (ours
God, not content t' have given these Plants of
Precious Perfumes, Fruits, Plenty, pleasant Flowrs,
Infused Physick in their leaves and Mores,
To cure our sickness, and to salve our sores:
Else doubt-less (Death assaults so many waies)
Scarce could we live a quarter of our Dayes;
Simile. But like the Flay, which flowrs at once and fals,
One Feast would serve our Birth and Burials:
Our Birth our Death, our Cradle (then) our Toomb,
Our tender Spring our Winter would becom.
Good Lord how many gasping soules have scap't
By th' ayd of Hearbs, for whom the Grave hath
Who, even about to touch the *Stygian* strand, gap't;
Have yet beguil'd grim *Pluto's* greedy hand!
Beard-less *Apollo's* beardy * Son did once
With juyce of Hearbs rejoyn the scattered bones
Of the chaste * Prince, that in th' *Athenian* Court
Preferred Death before incestious sport.
So did *Medea*, for her *Jason's* sake,
The frozen limbs of *Æson* youthfull make.
O sacred Simples that our life sustain,
And when it flies us, call it back again!
'Tis not alone your Liquor, inly ta'en,
That oft defends us from so many a baen:
But even your savour, yea your neighbour-hood,
For some Diseases is exceeding good;
* Æsculapius.
* Hippolytus.
Working

Working ſo rare effects, that onely ſuch
As feel, or ſee them, can beleeve ſo much.
The vertue of Succory. Blew *Succ'rie*, hanged on the naked neck,
Diſpels the Dimneſs that our ſight doth check.
Of Swines-bread. *Swines-bread*, ſo uſed, doth not onely ſpeed
A tardy Labour; but (without great heed)
If over it a Child-great Woman ſtride,
Inſtant abortion often doth betide.
The burning Sun, the banefull Aconite,
The poyſonie Serpents that unpeople quite
Cyrenian Deſarts, never danger them
That weare about them th' * *Artemiſian* Stem. * Mugwort.
About an Infants neck hang *Peonie*, Peonie.
It cures *Alcydes* cruell maladie.
If fuming boawls of *Bacchus*, in exceſs,
Trouble thy brains with ſtorms of giddineſs,
Put but a garland of green *Saffron* on, Saffron.
And that mad humour will be quickly gon.
Th' inchanting Charms of *Syrens* blandiſhments,
Contagious Aire ingendring Peſtilence,
Infect not thoſe that in their mouthes have ta'en
Angelica, that happy counter-baen, Angelica.
Sent down from Heav'n by ſome celeſtiall ſcout,
As well the name and nature both avow't.
So *Pimpernell*, held in the Patients hand, Pimpernell or Burnet.
The bloody-Flix doth preſently with-ſtand:
And ruddy *Madder's* root, long handeled, Madder.
Dies th' handlers urine into perfect red.
O wondrous *Woad!* which touching but the skin,
Imparts his colour to the parts within.
Nor (powerfull Hearbs) do we alonely find
Your vertues working in fraile humane kind;
But you can force the fierceſt Animals,
The felleſt Fiends, the firmeſt Minerals;
Yea, faireſt Planets (if Antiquitie
Have not bely'd the Haggs of *Theſſalie*)
Onely the touch of *Choak-pard* * *Aconite*, * Libbards bane.
Bereaves the *Scorpion* both of ſenſe and might:
As (oppoſite) *Helleborus* doth make Helleborus.
His vitall powers from deadly ſlumber wake.
With *Betonie*, fell Serpents round beſet, Betonie.
Lift up their heads, and fall to hiſs and ſpet,
With ſpightfull fury in their ſparkling eyes,
Breaking all truce, with infinite defies:
Puft up with rage, to't by the ears they goe,
Baen againſt baen, plague againſt plague they
Charging each other with ſo fierce a force (throwe;
(For friends turn'd foes have lightly leaſt remorſe)
That wounded all (or rather all a wound)
With poyſoned gore they cover all the ground;
And nought can ſtint their ſtrange inteſtine ſtrife,
But onely th' end of their deteſted life.
As *Betonie* breakes friendſhips ancient bands,
So *Willo-wort* makes wonted hate ſhake hands: Willo-wort.
For, being faſtned to proud Courſers collers,
That fight and fling, it will abate their cholers.
The Swine, that feed in Troughes of *Tamarice*, Tamarice.
Conſume their ſpleen. The like effect there is
In *Finger-Ferne*; which, being given to Swine, Finger-ferne.
It makes their Milt to melt away in fine,
With ragged tooth chooſing the ſame ſo right
Of all their Tripes to ſerve it's appetite.
And Horſe, that, feeding on the graſſie Hils,
Tread upon * *Moon-wort* with their hollow heels; * Lunaria.
Though lately ſhod, at night goe bare-foot home,
Their Maſter muſing where there ſhooes become.
O *Moon-wort!* tell us where thou hid'ſt the Smith,
Hammer, and Pincers, thou unſhoo'ſt them with?
Alas! what Lock or Iron Engine is't
That can thy ſubtle ſecret ſtrength reſiſt,
Sith the beſt Farrier cannot ſet a ſhoe
So ſure, but thou (ſo ſhortly) canſt undoe?
But, I ſuppoſe not that the earth doth yeeld
In Hill or Dale, in Forreſt or in Field,
A rarer Plant then *Candian* * *Dittanie*; * Dictamnum Candie.
Which wounded Dear eating, immediately
Not onely cures their wounds exceeding well,
But 'gainſt the Shooter doth the ſhaft repell.
Moreover (Lord) is't not a Work of thine Great variety in colour and form of Plants, and ſtrange contrariety of effects, according to the bodies that they work upon.
That every where, in every Turfe we find
Such multitude of other Plants to ſpring,
In form, effect, and colour differing?
And each of them in their due Seaſons ta'en,
To one is Phyſick, to another baen:
Now gentle, ſharp anon: now good, then ill:
What cureth now, the ſame anon doth kill.
Th' Hearb * *Sagapen* ſerves the ſlowe Aſſe for meat; * Fenel-gyant.
But, kils the Ox, if of the ſame he eat.
So branched * *Hemlock* for the Stares is fit; * Hemlock.
But, death to man, if he but taſte of it.
And * *Oleander* unto beaſts is poyſon; * Roſe-bay.
But, unto man a ſpeciall counter-poyſon.
What ranker poyſon, what more deadly baen
Then * *Aconite*, can there be toucht or ta'en? * Wolfs-bane.
And yet his juice beſt cures the burning bit
Of ſtinging Serpents, if apply'd to it.
O valiant Venome! O courageous Plant!
Diſdainfull poyſon! noble combatant!
That ſcorneth ayd, and loves alone to fight,
That none partake the glory of his might:
For, if he finde our bodies fore-poſſeſt
With other poyſon, then he lets us reſt;
And with his Rivall enters ſecret Duell,
One to one, ſtrong to ſtrong, cruell to cruell;
Still fighting fierce, and never over-give
Till they both dying, give Man leave to live.
And, to conclude, whether I walke the Fields,
Ruſh through the Woods, or clamber up the Hils,
I finde God every-where: Thence all depend,
He giveth frankly what we thankly ſpend.
Here for our food, Millions of flow'ry grains,
With long Muſtachoes, wave upon the Plains; Of Grain, Silke Cotton-Wool (or Bombace) Flax & Hemp, which the Earth produceth.
Here thouſand fleeces, fit for Princes Robes:
In *Sérean* Forreſts hang in ſilken Globes:
Here ſhrubs of *Malta* (for my meaner uſe)
The fine white bals of *Bombace* do produce:
Here th' azure-flowred Flax is finely ſpun
For fineſt Linnen, by the *Belgian* Nun:
Here fatall *Hemp*, which *Denmark* doth afford,
Doth furniſh us with Canvaſs, and with Cord,
Cables and Sayles; that, Winds aſſiſting either,
We may acquaint the Eaſt and Weſt together,
And dry-foot dance on *Neptunes* Watry Front,
And, in adventure, lead whole Town's upon't.
Here of one grain of * *Maiz*, a Reed doth ſpring, * Indian-wheat.
That thrice a year, five hundred grains doth bring;
Which (after) th' *Indians* parch, & pun, and knead,
And thereof make them a moſt wholeſome bread.

Th' Almighty Voyce, which built this mighty
Still, still rebounds and ecchoes over all: (Ball,
That, that alone, yearly the World revives;
Through that alone, all springs, all lives, all thrives:
And that alone makes, that our mealy grain
Our skilfull Seed-man scatters not in vain;
But being covered by the tooth-full Harrow,
Or hid awhile under the folded Furrow,
Rots to revive; and, warmly-wet, puts forth
His root beneath, his bud above the Earth;
Enriching shortly with his springing Crop, (hope:
The ground with green, the Husbandman with
The bud becomes a blade, the blade a reed,
The reed an eare, the eare another seed:
The seed, to shut the wastefull Sparrows out
(In Harvest) hath a stand of Pikes about,
And chaffie Huskes in hollow Cods inclose-it;
Left heat, wet, wind, should roste, or rot, or lose-it;
And left the straw should not sustaine the eare,
With knotty joynts 'tis sheathed here and there.
Pardon me (Reader) if thy ravisht Eyes
Have seen *To-Day* too great varieties
Of Trees, of Flowrs, of Fruits, of Hearbs, of Grains,
In these my Groves, Meads, Orchards, Gardens,
Sith th' *Ile* of *Zebut's* admirable Tree (Plains;
Beareth a fruit (call'd *Cocos* commonly)
The which alone, far richer Wonders yeelds
Then all our groves, meads, orchards gardens, fields,
What? wouldst thou drink? the wounded leaves drop
Lack'st thou fine linnen? dresse the tender rine, (wine.
Dresse it like Flax, spin it, and weave it well,
It shall thy Cambrick and thy Lawn excell.
Long'st thou for Butter? bite the pouipy part,
And never better came to any Mart.
Needest thou Oyle? then boult it to and fro,
And passing oyle it soon becometh so.
Or Vineger, to whet thine appetite?
Then sun it well, and it will sharpely bite.
Or want'st thou Sugar? steep the same a stound,
And sweeter Sugar is not to be found.
'Tis what you will: or will be what you would:
Should *Mydas* touch't (I think) it would be Gold.
And God (I think) to crown our life with joyes,
The Earth with plenty, and his name with praise,
Had done enough, if he had made no more
But this one Plant so full of wondrous store: (tiety)
Save that, the World (where one thing breeds sa-
Could not be fair, without so great variety.
But, th' Earth not onely on her back doth bear
Abundant treasures glistring every where
(As glorious unthrifts, crost with Parents Curse,
Wear golden Garments, but an empty Purse:
Or Venus *Darlings, fair without; within*
Full of Disease, full of Deceipt and Sin:
Or stately Toombs, exterenly gilt and garnisht;
With dust and bones inwardly fill'd and furnisht.)
But inwardly shee's no less fraught with riches,
Nay rather more (which more our soules bewit-
Within the deep folds of her fruitful lap, (ches).
So bound-less Mines of treasure doth she wrap,
That th' hungry hands of humane avarice
Cannot exhaust with labour or device.
For, they be more then there be Stars in Heav'n,
Or sforny billowes in the Ocean driv'n,
Or ears of Corn in *Autumn* on the Fields,
Or Savage Beasts upon a thousand Hils,
Or Fishes diving in the silver Floods,
Or scattered Leaves in Winter in the Woods.
Slat, *Jet*, and *Marble* shall escape my pen,
I over-pass the Salt-mount *Oromene*,
I blanch the *Brine-Quar* Hill in *Aragon*,
Whence (there) they pounder their provision.
I'le onely now emboss my Book with *Brass*,
Dye't with *Vermillion*, deck't with *Copperas*,
With *Gold* and *Silver*, *Lead*, and *Mercury*,
Tin, *Iron*, *Orpine*, *Stibium*, *Lethargy*:
And on my Gold-work I will onely place
The *Crystall* pure, which doth reflect each face;
The precious *Ruby*, of a Sanguin hew,
The Seal-fit *Onyx*, and the *Saphire* blew,
The *Castidonie*, full of circles round,
The tender *Topaz*, and rich *Diamond*,
The various *Opall*, and green *Emerald*,
The *Agate* by a thousand titles call'd,
The sky-like *Turquez*, purple *Amethists*,
And fiery *Carbuncle*, which flames resists.
I know, to Man the Earth seems (altogether)
No more a Mother but a Step-dame rather:
Because (alas!) unto our loss she bears (cares:
Blood-shedding *Steel*, and *Gold*, the ground of
As if these Metalls, and not Man's amiss,
Had made Sin mount unto the height it is.
But, as the sweet bait of abundant Riches,
Bodies and Soules of greedy men bewitches:
Gold gilds the Vertuous, and it lends them wings
To raise their thoughts unto the rarest things.
The wise, not onely Iron well apply
For houshold turns, and Tools of Husbandry;
But to defend their Countrey (when it cals)
From forrain dangers, and intestine brals:
But, with the same the wicked never mell,
But to do service to the Haggs of Hell;
To pick a Lock, to take his neighbours Purse,
To break a House, or to doe somthing worse;
To cut his Parents throat, to kill his Prince,
To spoile his Countrey, murder Innocents.
Even so, profaning of a gift divine,
The Drunkard drowns his Reason in the Wine:
So sale-tongu'd Lawyers, wresting Eloquence,
Excuse rich Wrong, and cast poore Innocence:
So *Antichrists*, their poyson to infuse,
Miss-cite the Scriptures, and Gods name abuse.
For, as a Cask, through want of use grow'n fusty,
Makes with his stink the best *Greek* Malmsey musty:
So God's best gifts usurpt by wicked Ones,
To poyson turn through their contagions.
But, shall I bauk th' admired *Adamant*? (dant.
Whole dead-live power, my Reasons power doth
Renowned *Load-stone*, which on Iron acts,
And by the touch the same aloofe attracts;
Attracts it strangely with unclasping crooks,
With unknown cords, with unconceived hooks,
With unseen hands, with undiscerned arms,
With hidden force, with sacred secret charms,
Wherewith he wooes his *Iron Mistresse*,
And never leaves her till he get a kiss;
Nay, till he fold her in his faithfull bosome,
Never to part (except we, love-less, loose-em)

With

An exact description of the growing of wheat and other like kinds of grains.

Of the Indian *Cocos* a most admirable fruit.

Of the riches under or within the Earth.

Of Minerals.

Of precious stones.

The ill or abuse of things, makes them good or ill: helpfull or hurtfull to Mankind.

Of the strange vertue of the Load-stone.

With so firme zeale and fast affection
The Stone doth love the Steel, the Steel the Stone.
And though somtime some Make-bate come be-
Still burns their first flame; 'tis so surely fixt: (twixt,
And, while they cannot meet to break their minds,
With mutuall skips, they shew their love by signes:
(As bashfull Suters, seeing Strangers by,
Parley in silence with their hand or eye).
Who can conceive, or censure in what sort
One Loadstone-touched Ann'let doth transport
Another Iron-Ring, and that another,
Till foure or five hang dangling one in other?
Greatest *Apollo* might he be (me thinks)
Could tell the Reason of these hanging links:
Sith Reason-scanners have resolved all,
That heavie things, hang'd in the Aire must fall.
I am not ignorant, that He, who seeks
In *Roman* Robes to sute the *Sagest Greeks*, (him
Whose jealous Wife, weening to home-revoake-
With a love potion, did with poyson choak-him;
Hath sought to showe, with arguing subtilty,
The secret cause of this rare Sympathy.
But say *(Lucretius)* what's the hidden cause
That toward the *North-Star* stil the Needle draw's
Whose point is toucht with Load-stone? loose this
And still-green *Laurel* shall be still thy Lot: (knot,
Yea, Thee more learned will I then confess,
Then *Epicurus*, or *Empedocles*.
W' are not to *Ceres* so much bound for Bread,
Neither to *Bacchus*, for his Clusters red,
As *(Signior Flavio)* to thy witty tryall,
For first inventing of the Sea-mans Diall
(Th' use of the Needle, turning in the same)
Divine device! O admirable Frame!
Whereby, through th' Ocean, in the darkest night,
Our hugest *Caraques* are conducted right: (Lamp
Whereby w' are stor'd with Truch-man, Guide, &
To search all corners of the watery Camp:
Whereby a Ship, that stormy Heav'ns have whurld
Neer in one Night into another World,
Knowes where she is: and in the *Card* descries
What degrees thence the *Equinoctiall* lies.
Cleer-sighted spirits, that cheer with sweet aspect
My sober Rimes, though subject to defect;
If in this Volume, as you over-read it
You meet some things seeming exceeding credit,
Because (perhaps, here proved yet by no man)
Their strange effects be not in knowledge common:
Think, yet, to some the Load-stones use is new;
And seems as strange, as we have try'd it true:
Let therefore that which Iron draw's, draw such
To credit more then what they see or touch.
Nor is th' Earth onely worthy praise eternall,
For the rare riches on her back externall,
Or in her bosome: but her own selfs worth
Solicits me to sound her glory forth.
I call to witness all those weak diseased,
Whose bodies oft have by th' effects been eased
Of *Lemnos* seal'd earth, or *Eretrian* soil,
Or that of *Chios*, or of *Melos* Ile:
All-hail fair Earth, bearer of Towns and Towrs,
Of Men, Gold, Grain, Physick, and Fruits & Flowrs;
Fair, firm, and fruitfull, various, patient, sweet,
Sumptuously cloathed in a Mantle meet
Of mingled-colour; lac't about with Floods,
And all imbrod'red with fresh blooming buds,
With rarest Gemmes richly about emboss't,
Excelling cunning, and exceeding cost.
All-hail great Heart, round Base, and stedfast Root,
Of all the World, the Worlds strong fixed Foot,
Heav'ns chastest Spouse, supporter of this All,
This glorious Buildings goodly Pedestall.
All-hail deer Mother, Sister, Hostess, Nurse
Of the Worlds Soverain: of thy liberall purse,
W' are all maintained: match-less Empress,
To doe thee service, with all readiness,
The Sphears before thee bear ten thousand torches:
The Fire, to warm thee, foulds his heatfull Arches
In purest flames above the floating Cloud:
Th' Aire, to refresh thee, willingly is bow'd
About the Waves, and well content to suffer
Milde *Zephyrs* blasts, & *Boreas* bellowing rougher:
Water, to quench thy thirst, about thy Mountains
Wraps her moist arms, seas, rivers, lakes, & fountains.
O how I grieve, deer Earth, that (given to gays)
Most of best Wits contemn thee now a-dayes:
And noblest hearts proudly abandon quite
Study of Hearbs, and *Countrey-lifes* delight,
To brutest men, to men of no regard,
Whose wits are Lead, whose bodies Iron-hard.
Such were not yerst the reverend Patriarks,
Whose praise is penned by the *sacred* Clarks.
Noah the just, meek *Moses*, *Abraham*
(Who *Father of the Faithfull Race* became)
Where Shepheards all, or Husbandmen (at least)
And in the Fields passed their Dayes the best.
Such were not yerst *Attalus*, *Philometor*,
Archelaus, *Hiero*, and many a *Pretor*;
Great Kings and Consuls, who have oft for blades
And glistring Scepters, handled hooks and spades.
Such were not yerst, *Cincinnatus Fabricius*,
Serranus, *Curius*, who un-self-delicious,
With Crowned Coulters, with Imperiall hands,
With Ploughs triumphant plough'd the *Roman*
Great *Scipio*, *sated* w^th^ fain'd curtsy-capping, (lands.
With Court-*Eclipses*, and the readious gaping
Of golden beggars: and that Emperour,
Of Slave turn'd King; of King turn'd Labourer;
In countrey Granges did their age confine:
And ordered there, with as good Discipline,
The Fields of Corn, as Fields of Combat first;
And Ranks of Trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerst:
O thrice, thrice happy He, who shuns the cares
Of City-troubles, and of State-affairs;
And, serving *Ceres*, tils with his owne Teem
His own *Free-land*, left by his Friends to him!
Never pale Envie's poysonie heads do hiss
To gnaw his heart; nor Vultur Avarice: (sups
His Field's bounds, bound his thoughts: he never
For *Nectar*, poyson mixt in silver Cups;
Neither in golden Platters doth he lick
Pot sweet *Ambrosia*, deadly *Arsenick*:
His hand's his boaul (better then Plate or Glass):
The silver Brook his sweetest *Hippocrass*:
Milk, Cheese, & Fruit (fruits of his own endeavour)
Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.
False Counsailers (Concealers of the Law)
Turn-coat Atturneys, that with both hands draw;

Of the excellent use of the Mariners Compasse.

Of undiscernable Earths.

The Earths Encomion.

Commendations of the Countrey-life.

Free from envie, ambition, and avarice: and consequently from the divellish practises of Machiavilian Politicks.

Not vexed with counterfeit wranglings of wrangling Lawyers.

Sly Peti-Foggers, Wranglers at the Bar,
Proud Purse-Leaches, Harpies of *Westminster*,
With fained chiding, and foul jarring noyse,
Break not his brain, nor interrupt his joyes: (rows,
But cheerfull Birds, chirping him sweet *Good-mor-*
With Natures Musick do beguile his sorrows;
Teaching the fragrant Forrests, day by day,
The *Diapason* of their Heav'nly Lay.

Not dreading shipwrack, nor in danger of Pirates.

His wandring Vessell, reeling to and fro,
On th' irefull Ocean (as the Winds do blow)
With sudden Tempest is not over-whurld,
To seek his sad death in another World:
But, leading all his life at home in Peace,
Alwayes in sight of his own smoak; no Seas,
No other Seas he knowes, nor other Torrent,
Then that which waters, with his silver Current,
His Native Medowes: and that very Earth
Shall give him Buriall, which first gave him Birth.

Not diseased in body through delicious Idleness.

To summon timely sleep, he doth not need
Æthiop's cold Rush, nor drowsie *Poppy*-seed;
Nor keep in consort (as *Mecenas* did)
Luxurious Villains (Viols I should have said);
But on green Carpets thrumd with mossie Bever,
Frenging the round Skirts of his winding River,
The streams milde murmur, as it gently gushes,
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Not drawen by Ambition to an untimely Death.

Drum, Fife, & Trumpet, with their loud a-larms,
Make him not start out of his sleep, to Arms;
Nor deer respect of some great *Generall*,
Him from his bed unto the block doth call.
The Crested Cock sings *Huntis up* to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime,
To walk the Mountains, or the flowry Meads,
Impearl'd with tears, that sweet *Aurora* sheads.

Not clouded with contagious or corrupted Aire.

Never gros Aire, poyson'd in stinking Streets,
To choak his spirit, his tender nostrill meets;
But th' open Sky, where at full breath he lives,
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomack gives:
And Death, dread Serjant of th' eternall Judge,
Comes very late to his sole-seated Lodge. (not:

Not (Chameleon-like) changing with every object, the colour of his confidence.

His wretched years in Princes Courts he spends
His thralled will on Great mens wils depends not:
He, changing Master, doth not change at once
His *Faith*; *Religion*, and his *God* renounce;
With mercenary lies he doth not chant,
Praising an Eminet for an Elephant;
Sardanapalus (drown'd in soft excess)
For a triumphant vertuous *Hercules*;
Thersites foul, for *Venus* lovely Love;
And every Changeling for a Turtle-Dove;

Not touching Sin: nor licking the Toyl of Greatness.

Nor lavishes in his lascivious layes,
On wanton *Flora*, chaste *Alcestes* praise:
But all self-private, serving God, he writes
Fear-less, and sings but what his heart indites.

Neither vext with Fear, nor plotting Fraud.

No sallow Fear doth day or night afflict him:
Unto no Fraud doth night or day addict him;
Or if he muse on guile, 'tis but to get
Beast, Bird, or Fish, in toil, or share, or net.

What though his Wardrobe be not stately stuft
With sumptuous silks (pinked, and pounc'd, & puft)
With gold-ground Velvets, and with silver Tissue,
And all the glory of old *Eves* proud Issue?
What though his feeble Cofers be not cramd
With Misers Idols, golden Ingots ramd?
He is warm wrapped in his owne-grow'n Wooll;
Of unbought Wines his Cellar's ever full; (flocks,
His Garner's stor'd with grain, his Ground with
His Barns with fodder, with sweet streams his
For, here I sing the happy Rusticks weal, (Rocks.
Whose handsome house seems as a Common-weal:
And not the needy, hard-rack-rented Hinde,
Or Copy-holder, whom hard Lords do grinde;
The pined Fisher, or poor-Daiery Renter,
That lives of Whay, for forfeiting Indenture;
Who scarce have bread within their homely Cotes
(Except by fits) to feed their hungry throats.

Let me, good Lord, among the Great un-kend,
My rest of dayes in the Calm *Country* end.
Let me deserve of my deer EAGLE-Brood
For Windsor-*Forrest, walks in* Almes-wood:
Bee Hadley *Pond, my Sea*; Lambs-bourn, *my Thames*;
Lambourn, *my* London; Kennet's *silver streams*,
My fruitfull Nile; *my Singers and Musicians*,
The pleasant Birds with warbling repetitions;
My company, pure thoughts, to work thy will;
My Court, a Cottage on a lowely Hill;
Where, without let, I may so sing thy Name,
That times to-come may wonder at the same.
Or, if the new North-Star, *my Soveraign* JAMES,
(The secret vertue of whose sacred beams
Attracts th' attentive service of all such
Whose mindes did ever Vertue's Load-stone *touch)*
Shall ever daign t' invite mine humble Face
T' approach the Presence *of his Royall State*:
Or, if my Duty, or the Grace of Nobles,
Shall drive or draw me ever their pleasing-Troubles,
Let not their Favours make me drunk with folly;
In their Commands, still keep my Conscience holy:
Let me true Honour, *not the false delights*;
And play the Preacher, *not the* Parasite.

So Morne and Evening the third Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE FOURTH DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The twinkling Spangles *of the* Firmament:
The wandring Seav'n (*Each in a ſeverall Tent*);
Their Courſe, their Force, their Eſſence is diſputed;
That they (*as Beaſts*) *do eat and drink, refuted.*
Heav'ns (*not the* Earth) *with rapid* motion *roule*:
The famous Stars *obſerv'd in either* Pole:
Heav'ns ſleaping Belt: *the* Twelve *celeſtiall* Signes
Where Sol the Seaſons *of the* Year *confines*:
Dayes *glorious* Prince: Nights *gloomy* Patroneſs:
His Light *and Might*: *Her conſtant* Change-fulneſs.

In the beginning of the fourth booke, calls upon the God of Heaven, our Poet prayeth to be lift up in the Heavens that he may diſcourſe (as he might) of the ſtars, fixed and wandring.

PUre Spirit that rapt'ſt above the firmeſt Sphear,
In fiery Coach, thy faithfull Meſſenger,
Who, ſmiting *Jordan* with his pleighted Cloak,
Did yerſt divide the Waters with the ſtroke:
O! take me up; that, far from Earth, I may
From Sphear to Sphear, ſee th'azure Heav'n *To-day*.
Be thou my Coach-man, and now Check by Joule
With *Phebus* Chariot let my Chariot roule;
Drive on my Coach by *Mars* his flaming Coach;
Saturn and *Luna* let my wheels approach:
That, having learn'd of their Fire breathing Horſes,
Their courſe, their light, their labor, & their forces,
My Muſe may ſing in ſacred Eloquence,
To Vertues Friends, their vertuous Excellence:
And, with the Load-ſtone of my conquering Verſe,
Above the Poles attract the moſt perverſe.
And you fair learned Soules, you Spirits divine,
To whom the Heav'ns ſo nimble quils aſſigne,
As well to Mount, as skilfully to limn
The various motion of their Tapers trim;
Lend me your hand; lift me above *Parnaſſus*;
With your loud *Trebles* help my lowly *Baſſus*.
For ſure, beſides that your Wit-gracing Skill
Bears in it ſelfe, it ſelf's rich guerdon ſtill:
Our Nephews, free from ſacrilegious brauls,
Where Horrour ſwims in bloud about our wals,
Shall one day ſing that your deer ſong did merit
Better Heav'n, hap, and better time to hear-it.
And though (alas!) my now new-riſing Name
Can hope here-after none, or little Fame:
The time that moſt part of our better Wits
Miſ-ſpent in Flattery, or in Fancy-Fits,
In courting Ladies, or in clawing Lords,
Without affection, in affected words;
I meane to ſpend in publiſhing the Story
Of Gods great Works, to his immortall glory.
My rimes begot in pain & born in pleaſure, (ſure):
Thirſt not for Fame (the Heathens hope's chief trea-
'T ſhall me ſuffice, that our deer *France* do breed
(In happy ſeaſon) ſome more learned ſeed,
That may record, with more divine dexterity
Then I have done, theſe wonders to Poſterity.
Much leſs may theſe abortive Brats of Mine
Expoſt reſpect (but in reſpect of Thine).

Yet.

Yet ſith the Heav'ns have thus entaskt my layes
(As darkly Cynthia *darts her borrow'd rayes)*
To ſhadow Thine; and to my Country render
Some ſmall reflection of thy radiant ſplendor;
It is enough, if here-by I incite
Some happier ſp'rit to doe thy Muſe more right;
And with more life give thee thy proper grace,
And better follow great Du BARTAS *trace.*

Hee reſuming his courſe, he proſecutes the worke of the Creation.

GOD's NONE of theſe faint idle Artizans,
Who at the beſt abandon their deſignes,
Working by halfs; as rather a great deal,
To do much quickly, then to do it well:
But rather, as a work-man never weary,
And all-ſufficient, he his works doth carry
To happy end; and to perfection,
With ſober ſpeed, brings what he hath begun.

In the fourth day God created the fixed Stars, the two great Lights, (viz.) the Sun & the Moone, together with the other five Planets.

Having therefore the Worlds wide Curten ſpred
About the circuit of the fruitfull bed;
Where (to fill all with her unnumbred Kin)
Kind Natures ſelfe each moment lyeth-in:
To make the ſame for ever admirable,
More ſtately-pleaſant, and more profitable;
He th' Azure Teſter trimm'd with golden marks,
And richly ſpangled with bright gliſtring-ſparks.

Of their Courſe, Force, Diſtance, and Subſtance.

I know, thoſe Tapers, twinkling in the Sky,
Do turn ſo ſwiftly from our hand and eye,
That man can never (rightly) reach, to ſeeing (ing:
Their courſe and force, & much-much leſs their be-
But, if conjecture may extend above
To that great Orb, whoſe moving All doth move,
Th' imperfect Light of the firſt Day was it,
Which for Heav'ns Eyes did ſhining matter fit:
For, God, ſelecting lightelt of that Light,
Garniſht Heav'ns ſieling with thoſe torches bright:
Or elſe divided it, and preſſing cloſe
The parts, did make the Sun and Stars of thoſe.

Opinion of the Greeks touching the matter of the Stars.

But, if thy wits thirſt, rather ſeek theſe things,
In *Greekiſh* Ciſterns then in *Hebrew* Springs;
I then conclude, that as of moiſtfull matter,
God made the people that frequent the Water;
And of an Earthy ſtuff the ſtubborn droves
That haunt the Hils & Dales, & Downs & Groves:
So, did he make, by his Almighty might,
The Heav'ns & Stars, of one ſame ſubſtance bright;
To th' end theſe Lamps diſperſed in the Skies,
Might, with their Orb, it with them ſympathize.

Simile.

And as (with us) under the oaked bark
The knurry knot with branching veines, we marke
To be of ſubſtance all one with the Tree;
Although far thicker and more rough it bee:
So thoſe gilt ſtuds in th' upper ſtory driv'n,
Are nothing but the thickeſt part of Heav'n.

Their Subſtance as of Fire.

When I obſerve their Light and Heat yblent,
(Meer accidents of th' upper Element)
I think them Fire: but not ſuch Fire as laſts
No longer then the fuell that it waſtes:
For then, I think all the Elements too-little
To furniſh them onely with one dayes viét'all.

Refutation of ſuch as have thought that the Stars were living creatures that did eat and drink.

And therefore ſmile I at thoſe Fable-Forges,
Whoſe buſie-idle ſtile ſo ſtifly urges,
The Heav'ns bright Creſſets to be living Creatures,
Ranging for food, and hungry Fodder-eaters;
Still ſucking-up (in their eternall motion)
The Earth for meat, and for their drink, the Ocean.

Sure, I perceive no motion in a Star,
But naturall, certain, and regular;
Whereas, Beaſts motions infinitely vary,
Confus'd, uncertain, divers, voluntary.
I ſee not how ſo many golden Poſts
Should ſcud ſo ſwift about Heav'ns Azure coaſts,
But that the Heav'ns muſt ope and ſhut ſom-times,
Subject to paſſions, which our earthly climes
Alter, and toſs the Sea, and th' Aire eſtrange
From it ſelfs temper with exceeding change.
I ſee not how, in thoſe round blazing beams,
One ſhould imagin any food-fit limbs:
Nor can I ſee how th' Earth, and Sea ſhould feed
So many Stars whoſe greatneſs doth exceed
So many times (if Star-Divines ſay truth)
The greatneſs of the Earth and Ocean both:
Sith here our Cattle, in a month will eat
Seav'n-times the bulk of their own bulk in meat.
These Torches then range not at randome, o're
The lightſome thickneſs of an unfirm Floor:
As here belowe, diverſly moving them,
The painted Birds between two Aires do ſwim;
But, rather fixed unto turning Sphears,
Ay, will-they, nill-they, follow their careers:
As Car-nails faſtned in a wheele (without
Selfs-motion) turn with others turns about.

Simile.

A Compariſon.

As the Ague-ſick, upon his ſhivering pallet,
Delayes his health oft to delight his palat;
When wilfully his taſte-leſs Taſte delights
In things unſavory to ſound appetites:
Even ſo, ſome brain-ſicks live there now-a dayes,
That loſe themſelves ſtill in contrary wayes;
Prepoſtrous Wits that cannot row at eaſe,
On the Smooth Channell of our common Seas.
And ſuch are thoſe (in my conceit at leaſt)
Thoſe Clarks that think (think how abſurd a jeſt)
That neither Heav'ns nor Stars do turne at all,
Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball;
But th' Earth it ſelf, this Maſſie Globe of ours,
Turns round-about once every twice-twelve hours:
And we reſemble Land-bred Novices
New brought aboord to venture on the Seas;
Who, at firſt lanching from the ſhore, ſuppoſe
The ſhip ſtands ſtill, and that the ground it goes.

Opinion of Copernicus confuted.

So, twinkling Tapers, that Heav'ns Arches fill,
Equally diſtant ſhould continue ſtill.
So, never ſhould an arrow, ſhot upright,
In the ſame place upon the ſhooter light;
But would doe (rather) as (at Sea) a ſtone
Aboord a Ship upward uprightly thrown;
Which not within-boord fall's, but in the Flood
A-ſtern the Ship, if ſo the Winde be good.
So, ſhould the Fowls that take their nimble flight
From Weſtern Marches towards *Mornings* light;
And *Zephyrus*, that in the Summer time
Delights to viſit *Eurus* in his clime;
And bullets thundred from the canons throat (note)
(Whoſe roaring drowns the Heav'nly thunders
Should ſeem recoil: ſithens the quick career,
That our round Earth ſhould dayly gallop here,
Muſt needs exceed a hundred-fold (for ſwift) (drift.
Birds, Bullets, Winds; their wings, their force, their

Arm'd with theſe Reaſons, 't were ſuperfluous
T' aſſaile the Reaſons of *Copernicus*;

Who,

Leaving to dispute further upon all former Paradox, he prosecuteth in his discourse, and by a lively comparison representeth the heavenly ornament of the Heavens about the Earth.

Who, to salve better of the Stars th' appearance,
Unto the Earth a three-fold motion warrants:
Making the Sun the Center of this All,
Moon, Earth, and Water, in one onely Ball.
But sithence here, nor time, nor place doth suite,
His *Paradox* at length to prosecute;
I will proceed, grounding my next discourse
On the *Heav'ns motions*, and their constant *course*.
I oft admire greatness of mighty Hils,
And pleasant beauty of the flowry Fields,
And countless number of the Ocean sand,
And secret force of sacred Adamant: (course)
But much-much more (the more I marke their
Stars glistring greatness, beauty, number, force.

Simile.

Even as a Peacock, prickt with loves desire,
To woo his Mistress, strouting stately by her,
Spreads round the rich pride of his pompous vail,
His azure wings, and Starry-golden tail;
With rattling pinions wheeling still about,
The more to set his beauteous beauty out:
The Firmament (as feeling like above)
Displayes his pomp; pranceth about his Love,
Spreads his blew curtain, mixt with golden marks
Set with gilt Spangles, sow'n with glistring sparks,
Sprinkled with eyes, specked with Tapers bright,
Poudred with Stars streaming with glorious light,
T' inflame the Earth the more, with Lovers grace,
To take the sweet fruit of his kind imbrace.

The number of the Stars under both the Poles innumerable.

He that to number all the Stars would seek,
Had need invent some new Arithmetick;
And who, to cast that reck'ning takes in hand,
Had need for Counters take the Ocean's sand:
Yet have our wise and learned Elders found
Foure-dozen Figures in the Heav'nly Round,
For aid of memory; and to our eyes
In certain *Houses* to divide the Skies.

And why the ancient Astronomers observed 48.

Of those are *Twelve* in that rich *Girdle* greft
Which God gave Nature for her New-years-gift
(When making All, his voyce Almighty most,
Gave so fair Lawes unto Heav'ns shining Hoast)
To weare it biaz, buckled over-thwart-her;
Not round about her swelling Waste, to girt-her.

Of the Signs in the Zodiake.

This glorious *Baldrick* of a golden tindge,
Imboss't with Rubies, edg'd with Silver Frindge,
Buckled with Gold, with a Bend glistring bright,
Heav'ns, biaz-wise, environs day and night.

The Zodiake.

For, from the Period, where the *Ram* doth bring
The day and night to equall balancing,
Ninety degrees towards the North it wends,
Thence just as much toward Mid-Heav'n it bends,
As many thence toward the South; and thence
Towards th' Years Portall, the like difference.
Nephelian crook-horn, with brass comets crownd,
Thou buttest bravely 'gainst the *New-years* bound;
And richly clad in thy fair golden Fleece; (Meese.
Doest hold the *First house* of *Heav'ns* spacious
Thou spy'st anon the *Bull* behinde thy back:
Who, lest that fodder by the way he lack,
Seeing the World so naked; to renew't,
Coats th' infant Earth in a green gallant sute;
And, without Plough or Yoak, doth freely fling
Through fragrant Pastures of the flowry Spring.
The Twins, whose heads, arms, shoulders, knees and
God fill'd with Stars to shine in season sweet, (feet,

Aries in Mid-March keeps the Equinox.

Taurus by Mid-April.

Gemini in mid-May.

Contend in course, who first the *Bull* shall catch,
That neither will nor may attend their match.
Then, Summers-guide, the *Crab* comes rowing soft,
With his eight Owres through the Heav'ns azure
To bring us yearly in his starry shell, (loft;
Many long dayes the shaggie Earth to swele.
Almost with like pace leaps the *Lion* out,
All clad with flames, bristled with beams about;
Who, with contagion of his burning breath,
Both grass and grain to cinders withereth.
The *Virgin* next, sweeping Heav'ns azure Globe
With stately train of her bright Golden robe,
Milde-proudly marching, in her left hand brings
A sheaf of Corn, and in her right hand, wings.
After the *Maiden*, shines the *Balance* bright,
Equall divider of the Day and Night: (fastens
In whose Gold Beam, with three gold rings there
With six gold strings, a pair of golden Basens.
The spitefull *Scorpion*, next the *Scale* addrest,
With two bright Lamps covers his loathsom brest;
And fain, from both ends, with his double sting,
Would spet his venom over every thing;
But that the brave *Halfe-horse Phylerian* Scout,
Galloping swift the Heav'nly Best about,
Ay fiercely threats, with his flame-feath'red arrow,
To shoot the sparkling starry Viper thorough.
And th' hoary *Centaure*, during all his Race,
Is so attentive to his onely chase,
That, dread-less of his dart, Heav'ns shining *Kid*
Comes jumping light, just at his heels unpid.
Mean-while the *Skinker*, from his starry spout,
After the *Goat*, a silver stream pours-out;
Distilling still out of his radiant Fire
Rivers of Water (who but will admire?)
In whose cleer Channell mought at pleasure swim
Those two bright *Fishes* that do follow him;
But that the Torrent slides so swift away,
That it out-runs them ever, even as they
Out-run the *Ram*, who ever them pursues;
And by renewing yearly, all renues.
Besides these *Twelve*, toward the *Artick* side,
A flaming *Dragon* doth *Two-Bears* divide;
After the *Wainman* comes, the *Crown*, the *Spear*;
The *Kneeling Youth*, the *Harp*, the *Hamperer*
Of th' hatefull *Snake* (whether we call the same
By *Æsculapius* or *Alcides* name)
Swift *Pegasus*, the Dolphin, loving man;
Joves stately *Eagle*, and the silver *Swan*:
Andromeda, with *Cassiopeia* neer-her,
Her father *Cepheus*, and her *Perseus* doerer:
The shining *Triangle*, *Medusa's Tresse*,
And the bright Coach-man of *Tindarides*.
Toward th' other Pole, *Orion*, *Eridanus*,
The *Whale*, the *Whelp*, and hot-breath'd *Sirius*,
The *Hare*, the *Hulk*, the *Hydra*, and the *Boule*,
The *Centaure Wolf*, the *Censer* and the *Foule*,
(The twice-foul *Raven*) the *Southern fish* & *Crown*,
Through heav'ns bright arches brandish up & down.
Thus on *This-Day* working th' eighth azure tent,
With Art-less Art, divinely excellent;
Th' Almightie's finger fixed many a million
Of golden Scutchions in that rich Pavillion:
But in the rest (under that glorious Heav'n)
But one a-peece, unto the severall * Seav'n;

Cancer in mid-June begins the Summer.

Leo in mid-July.

Virgo in mid-August

Libra in mid-September begins Autumn.

Scorpio in mid-October.

Sagittarius in mid-November.

Capricornus in mid-December begineth Winter.

Aquarius in mid-January.

Pisces in mid-February.

The names of the principall Stars of the North Pole.

The names of the Stars of the South Pole.

The fixed Stars are in the eighth Heaven.

* And the Seven Planets under the moon, in their proper Spheres.

Left,

Left, of those Lamps the number-passing number
Should mortall eyes with such confusion cumber,
That we should never, in the cleerest night,
Stars divers course see or discern aright.
And therefore also, all the fixed Tapers
He made to twinkle with such trembling capers:
But, the *Seaven Lights* that wander under them,
Through various passage, never shake a beam.
Or, he (perhaps) made them not different;
But, th' hoast of Sparks spred in the firmament
Far from our sense, through distance infinite,
Seems but to twinkle, to our twinkling sight:
Whereas the rest, neerer a thousand fold
To th' Earth and Sea, we do more brim behold.
For, the Heav'ns are not mixtly enterlaced;
But th' undermost by th' upper be imbraced,
And more or less their roundels wider are,
As from the Center they be neer or far:
As in an Egge, the shell includes the skin,
The skin the white, the white the yolk with-in.
Now, as the Winde, puffing upon a Hill
With roaring breath against a ready Mill,
Whirls with a whiff the sails of swe'ling clout,
The sails do swing the winged shaft about,
The shaft the wheel, the wheel the trendle turns,
And that the stone which grinds the flowry corns:
Or like as also in a Clock well tended,
Just counter-poize, justly thereon suspended,
Makes the great wheel go round, and that anon
Turns with his turning many a meaner one,
The trembling watch, & th' Iron Maule that chimes
The intire Day in twice twelve equall times:
So the grand Heav'n, in foure and twenty hours,
Surveying all this various house of ours,
With his quick motion all the Sphears doth move;
Whose radiant glances gild the World above,
And drives them every day (wch swiftness strange is)
From *Ganges* to *Tagus*; and from *Tay* to *Ganges*.
But, th' under-Orbs, as grudging to be still
So straightly subject to anothers will,
Still without change, still at anothers pleasure
After one pipe to dance one onely measure;
They from-ward turn, and traversing aside,
Each by himselfe an oblique course doth slide:
So that they all (although it seem not so)
Forward and backward in one instant go,
Both up and down, and with contrary paces,
At once they poste to two contrary places:
Like as my selfe, in my lost Merchant-years
(A loss, alas, that in these lines appears)
Wafting to Brabant, *Englands* golden Fleece
(A richer prize then Jason *brought to* Greece)
While tow'rd the Sea, our (then Swan-poorer) Thames,
Bare down my Bark upon her ebbing streams,
Upon the hatches, from the Prow to Poup
Walking in compass of that narrow Coop,
Maugre the most that Winde and Tide could doe,
Have gone at once tow'rds Lee *and* London *too.*
But now, the neerer any of these Eight,
Approach *th' Empreall Palace* wals in height,
The more their circuit, & more dayes they spend,
Yet they return unto their Journeys end.
It's therefore thought, That sumptuous Canapy,
The which th' un-niggard hand of Majesty,
Poudred so thick with Shields so shining cleer,
Spends in his Voyage nigh seaven thousand year.
Ingenious *Saturn*, Spouse of Memory,
Father of th' Age of Gold; though coldly dry,
Silent and sad, bald, hoary, wrinkle-faced,
Yet art thou first among the Planets placed:
And thirty years thy Leaden Coach doth run
Yer it arrive where thy Career begun.
Thou, rich, benign, Ill-chasing *Jupiter*,
Art (worthy) next thy Father fickle-bear:
And while thou dost with thy more milde aspect,
His froward beams disastrous frownes correct,
Thy tinnē chariot, shod with burning bosses, (crosses.
Through twice-six *Signes* in twice six 12. months
Brave-minded *Mars* (yet Master of mis-order,
Delighting nought but Battails, blood, and murder)
His furious Coursers lasheth night and day,
That he may swiftly passe his course away;
But in the road of his eternall race,
So many rubs hinder his hasty pace,
That thrice, the while, the lively *Liquor-God*
With dabbled heels hath swelling clusters trod;
And thrice hath *Ceres* shav'n her amber tress,
Yer his steel wheels have done their business.
Pure goldy-locks, *Sol*, States-friend, Honor-giver,
Light-bringer, Laureat, Leach-man, all Reviver,
Thou in three hundred threescore daies and five,
Dost to the Period of thy Race arrive.
For, with thy proper course thou measur'st th' year,
And measur'st Dayes with thy constrain'd career.
Fair dainty *Venus*, whose free vertues milde
With happy fruit get all the World with-childe
(Whom wanton dalliance, dancing and delight,
Smiles, witty wiles, youth, love, and beauty bright,
With soft blind *Cupids* evermore consort)
Of light some Day opens and shuts the port;
For, hardly dare her silver Doves go far
From bright *Apollo's* glory beaming Car.
Not much unlike, so, *Mercury* the witty,
For ship, for shop, book, bar, or Court, or City:
Smooth Orator swift Pen-man, sweet Musician,
Rare Artizan, deep-reaching Politician,
Fortunate Merchant, fine Prince-humour-pleaser;
To end his course takes neer a twelve-months lea-
For all the while, his nimble winged heels (sure:
Dare little bouge from *Phœbus* golden wheels.
And lastly *Luna*, thou cold Queen of Night,
Regent of humors, parting Months aright,
Chaste Empere ss, to one *Endymion* constant;
Constant in Love, though in thy looks inconstant;
(Unlike our Loves, whose hearts dissemble soonest)
Twelve times a year through all the *Zodiack* runnest.
Now, if these Lamps, so infinite in number,
Should still stand-still, as in a sloathfull slumber,
Then should some places (alwayes in one plight)
Have alwayes Day, and some have alwayes Night:
Then should the Summers Fire, and Winters Frost,
Rest opposite still on the selfe same Coast: (would
Then nought could spring, and nothing prosper
In all the World, for want of Heat or Cold.
Or, without change of distance or of dance,
If all these Lights still in one path should prance,
Th' inconstant parts of this low Worlds contents
Should never feel so sundry accidents,

As

Why the Planets twinkle not, and the fixed Stars doe twinkle.

The firmament much farther from the Earth then the Sphears of the Planets.

Simile.

Two similes representing the motion of the eight inferiour heavens, through the swift turning of the ninth, which is the *Primum Mobile*.

Each of the eight Heavens so transported by the *Primum Mobile*, hath also his proper oblique and distinct course from other.

The same explained by a proper Simile.

Why some of these Heavens have a lower course and shorter compasse then other some.

The cause of the revolution of the firmament.

Of the seventh, which is the Sphear of *Saturne*.

Of the sixth which is the Sphear of *Iupiter*.

Of the fifth which is the Sphear of *Mars*.

Of the fourth which is the Sphear of *Sol*.

Of the third which is the Sphear of *Venus*.

Of the second which is the Sphear of *Mercury*.

Of the first which is the Sphear of *Luna*. The lowest Planet neerest the Earth.

Of the necessity of divers motions of the Heavens.

As the conjunction of celestiall Features
Incessantly pours upon mortall Creatures.
I'l ne'r beleeve that the Arch-Architect,
With all these Fires the Heav'nly Arches deckt
Onely for Shew, and with these glistring shields
T' amaze poor Shepheards watching in the fields.
I'l ne'r beleeve that the least Flowr that pranks
Our Garden borders, or the Common banks,
And the least stone that in her warming Lap
Our kind Nurse Earth doth covetously wrap,
Hath some peculiar vertue of its own;
And that the glorious Stars of Heav'n have none:
But shine in vain, and have no charge precise,
But to be walking in Heav'ns Galleries,
And through that *Palace* up and down to clamber,
As *golden Guls about a* PRINCES CHAMBER.
Sens-less is he, who (without blush) denies
What to sound senses most apparent lies:
And 'gainst experience he that spets Fallacians,
Is to be hist from learned Disputations:
And such is he, that doth affirm the Stars
To have no force on these inferiours;
Though Heav'ns effects we most apparent see
In number more then Heav'nly Torches bee.
I nill alledge the Seasons alteration,
Caus'd by the Sun in shifting Habitation:
I will not urge, that never at noon-dayes
His envious Sister intercepts his Rayes
But some great State eclipseth, and from Hell
Alecto looses all these Furies Fell,
Grim, lean-fac't *Famine*, foule infectious *Plague*;
Blood-thirsty *War*, and *Treason* hatefull Hag:
Here pouring down Woes universall Flood,
To drown the World in Seas of Tears and Blood.
I'l over-pass how Sea doth Ebb and Flowe,
As th' Horned Queen doth either shrink or grow;
And that the more she *Fills* her forked Round,
The more the Marrow doth in bones abound.
The blood in Veines, the sap in Plants, the moisture
And lushious meat in Crevish, Crab and Oyster:
That Oak, and Elm, and Firr, and Alder, cut
Before the *Crescent* have her Corners shut,
Are never lasting, for the Builders turn,
In Ship or House, but rather fit to burn:
And also, that the Sick, while She is filling, (ling.
Feele sharper Fits through all their members thril-
So that, this Lamp alone approves, what powrs,
Heav'ns Tapers have ev'n on these soules of ours:
Temp'ring, or troubling (as they be inclin'd)
Our mind and humours, humours and our minde,
Through Sympathy, which while this flesh we car-
Our Soules and Bodies doth together marry. (ry,
I'l onely say, that sith the hot aspect
Of th' Heav'nly *Dog-Star*, kindles with effect
A thousand unseen Fires, and dries the Fields,
Scorches the Vallies, parches-up the Hils,
And often times into our panting hearts,
The bitter Fits of burning Fevers darts:
And (opposite) the *Cup*, the dropping *Pleiades*,
Bright glistring *Orion*, and the weeping *Hyades*,
Never (almost) look down on our abode,
But that they stretch the Waters bounds abroad;
With cloudy horror of their wrathfull frown,
Threatning again the guilty World to drown:
And (to be brief) sith the gilt Azure Front
Of firmest Sphear hath scarce a spark upon't
But poureth down-ward some apparent change,
Towards to Storing of the Worlds great Grange;
We may conjecture what hid powr is given
T' infuse among us from the other Seaven.
From each of those which, for their vertue rare,
Th' Almighty placed in a proper Sphear.
Not that (as *Stoicks*) I intend to tye,
With Iron Chains of stong *Necessity*,
Th' Eternal's hands, and his free feet enstock
In *Destinies* hard Diamantine Rock:
I hold, that God (as *The first Cause*) hath giv'n
Light, Course, & Force to all the Lamps of Heav'n:
That still he guides them, and his Providence
Disposeth free, their *Fatall* influence:
And that therefore (the rather) we below
Should study all, their Course and Force to know:
To th' end that, seeing (through our Parents Fall)
T' how many Tyrants we are wexen thrall,
Ever since first fond Womans blind ambition, (sion:
Breaking, made *Adam* break Heav'ns *High-Commis-*
We might unpuff our Heart, and bend our knee,
T' appease with sighs Gods wrathfull Majestie;
Beseeching him to turn away the storms (Arms,
Of Hail, and Heat, Plague, Dearth and dreadfull
Which oft the angry Stars, with bad aspects,
Threat to be falling on our stubborn necks:
To give us Curbs to bridle th' ill proclivity
We are inclin'd-to, by a hard Nativity:
To pour some Water of his Grace, to quench
Our boyling Flesches fell Concupiscence,
To calm our many passions (spirituall tumours)
Sprung from corruption of our vicious humours.
Latonian Twins, Parents of Years and Months,
Alas! why hide you so your shining Fronts?
What? nill you shew the splendor of your ray,
But through a Vail of mourning Clouds I pray?
I pray pull-off your mufflers and your mourning,
And let me see you in your native burning:
And my deer Muse by her eternall flight,
Shall spread as far the glory of your Light
As you your selves run, in alternate Ring,
Day after Night, Night after Day to bring.
Thou radiant Coach-man, running endless course,
Fountain of Heat, of Light the lively sourse,
Life of the World, Lamp of this Universe, (Verse
Heav'ns richest Gemm: O teach me where my
May but begin thy Praise. Alas! I fare
Much like to one that in the Clouds doth stare
To count the Quails, that with their shadow cover
Th' *Italian* Sea, when soaring higher over,
Fain of a Milder and more fruitfull Clime,
They come with us to pass the Summer time:
No sooner he begins one shoal to summ,
But more and more, still greater shoals do come,
Swarm upon Swarm, that with their count-less
Break of his purpose, & his sense incumber. (number
Dayes glorious Eye! Even as a mighty King,
About his Countrey stately Progressing, (*Knights*,
Is compast round with *Dukes*, *Earles*, *Lords*, and
(Orderly marshall'd in their noble Rires)
Esquires and *Gentlemen*, in courtly kinde,
And then his *Guard* before him and behinde;

And

Of the force and influence of the celestiall bodies upon the terrestriall.

Sundry proofs of the same: First, The divers seasons. Secondly, The fatall accidents that commonly succeed Eclipses.

Thirdly, The ebbing & flowing of the Sea.

Fourthly, The increase & decrease of marrow, blood and humours in divers creatures.

Fifthly, The apparent alterations in the bodies of sick persons.

A particular proofe by the effects of certain notable Stars, ordinarily noted in some Month of the year.

Reiecting the Stoicks, he sheweth that God, as the first Cause, doth order all things, and what use we should make of the Force, Course, and Light of the celestiall bodies.

Here proceeding to the second part of this booke, he treateth at large of the Sun and Moon.

Of the Sun entring into the description whereof he confesseth that he knowes not well where to begin.

The Sun, as Prince of the celestiall hierarchie in the midst of the other six Planets which environ him.

And there is nought in all his Royall Muster,
But to his Greatness addeth grace and lustre:
So, while about the World thou rideſt ay,
Which onely lives by vertue of thy Ray,
Six Heav'nly Princes, mounted evermore,
Wait on thy Coach, three behinde, three before,
Besides the Hoasts of th' upper Twinklers bright,
To whom, for pay, thou giveſt onely Light.
And, ev'n as Man (the little-World of Cares)
Within the Middle of the body, beares (on
His heart (the Spring of life) which with proportio-
Supplyeth spirits to all, and every portion:
Even so (O Sun) thy golden Chariot marches
Amid the six Lamps of the six lowe Arches
Which fiel the World, that equally it might
Richly impart them Beautie, Force, and Light.

The Sun is in Heaven as the heart in mans body.

Praising thy Heat, which subtilly doth pierce
The solid thickness of our Universe,
Which in th' Earths kidnyes *Mercury* doth burn,
And pallid *Sulphur* to bright Metall turn;
I do digress, to praise that light of thine,
Which if it shou'd but one Day cease to shine,
Th' unpurged Aire to Water would resolve,
And Water would the mountain tops involve.

His notable effects upon the Earth.

Scarce I begin to measure thy bright Face,
Whose greatness doth so oft Earth's greatness pass,
And with still running the Celestiall Ring,
Is seen and felt of every living thing;
But that fantastickly I change my Theam
To sing the swiftness of thy tyer-less Teem;
To sing, how, Rising from the *Indian* Wave
Thou seem'st (O *Titan*) like a Bride-groom brave,
Who from his Chamber early issuing out
In rich array, with rarest Gems about;
With pleasant Countenance and lovely Face,
With golden tresses, and attractive grace
Cheers (at his comming) all the youthfull throng
That for his presence earnestly did long,
Blessing the day and with delightfull glee,
Singing aloud his *Epithalamie*.

Excellent comparisons borrowed out of the 19. Psalme.

Then as a Prince that feeles his noble heart,
Wounded with *Loves* pure *Honor*-winged dart,
(*As* HARDY LÆLIUS, *that great* GARTER-KNIGHT,
Tilting in Triumph of ELIZA's *Right*
(Yearly that Day that her deer raign began)
Most bravely mounted on proud RABICAN,
All in gilt armour, on his glistring Mazor
A stately plume, of Orange mixt with Azur,
In gallant Course, before ten thousand eyes,
From all Defendants bore the Princely Prize)
Thou glorious Champion, in thy Heav'nly Race,
Runnest so swift we scarce conceive thy Pace.

The fame exemplified in an honorable personage of our time now very aged: but in his young years the glory of Arms and Chivalrie.

When I record how fitly thou dost guide (pride,
Through the fourth Heav'n, thy flaming Coursers
That as they pass, their fiery breaths may temper
Saturn's and *Cynthia's* cold and moist distemper,
(For, if thou gallopt'st in the neather Room
Like *Phaëton*, thou would'st the World consume:
Or if thy Throne were set in *Saturn's* Sky
For want of heat then every thing would dy)
In the same instant I am prest to sing,
How thy return reviveth every thing;
How, in thy Presence, Fear, Sloth, Sleep & Night,
Snowes, Fogs, & Fancies, take their sudden Flight.

Of Gods wonderfull providence in placing the Sun in the midst of the other Planets, and of the commodities that come thereof.

Th' art (to be briefe) an Ocean wanting bound,
Where (*as full vessels have the lesser sound*)
Plenty of matter makes the speaker Mute;
As wanting words thy worth to prosecute.
Yet glorious Monarch, 'mong so many rare
And match-less Flowrs as in thy Garland are,
Some one or two shall my chaste sober *Muse*
For thine Immortall sacred Sisters chuse.
I'l boldly sing (bright Soverain) thou art none
Of those weak Princes Flatt'ry works upon;
(*No second* EDWARD, *nor no* RICHARD *Second,*
Un-kinged both, as Rule-unworthy reckon'd)
Who, to inrich their *Minions* past proportion,
Pill all their Subjects with extream extortion;
And charm'd with Pleasures (O exceeding pity!)
Lie alwaies wallowing in one wanton City;
And, loving onely that, to mean Lievtenants
Farm out their Kingdoms care, as unto Tenants:
For, once a day, each Countrey under Heav'n
Thou bidst *Good-Morrow*, & thou bidst *Good-Ev'n*.
And thy far-seeing Eye, as *Censor*, views
The rites and fashions, Fish and Foule do use,
And our behaviours, worthy (every one)
Th' *Abderian* Laughter, and *Ephesian* Mone.

Of the Suns continuall and daily course.

But true it is, to th' end a fruitfull lew
May every Climat in his time renew,
And that all men may nearer in all Realms
Feel the alternat vertue of thy beams;
Thy sumptuous Chariot, with the Light returning,
From the same Portall mounts not every morning:
But, to make known each-where thy daily drift,
Doo'st every day, thy Coursers Stable shift:
That while the Spring, prankt in her greenest pride,
Raigns here, else-where *Autumn* as long may bide;
And while fair Summers heat our fruits doth ripe,
Cold Winters Yce may other Countries gripe.

Of his oblique or By-course, cause of the future seasons and of the commodities of all Climats in the World.

No sooner doth thy shining Chariot Roule
From highest *Zenith* toward *Northren Pole*,
To sport thee for three Months in pleasant Inns
Of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and the gentle *Twinns*,
But that the mealie Mountains (late unseen)
Change their white garments into lustly green;
The Gardens prank them with their Flowry buds,
The Meads with grass, with leaves the naked
Sweet *Zephyrus* begins to buss his *Flora*, (Woods,
Swift-winged Singers to salute *Aurora*;
And wanton *Cupid*, through this Universe, (pierce.
With pleasing wounds, all Creatures hearts to

A plaine and lively description of the foure seasons of the yeare.

The Spring.

When backward bent, *Phlegon*, thy fiery Steed,
With *Cancer*, *Leo*, and the *Maid* doth feed;
Th' Earth cracks with heat, & Summer crowns his
With gilded Ears, as yellow as her hair-is: (*Ceres*
The Reaper, panting both for heat and pain,
With crooked Rasor shaves the tufted Plain;
And the good Husband, that due season takes,
Within a month his year's Provision makes. (fly

Summer.

When from the mid-Heav'n thy bright flame doth
Toward the *Croſs-Stars* in th' *Antartick* Sky,
To bee three months, up-rising and down-lying
With *Scorpio*, *Libra*, and the *Archer* flying,
Th' Earth, by degrees, her lovely beauty, bates,
Pomona loads her lap with delicates,
Her Apron and her Osier basket (both)
With dainty fruits for her deer *Autumns* tooth,
(Her

Starved.

(Her health-lesse spouse) who bare-foot hops about
To tread the juice of *Bacchus* clusters out.
And last of all, when thy proud-trampling Teem
For three Months more, to sojourne still doth seem
With *Capricorn*, *Aquarius*, and the *Fishes*
(While we in vaine revoke thee with our wishes)
Winter. In stead of Flowrs, chill shivering Winter dresses
With Yce sickles her (self-bald) borrow'd tresses:
About her brows a Periwig of Snow,
Her white Freeze Mantle fring'd with Yce below,
A payr of Lamb-lyn'd buskins on her feet,
So doth she march *Orythia's* love to meet;
Who, with his brittled, hoary, beaugle-beard,
Comming to kisse her, makes her lips afear'd;
Where-at, he sighes a breath so cold and keen,
That all the Waters Crystallized been;
While in a fury with his boystrous wings
Against the *Scythian* snowie Rocks he flings,
All husks in sloath: and till these Months do end,
Bacchus and *Vulcan* must us both befriend.
Of the Moon and her alterations. O second honour of the Lamps supernall,
Sure Calendar of Festivals eternall,
Seas Soveraintes, Sleep-bringer, Pilgrims guide,
Peace-loving Queen: What shall I say beside?
What shall I say of thy inconstant brow,
Which makes my brain waver, I wot not how?
But, if by th' eye, a mans intelligence
May ghess of things distant so far from hence,
I think thy body round as any Ball,
Of her translucide and bright-smitt hemisphear of the Sun. Whose superfice (nigh equall over all)
As a pure Glass, now up, and down anon,
Reflects the bright beams of thy spouse, the Sun.
Similie. For, as a Husbands Nobl'nes doth lustre
A mean-born Wife: so doth the glorious lustre
Of radiant *Titan*, with his beams, embright
Thy gloomy Front, that selfly hath no light.
Of her waxing and waning when she is in her last quarter, & when she comes and commeth to her full. Yet 'tis not alwayes after one self sort:
For, far thy Cart doth swifter thee transport,
Then doth thy Brothers; diversly thou shin'st,
As more or lesse thou from his sight declin'st.
Therefore each Month, when *Hymen* (blest) above
In both your bodies kindles ardent love,
And that the Stars-king all inamoured on thee,
Full of desire, shines down direct upon thee:
Thy neather half-Globe toward th' Earthly Ball
(After it's Nature) is observed all.
But, him aside thou hast no sooner got,
But on thy side a silver file we note;
A half-bent Bowe; which swels the lesse thy Coach
Doth the bright Chariot of thy spouse approach,
And fils his Circle. When th' Imperiall Star
Beholds thee just in one Diameter,
Then by degrees thy *Full* face fals away
And (by degrees) Westward thy Horns display;
Till fall'n again betwixt thy Lovers arms, (charms.
Thou wink'st again, vanquisht with pleasures
Thus dost thou *Wex* and *Wane*, thee oft reming;
Delighting *change*: and mortall things, ensuing
(As subject to thee) thy selfs transmutation,
Feel th' unfelt force of secret alteration.
Of the cause of the diverse aspects of the Moon. Not, but that *Phœbus* alwaies with his shine,
Cleers half (at least) of thine aspect divine;
But 't seems not so; because we see but here
Of thy round Globe the lower Hemisphear:
Tho wexing us-ward, heav'n-ward thou dost wane;
And waning us-ward, Heav'n-ward growst again.
Yet it befals, even when thy face is *Full*,
When at the highest thy pale Courlers pull,
When no thick mask of Clouds can hide away,
From living eyes, thy broad, round glistring Ray,
Thy light is darkned, and thine eyes are fiel'd,
Covered with shadow of a rusty shield.
For, thy *Full* face in his oblique designe
Confronting *Phœbus* in th' *Ecliptick* line,
And th' Earth between; thou loseſt, for a space,
Thy splendor borrowd of thy Brothers grace:
Of the cause of the Eclips of the Sun. But, to revenge thee on the Earth for this
Fore-stalling thee of thy kind Lovers kis,
Somtimes thy thick Orb thou dost inter-blend
Twixt *Sol* and us, toward the later end;
And then (because his splendor cannot pas
Or pierce the thickness of thy gloomy mas)
The Sun, as subject to Deaths pangs, us sees-not,
But *seems* all Light-les, though indeed he is not.
Difference between the Eclipses of the Sun, and of the Moone. Therefore, far differing your *Eclipses* are;
For, thine is often, and thy Brothers rare:
Thine doth indeed deface thy beauty bright;
His doth not him, but us, bereave of Light:
It is the Earth, that thy defect procures;
It is thy shadow, that the Sun obscures:
East-ward, thy front beginneth first to lack;
West-ward, his brows begin there frowning black:
Thine, at thy *Full*, when thy most glory shines;
His, in thy *Wane*, when beauty most declines:
Thine's generall, tow'rd Heav'n and Earth together;
His but to Earth, nor to all places neither.
Of the admirable & extraordinary Eclipse of the Sun on the day that our Saviour suffered on the Crosse, for our redemption. Matt. 27. 45. Marc. 15. 33. Luke. 23. 44. For, th' hideous Cloud, that cover'd so long since
With nights black vail th'eyes of the Starry-Prince
(When as he saw, for our foul sinfull slips,
The match-les Maker of the Light, eclipse)
Was far, far other: For, the swarty *Moores*,
That sweating toyl on *Guinnes* wealthy shores:
Those whom the *Niles* continuall Cataract
With roaring noyse for ever deaf doth make:
Those that surveying mighty * *Cassagale*,
Within the circuit of her spacious Wall,
Do dry-foot dance on th' Orientall Seas;
And pas, in all her goodly crossing wayes
And stately streets, fronted with sumptuous Bowrs,
Twelve thousand Bridges, and twelve thousand
Those, that, in *Norway* and in *Finland*, chase (Towrs:
The soft-skind Martens, for their precious Cace;
Those that in Ivory Sleads on *Ireland* Seas
(Congeal'd to Crystall) slide about at ease;
Were witnes all of his strange grief; and ghest,
That God, or Nature was then deep distrest.
Moreover *Cynthia* in that fearfull stound,
Full-fild the Compas of her Circle round;
And being so far off, she could not make
(By Natures course) the Sun to be so black;
Nor, issuing from the Eastern part of Heav'n,
Darken that beauty, which her own had giv'n.
In brief, mine eye, confounded with such spectacles,
In that one wonder sees a Sea of Miracles.
What could'st thou doe les, then thy selfe dishonour
(O chief of Planets!) thy great Lord to honour?
Then for thy Fathers death, a-while to wear
A mourning Robe on th' hatefull *Hemi-sphear*?

* Qsinzay.

Of the going back of the Sun in the time of Ezechias. 2. King. 20. 11. Esay 38. 8.

Then at high noon ſhut thy fair eye, to ſhun
A ſight, whoſe ſight did Hell with horror ſtun?
And (pierc't with ſorrow for ſuch injuries)
To pleaſe thy Maker, Nature to diſpleaſe?
So, from the South to North, to make apparent
That God revok't his Serjeant Death's ſad warrant
'Gainſt *Ezechias*; and that he would give
The godly King fifteen years more to live:
Transgreſſing Heav'ns eternall ordinance; (prance:
Thrice in one Day, thou through one path did'ſt
And, as deſirous of another nap
In thy Vermilion ſweet *Aurora's* Lap, (Horſe
Thy Coach turn'd back, and thy ſwift ſweating
Full ten degrees lengthned their wonted Courſe:
Dials went falſe, and Forreſts (gloomy black)
Wondred to ſee their mighty ſhades go back.

Of the Sun standing ſtill in the time of Iosuah. Ioſ. 10. 13.

So, when th'incenſed Heav'ns did fight ſo fell,
Under the Standard of deer *Iſrael*,
Againſt the Hoaſt of odious *Ammorites*,
Among a million of ſwift Flaſhing Lights,
Rayning down Bullets from a ſtormy Cloud,
As thick as Hail, upon their Armies proud (der,
(That ſuch as ſcaped from Heav'ns wrathfull thun-
Victorious ſwords might after hew in-ſunder)
Conjur'd by *Joſuah*, thy brave ſteeds ſtood ſtill,
'In full Career ſtopping thy whirling wheel;
And, one whole Day, in one degree they ſtayd
In mid'ſt of Heav'n, for ſacred Armies ayd:
Leſt th' Infidels in their diſordred Flight,
Should ſave themſelves under the wings of Night.
Thoſe, that then liv'd under the other *Pole*,
Seeing the Lamp which doth enlight the Whole,
To hide ſo long his lovely face away,
Thought never-more to have re-ſeen the Day;
The wealthy *Indians*, and the men of *Spain*,
Never to ſee Sun Riſe or Set again.
In the ſame place Shadows ſtood ſtill, as ſtone;
And in twelve Hours the Dials ſhew'd but one.

So Morne and Evening the Fourth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE FIFTH DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fiſh *in the Sea*, Fowls *in the Aire abound*:
The Forms *of all things in the Waters found*:
The various Manners *of Sea-Citizens*,
Whoſe conſtant Friendſhip *far exceedeth Mens*:
Arions *ſtrange eſcape*: *The* Fowls *attend*
On th' onely Phœnix, *to her end-leſs end*:
Their kinds, *their* cuſtomes, *and their* Plumes *variety*;
Some preſidents of Prudence, *ſome of* Piety:
The gratefull Eagle, *burning in the Flame*
With her dead Miſtreſs, the fair Seſtian *Dame.*

After a poeticall manner he croweth time and opportunity to diſcourſe in this day of the creation of Fiſhes and of Fowles.

Arabian Lamps conducting divers waies,
About the World, ſucceſſive Nights and Dayes;
Parents of winged Time, haſte, haſte your Cars:
And paſſing ſwiftly both oppoſed Bars
Of *Eaſt*, and *Weſt*, by your returning Ray,
Th' imperfect World make elder, by a *Day*.
Ye *Fiſh* that brightly in Heav'ns Baldrick ſhine,
If you would ſee the Waters waving brine
Abound with Fiſhes, pray *Hyperion*
T' abandon ſoon his liquid Manſion,
If he expect in his prefixt Career,
To hoaſt with you a Month in every yeer.

To which Purpoſe effectually he calleth on the true God.

And thou, eternall Father, at whoſe wink
The wrathfull Ocean's ſwelling pride doth ſink,
And ſtubborn ſtorms of bellowing Winds be dumb,
Their wide mouths ſtopt, & their wild pinions num;
Great Soverain of the Seas, whoſe hooks can draw
A man alive from the Whales monſtrous maw,
Provide me (Lord) of Steers-man, Star, and Boat,
That through the vaſt Seas I may ſafely float:
Or rather teach me dive, that I may view
Deep under water all the Scaly crew;
And dropping wet, when I returne to land
Laden with ſpoyls, extoll thy mighty hand. (ſtuds,

The firſt part of this Booke wherein he handleth how by the Commandement of the Lord, the Fiſhes began to move in the Waters.

IN VAIN had God ſtor'd Heav'n with gliſtring
The plain with grain, the mountain tops with woods,
Sever'd the Aire from Fire, the Earth from Water,
Had he not ſoon peopled this large Theatre
With living Creatures: therefore he began
(This-Day) to quicken in the *Ocean*,
In ſtanding *Pools*, and in the ſtraggling *Rivers*
(Whoſe folding Chanell fertill Champain ſevers)
So many *Fiſhes* of ſo many features,
That in the Waters one may ſee all Creatures,
And all that in this All is to be found;
As if the World within the Deeps were drown'd.

The Seas no leſs ſtored with Priviledges and preſidents of Gods glorious power, then heaven and earth: and of the ſtrange Fiſhes that live therein.

Seas have (as well as Skies) Sun, Moon, and Stars:
(As well as Aire) Swallows, and Rooks and Stares:
(As well as Earth) Vines, Roſes, Nettles, Millions,
Pinks, Gilliflowers, Muſhroms, and many millions
Of other Plants, (more rare & ſtrange then theſe)
As very Fiſhes living in the Seas:
And alſo Rams, Calfs, Horſes, Hares, and Hogs,
Wolves, Lions, Urchins, Elephants, and Dogs,

Yea Men and Mayds: and (which I more admire)
The Mytred Bishop, and the Cowled Fryer:
Whereof, examples (but a few years since)
Were shew'n the *Norway's*, and *Polonian* Prince.
You divine Wits of elder Dayes, from whom
The deep *Invention* of rare Works hath come,
Took you not pattern of your Chiefest Tools
Out of the lap of *Thetis*, *Lakes*, and *Pools*?
Which, partly in the Waves, part on the edges
Of craggy Rocks, among the ragged Sedges,
Bring-forth abundance of Pins, Pincers, Spoaks,
Pikes, percers, needles, mallets, pipes & yoaks, (mers,
Ow'rs, sails, & swords, saws, wedges, razors, ram-
Plumes, cornets, knives, wheels, vices, horns & ham-
And, as if *Neptune*, and fair *Panopé*, (mers.
Palæmon, *Triton*, and *Lucothoé*,
Kept publike Roules, there is the *Calamary*;
Who, ready, Pen-knife, Pen and Ink doth carry.
As a rare Painter draws (for pleasure) here
A sweet *Adonis*, a foul *Satyre* there:
Here a huge *Cyclop*, there a *Pigmé* Elf:
Somtimes, no less busying his skilfull selfe
Upon some ugly Monster (seldom seen,)
Then on the Picture of faire *Beauties Queen*:
Even so the Lord, that, in his work's varietie,
We might the more admire his powerfull Deitie;
And that we might discern, by different features,
The various kinds of the vast Oceans creatures;
Forming this mighty frame, he every kind
With divers and peculiar Signet sign'd.
Some have their heads groveling betwixt their feet
(As th' inky *Cuttles*, and the *Many-feet*):
Some in their breast (as *Crabs*): some head-less are,
Foot-less, and finnless (as the banefull *Hare*,
And heatfull *Oyster*) in a heap confus'd,
Their parts unparted, in themselves diffus'd.
The *Tyrian* Merchant, or the *Portuguze*
Can hardly build one Ship of many Trees:
But of one *Tortoise*, when he list to float,
Th' *Arabian* Fisher-man can make a boat:
And one such Shell him in the stead doth stand
Of Hulk at Sea, and of an House on land.
Shall I omit the monstrous *Whirl-about*,
Which in the Sea another Sea doth spout,
Wherewith huge Vessels (if they happen nigh)
Are over-whelm'd and sunken suddenly?
Shall I omit the *Tunnies*, that durst meet
Th' *Eoan* Monarchs never danted Fleet,
And beard, more bravely, his victorious Powrs
Then the Defendants of the *Tyrian* Towrs;
Or *Porus*, conquered on the *Indian* Coast;
Or great *Darius* that three Battels lost?
When on the Surges I perceive, from far,
Th' *Ork*, *Whirl-poole Whale*, or huffing *Physeter*,
Me thinks I see the wandring *Ile* again
(*Ortygian Delos*) floating on the Main.
And when in Combat these fell Monsters cross,
Me seems some Tempest all the Seas doth toss.
Our fear-less Saylers, in far voyages
(More led by Gain's hope then their Compasses)
On th' *Indian* shore, have somtime noted some
Whose bodies covered two broad Acres room:
And in the *South-Seas* they have also seen
Some like high-topped and huge armed Treen;
And other-some, whose monstrous backs did bear
Two mighty wheels with whirling spoakes, that
Much like the winged & wide spreading sails (were,
Of any Wind-mill, turn'd with merry gales.
But God (who Nature in her nature holdes)
Not onely cast them in so sundry moldes;
But gave them manners much more differing,
As well our wits as our weak eyes to bring
Int' admiration; that men, evermore,
Praising his Works, might praise their Maker more.
Some love fresh Waters, some the salt desire,
Some from the Sea use yearly to retire
To the next Rivers, at their own contenting,
So both the Waters with free Trade frequenting:
Having (like Lords) two Houses of receipt;
For Winter th' one, th' other for Summers heat.
As Citizens, in some intestine braul,
Long cooped up within their Castle wall;
So soon as Peace is made, and Siege remov'd,
Forsake a while their Town so strong approv'd;
And tir'd with toyl, by leashes and by payrs,
Crowned with Garlands, go to take the ayrs:
So, dainty *Salmons*, *Chevins* thunder-scar'd,
Feast-famous *Sturgeons*, *Lampreys* speckle-star'd,
In the Spring season the rough Seas forsake,
And in the Rivers thousand pleasures take;
And yet the plenty of delicious foods,
Their pleasant lodging in the crystall floods,
The fragrant sents of flowry banks about,
Cannot their Countrey's tender love wipe out
Of their remembrance; but they needs will home,
In th' irefull Ocean to go seek their Tomb:
Like English Gallants, that in Youth do go
To visit Rhine, Sein, Ister, Arn, *and* Po;
Where though their Sense be dandled, dayes and nights,
In sweetest choice of changeable Delights,
They never can forget their Mother-Soyl,
But hourly home their hearts and eyes recoyl,
Long languishing with an extream Desire
To see the smoak of their deer Native Fire.
One (like a Pirat) onely lives of prizes,
That in the Deep he desperately surprizes:
Another haunts the shore, to feed on foam:
Another round about the Rocks doth roam,
Nibbling on Weeds: another hating theeving,
Eats nought at all, of liquor onely living:
For, the salt humor of his Element
Serves him, alone, for perfect nourishment. (torrents,
Some love the clear streams of swift tumbling
Which through the rocks straining their struggling
Break banks & Bridges; and do never stop, (currents
Till thirsty Summer come to drink them up:
Some almost alwaies pudder in the mud
Of sleepy Pools, and never brook the flood
Of Chrystall streams, that in continuall motion
Bend toward the bosom of their Mother Ocean:
As the most part of the Worlds Peers prefer
Broyls before Rest; and place their Peace in War:
And some againe (of a far differing humour)
Hold Rest so deer, that but the onely rumour
Of War far off, affrights them at the first;
And wanting *Peace*, they count their States accurst.
O watry Citizens, what Umpeer bounded
Your liquid Livings? O! what Monarch mounded
With

Why God created so many sorts of strange Fishes.

Examples. The Pour-Cuttle. Cuttle. Crab. Sea-Hare. Oyster.

The Tortoise.

The Tunny.

Divers kinds of Whales.

Of their monstrous shapes and huge quantities.

Of the divers qualities of Fishes.

Simile. Describing the custome of certain Sea-Fishes, frequenting the fresh Waters in some seasons of the yeer.

Comparison.

The Fishes feeding.

Of the providence of God in their divers and notible manner of living: affording many lessons to mankinde.

With walls your City? what severest Law
Keeps your huge armies in so certain aw,
That you encroch not on the neighbouring Borders
Of your swim-brethren? as (against all Orders)
Men daily practise, joining Land to Land,
House unto House, Sea to Sea, Strand to Strand,
Mountain to Mountain, and (most-most insatiable)
World unto World, if they could work it possible.
And you (wise Fishes) that for recreation,
Or for your seeds securer propagation,
Doe somtimes shift your ordinary Dwelling;
What learned *Chalde* (skild in fortune-telling)
What cunning Prophet your fit time doth show?
What Heralds Trumpet summons you to go? (ons
What Guide conducteth, Day & Night, your Legi-
Through path-less paths in unacquainted Regions?
What Captain stout? what Loadston, Steel, and Star,
Measures your course in your adventures farre?
Surely the same that made you first of Nought,
Who in your Nature some *Idêas* wrought
Of Good and Evill; to the end that we,
Following the Good, might from the Evill flee.

Strange nature of the fish Sargus.

Th' adulterous *Sargus* doth not onely change
Wives every day, in the deep streams; but (strange)
As if the honey of Sea-loves delights
Could not suffice his ranging appetites,
Courting the Shee-Goats on the grassie shore,
Would horn their Husbands that had horns before;

Of Cantharus.

Contrary to the constant *Cantharus*,
Who, ever faithfull to his dearest Spouse
In Nuptiall Duties spending all his life,
Loves never other then his onely wife.

Of the Mullet.

But, for her Love, the *Mullet* hath no Peer;
For, if the Fisher have surpriz'd her Pheer,
As mad with wo to shore she followeth,
Prest to consort him both in life and death.

Simile.

As yerst those famous, loving *Thracian Dames*
That leapt alive into the funerall flames
Of their dead Husbands; who deceast and gone,
Those loyall Wives hated to live alone.

The Uranoscopus.

O! who can here sufficiently admire
That *Gaping-Fish* whose glistering eyes aspire
Still toward Heav'n; as if beneath the skies
He found no object worthy of his eyes.
As the Wood-pecker, his long tongue doth fill
Out of the clov'n pipe of his horny bill,
To catch the Emets; when, beguil'd with-all,
The busie swarms about it creep and crawl:
Th' *Urano-scope*, so, hid in mud, doth put
Out of his gullet a long limber gut,
Most like unto a little Worm (at sight)
Where-at, eft-soons, many small Fishes bite:
Which there-withall this Angler swallows straight,
Alwaies self-armed with hook, line, and bait.

* The Ozena.

The subtle * *Smell-strong-Many-foot*, that fain
A dainty feast of *Oyster-flesh* would gain,
Swims softly down, and to him slily slips,
Wedging with stones his yet wide-yawning lips,
Lest else (before that he have had his prey)
The *Oyster* closing, clip his limbs away,
And (where he thought t' have joy'd his victories)
Himselfe become unto his prize a prize.

The Torpedo.

The *Cramp-Fish*, knowing that she harboureth
A plague-full humour, a fell banefull breath,
A secret *Poppy*, and a sensless Winter,
Be-numming all that dare too-neer her venter:
Pours forth her poyson, and her chilling Yce
On the next Fishes; charm'd so in a trice,
That she not onely stayes them in the Deep,
But stuns their sense, and luls them fast asleep;
And then (at fill) she with their flesh is fed,
Whose frozen limbs (still living) seem but dead.
'Tis this *Torpedo*, that, when she hath took
Into her throat the sharp deceitfull hook,
Doth not as other Fish, that wrench and wriggle
When they be prickt, & plunge, & strive, & struggle;
And by their stir, thinking to scape the Angle,
Faster and faster on the hook doe tangle:
But, wily clasping close the Fishing Line,
Suddenly spews into the Silver brine
Her secret-spreading sudden speeding bane;
Which, up the Line, and all along the Cane,
Creeps to the hand of th' Angler; who, with-all
Benumm'd and senseless, suddenly lets fall
His hurtfull pole, and his more hatefull prize:

Simile.

Become like one that (as in bed he lies)
Seems in his sleep to see some gastly Ghost;
In a cold sweat, shaking, and swelt almost,
He cals his Wife for ayd, his friends his folks,
But his stuft stomach his weak clamour choaks:
Then would he strike at that he doth behold;
But sleep and feare his feeble hands do hold:
Then would he run away; but as he strives,
He feels his feet fetter'd with heavie Gyves,

The Scolopendra.

But, if the *Scolopendra* have suckt-in
The sowr-sweet morsell with the barded Pin,
She hath as rare a trick to rid her from it:
For, instantly, she all her guts doth vomit;
And having clear'd them from the danger, then
She fair and softly sups them in again,
So that not one of them within her womb
Changeth his office, or his wonted room.

The Amia. The Sea-Fox.

The thriving *Amia* (neer *Abidos* breeding)
And subtle *Sea-Fox* (in Steeds-love exceeding)
Without so vent'ring their dear life and lyning,
Can from the Worm-clasp compass their untwi-
For, sucking-in more of the twisted hair, (ning;
Above the hook they it in sunder shear;
So that their foe, who for a Fish did look
Lifts up a bare line robb'd of bait and hook.

The Barbil.

But timorous *Barbles* will not taste the bit,
Till with their tails they have unhooked it:
And all the baits the Fisher can devise
Cannot beguile their wary jealousies.

The Cuttle.

Even so, almost, the *many spotted Cuttle*
Well-neer insnared yet escapeth suttle;
For, when she sees her selfe within the Net,
And no way left, but one from thence to get,
She suddenly a certaine Ink doth spew,
Which dyes the Waters of a sable hew;
That, dazling so the Fishers greedy sight,
She through the clouds of the black Waters night
Might scape with honour the black streams of *Styx*,
Whereof already, almost lost, she licks.

Simile.

And, as a Prisoner, (of some great transgression,
Convict by witness and his own confession)
Kept in dark Durance full of noysom breath,
Expecting nothing but the Day of Death;

Spies every corner, and pries round about
To finde ſome weak place where he may get out:
The Golden-eye or Guilt-head. The delicate, cud-chewing *Golden-eye*,
Kept in a Weyre, the wideſt ſpace doth ſpy,
And thruſting in his tail, makes th' Oſiars gape
With his oft flapping, and doth ſo eſcape:
But, if his fellow finde him thus beſted,
He lends his tail to the impriſoned;
That thereby holding faſt with gentle jaw,
Him from his durance, he may friendly draw.
Or, (if before that he were captivate)
He ſee him hooked on the biting bait,
Haſting to help, he leapeth at the line,
And with his teeth ſnaps-off the hairy twine.
Sundry inſtructions that Fiſhes give to men. You ſtony hearts, within whoſe ſtubborn Center
Could never touch of ſacred friendſhip enter,
Look on theſe Seas my Songs have calmed thus:
Here's many a *Damon*, many a *Theſeus*.
The Sparlings. The gilden *Sparlings*, when cold Winters blaſt
Begins to threat, themſelves together caſt
In heaps like bals, and heating mutually,
Live; that alone, of the keen cold would dye.
Thoſe ſmall white Fiſh to *Venus* conſecrated,
Though without *Venus* ayd they be created
Of th' Ocean ſcum; ſeeing themſelves a prey
Expos'd in every Water-Rovers way,
Swarming by thouſands, with ſo many a fold (hold
Combine themſelves, that their joynt ſtrength doth
Againſt the greedieſt of the Sea-theeves ſallies;
Yea, and to ſtay the courſe of ſwifteſt Gallies.
Simile. As a great Carrak, cumbred and oppreſt
With her ſelfs-burthen, wends not Eaſt and Weſt,
Star-boord and Lar-boord, with ſo quick Careers
As a ſmall Fregat, or ſwift Pinnaſs ſteers:
Anacher. And as a large and mighty limbed Steed,
Either of *Friſeland*, or of *German* breed,
Can never manage half ſo readily,
As *Spaniſh* Jennet, or light *Barbarie*:
Of the Whale and his friend Muſculus. So the huge *Whale* hath not ſo nimble motion,
As ſmaller Fiſhes that frequent the Ocean;
But ſometimes rudely 'gainſt a Rock he bruſhes,
Or in ſome roaring ſtraight he blindly ruſhes,
And ſcarce could live a Twelve-month to an end,
But for the little *Muſculus* (his friend)
A little Fiſh, that ſwimming ſtill before,
Directs him ſafe from Rock, from Shelf and Shore:
Simile. Much like a Childe that loving leads about
His aged Father when his eyes be out;
Still wafting him through every way ſo right,
That reſt of eyes he ſeems not reſt of ſight.
Waves-mother *Thetis*, though thine arms embrace
The World about, within thine ample ſpace,
A firmer League of friendſhip is not ſeen
Then is the *Pearl-Fiſh* and the *Prawn* between;
Strange League betweene the Pearl-fish and the Prawne. Both have but one repaſt, both but one Palace,
But one delight, death, ſorrow, and one ſolace:
That lodgeth this, and this remunerates
His Land-lords kindneſs, with all needfull Cates.
For, while the *Pearl-Fiſh* gaping wide doth gliſter,
Much Fry (allur'd with the bright ſilver luſtre
Of her rich Casket) flocks into the *Nacre*;
Then with a prick the *Prawn* a ſigne doth make her
That inſtantly her ſhining ſhell ſhe'll cloſe
(Becauſe the prey worthy the pain he knowes):
Which gladly done, ſhe ev'nly ſhareth-out
The prey betwixt her, and her faithfull ſcout.
And ſo the *Sponge-ſpy*, warily awakes
The *Sponges* dull ſenſe, when repaſt it takes.
Alſo betweene the Sponge and his ſpy. The Galley-Fiſh. The ſayle-Fiſh. Boat-Crab. Sea-Urchin. But O! what ſtile can worthily declare
(O! *Galley-Fiſh*, and thou *Fiſh-Mariner*,
Thou *Boat-Crab*, and *Sea-Urchin*) your dexterity
In Sailers Art, for ſafeneſs and celerity!
If *Jaffa* Merchants, now Comburgers ſeem
With *Portugals*, and *Portugals* with them:
If Worlds of Wealth, born under other Sky,
Seem born in ours: if without wings we fly
From North to South, and from the Eaſt to Weſt,
Through hundred ſundry way-leſs wayes addreſt:
If (to be brief) this World's rich compaſs round,
Seem as a Common, without hedge or mound,
Where (at his choyce) each may him freely ſtore
With rareſt fruits; You may we thank therefore.
For, whether *Typhis*, or that pride of *Greece*
That ſayl'd to *Colchos* for the *Golden-fleece*,
Or *Belus* Son, firſt builded floating bowrs,
To mate the Windes ſtorms, & the Waters ſtowrs;
What ee'r he were, he ſurely learn'd of you
The Art of Rowing and of Sailing too.
The Sea-Hermit. Here would I ceaſe ſave that this hum'rous ſong
The *Hermit-Fiſh* compels me to prolong.
A man of might that builds him a defence
'Gainſt Weathers rigour and Warr's inſolence,
Firſt dearly buyes (for, What good is good-cheap?)
Both the rich Matter and rare VVorkmanſhip:
But, without buying Timber, Lime, and Stone,
Or hiring men to build his Manſion,
Or borrowing Houſe, or paying Rent therefore,
He lodgeth ſafe: for, finding on the ſhore
Some handſome ſhell, whoſe Native Lord, of late
VVas diſpoſſeſſed by the Doom of Fate;
Therein he enters, and he takes poſſeſſion
Of th' empty Harbour by the free conceſſion
Of natures Law; who *Goods that owner want
Alwaies allots to the firſt Occupant*.
In this new Caſe, or in this Cradle (rather)
He ſpends his Youth: then, growing both together
In age and wit, he gets a wider Cell,
VVherein at Sea his later dayes to dwell.
But *Clio*, wherefore art thou tedious
In numbring *Neptunes* buſie Burgers thus?
If in his works thou wilt admire the worth
Of the Seas Soveraigne, bring but onely forth
One little *Fiſh*, whoſe admirable Story
Sufficeth ſole to ſhew his might and glory.
The ſtrange and ſecret property of the Remora or Stop-ſhip. Let all the VVinds in one VVinde gather them,
And (ſeconded with *Neptunes* ſtrongeſt ſtream)
Let all at once blow all their ſtiffeſt gales
A-ſtern a Galley under all her ſails;
Let her be holpen with a hundred Owers,
Each lively handled by five luſty Rowers:
The *Remora*, fixing her feeble horn
Into the tempeſt-beaten Veſſels ſtern,
Stayes her ſtone-ſtill, while all her ſtout Conſorts
Saile thence at pleaſure to their wiſhed Ports.
Then looſe they all the ſheets, but to no boot:
For, the charm'd Veſſell bougeth not a foot:
No more then if three fadome under ground,
A ſcore of Anchors held her faſtly bound:

No

No more then doth an Oak that in the Wood
Hath thousand tempests (thousand times) with-stood,
Spreading as many massie roots belowe,
As mighty Arms above the ground do growe.
O *Stop-Ship* say, say how thou canst oppose
Thy selfe alone against so many foes.
O! tell us where thou doo'st thine Anchors hide,
Whence thou resistest Sayls, Ow'rs, Wind, & Tide.
How on the sodain canst thou curb so short
A Ship, whom all the Elements transport?
Whence is thine Engin and thy secret force
That frustrates Engins, and all force doth force?
I had (in Harbour) heav'd mine Anchor o're,
And ev'n already set one foot a-shore;
Dolphin When lo, the *Dolphin*, beating 'gainst the bank,
'Gan mine oblivion moodily mis-thank.
Peace Princely Swimmer, sacred *Fish* content thee;
For, for thy praise, th'end of this Song I meant thee.
Brave Admirall of the broad briny Regions,
Triumphant Tamer of the scaly Legions,
Who living, ever liv'st (for, never sleep,
Deaths lively Image, in thy eyes doth creep)
Lover of Ships, of Men, of Melody, (ply
Thou up and down through the moyst World dost
Swift as a shaft; whose Salt thou lovest so,
That lacking that, thy life thou dost forgoe:
Thou (gentle Fish) wert th' happy Boat, of yore,
Which safely brought th' *Amiclean* Harp a-shore.
The strange adventure of Arion, saved by a Dolphin *Arion*, matchless for his Musicks skill,
Among the *Latines* having gain'd his fill
Of gold and glory, and exceeding fain
To re-salute his learned *Greece* again;
Unwares, imbarks him in a Pyrates ship,
Who, loath to let so good a booty slip,
Soon weighes his Anchors, packs on all his sail;
And VVinds conspiring with a prosperous gale,
His winged Fregat made so speedy flight,
Tarentum Towers were quicly out of sight;
And all, save Skies, and Seas, on every side;
VVhere th' onely Compass is the Pylots guide.
The Saylours then (whom many times we finde
Falser then Seas, and fiercer then the VVinde)
Fall straight to strip him rifling (at their Pleasure)
In every corner to find out his Treasure;
And, having found it, all with one accord
Hoist th' Owner up, to heave him over-boord.
VVho, weeping, said O *Nereus* noble issue,
Not, to restore my little gold, I wish you:
For, my chiefe Treasure in my Musick lyes
(And all *Apollo's* sacred Pupils, prize
The holy Virgins of *Parnassus* so,
That under-foot all worldly wealth they throw.)
No (brave Triumphers over VVinde and VVave,
VVho in both VVorlds your habitation have,
VVho both Heav'ns Hooks in your adventures
'Tis not for That, with broken sighes I sue: (view)
I but beseech you, offer no impieties
Unto a person deer unto the Deities.
So may *Messenian Sirens*, for your sake,
Be ever mute when you your voyage make,
And *Triton's* Trumpet th' angry Surges swage,
VVhen (justly) *Neptune* shall against you rage.
But if (alas!) I cannot this obtaine
(As my faint eye reads in your frowns too plaine)
Suffer, at least, to my sad dying voyce,
My dolefull fingers to consort their noise:
That so the Sea-Nymphs (rapt in admiration
Of my divine, sweet, sacred lamentation)
Dragging my corps to shore, with weeping showrs
May dew the same, and it entoomb in flowrs.
Then play (said they) and give us both together
Treasure and pleasure by thy comming hither.
His sweetest strokes then sad *Arion* lent
Th' inchanting sinnewes of his Instrument:
Wherewith he charm'd the raging Ocean so,
That crook-tooth'd *Lampreys*, and the *Congers* row
Friendly together, and their native hate
The *Pike* and *Mullet* (for the time) forgate,
And *Lobstars* floated fear-less all the while
Among the *Polyps* prone to theft and guile.
But among all the Fishes that did throng
To dance the measures of his mournefull song,
There was a *Dolphin* did the best accord
His nimble Motions to the trembling Chord:
Who, gently sliding neer the Pinnas side,
Seem'd to invite him on his back to ride.
By this time, twice the Saylours had assayd
To heave him o're; yet twice himselfe he staied:
And now the third time strove they him to cast;
Yet by the shrowds the third time held he fast:
But lastly, seeing Pyrats past remorse,
And him too-feeble to withstand their force,
The trembling *Dolphins* shoulders he bestrid;
Who on the Oceans azure Surges slid;
So, that far-off (his charge so cheered him)
One would have thought him rather fly, then swim:
Yet fears he every Shelfe and every Surge
(Not for himselfe, but for his tender charge)
And, sloaping swiftly overthwart those Seas
(Not for his owne but for his Riders ease)
Makes double haste to finde some happy strand,
Where his sweet *Phœbus* he may safely land.
Mean-while, *Arion*, with his Musick rare,
Payes his deer Pylot his delightfull Fare.
And heaving eyes to Heav'n (the Hav'n of Pity)
To his sweet Harp he tunes this sacred Ditty;
O thou Almighty! who mankinde to wrack,
Of thousand Seas, didst whilom one Sea make,
And yet didst save from th' universall Doom,
One sacred Houshold, that in time to come
(From Age to Age) should sing thy glorious praise?
Looke down (O Lord) from thy supernall rayes;
Look, look (alas!) upon a wretched man;
Halfe Toomb'd already in the Ocean:
O! be my Steers-man, and vouchsafe to guide
The stern-less Boat, and bit-less Horse I ride;
So that, escaping Winds and Waters wrath,
I once again may tread my native path:
And hence-forth, here with solemn vowes I sacre
Unto thy glory (O my God and Maker)
For this great favours high Memoriall,
My Heart and Art, my Voyce, Hand, Harp, and all.
Here-with, the Seas their roaring rage refrain,
The cloudy Welkin waxed clear again,
And all the Windes did sodainly convert
Their mouthes to ears, to heare his wondrous Art.
The *Dolphin* then, discrying Land (at last)
Stormes with himselfe, for having made such haste,
And

And wisht *Laconia* thousand Leagues from thence,
T' have joy'd the while his Musicks excellence.
But, 'fore his owne delight, preferring far
Th' unhoped safety of the Minstrell rare,
Sets him ashore, & (which most strange may seem)
Where life he took, there life restoreth him.
But now (deere *Muse*) with *Jonas* let us hie
From the Whales belly; and from jeopardy
Of stormfull Seas, of wrackfull Rocks and Sand,
Come, come (my Darling) let us haste to Land.

The second part of this Book, treating of Fowles.

While busie, poaring downward in the Deep,
I sing of *Fishes* (that their Quarter keep)
See how the *Fowles* are from my fancie fled,
And their high prayses quite out of my head:
Their flight out-flies me; and my Muse almost
The better halfe of this bright *Day* hath lost.
But, cheer ye, *Birds*: your shadows (as ye pass)
Seeming to flutter on the Waters face,
Make me remember, by their nimble turns,
Both what my duty and your due concerns.
But first I pray (*for meed of all my toyl*
In bringing you into this HAPPIE ILE)
Vouchsafe to waken with your various Notes
The sense-less senses of those drowsie Sots,
Whose eye-lids laden with a weight of Lead
Shall fall a-sleep the while these Rimes are read.
But, if they could not close their wakefull eyes
Among the Waters silent Colonies;
How can they sleep among the *Birds*, whose sound
Through Heav'n, & Earth, & Ocean doth redound?

Of the admirable and only Phœnix.

The Heav'nly Phœnix first began to frame
The Earthly *Phœnix*, and adorn'd the same
With such a plume, that *Phœbus* circuiting
From *Fez* to *Cairo*, sees no fairer thing:
Such form, such feathers, & such Fare he gave-her,
That fruitfull Nature breedeth nothing braver:
Two sparkling eyes; upon her crown, a crest
Of starrie Sprigs (more splendent then the rest)
A golden doun about her dainty neck,
Her brest deep purple, and a scarlet back,
Her wings and train of feathers (mixed fine)
Of orient Azure and incarnadine.
He did appoint her Fate to be her Pheer,
And Deaths cold kisses to restore her here
Her life again, which never shall expire
Untill (as she) the World consume in fire.
For, having passed under divers Climes,
A thousand Winters, and a thousand Primes;
Worn-out with years; wishing her endless end,
To shining flames she doth her life commend,
Dies to revive, and goes into her Grave
To rise again more beautifull and brave.
Perched, therefore, upon a branch of palm,
With Incense, Cassia, Spiknard, Myrrh, and Balm;
By break of Day she builds (in narrow room)
Her Urn, her Nest, her Cradle, and her Toomb:
Where, while she sits all gladly-sad expecting
Some flame (against her fragrant heap reflecting)
To burn her sacred bones to seedfull cinders
(Wherein, her age, but not her life, she renders)
The *Phrygian* Skinker with his lavish Ewer,
Drowns not the Fields with shower after shower;
The shivering *Coach-man*, with his Ycy Snowe
Dares not the Forrests of *Phœnicia* strowe:
Auster presumes not *Lybian* shores to pass
With his moist wings: and gray-beard *Boreas*
(As the most boistrous and rebellious slave)
Is prisoned close in th' *Hyper-Borean* Cave:
For, Nature now propitious to her End,
T' her living Death a helping hand doth lend:
And, stopping all those Mouths, doth mildly sted
Her Funerals, her fruitfull birth, and bed:
And *Sol* himself, glancing his golden eyes
On th' odoriferous Couch wherein she lies:
Kindles the spice, and by degrees consumes
Th' immortall *Phœnix*, both her flesh and plumes.

Her regeneration.

But instantly out of her ashes springs
A VVorm, an Egg then, then a Bird with wings,
Just like the first (rather the same indeed)
Which (re-ingendred of it's selfly seed)
By nobly dying a new Date begins,
And where she loseth, there her life she wins:
End-less by 'r End, eternall by her Tomb;
VVhile, by a prosperous Death, she doth becom
(Among the cinders of her sacred Fire)
Her own selfs Heir, Nurse, Nurseling, Dam, & Sire:
Teaching us all, in *Adam* here to dy,

The best application.

That we in Christ may live eternally.

Birds that follow the Phœnix, and their natures.

The *Phœnix*, cutting th' unfrequented Aire,
Forth-with is followed by a thousand pair
Of wings in th' instant by th' Almighty wrought,
VVith divers Size, Colour, and Motion fraught.

The Swallow.

The sent-strong *Swallow* sweepeth to and fro,
As swift as shafts fly from a Turkish Bow,
VVhen (Use, and Art, and Strength confedered)
The skilfull Archer draws them to the head:
Flying she sings, and singing seeketh where
She more with cunning, then with cost, may rear
Her round-Front Palace in a place secure,
VVhose plot may serve in rarest Arch'tecture:
Her little beak she loads with brittle straws,
Her wings with VVater, and with Earth her claws,
VVhereof she Morter makes and there-with-all
Aptly she builds her semi-circle VVall.

The Lark.

The pretty *Lark*, climbing the VVelkin clear,
Chaunts with a cheer, *Heer peer-I neer my Dear*;
Then stooping thence (seeming her fall to rew)
Adieu (she saith) *adieu, deer Deer adieu.*

The Linot. The Finch.

The *Spink*, the *Linot*, and the *Gold Finch* fill
All the fresh Aire with their sweet warbles shrill.

The Nightingale.

But, These are nothing to the *Nightingale*,
Breathing so sweetly from a brest so small,
So many Tunes, whose Harmony excels
Our Voyce, our Violls, and all Musick els.
Good Lord! how oft in a green Oaken Grove,
In the cool shadow have I stood and strove
To marry mine immortall Layes to theirs,
Rapt with delight of their delicious Aiers!
And (yet) me thinks, in a thick thorn I hear
A *Nightingale* to warble sweetly, cleer.
One while she bears the Base, anon the Tenor,
Anon the Treble, then the Counter-Tenor:
Then all at once; (as it were) chalenging
The rarest voices with her self to sing.
Thence thirty steps, amid the leafie Sprayes,
Another *Nightingale* repeats her Layes,
Just Note for Note, and adds some strain at last,
That she hath conned all the Winter past:

The

The first replyes, and descants there-upon;
With divine warbles of Division,
Redoubling Quavers; And so (turn by turn)
Alternatly they sing away the Morn:
So that the conquest in this curious strife
Doth often cost the one her voyce and life:
Then, the glad Victor all the rest admire,
And after count her Mistress of the Quire.
At break of Day, in a delicious song
She sets the *Gam-ut* to a hundred yong;
And, when as fit for higher Tunes she sees them,
Then learnedly she harder Lessons gives-them;
Which, strain by strain, they studiously recite,
And follow all their Mistress Rules aright.

Divers other delicate, and gentle Birds.

The *Colchian Pheasant*, and the *Partridge* rare,
The lustfull *Sparrow*, and the fruitfull *Stare*,
The chattering *Pye*, the chastest *Turtle-Dove*, (love,)
The grizel *Quoist*, the *Thrush* (that Grapes doth
The little *Gnat-snap* (worthy Princes Boords)
And the greene *Parrat*, fainer of our Words,
Wait on the *Phœnix*, and admire her tunes,
And gaze themselves in her blew golden plumes.

Ravenous Birds.

The ravening *Kite*, whose train doth well supply
A Rudders place, the *Falcon* mounting high,
The *Marlin*, *Lanar*, and the gentle *Tercell*,
Th' *Osprey*, and *Saker*, with a nimble sarcell,
Follow the *Phœnix*, from the Clouds (almost)
At once discovering many an unknow'n Coast.

In the swift Rank of these fell Rovers, flies
The *Indian Griffin* with the glistring eyes,
Beak *Eagle-like*, back sable, sanguin brest, (prest
White (Swan-like) wings, fierce talons always
For bloody battails; for, with these he tears
Boars, Lions, Horses, Tigres, Bulls, and Bears:
With these, our Grandams fruitfull panch he puls,
Whence many an Ingot of pure Gold he culls,
To floor his proud nest, builded strong and steep
On a high Rock, better his thefts to keep:
With these, he guards against an Army bold
The hollow Mines where first he findeth Gold;
As wroth, that men upon his right should rove,
Or theevish hands usurp his *Treasar-trove*.

Destruction of Avarice, for her and enable and dangerous effects.

O! ever may'st thou fight so (valiant Fowl)
For this dire bane of our seduced soule:
And (with thee) may the *Dardan* Ants so ward
The Gold committed to their carefull Guard, (her
That hence-forth hopeless, mans frail mind may rest
From seeking that, which doth it's Masters master.
O odious poyson! for the which we dive
To *Pluto's* dark Den: for the which we rive
Our Mother Earth; and, not contented with
Th' abundant gifts she outward offereth,
With sacrilegious Tools we rudely rend-her,
And ransack deeply in her bosom tender,
While under ground we live in hourly fear
When the frail Mines shall over-whelm us there:
For which beyond rich *Taproban*, we roule
Through thousand Seas to seek another Pole;
And maugre Windes and Waters enmity,
We every Day new unknow'n Worlds descry:
For which (alas!) the Brother sels his Brother,
The Sire his Son, the Son his Sire and Mother,
The Man his Wife, the Wife her wedded Pheer,
The Friend his Friend: O! what not sell we here?
Sithence, to satiate our Gold-thirsty gall,
We sell our selves, our very soules, and all.

Night-Fowles and solitary Birds.

Neer these, the *Crow* his greedy wings displayes,
The long-liv'd *Rav'n*, th' *infamous Bird* that layes
His Bastard Egges within the nests of other,
To have them hatcht by an unkindely Mother:
The *Skrich-Owle*, us'd in falling Towres to lodge,
Th' unlucky *Night-Rav'n*, and thou lasie *Madge*
That, fearing light, still seekest where to hide
The hate and scorn of all the Birds beside.

Water Fowls

But (gentle *Muse*) tell me what *Fowls* are those
That but even-now from flaggy Fenns arose?
'Tis th' hungry *Hern*, the greedy *Cormorant*,
The *Coot* and *Curlew*, which the moors doe haunt,
The nimble *Teal*, the *Mallard* strong in flight,
The *Di-dapper*, the *Plover* and the *Snight*:
The silver *Swan*, that dying singeth best,
And the *Kings-Fisher*; which so builds her nest,
By the Sea-side in midst of Winter Season, (Reason)
That man (in whom shines the bright Lamp of
Cannot devise, with all the wit he ha's,
Her little building how to raise or raze:
So long as there her quiet Couch she keeps,
Sicilian Sea exceeding calmly sleeps;
For, *Æolus*, fearing to drown her brood,
Keeps home the while, and troubles not the Flood.
The Pirat (dwelling always in his Bark)
In's Calendar her building Dayes doth mark:
And the rich Merchant resolutely ventures,
So soon as th' *Halcyon* in her brood-bed enters.
Mean-while, the *Langa*, skimming (as it were)
The Oceans surface, seeketh every where
The hugy Whale; where slipping-in (by Art)
In his vast mouth, she feeds upon his heart.

Strange admirable Birds.

New-Spain's *Cucuio*, in his forhead brings
Two burning Lamps, two underneath his wings;
Whose shining Rayes serve oft, in darkest night,
Th' imbroiderer's hand in royall Works to light:
Th' ingenious Turner, with a wakefull eye,
To polish fair his purest Ivory:
The Usurer to count his glistring treasures:
The learned Scribe to limn his golden measures.

But note we now, towards the rich *Moluques*,
Those passing strange & wondrous (birds)* *Manu-*
(Wondrous indeed, if Sea, or Earth, or Sky, (ques
Saw ever wonder swim, or go, or fly) (breeds them):
None knowes their nest, none knowes the dam that
Food-less they live; for, th' Aire alonely feeds them:
Wing-less they fly; and yet their flight extends,
Till, with their flight, their unknow'n lives-date (ends.

* With us stild Birds of Paradise.

Charitable Birds.

The *Stork*, still eying her deer *Thessalie*,
The *Pelican* consorteth cheerfully:
Praise-worthy Payre; with pure examples yeeld
Of faithfull Father, and officious Childe:
Th' one quites (in time) her Parents love exceeding,
From whom she had her birth & tender breeding,
Not onely brooding under her warm brest
Their age-chill'd bodies bed-rid in the nest;
Nor onely bearing them upon her back (they lack;
Through th' empty Aire when their owne wings
But also sparing (This let Children note)
Her daintiest food from her own hungry throat,
To feed at home her feeble Parents, held
From forraging, with heavie Gyves of Eld.

The other, kindly, for her tender Brood
Tears her own bowells, trilleth out her blood
To heal her young, and in a wondrous sort
Unto her Children doth her life transport:
For, finding them by some fell Serpent slain,
She rents her brest, and doth upon them rain
Her vitall humour; whence recovering heat,
They by her death, another life do get:
A Type of *Christ*, who, sin-thrall'd man to free,
Became a captive; and on shamefull Tree (save-us,
(Self-guiltless) shed his blood, by's wounds to
And salve the wounds th'old Serpent firstly gave-us:
And so became of meer immortall, mortall;
Thereby to make frail mortall Man, immortall.

Lessons for mankinde, out of the consideration of the natures of divers creatures.

Thus do'st thou print (O Parent of this All)
In every brest of brutest Animall
A kind instinct, which makes them dread no less
Their Childrens danger, then their owne decease;
That so each Kinde may last immortally,
Though th' *Individuum* pass successively.
So fights a *Lion* not for glory (then)
But for his Deer Whelps taken from his Den
By Hunters fell: He fiercely roareth out,
He wounds, he kils; amid the thickest rout,
He rushes-in, dread-less of spears, and darts, (parts;
Swords, shafts, & staves, though hurt in thousand
And brave-resolved, till his last breath lack,
Never gives-over, nor an inch gives-back:
Wrath salves his wounds: and lastly (to conclude)
When, over-layd with might and Multitude,
He needs must die; dying, he more bemoanes,
Then his own death, his Captive little-Ones.
So, for their young our *Mastly Curs* will fight,
Eagerly bark, bristle their backs and bite.
So, in the *Deep*, the *Dog-Fish* for her Fry
Lucina's throwes, a thousand times doth try:
For, seeing when the subtle Fisher followes them,
Again alive into her womb she swallowes them;
And when the perill's past, she brings them thence,
As from the Cabins of a safe defence;
And (thousand lives to their deer Parent owing)
As sound as ever in the Seas are rowing.
So doth a *Hen* make of her wings a Targe
To shield her *Chickens* that she hath in charge:
And so, the *Sparrow* with her angry bill
Defends her brood from such as would them ill.

The Crane.

I hear the *Crane* (if I mistake not) cry:
Who in the Clouds forming the forked Y,
By the brave orders practiz'd under her,
Instructeth Souldiers in the Art of War.
For when her Troops of wandring Cranes forsake
Frost-firmed *Strymon*, and (in *Autumn*) take
Truce with the *Northren Dwarfs*, to seek adventure
In *Southren Climates* for a milder Winter;
A front each Band a forward Captain flies,
Whose pointed Bill cuts passage through the Skies;
Two skilfull Sergeants keep the Ranks aright,
And with their voyce hasten their tardy Flight;
And when the honey of care-charming sleep
Sweetly begins through all their veines to creep,
One keeps the Watch, and ever carefull-most,
Walks many a Round about the sleeping Hoast,
Still holding in his claw a stony clod,
Whose fall may wake him if he hap to nod.

Another doth as much, a third, a fourth,
Untill, by turns the night be turned forth.

The Peacock.

There, the fair *Peacock* beautifully brave,
Proud, portly-strouting, stalking, stately-grave,
Wheeling his starry Trayn, in pomp displayes
His glorious eyes to *Phœbus* golden rayes.

The Cock.

Close by his side stands the couragious *Cock*,
Crest-peoples King, the Peasants trusty Clock,
True Morning Watch, *Aurora's* Trumpeter,
The Lyons terror, true Astronomer,
Who daily riseth when the Sun doth rise;
And when *Sol* setteth then to roost he hies.

The Estridge.

There, I perceive amid the flowry Plain
The mighty *Estridge*, striving oft in vain
To mount among the flying multitude,
(Although with feathers, not with flight indu'd),
Whose greedy stomack steely gads digests;
Whose crisped train adorns triumphant crests.

Thou happy Witness of my happy Watches,
Blush not (my book) nor think it thee dismatches,
To bear about upon thy paper-Tables,
Flies, *Butterflies*, *Gnats*, *Bees*, and all the rabbles
Of other *Insects* (endless to rehearse)

Of Insects, in the Creation where, of the wisdome of their Maker shineth admirably.

Limn'd with the pencill of my various Verse:
Sith these are also his wise Workmanships
Whose fame did never obscure Work eclipse:
And sith in These he shows us every howr
More wondrous proofs of his Almighty powr
Then in huge Whales, or hideous Elephants,
Or what soever other Monster haunts
In Storm-less Seas, raising a storm about,
While in the Sea another Sea they spout.
For, if old times admire *Callicrates*
For Ivory *Emmets*; and *Mermecides*
For framing of a rigged Ship, so small
That with her wings a *Bee* can hide it all,
(Though th' Artfull fruits of all their curious pain,
Fit for no use, were but inventions vain)
Admire we then th' all-wise Omnipotence,
Which doth within so narrow space dispence
So stiff a sting, so stout and valiant heart,

Of Flyes.

So loud a voyce, so prudent Wit and Art.

Of Bees.

For, where's the State beneath the Firmament,
That doth excell the Bees for Government?
No, no: bright *Phœbus*, whose eternall Race
Once every Day about the World doth pace,
Sees here no Cittie, that in Rites and Lawes
(For Equitie) neer to their Justice drawes:
Not * That which flying from the furious *Hun*,

* Venice.

In th' *Adrian* Sea another World begun,
Their well-rul'd State my soule so much admires,
That, durst I loose the Reins of my desires,
I gladly could digress from my designe,
To sing a while their sacred Discipline:
But if, of all, whose skilfull Pencils dare
To counterfeit th' Almightie's Models rare,
None yet durst finish that fair Piece, wherein
Learned *Apelles* drew *Love's* wanton Queen;
Shall I presume *Hymen'* Mount to climbe,
And sing the *Bees* praise in mine humble rime?
Which *Latian* Bards inimitable Prince
Hath warbled twice about the banks of *Mince*?

* The Silkworm.

Yet may I not that little * worm past-by,
Of Fly turn'd Worm, and of a Worm a Fly:

Two

Two births, 2 deaths, here Nature hath assign'd-her;
Leaving a Post-hume (dead-live) seed behind-her,
Which soon transforms the fresh and tender leaves
Of *Thisbes* pale Tree, to those slender sleaves
(On ovall clews) of soft, smooth, *Silken* flakes,
Which more for us, then for her self, she makes.
O precious fleece! which onely did adorn
The sacred loyns of Princes heretofore:
But our proud Age, with prodigall abuse,
Hath so profan'd th' old honourable use,
That Shifters now, who scarce have bread to eat,
Disdain plain *Silk*, unless it be beset
With one of those deer Metals, whose desire
Burns greedy soules with an immortall fire.
Though last, not least; brave *Eagle* no contempt
Made me so long thy story hence exempt;
(Nor LESS-EX *told shall thy true vertues be,*
For th' Eyrie's sake that ownes my Muse and me;
Where Jov's *and* Juno's *stately Birds be billing,*
Their Azure Field with faireſt Eaglets *filling*
(Azure *they bear three* Eaglets *Argentine,*
A Cheuron *Ermin grailed* Or *between).*
WIt CHieftie RICHes, *to* THem *all I wish*
In Earth; in Heav'n th' immortall Crown *of Bliss.)*
For, well I know, thou holdest (worthily)
That place among the Aëry flocks that fly,
As doth the *Dragon*, or the *Cockatrice*
Among the banefull Creeping Companies:
The noble *Lion* among savage beasts;
And gentle *Dolphin* 'mong the Dyving guests.
I know thy course; I know, thy constant sight
Can fixly gaze against Heav'ns greatest Light.
But, as the Phœnix on my Front doth glister,
Thou shalt the Finials of my Frame illustre.
On *Thracian* shore, of the same stormy stream
Which did inherit both the bones and name
Of *Phryxus* Sister (and not far from thence
Where love-blind *Heros* hap-less diligence,
In stead of Loves lamp, lighted Deaths cold brand,
To waft *Leanders* naked limbs to land)
There dwelt a Maid, as noble, and as rich,
As fair as *Hero*, but more chaste by much:
For, her steel brest still blunted all the Darts
Of *Paphos* Archer, and eschew'd his Arts.
One day, this Damsell through a Forrest thick
Hunting among her Friends (that sport did seek)
Unto a steep Rocks thorny-thrummed top
(Where, one (almost) would fear to clamber up)
Two tender *Eaglets* in a nest espies,
Which 'gainst the Sun sate trying of their eyes;
Whose callow backs and bodies round about
With soft short quils began to bristle out;
Who yawning wide, with empty gorge did gape
For wonted fees out of their Parents rape.
Of these two *Fowls* the faireſt up she takes
Into her bosome, and great haste she makes
Down from the Rock, and shivering yet for fear
Trips home as fast as her light feet can bear:
Even as a wolf, that hunting for a prey,
And having stoln (at last) some Lamb away;
Flyes with down-hanging head, and leareth back
Whether the Mastife doo pursue his track.
In time, this *Eagle* was so throughly mann'd,
That from the Quarry to her Mistress hand
At the first call 't would come; and fawn upon-her,
And bill and bow, in signe of love and honour:
On th' other side, the Maiden makes as much
Of her deer Bird; stroaking with gentle touch
Her wings and train, and with a wanton voyce
It wantonly doth cherish and rejoyce:
And (pretty-fondling) she doth prize it higher
Then her owne beauties; which all else admire.
But (as fell Fates mingle our single joyes,
With bitter gall of infinite annoyes)
An extream Fever vext the Virgins bones
(By one disease to cause two deaths at once)
Consum'd her flesh, and wanly did displace
The Rose-mixt-Lillies in her lovely face.
Then far'd the *Foul* and *Faireſt* both alike;
Both like tormented, both like shivering sick;
So that, to note their passions, one would gather
That *Lachesis* spun both their lives together.
But oft the *Eagle*, striving with her Fit,
Would fly abroad to seek some dainty bit
For her deer Mistress: and, with nimble wing,
Some *Rail*, or *Quail*, or *Partridge* would she bring;
Paying with food, the food receiv'd so oft,
From those fair Ivory, Virgin-fingers soft,
During her nonage, yet she durst assay
To cleave the sky, and for her selfe to prey.
The Fever now with spitefull fits had spent
The blood and marrow of this Innocent,
And Life resign'd to cruell death her right;
Who three dayes after doth the Eagle cite.
The fearfull Hare durst now frequent the Down;
And round about the Wals of *Hero's* Town,
The Tercel-gentle, and swift Falcon flew,
Dread-less of th' *Eagle* that so well they knew:
For she (alas!) lies on her Ladies bed,
Still-sadly mourning; though a-live, yet dead:
For, O! how should she live sith Fatall knife
Hath cut the thread of her lives dearest life? (vers,
O're the deer Corps somtimes her wings she ho-
Somtimes the dead brest with her brest she covers,
Somtimes her neck doth the pale neck embrace,
Somtimes she kisses the cold lips and face;
And with sad murmurs she lamenteth so,
That her strange moan augments the parents wo.
Thrice had bright *Phœbus* daily Chariot run
Past the proud *Pillars* of *Alcmenas* son,
Since the fair Virgin past the fatall Ferrey
Where (lastly) Mortals leave their burthens weary;
And yet this dolefull Bird, drown'd in her tears,
All comfort-less, Rest and Repast forbears:
So much (alas!) she seemeth to contend,
Her life and sorrows both at once to end.
But lastly, finding all these means too-weak,
The quick dispatch, that she did wish, to wreak;
With ire and anguish both at once enraged,
Unnaturally her proper brest she gaged,
And tears her bowels, storming bitterly
That all these deaths could yet not make her dy.
But, loe the while, about the lightsome door
Of th' hap-less house, a mournfull troop that bore
Black on their back and Tapers in their fists,
Tears on their cheeks, and sorrow in their brests;
Who, taking up the sacred Load (at last)
Whose happy soule already Heav'n embrac't;

With

A strange and sensible story of the love and death of an Eagle.

With ſhrill, ſad cries, march toward the fatall Pile
With ſolemn pace: The ſilly Bird, the while,
Following far-off, her bloody entrails trails;
Honouring, with convoy, two ſad Funerals.
No ſooner had the the Ceremonies Flame
Embrac't the body of her tender Dame,
But ſuddenly, diſtilling all with blood,
Down ſouſt the *Eagle* on the blazing wood:
Nor boots the *Flamine*, with his ſacred wand,
A hundred times to beat her from her ſtand:
For, to the midſt ſtill of the *Pile* ſhe plies;
And, ſinging ſweet her Ladies Obſequies,
There burns her ſelfe, and blendeth, happily,
Her bones with hers ſhe lov'd ſo tenderly.
O happy Pair! upon your ſable Toomb,
May *Mel* and *Manna* ever ſhowring come;
May ſweeteſt Myrtles ever ſhade your Herſe,
And evermore live you within my Verſe.

So Morne and Evening the Fifth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE SIXTH DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Inviting all, which through this World, aſpire
Unto the next, God's glorious Works t' admire;
Here, on the Stage, our noble Poet brings
Beaſts of the Earth, Cattell, and creeping things;
Their hurt and help to us: The ſtrange events
Between Androdus, *and the Forreſt Prince.*
The little-world *(Commander of the greater)*
Why formed laſt: his admirable feature:
His Heav'n-born Soule; her wondrous operation:
His deareſt Rib: All Creatures generation.

An exhortation to all which through the Pilgrimage of this life, tend towards the everlasting City, to conſider well the excellent works of God, here repreſented by our Poet.

YOu Pilgrims, which (through this worlds City) (wend
Toward th' happy City, where withouten end
True joyes abound; to anchor in the Port
Where Deaths pale horrors never do reſort:
If you will ſee the fair Amphitheaters,
Th' Arke Arcenels, Towrs, Temples, and Theaters,
Coloſſes, Cirques Pyles, Ports, and Palaces
Proudly diſperſed in your paſſages;
Come, come with me: for, there's not any part
In this great Frame where ſhineth any Art,
But I will ſhow 't you. Are you weary, ſince?
What! tyr'd ſo ſoon? Why will you not (my friends)
Having already ventur'd forth ſo far (war)
On *Neptun's* back (through Windes and Waters
Rowe yet a ſtroak, the Harbour to recover,
Whoſe ſhores already my glad eyes diſcover?
Almighty Father guide, their guide along,
And pour upon my faint influent tongue
The ſweeteſt hony of th' *Hyanthian* Fount,
Which freſhly purleth from the Muſes Mount,
With the ſweet charm of my victorious Verſe;
Tame furious Lions, Bears, and Tigers fierce;
Make (all the while) Beaſts, laying fury by,
To come with Homage to my Harmony. (build,

The Elephant.

OF ALL THE Beaſts which thou *This-Day* didſt
To haunt the Hils, the Forreſt, and the Field,
I ſee (as Vice-Roy of their Brutiſh Band)
The *Elephant* the Vant-guard doth command:
Worthy that Office; whether we regard
His Towred back, where many Souldiers ward;
Or elſe his Prudence, wherewithall he ſeems
T' obſcure the wits of human-kinde ſomtimes:
As ſtudious Scholar, he ſelf-rumineth
His leſſons giv'n, his King he honoureth,
Adores the Moon: moved with ſtrange deſire
He feels the ſweet flames of the *Idalian* fire,
And (pierc't with glance of a kinde-cruell eye)
For humane beauty, ſeems to ſigh and dye.
Yea (if the *Gracians* doe not miſ-recite)
With 's crooked trumpet he doth ſomtimes write.
But, his huge ſtrength, or ſubtile Wit, cannot
Defend him from the ſly *Rhinocerot*:
Who (never with blinde fury led) doth venter
Upon his Foe, but (yer the liſts he enter)

His combat with the Rhinocerot.

Against a Rock he whetteth round about
The dangerous pike upon his armed snout;
Then buckling close, doth not (at random) hack
On the hard Cuiras on his Enemies back;
But under's belly (cunning) findes a skin,
Where (and but there) his sharpned blade will in.
The scaly *Dragon*, being elne too lowe
For th' *Elephant*, up a thick Tree doth goe;
So, closely ambusht almost every Day,
To watch the Carry-Castle in his way:
Who, once approaching straight his stand he leaves,
And round about him he so closely cleaves
With's wrything body; that his Enemy
(His stinging knots unable to un-tie)
Hastes to some Tree, or to some Rock, whereon
To rush and rub-off his detested zone,
The fell imbraces of whose dismall clasp
Have almost brought him to his fatest gasp.
Then suddenly, the *Dragon* slips his hold
From th' *Elephant*, and sliding down, doth fold
About his fore-legs, fetter'd in such order,
That stocked there he now can stir no further;
While th' *Elephant* (but to no purpose) strives
With's winding Trunk t' undoe his wounding gyves,
His furious foe thrusts in his nose, his nose;
Then head and all; and there-withall doth close
His breathing passage: but, his victory
He joyes not long; for his huge Enemy
Falling down dead, doth with his weighty Fall
Crush him to death, that caus'd his death withall:
Like factious *French-men*, whose fell hands pursue
In their own brests their furious blades t' embrew,
While pittie-less, hurried with blinded zeal,
In their own blood they bath their Common-weal;
When as at *Dreux*, S. *Denis*, and *Mountcontour*,
Their parricidiall bloody swords encounter;
Making their Countrey (as a Tragick Tomb)
T' enter th' Earth's terror in their hap-less womb.
Or, like our own (late) YORK *and* LANCASTER,
Ambitious broachers of that Viper-War,
Which did the womb of their own Dam devour,
And spoil'd the freshest of fair ENGLAND'S *Flowr;*
When (WHITE *and* RED) ROSE *against* ROSE, *they*
Brother 'gainst Brother, to the knees in blood: (stood,
While Wakefield, Barnet, *and* S. Alban's *streets*
Were drunk with deer blood of PLANTAGENETS:
Where, either Conquer'd, and yet neither won;
Sirh, by them both, was but their own undone.
Neer th' *Elephant*, comes th' horned * *Hirable*,
Stream-troubling *Camell*, and strong-necked *Bull*,
The lazy-paced (yet laborious) *Asse*,
The quick-proud *Courser*, which the rest doth passe
For apt address; *Mars* and his Master loving,
After his hand with ready sightness moving:
This, out of hand, will self advance, and bound,
Corvet, passe, manage, turn, & trot the Round:
That, followes loose behind the Groom that keeps him;
This, kneeleth down the while his Master leaps him:
This runs on Corn-Ears, & ne'r bends their quils;
That on the Water, and ne'r wets his heels.
In a fresh Troup, the fearfull *Hare* I note,
Th' oblivious *Coney*, and the brouzing *Goat*,
The sloathfull *Swine*, the golden-fleeced *Sheep*,
The light-foot *Hart*, which every yeer doth weep
(As a sad Recluse) for his branched head,
That in the Spring-time he before hath shed.
O! what a sport, to see a Heard of them
Take soyl in Summer in some spacious stream!
One swims before another on his chine,
Nigh half-upright, doth with his brest incline;
On that, another; and so all do ride
Each after other: and still, when their guide
Growes to be weary, and can leade no more,
He that was hindmost comes and swims before:
Like as in Cities, still one Magistrate
Bears not the Burthen of the common state;
But having past his Yeer, he doth discharge
On others shoulders his sweet-bitter charge.
But, of all Beasts, none steadeth Man so much
As doth the *Dog*; his diligence is such:
A faithfull Guard, a watchfull Sentinell,
A painfull Purveyor, that, with perfect smell,
Provides great Princes many a dainty mess;
A friend till death, a helper in distress,
Dread of the Wolf, Fear of the fearfull Thief,
Fierce Combatant, and of all Hunters chief.
There skips the *Squirrill*, seeming Weather-wise,
Without beholding of Heav'ns twinkling eyes:
For, knowing well which way the Winde will
He shifts the portall of his little Grange. (change,
There's th' wanton *Weazell*, and the wily *Fox*,
The witty *Monkey*, that mans action mocks:
The sweat-sweet *Civit*, deerly fetcht from far
For Courtiers nice, past *Indian Tarnassar*.
There, the wise *Bever*, who, pursu'd by foes,
Tears-off his codlings, and among them throwes,
Knowing that Hunters on the *Pontick* Heath
Doe more desire that ransom, then his death.
There the rough *Hedg-Hog*, who, to shun his thrall,
Shrinks up himselfe as round as any Ball;
And fastning his slowe feet under his chin,
On's thistly bristles rowles him quickly in. (strange
But th' eye of Heav'n beholdeth nought more
Then the *Chameleon*, who with various change
Receives the colour that each object gives,
And (food-less else) of th' Aire alonely lives.
My blood congeales, my sudden swelling brest
Can hardly breath, with chill cold cakes oppress;
My haire doth stare, my bones for fear do quake,
My colour changes, my sad heart doth shake:
And, round about Deaths Image (gastly-grim)
Before mine eyes all-ready seems to swim.
O! who is hé that would not be astound,
To be (as I am) heer environ'd round,
With cruell'st Creatures, which for Mastery,
Have vow'd against us end-less Enmity?
Phœbus would faint, *Alcides* selfe would dread,
Although the first drad *Python* conquered,
And th' other vanquisht th' *Erymanthian* Boar,
The *Nemean* Lion and a many more.
What strength of arm, or Art-full stratagem,
From *Nile's* felt Rover could deliver them,
Who runs, and rowes, warring by Land & Water
'Gainst men and Fishes subject to his slaughter?
Or from the furious *Dragon*, which alone
Set-on a Roman Army; whereupon
Stout *Regulus* as many Engines spent,
As to the ground would *Carthage* wals have rent?

What

His combat with the Dragon.

The true Image of civill War.

Simile.

Simile.

* Alias Gyrasallias Amalocat an Indian Sheep, or a wilde Sheep.

The Hirable. Camell. Bull. Asse. Horse.

The Hare. Coney. Goat. Swine. Sheep. Deer.

Dog.

Squirrill.

Weazell. Fox. Monkey. Civit Cat.

Bever or Beast.

Hedg-hog.

Chamelion.

Creatures Venemous, and often-tives to Man.

The Crocodile.

Dragon.

Aspick.

What shot-free Corslet, or what counsell crafty,
'Gainst th' angry *Aspick* could assure them safety?
Who (faithfull Husband) over Hill and Plain
Pursues the man that his dear Pheer hath slain;
Whom he can finde amid the thickest throng,
And, in an instant, 'venge him of his wrong.
What shield of *Ajax* could avoid their death
By th' *Basilisk*, whose pestilentiall breath
Doth pierce firm Marble, and whose banefull eye
Wounds with a glance, so that the soundest dye?
Lord! if so be, thou for mankinde didst rear
This rich round Mansion (glorious every where)
Alas! why didst thou on *This-Day* create
These harmfull Beasts, which but exaspérate
Our thorny life? O! wert thou pleas'd to form
Th' innammel'd *Scorpion*, and the *Viper*-worm,
Th' horned *Cerastes*, th' *Alexandrian Skink*,
Th' *Adder*, and *Dryas* (full of odious stink)
Th' *Eft*, *Snake*, and *Dipsas* (causing deadly Thirst):
Why hast thou arm'd them with a rage so curst?
Pardon, good God, pardon me; t' was our pride,
Not Thou that troubled our first happy tide,
And, in the Childehood of the World, did bring
Th' *Amphisbena*, her double banefull sting.
Before that *Adam* did revolt from Thee,
And (curious) tasted of the *sacred Tree*,
He lived King of *Eden*, and his brow
Was never blankt with pallid fear, as now:
The fiercest Beasts, would at his word, or beck,
Bow to his yoke their self-obedient neck;
As now the ready *Horse* is at command
To the good Rider's spur, or word, or wand;
And doth not wildely his own will perform,
But his that rules him with a steddy arm.
Yea, as forgetfull of so foule offence,
Thou left'st him (yet) sufficient wisedome, whence
He might subdue, and to his service stoop
The stubborn'st heads of all the savage troop.
Of all the creatures through the Welking gliding,
Walking on Earth, or in the Waters sliding,
Th' hast armed some with Poyson, some with Paws,
Some with sharp Antlers, some with griping Claws,
Some with keen Tushes, some with crooked Beaks,
Some with thick Chirets, some with scaly Necks;
But mad'st Man naked, and for Weapons fit
Thou gav'st him nothing but a pregnant Wit;
Which rusts and dulls, except it subject finde
Worthy it's worth, whereon it self to grinde;
And (as it were) with envious armies great,
Be round about besieged and beset.
For, what boot *Milo*'s brawny Shoulders broad,
And sinnewie Arms, if but a common load
He alwaies bear? what Bayes, or Olive boughs,
Parsley, or Pine, shall crown his warlike brows,
Except some other *Milo*, entring Lists,
Couragiously his boasted strength resists?
In deepest perils shineth Wisdomes prime: (clime;
Through thousand deaths true Valour seeks to
Well knowing, Conquest yeelds but little Honour,
If bloody Danger doe not wait upon her.
O gracious Father! th' hast not onely lent
Prudence to Man, the Perils to prevent,
Wherewith these foes threaten his feeble life:
But (for his sake) hast set at mutuall strife

Basilisk.

Why God created such pestilent & dangerous creatures? Sin the occasion of the hurt they can doe us.

Simile.

God hath given us wisdome to guard and vanquish them.

Serpents with *Serpents*, and hast rais'd them foes
Which, unprovoked, felly them oppose.
Thou mak'st th' ingratefull *Viper* (at his birth)
His dying Mothers belly to gnaw forth:
Thou mak'st the *Scorpion* (greedy after food)
Unnaturally devour his proper brood:
Whereof, one scaping from the Parents hunger,
With's death doth vengence on his brethrens wron-
Thou mak'st the *Weazell*, by a secret might, (ger:
Murder the *Serpent* with the mudering sight:
Who so surpriz'd, striving in wrathfull manner,
Dying himself, kils with his baen his Baner.
Thou mak'st th' *Ichneumon* (whom the *Memphs*
To rid of Poysons *Nile*'s manured shore; (adore)
Although (indeed) he doth not conquer them
So much by strength as subtle stratagem.
As he that (urg'd with deep indignity)
By a proud Chalenge doth his foe defie,
Premeditates his posture and his play,
And arms himself so compleat every way
(With wary hand guided with watchfull eye,
And ready foot to traverse skilfully)
That the Defendant, in the heat of fight,
Findes no part open for his blade to light:
So *Pharaohs* Rat, yer he begin the fray
'Gainst the blinde *Aspick*, with a cleaving Clay
Upon his coat he wraps an earthen Cake,
Which, afterward, the Sun's hot beams doe bake:
Arm'd with this Plaister, th' *Aspick* he approcheth,
And in his throat his crooked tooth he brocheth;
While th' other boot-les strives to pierce & prick
Through the hard temper of his armour thick:
Yet, knowing himself too-weak (for all his wile)
Alone to match the scaly *Crocodile*;
Hee, with the *Wren*, his ruine doth conspire.
The *Wren*, who seeing (prest with sleeps desire)
Nile's poysny Pirate pres the slimy shore,
Suddenly comes, and hopping him before,
Into his mouth he skips, his teeth he pickles,
Cleanseth his palate, and his throat so tickles,
That, charm'd with pleasure, the dull *Serpent* gapes
Wider and wider with his ugly chaps:
Then, like a shaft, th' *Ichneumon* instantly
Into the Tyrants greedy gorge doth flie,
And feeds upon that Glutton, for whose Riot
All *Nile*'s fat margents scarce could furnish diet.
Nay, more, good Lord, th' hast taught Mankind a Reason
To draw Life out of Death, & Health from Poyson:
So that in equall Balance balancing
The Good and Evill which these Creatures bring
Unto mans life, we shall perceive, the first
By many grains to over-weigh the worst.
From Serpents scap't, yet am I scarce in safty:
Alas! I see a Legion fierce and lofty
Of *Savages*, whose fleet and furious pase,
Whose horrid roaring, and whose hideous face
Make my sense sense-les, and my speech restrain,
And cast me in my former fears again.
Already howls the waste-full *Wolf*, the *Boar*
Whets foamy Fangs, the hungry *Bear* doth roar,
The Cat-fac'd *Ounce*, that doth me much dismay,
With grumbling horror threatens my decay;
The light-foot *Tigre*, spotted *Leopard*,
Foaming with fury, doe besiege me hard:

The Viper and Scorpion with their young.

The Weazell against the Basilisk.

The Ichneumon against the Aspick.

The Ichneumon & the Wren against the Crocodile.

God hath taught us to make great use of them.

Pierce and untameable beasts.

The Wolf. Boar. Bear.

Ounce.

Tigre. Leopard.

Unicorn. Hyæna. Mantichora a kinde of Hyæna. Cephus, a kind of Ape or Monkey Chimera.

Then th' *Unicorn*, th' *Hyæna* tearing-tombs,
Swift *Mantichor'*, and *Nubian Cephus* coms:
Of which last three, each hath, (as here they stand)
Man's voice, Man's visage, Man-like foot and hand.
I fear the Beast bred in the bloody Coast
Of *Cannibals*, which thousand times (almost)
Re-whelps her whelps, and in her tender womb
Shee doth as oft her living brood re-tomb.

The Porcupine.

But O! what Monster's this that bids me battell,
On whose rough back an Hoast of Pikes doth rattle,
Who string-less shoots so many arrowes out,
Whose thorny sides are hedged round about
With stiff steel-pointed quils, and all his parts
Brittled with Bodkins, arm'd with Auls and Darts,
Which ay fierce darting, seem still fresh to spring,
And to his aid still new supplies to bring?
O fortunate Shaft-never-wanting Bow-man!
Who, as thou fleest, canst hit thy following foe-man,
And never missest (or but very narrow)
Th' intended mark of thy selfs-kindred Arrow:
Who, still self-furnisht, needest borrow never
Diana's shafts, nor yet *Apollo*'s quiver,
Nor bow-strings fetcht from *Carian Alcband*,
Brazell from *Peru*, but hast all at hand
Of thine own growth; for in thy Hide doe growe
Thy String, thy Shafts, thy Quiver, and thy Bow.

The Lion King of Beasts.

But (Courage now.) Here coms the valiant Beast,
The noble *Lion*, King of all the rest;
Who, bravely minded, is as milde to those
That yeeld to him, as fierce unto his foes:
To humble suiters neither stern nor statefull;
To benefactours never found ingratefull.

A memorable History of a Lion, acknowledging the kindnesse he had received of *Androcles*, a Roman Slave.

I call to record that fame *Roman* Thrall,
Who (to escape from his mechanicall
And cruell Master that (for lucre) us'd him
Not, as a Man; but, as a Beast, abus'd him)
Fled through the desart, and, with travell tir'd,
At length into a mossie cave retir'd:
But there, no sooner 'gan the drowzy wretch
On the soft grass his weary limbs to stretch;
But, comming swift into the cave, he seeth
A ramping Lion gnashing of his teeth.
A thief, to shamefull execution sent
By *Justice*, for his faults just punishment,
Feeling his eyes clout, and his elbows cord,
Waiting for nothing but the fatall Sword;
Dies yer his death, he looks so certainly
Without delay in that drad place to Die:
Even so the Slave, seeing no means to shun
(By flight or fight) his fear'd destruction
(Having no way to flee, nor arms to fight,
But sighs and tears, prayers and wofull plight)
Embraceth Death; abiding, for a stown,
Pale, cold and sense-less, in a deadly swown.
At last, again his courage 'gan to gather,
When he perceiv'd no rage (but pity rather)
In his new Hoast, who with milde looks and meek
Seem'd (as it were) succour of him to seek,
Shewing him oft one of his paws, wherein
A festring thorn for a long time had been. (nigher,
Then (though still fearfull) did the Slave draw
And from his foot he lightly snatcht the bryer;
And wringing gently with his hand the wound,
Made th' hot impostume run upon the ground.

Thenceforth the *Lion* seeks for Booties best
Through hill & dale, to cheer his new-come Guest,
His new Physician; who, for all his cost,
Soon leaves his lodging, and his dreadfull Hoast;
And once more wanders through the wilderness,
Whither his froward Fortune would address,
Untill (re-ta'en) his fell Lord brought him home,
For Spectacle unto Imperiall *Rome*,
To be (according to their barbarous Laws)
Bloodily torn with greedy Lions paws.
Fell *Cannibal!* Flint-hearted *Polyphem!*
If thou would'st needs exactly torture him
(Inhumane Monster, hatefull *Lestrigon*)
Why from thine own hand hast thou let him gon,
To bears and Lions to be giv'n for prey,
Thy self more fell, a thousand-fold then they?
African Panthers, *Hyrcan* Tigres fierce,
Cleonian Lions, and *Pannonian* Bears,
Be not so cruell, as who violates
Sacred Humanity, and cruciates
His loyall subjects; making recreations
Of Massacres, Combats, and sharp taxations.
'Bove all the Beasts that fill'd the *Martian Field*
With blood and slaughter, one was most beheld;
One valiant Lion, whose victorious fights
Had conquer'd hundreds of those guilty wights,
Whose feeble skirmish had but striv'n in vain
To scape by combat their deserved pain.
That very Beast, with faint and fearfull feet,
This Runnagate (at last) is forc't to meet;
And beeing entred in the bloody List,
The Lion rowz'd and ruffles-up his Crest,
Shortens his body sharpens his grim eye,
And (staring wide) he roareth hideously:
Then often swindging, with his sinnewy train,
Somtimes his sides, somtimes the dusty plain,
He whets his rage and strongly rampeth on
Against his foe; who, nigh already gon
To drink of *Lethe*, lifteth to the Pole
Religious vows; not for his life, but soule.
After the Beast had marcht some twenty pase,
He sodain stops: and, viewing well the face
Of his pale foe, remembred (rapt with joy)
That this was he that eased his annoy:
Wherefore, converting from his hatefull wildeness
From pride to pitie, and from rage to mildeness,
On his bleak face he both his eyes doth fix,
Fawning for homage, his lean hands he licks.
The Slave, thus knowing, and thus being known,
Lifts to the Heav'ns his front, now hoary growne,
And (now no more fearing his tearing paws)
He stroaks the Lion, and his poule he claws,
And learns by proof, that *A good turn ay meed,*
At first or last, shall be assur'd of meed.

Nosce teipsum.

The second Part of the first book: Wherein is discovered at large of the creation of Man.

Ther's under Sun (as *Delphos* God did show)
No better knowledge then *Our selfe to Know*:
There is no Theam more plentifull to scan,
Then is the glorious goodly frame of Man:
For, in man's self is Fire, Aire, Earth and Sea;
Man's (in a word) the World's *Epitomie*
Or little Map; which here my Muse doth try
By the grand Patern to exemplifie.
A witty Mason, doth not (with rare Art)
Into a Palace, *Paros* Rocks convert,

And of the wonders of Gods wisdome, appearing both in his Body and Soule.

Seel it with gold, and to the Firmament
Raise the proud Turrets of his Battlement,
And (to be briefe) in every part of it
Beauty to Use, Use unto Beauty fit,
To th' end the Skrich-Owl, & Night-Raven should
In those fair walls their habitations hold;
But rather, for some wise and wealthy Prince
Able to judge of his arts excellence:
Even so, the Lord built not this All-Theater,
For the rude guests of Aire, and Woods, & Water;
But, all for Him, who (whether he survey
The vast salt kingdoms, or th' Earth's fruitfull clay,
Or cast his eyes up to those twinkling Eyes
That with disordered order gild the Skies)
Can every-where admire with due respect
Th' admired Art of such an Architect.

The world made for Man.

Now of all Creatures which his Word did make,
MAN was the last that living breath did take:
Not that he was the least; or that God durst
Not undertake so noble a Work at first:
Rather, because he should have made in vain
So great a Prince, without on whom to Reign.

Man was created last and why.

A wise man never brings his bidden Guest
Into his Parlour, till his Room be drest,
Garnisht with Lights, and Tables, neatly spred,
Be with full dishes well-nigh furnished:
So our great God, who (bounteous) ever keeps
Here open Court, and th' ever-bound-less Deeps
Of sweetest *Nectar* on us still distills
By twenty-times ten thousand sundry quills;
Would not our Grandsire to his Boord invite,
Yer he with Arras his fair house had dight,
And, under starry State-Clothes plac't his plates
Fill'd with a thousand sugred delicates.

Fit comparison.

All th' admirable Creatures made before,
Which Heav'n, and Earth, and Ocean doe adorn,
Are but Essays, compar'd in every part,
To this divinest Master-Piece of Art.
Therefore the supreme peer-less Architect,
When (of meer nothing) he did first erect
Heav'n, Earth, & Aire, & Seas; at once his Thought,
His Word, and Deed, all in an instant wrought:
But, when he would his own selfs Type create,
Th' honour of Nature, th' Earths sole Potentate;
As if he would a Councell hold, he citeth
His sacred Power, his Prudence he inviteth,
Summons his Love, his Justice he adjourns,
Calleth his Goodness, and his Grace returns,
To (as it were) consult about the birth
And building of a second God, of Earth;
And each (a-part) with liberall hand to bring
Some excellence unto so rare a thing.
Or rather, he consults with 's onely Son
(His own true Pourtrait) what proportion, (stow
What gifts, what grace, what soule he should be-
Upon his *Vice-Roy* of this Realm below.

All other creatures nothing in respect of Man, made to the Image of God, wanting it were) gross preparation, not all at once, but by intervals, first his Body, and then his reasonable Soule.

Gen. 1. 26.

When th' other things God fashion'd in their kind,
The Sea t' abound in Fishes he assign'd,
The Earth in Flocks: but, having Man in hand
His very self he seemed to command.
He both at-once both life and body lent
To other things; but when in Man he meant
In mortall limbs immortall life to place,
He seem'd to pawse, as in a weighty case:
And so at sundry moments finished
The Soule and Body of Earth's glorious Head.

Invocation.

Admired Artist, Architect divine,
Perfect and peer-less in all Works of thine,
So my rude hand on this rough Table guide
To paint the Prince of all thy Works beside,
That grave Spectators, in his face may spie
Apparent marks of thy Divinity.

Mans body created of the dust of the Earth.

Almighty Father, as of watery matter
It pleas'd thee make the people of the Water:
So, of an earthly substance mad'st thou all
The slimie Burgers of this Earthly Ball;
To th' end each Creature might (by consequent)
Part-sympathize with his own Element.
Therefore, to form thine Earthly Emperour,
Thou took'st Earth, and by thy sacred power
So temper'dst it, that of the very same
Dead shape-less lump didst *Adams* body frame:
Yet, not his Face down to the Earth-ward bending
(Like Beasts that but regard their belly, ending
For ever all) but toward th' Azure Skyes,
Bright golden Lamps lifting his lovely Eyes; (look
That through their nerves, his better part might
Still to that place from whence her birth she took.

His Head the seat of understanding.

Also thou plantedst th' Intellectuall Pow'r
In th' highest stage of all this stately Bowr,
That thence it might (as from a Cittadell)
Command the members that too-oft rebell
Against his Rule: and that our Reason, there
Keeping continuall Garrison (as 't were)
Might Avarice, Envie, and Pride subdue,
Lust, Gluttony, Wrath, Sloath, and all their Crew
Of factious Commons, that still strive to gaine
The golden Scepter from their Soverain.

The Eyes full of infinite admiration.

Th' Eyes (Bodie's guides) are set for Sentinell
In noblest place of all this Cittadell,
To spie far-off, that no miss-hap befall
At unawares the sacred Animall.
In forming these thy hand (so famous held)
Seemed almost to have it self excell'd,
Them not transpiercing, lest our eyes should be
As theirs, that Heav'n through hollow Canes doe
Yet see small circuit of the Welkin bright, (see,
The Canes strict compass doth so clasp their Sight:
And lest so many open holes disgrace
The goodly form of th' Earthly Monarch's face,
These lovely Lamps, whose sweet sparks lively tur-
Wth sodain glance set coldest harts a-burning; (ning,
These windows of the Soule, these starry Twins,
These *Cupids* quivers have so tender skinns, (ses)
Through which (as through a pair of shining glas-
Their radiant point of piercing splendor passes,
That they would soon be quenched and put-out
But that the Lord hath Bulwarkt them about,
By seating so their wondrous Orb, betwix
The Front, the Nose, and the vermillion Cheeks:
As in two Vallies pleasantly inclosed
With pretty Mountains orderly disposed:
And as a Pent-house doth preserve a Wall
From Rain & Hail, & other Storms that fall; (hairs
The twinkling Lids with their quick-trembling
Defend the Eyes from thousand dangerous fears.

The Browes and Eye-lids.

Who fain would see how much a human Face
A comely Nose doth beautifie and grace;

Behold *Zopyrus*, who cut-off his Nose
For 's Princes sake, to circumvent his foes.
The Nose. The Nose, no less for use then beauty makes:
For, as a Conduit, it both gives and takes
Our living breath: it's as a Pipe put-up,
Whereby the moist Brain's spongy boan doth sup
Sweet smelling fumes: it serveth as a Gutter
To void the Excrements of grossest matter;
As by the Scull-seams, and the Pory Skin
Evaporate those that are light and thin: (smoak,
As through black Chimneyes flies the bitter
Which, but so vented, would the Household choak.
And, sith that Time doth with his secret file
Fret and diminish each thing every-while;
And what soever here begins and ends,
Wears every houre, and its self-substance spends;
The Mouth. Th' Almighty made the Mouth to recompence
The Stomacks pension, and the times expence
(Even as the green Trees, by their roots resume
Sap for the sap, that hourely they consume)
And plac't it so, that always by the way,
By sent of meats the Nose might take Essay,
The watchfull Eye might true distinction make
'Twixt Herbs & Weeds, betwixt an Eel & Snake;
The Tongue And then th' impartiall Tongue might (at the last)
Censure their goodness by their savory taste.
The Teeth. Two equall ranks of Orient Pearls impale (small
The open Throat: which (Quern-like) grinding
Th' imperfect food, soon to the Stomack send it (it.
(Our Master-Cook) whose due concoctions mend-
But lest the Teeth, naked and bare to Light,
Should in the Face present a ghastly sight;
With wondrous Art, over that Mill, do meet
The Lips. Two moving Leaves of Corall, soft and sweet.
Of the excellent use and end of speech. O mouth! by thee, our savage Elders, yerst (perst,
Through way-less Woods, and hollow Rocks dis-
With Acorns fed, with Fels of Feathers clad
(When neither Traffick, Love, nor Law they had)
Themselves uniting, built them Towns, and bent
Their willing necks to civill Government.
O Mouth! by thee, the rudest Wits have learn'd
The *Noble Arts*, which but the Wise discern'd:
By thee, we kindle in the coldest spirits
Heroik flames affecting glorious merits:
By thee, we wipe the tears off wofull Eyes:
By thee, we stop the stubborn mutinies
Of our rebellious Flesh, whose rest-less Treason
Strives to dis-throne and to dis-sceptre Reason:
By thee, our Soules with Heav'n have conversation:
By thee, we calm th' Almighties indignation,
When faithfull sighs from our soules Centre fly
About the bright Throne of his Majesty:
By thee, we warble to the King of kings; (Strings,
Our Tongue's the Bowe, our Teeth the trembling
Our hollow Nostrils (with their double vent)
The hollow Belly of the Instrument;
Our Soule 's the sweet Musician, that playes
So divine lessons and so Heav'nly layes,
As, in deep passion of pure burning zeal,
Joves forked Lightnings from his fingers steal.
The Ears. But, O! what member hath more marvails in't,
Then th' Ears round-winding double labyrinth?
The bodie's Scouts, of sounds the Censurers,
Doors of the Soule, and faithfull Messengers
Of divine treasures, when our gracious Lord
Sends us th' Embassage of his sacred Word.
And, sith all Sound seems alwaies to ascend,
God plac't the Ears (where they might best attend)
As in two Turrets, on the buildings top,
Snailling their hollow entries to a-sloap, (ders,
That, while the voyce about those windings wan-
The sound might lengthen in those bow'd *Mean-*
As, from a Trumpet, Winde hath longer life, (*ders*;
Or, from a Sagbut, then from Flute or Fife:
Or, as a noyse extendeth far and wide
In winding Vales, or by the crooked side
Of crawling Rivers; or with broken trouble
Between the teeth of hollow Rocks doth double;
And that no sodaine sound, with violence
Piercing direct the Organs of this Sense,
Should stun the Brain, but through these Mazy holes
Conveigh the voyce more softly to our Soules.
As th' Ouse, *that crooking in and out doth run*
From Stony-Stratford *towards* Huntingdon,
By Royall Amptill; *rusheth not so swift,*
As our neer Kennet, *whose Trowt-famous Drift*
From Marleborow, *by* Hungerford *doth hasten*
Through Newbery, *and Prince-grac't* Aldermaston,
Her Silver Nymphs (almost) directly leading
To meet her Mistress (the great Thames) *at* Reading.
The Hands. But will my Hands in handling th' human Stature,
Forget the Hands, the handmaids unto *Nature*,
Th' Almighty's Apes, the Instruments of Arts,
The voluntary Champions of our Hearts,
Minde's Ministers, the Clarks of quick conceites,
And bodies Victuallers to provide it meats?
Will you the Knees and Elbowes springs omit,
Which serve th' whole body by their motions fit?
For, as a Bow, according as the String,
Is stiff or slack, the Shafts doth farther fling,
Our Nerves and Gristles diversly dispence,
To th' human Frame, meet Motion, Might, & Sense:
Knitting the Bones, which be the Pillars strong,
The Beams & Rafters, whose firm Joynts may long
(Maugre Deaths malice, till our Maker cals)
Support the Fabrick of these Fleshly Wals?
Can you conceal the Feets rare-skilfull feature,
The goodly Bases of this glorious Creature?
But, is't not time now, in his Inner Parts,
To see th' Almightie's admirable Arts?
First, with my Launcet shall I make incision,
To see the Cells of the twin Brains division:
The Treasurer of Arts, the Source of Sense,
The Seat of Reason; and the Fountaine, whence
Our Sinewes flow: whom Natures providence,
Arm'd with a helme, whose double lynings fence
The Brain's cold moisture from its boany Armor,
Whose hardnesse else might hap to bruise or harm-
A Register, where (with a secret touch) (her:
The studious daily some rare Knowledge couch?
O! how shall I on learned Leaf forth-set
That curious Maze, that admirable Net,
Through whose fine folds the spirit doth rise & fall,
Making its powrs of *Vital, Animal!*
Even as the Blood, and Spirits, wandering
Through the *preparing vessels* crooked Ring,
Are in their winding course concoct and wrought,
And by degrees to fruitfull *Seed* are brought.

Sundry Similitudes expressing the reason of the round winding Maze of the Ears.

Another comparison to their purpose.

Lovers. The Knees and Armes.

The Sinewes, Gristles and Bones.

The Feet.

Shall

Of the Heart.

Shall I the Hearts un-equall sides explain,
Which equall poiz doth equally sustaine? (bides
Whereof, th' one 's fill'd with blood, in th' other
The vitall Spirit which through the body slides:
Whose rest-les panting, by the constant Pulse,
Doth witness health; or, if that take repulse,
And shift the dance and wonted pase it went,
It shews that Nature's wrong'd by Accident.

Of the Lungs.

Or, shall I cleave the Lungs, whose motions light
Our inward heat doe temper day and night;
Like Summer gales, waving with gentle puffs,
The smiling Meadows green and gaudy tuffs:
Light, spongy Fans, that ever take and give
Th' ætheriall Aire, whereby we breath and live:
Bellows, whose blasts (breathing by certain pawses)
A pleasant sound through our speech-organs causes?

Of the Stomack.

Or, shall I rip the Stomacks hollowness,
That ready Cook concocting every Mess,
Which in short time it cunningly converts
Into pure Liquor fit to feed the parts;
And then the same doth faithfully deliver
Into the *Port-vein* passing to the Liver,

Of the Liver

Who turns it soon to blood; and thence again
Through branching pipes of the great *Hollow-vein*,
Through all the members doth it duly scatter:

An apt Similitude.

Much like a Fountain, whose divided Water
It selfe dispersing into hundred Brooks,
Bathes some fair Garden with her winding crooks.
For, as these brooks, thus branching round about,
Make here the Pink, there th' Aconite to sprout;
Here the sweet Plum-tree, the sharp Mulbery there;
Here the low Vine, and there the lofty Pear;
Here the hard Almond, there the tender Fig; (Spike:
Here bitter Worm-wood, there sweet-smelling

Of the Blood and Nourishment.

Even so the Blood (bred of good nourishment)
By divers Pipes to all the body sent,
Turns here to Bones there changes into Nerves;
Here is made Marrow, there for Muscles serves;
Here skin becoms, there crooking veins, here flesh,
To make our Limbs more forcefull and more fresh.

But, now me list no neerer view to take
Of th' inward parts, which God did secret make,
Nor pull in pieces all the Human Frame:
That work were fitter for those men of Fame,
Those skilfull sons of *Æsculapius*,
Hippocrates, or deep *Herophilus*;
Or th' eloquent and artificiall Writ
Of *Galen*, that renowned *Pergamite*.
'T sufficeth me in some sort to express,
By this Essay, the sacred mightiness,
Not of *Japhetus* witty-fained Son,
But of the true *Prometheus*, that begun
And finisht (with inimitable Art)
The famous Image, I have sung in part.

Of the creation of the Soule.

Now, this more peer-les learned Imager,
Life to his lovely Picture to confer,
Did not extract out of the Elements
A certain secret Chymick Quint-essence:
But, breathing, sent as from the lively Spring
Of his Divineness some small Riverling,
It self dispersing into every Pipe
Of the frail Engin of this Earthen Type.

Of her efficace and substance.

Not, that his own Selfs-Essence blest he brake,
Or did his *Triple-Unity* partake
Unto his work; but, without Selfs expence,
Inspir'd it richly with rare excellence:
And by his powr so spred his Rayes thereon,
That, even as yet, appears a portion
Of that pure lustre of Cœlestiall Light
Wherewith at first it was adorn'd and dight.

Whence it is proceeded.

This *Adam's* spirit did from that Spirit derive
Which made the World: yet did not thence deprive
Of Gods Self-substance any part at all;
As in the Course of Nature doth befall,

Divers Similies.

That from the Essence of an Earthly Father,
An Earthly Son essentiall parts doth gather:
Or as in Spring-time from one sappy twig
There sprouts another consubstantiall sprig.
In brief, it's but a breath. Now, though the Breath
Out of our Stomacks concave issueth;
Yet, of our substance it transporteth nought;
Onely it seemeth to be simply fraught,
And to retaine the purer qualities
Of th' inward place whence it derived is.
Inspired by that Breath, this Breath desire
I to describe. Whoso doth not admire

Of the excellence of mans Soule.

His spirit, is sprightless; and his sense is past,
Who hath no sense of that admired Blast.
Yet wot I well, that as the Eye perceives
All but it self, even so our Soule conceives
All save her own selfs-Essence; but, the end
Of her own greatness cannot comprehend.

How she may know her selfe.

Yet as a sound Eye, voyd of vicious matter,
Sees (in a sort) it self in Glass or Water:
So, in her sacred Works (as in a Glass)
Our Soule (almost) may see her glorious face. (blasts
The boistrous Winde, that rents with roaring

Three fit comparisons to that purpose.

The lofty Pines, and to the Welkin casts
Millions of Mountains from the watry World,
And proudest Turrets to the ground hath whurld:
The pleasing fume that fragrant Roses yeeld,
When wanton *Zephyr*, sighing on the field,
Enamels all; and, to delight the Sky,
The Earth puts on her richest Lyvory:
Th' accorded Discords, that are sweetly sent
From th' Ivory ribs of some rare Instrument,
Cannot be seen: but he may well be said
Of Flesh, and Ears, and Nose intirely voyd,
Who doth not feel, nor hear, nor smell (the powrs)
The shock, sound, sent; of storms, of strings, of flowrs.

The Soule, not onely vitall, but also divine and immortall.

Although our Soule's pure substance, to our sight
Be not subjected; yet her motion light
And rich discourse, sufficient proofs do give,
We have more Soule then to suffice to live;
A Soule divine, pure, sacred, admirable,
Immortall, endless, simple, unpalpable.

The Seat of the Soule.

For, whether that the Soule (the Mint of Art)
Be all in all, or all in every part:
Whether the Brain or Heart do lodge the Soule,
O *Seneca!* where, where could'st thou enroule
Those many hundred words (in Prose or Verse)

Notable examples of excellent Memories.

Which at first hearing thou could'st back reherse?
Where could great *Cyrus* that great Table shut
Wherein the Pictures and the names he put
Of all the Souldiers, that by thousands wander'd
After the fortunes of his famous Standard?
In what deep vessell did th' Embassader
Of *Pyrrhus* (whom the *Delphian* Oracler

Deluded

Deluded by his double-meaning Measures)
Into what Cisterns did he pour those Treasures
Of learned store, which after (for his use)
In time and place, he could so fit produce?
The Memory is th' Eyes true Registor,
The Peasants Book, Times wealthy Treasurer,
Keeping Records of Acts and Accidents
Whats'ever, subject unto humane sense,
Since first the Lord the Worlds foundations laid,
Or *Phœbus* first his golden locks displaid,
And his pale Sister from his beaming light
Borrow'd her splendor to adorn the Night.
So that our Reason, searching curiously
Through all the Roules of a good Memory,
And fast'ning closely with a *Gordian* knot
To Past Events, what Present Times allot,
Fore-sees the Future, and becoms more sage,
More happily to lead our latter age.

Of the quick swifteth and sodain motion of the Soule: comprehending all things in Heaven and Earth.

And though our Soule live as imprison'd here
In our frail Flesh, or buried (as it were)
In a dark Toomb; yet at one flight she flies
From *Calpé* t' *Imaus*, from the Earth to Skies;
Much swifter then the Chariot of the Sun,
Which in a Day about the World doth run.
For, somtimes, leaving these base slimy heaps,
With cheerfull spring above the Clouds she leaps,
Glides through the Aire, & there she learns to know
Th' Originals of Winde, and Hail, and Snow,
Of Lightning, Thunder, Blazing-Stars, and Storms,
Of Rain, and Yce, and strange Exhaled Forms.
By th' Aires steep-stairs, she boldly climbs aloft
To the Worlds Chambers; Heav'n she visits oft,
Stage after Stage: she marketh all the Sphears,
And all th' harmonious, various course of theirs:
With sure account, and certain Compasses,
She counts their Stars, she metes their distances
And differing paces; and, as if she found
No Subject fair enough in all this Round,
She mounts above the Worlds extremest Wall,
Far, far beyond all things corporeall;
Where she beholds her Maker, face to face,
(His frowns of *Justice*, and his smiles of *Grace*)
The faithfull zeal, the chaste and sober Port
And sacred Pomp of the Celestial Court.

Of learned, curious, pleasant, marvailous and most divine humane invention of many Wits.

What can be hard to a sloath-shunning Spirit,
Spurr'd with desire of Fames eternall merit?
Look (if thou canst) from East to Occident,
From *Iland* to the *Moores* hot Continent;
And thou shalt nought perfectly fair behold,
But Pen, or Pencill, Graving-tool, or Mould
Hath so resembled, that scarce can our eye
The Counterfeit from the True thing descry.

Of Carving and Painting.

The brazen Mare, that famous *Myron* cast,
Which Stalions leapt, and for a Mare imbrac't:
The lively picture of that ramping Vine
Which whilom *Zeuxis* limn'd so rarely fine,
That shoals of Birds, beguiled by the shapes,
Peckt at the Table, as at very Grapes:
The Marble Statue, that with strangest fire
Fondly inflam'd th' *Athenian* Youths desire:
Apelles Venus, which allur'd well-neer
As many Loves, as *Venus* selfe had here;
Are proofs enow that learned Painting can,
Can (Goddess-like) another Nature frame.

But th' Art of Man, not onely can compack
Features and Forms that life and motion lack;
But also fill the Aire with painted shoals
Of flying Creatures (Artificiall Fowls)
The *Tarentines* valiant and learned Lord,
Archytas, made a wooden Dove, that soar'd
About the Welkin, by th' accorded sleights
And counterpoize of sundry little weights.
Why should I not that wooden Eagle mention
(A learned *Germane's* late admir'd invention)
Which mounting from his fist that framed her,
Flew far to meet an *Almain* Emperour;
And having met him, with her nimble train,
And weary wings, turning about again,
Follow'd him close unto the Castle Gate
Of *Norumberg*; whom all the Showes of State,
Streets hang'd with Arras, Arches curious built,
Loud-thundring Canons, Columns richly gilt,
Gray-headed Senate, and Youth's gallantise,
Grac't not so much, as onely This Device.
Once, as this Artist (more with mirth then meat)
Feasted some friends that he esteemed great,
From under's hand an Iron Fly flew out;
Which having flowne a perfect Round-about,
With weary wings return'd unto her Master,
And (as judicious) on his arme she plac't-her.
O divine wit! that in the narrow womb
Of a small Fly, could finde sufficient room
For all those Springs, wheels, counterpoiz, & chains,
Which stood in stead of life, and spur, and rains.

The subtile conclusions of the Mathematicks: Witness Architas Dorte.

The Eagle and the Fly, of Johan de Monte-regio, or Regiomontanus.

Yea, you your selves, ye bright Celestiall Orbs,
Although no stop your rest-less Dance disturbs,
Nor stayes your Course; yet can ye not escape
The hands of men that are but men in shape.

Astronomy.

A *Persian* Monarch, not content well-nigh
With the Earths bounds to bound his Empery:
To reign in Heav'n, rais'd not with bold defiance
(Like braving *Nimrod*, or those boistrous *Gyants*)
Another *Babel*, or a heap of *Hils*;
But, without moving from the Earth, he builds
A Heav'n of Glass, so huge, that thereupon
Somtimes erecting his ambitious Throne,
Beneath his proud feet (like a God) he saw
The shining Lamps of th' other Heav'n, to draw
Down to the *Deep*, and thence again advance
(Like glorious Brides) their golden Radiance:
Yet had the Heav'n no wondrous excellence
(Save Greatnes) worthy of so great a Prince. (mould

The King of Persia his Heaven of Glass.

But, who would think, that mort all hands could
New Heav'ns, new Stars, whose whirling courses
With constant windings, tho cõtrary waies, (should,
Mark the true mounds of Years, & Months, & Daies?
Yet't is a story that hath oft been heard,
And by grave Witness hundred times aver'd,
That, that profound *Briareus*, who of yore
(As selfly arm'd with thousand hands and more)
Maintain'd so long the *Syracusian* Towrs
'Gainst great *Marcellus* and his *Roman* Powrs:
Who fir'd his foes Fleet with a wondrous Glass:
Who, hugest Vessels that did ever pass
The *Tirrhen* Seas, turn'd with his onely hand
From Shore to Sea, and from the Sea to Land:
Framed a *Sphear*, where every *Wandring Light*
Of lower Heav'ns and th' upper *Tapers* bright,

Admirable Dials and Clockes, namely, at this Day, that of Strasbourg.

The Engines of Archimedes, & his Sphear.

Whose

Whose glistering flames the Firmament adorn,
Did (of themselves) with ruled motion turn.
Nor may we smother, or forget (ingrately)
The Heav'n of Silver, that was sent (but lately)
From *Ferdinando* (as a famous Work)
Unto *Bizantium* to the greatest Turk:
Wherein, a spirit, still moving to and fro,
Made all the Engin orderly to go:
And though th' one Sphear did alwaies slowly slide,
And (opposite) the other swiftly glide:
Yet still their Stars kept all their Courses ev'n
With the true Courses of the Stars of Heav'n.
The Sun, there shifting in the *Zodiack*
His shining Houses, never did forsake
His pointed Path: there, in a Month, his Sister
Fulfill'd her course, and changing oft her lustre
And form of Face (now larger, lesser soon)
Follow'd the Changes of the other *Moon*.
O complete Creature! who the starry Sphears
Canst make to move, who 'bove the Heav'nly Bears
Extend'st thy powr, who guidest with thy hand
The Day's bright Chariot, and the nightly Brand:
This curious Lust to imitate the best
And fairest Works of the Almightiest,
By rare effects bears record of thy Linage
And high descent; and that his sacred Image
Was in thy Soule ingrav'n, when first his Spirit
(The Spring of life) did in thy limms inspire-it.
For, as his beauties are past all compare;
So is thy Soule all beautifull and fair.
As hee's immortall, and is never idle:
Thy Soule's immortall, and can brook no bridle
Of sloath, to curb her busie intellect:
He ponders all; thou poiz'st each effect,
And thy mature and settled Sapience
Hath some alliance with his Providence:
He works by Reason; thou by Rule: He 's glory
Of th' Heav'nly Stages; thou of th' Earthly Story:
He 's great High-Priest; thou his great Vicar here:
He's Soverain Prince; and thou his Vice-Roy deer.
For, soon as ever he had framed thee,
Into thy hands he put this Monarchy;
Made all the Creatures know thee for their Lord,
And come before thee of their own accord:
And gave thee power (as Master) to impose
Fit sense-full Names unto the Hoast that rowes
In watery Regions; and the wandring Heards
Of Forrest people; and the painted Birds.
O too-too happy! had that fall of thine
Not cancell'd so the Character divine.
But sith our Soules now-sin-obscured Light
Shines through the Lanthorn of our flesh so bright;
What sacred splendor will this Star send forth,
When it shall shine without this vail of Earth?
The Soule here lodg'd is like a man that dwels
In an ill Aire, annoy'd with noysom smels;
In an old house, open to winde and weather;
Never in health, not half an houre together:
Or (almost) like a Spider, who confin'd
In her Webs centre, shak't with every winde;
Moves in an instant, if the buzzing Flie
Stir but a string of her Lawn Canapie.
You that have seen within this ample Table,
Among so many Modules admirable,
Th' admired beauties of the King of Creatures,
Come, come and see the Womans rapting features:
Without whom (here) Man were but half a man,
But a wilde Wolfe, but a Barbarian,
Brute, ragefull, fierce, moody, melancholike, (like:
Hating the Light; whom nought but naught could
Born solely for himselfe, bereft of sense,
Of heart, of love, of life, of excellence.
God therefore, not to seem less liberall
To Man, then else to every Animall;
For perfect patern of a holy Love,
To *Adams* halfe another halfe he gave,
Ta'en from his side, to binde (through every Age)
With kinder bonds the sacred Marriage.
Even as a Surgeon, minding off-to-cut
Some-cureless Limb; before in ure he put
His violent Engins on the vicious member,
Bringeth his patient in a sense-less slumber,
And grief-less then (guided by Use and Art)
To save the whole, sawes off th' infested part:
So, God empal'd our Grandsires lively look,
Through all his bones a deadly chilness strook,
Siel'd-up his sparkling eyes with Iron bands,
Led down his feet (almost) to *Lethé* Sands;
In brief, so numm'd his Soule's and Bodie's sense,
That (without pain) opening his side, from thence
He took a rib, which rarely He refin'd,
And thereof made the Mother of Mankinde:
Graving so lively on the living bone
All *Adams* beauties; that, but hardly, one
Could have the Lover from his Love descry'd,
Or known the Bridegroom from his gentle Bride:
Saving that she had a more smiling Eye,
A smoother Chin, a Cheek of purer Dye,
A fainter Voyce, a more inticing Face,
A deeper Tress, a more delighting Grace,
And in her Bosom (more then Lillie-white)
Two swelling Mounts of Ivory, panting light.
Now, after this profound and pleasing Transe,
No sooner *Adams* ravisht eyes did glance
On the rare beauties of his new-come Half,
But in his heart he 'gan to leap and laugh,
Kissing her kindly, calling her his Life,
His Loue, his Stay, his Rest, his Weal, his Wife,
His other-Selfe, his Help (him to refresh)
Bone of his Bone, Flesh of his very Flesh. (One.
Source of all joyes! sweet *Hee-Shee*-Coupled-
Thy sacred Birth I never think upon,
But (ravisht) I admire how God did then
Make Two of One, and One of Two again.
O blessed Bond! O happy Marriage!
Which dost the match' twixt Christ and us presage!
O chastest friendship, whose pure flames impart
Two Soules in one, two Hearts into one Heart!
O holy knot in *Eden* instituted
(Not in this Earth with blood & wrongs polluted,
Profan'd with mischiefs, the Pre-Scæne of Hell
To cursed Creatures that 'gainst Heav'n rebell)!
O sacred Cov'nant, which the sin-less Son
Of a pure Virgin (when he first begun
To publish proofs of his drad powr *Divine*,
By turning Water into perfect Wine,
At lesser (*Cana*) in a wondrous manner
Did, with his presence, sanctifie and honour!

The sleeves of Silver sent by the Emperor *Ferdinand* to *Solyman* the great Turke.

Of mans resemblance to his first patern, which is God.

Other sublunaries of the excellency of Man, confirmed Lord of the World.

Wherein consisteth Mans felicity.

Excellent comparisons

Of the Creation of Woman, made for an aide to man, and without whom mans life were miserable.

Simile.

Their marriage.

Their Epithalamy, or wedding Song.

By

The commodities of Marriage.

By thy deer favour, after our Deceaſe,
We leave-behinde our living Images,
Change War to Peace, in kindred multiply,
And in our Children live eternally.
By thee, we quench the wild and wanton Fires,
That in our Soule the *Paphian* ſhot inſpires:
And taught (by thee) a love more firm and fitter,
We finde the Mel more ſweet, the Gall leſs bitter,
Which here (by turns) heap up our humane Life
Ev'n now with joyes, anon with jars and ſtrife.

Propagation by the bleſsing of God.

This done, the Lord commands the happy Pair
With chaſte embraces to repleniſh Fair (dures,
Th' unpeopled World; that, while the World en-
Here might ſucceed their living Portraitures.
He had impos'd the like precept before,
On th' irefull Droves that in the Deſarts roare,
The feathered Flocks, & fruitfull-ſpawning legions
That live within the liquid Cryſtall Regions.
Thence-forth therefore, Bears, Bears ingendred;
The Dolphins, Dolphins; Vulturs, Vulturs bred;
Men, Men; and Nature with a change-leſs Courſe,
Still brought forth Children like their Anceſtors:

Unnaturall conjunctions produce monſtrous Births.

Tho ſince indeed, as (when the fire hath mixt them)
The yellow Gold and Silver pale betwixt them
Another Metall (like to neither) make,
Which yet of either's riches doth partake:
So, oft two Creatures of a divers kinde,
Againſt the common courſe through All aſſign'd,
Confounding their luſt-burning ſeeds together,
Beget an Elf, not like in all to either,
But (baſtard Mongrell) bearing marks apparent
Of mingled members, ta'en from either Parent.

Of things ingendred with out ſeed or commixtion of ſexes.

God, not contented, to each Kinde to give
And to infuſe the Vertue Generative,
Made (by his Wiſedome) many Creatures breed
Of live-leſs bodies, without *Venus* deed.
So, the cold humour breeds the *Salamander*,
Who (in effect) like to her births Commander
With child with hundred Winters, with her touch
Quencheth the Fire, though glowing ne'r ſo much.
So, of the Fire in burning furnace ſprings
The Fly *Pyrauſta* with the flaming Wings;
Without the Fire, it dyes; within it, joyes;
Living in that, which Each thing elſe deſtroyes.
So, ſlow *Boötes* underneath him ſees,
In th' ycie *Iles*, thoſe Goſlings hatcht of Trees;
Whoſe fruitfull leaves, falling into the Water,
Are turn'd (they ſay) to living Fowls ſoon after.
So, rotten ſides of broken Ships do change
To *Barnacles*; O Transformation ſtrange!
'T was firſt a green Tree, then a gallant Hull,
Lately a Muſhrom, now a flying Gull.

So Morne and Evening the Sixth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

The Argument.

In ſacred Reſt, *upon* This ſacred Day
Th' Eternall doth his glorious works *ſurvay:*
His onely Powr *and* Providence *perſever*
T' uphold, maintain, and rule the World *for ever:*
Maugre Mens *malice and* Hels *raging mood,*
God turneth all things to his childrens good:
Sabbaths *right uſe; From all* VVorlds-VVorks *to ceaſe;*
To pray (*not play*) *and hear the* Word *of Peace:*
Inſtructions *drawn from dead and living things,*
And for our ſelves; for all Eſtates; for Kings.

By an excellent ſimilitude of a Painter delighted with the ſight of a curious table which he hath limn'd; our Poet ſhewes how God reſted the ſeventh day, and ſurveyed (with the Scripture) that all that he had made was Good.

THe cunning *Painter*, that with curious care,
Limning a Land-ſcape, various, rich, and rare,
Hath ſet a-work, in all and every part,
Invention, Judgment, Nature, Uſe and Art;
And hath at length (t' immortallize his name)
With weary Pencill perfected the ſame;
Forgets his pains; and, inly-fill'd with glee,
Still on his *Picture* gazeth greedily.
First, in a Mead he marks a friſking Lamb,
Which ſeems, though dumb, to bleat unto the Dam,
Then he obſerves a Wood, ſeeming to wave:
Then th' hollow boſom of ſome hideous Cave:
Here a high way, and there a narrow Path:
Here Pines, there Oaks torn by tempeſtuous wrath:
Here from a craggy Rocks ſteep-hanging boſs
(Thrumm'd half with Ivie, half with criſped Moſs)
A ſilver Brook in broken ſtreams doth guſh,
And head-long down the horned Cliff doth ruſh;
Then, winding thence above and under ground,
A goodly Garden it be-moateth round:
There on his knee (behinde a Box-Tree ſhrinking)
A skillfull Gunner, with his left eye winking,
Levels directly at an Oak hard by;
Whereon a hundred groaning Culvers cry;
Down fals the Cock, up from the Touch-pan flies
A ruddy flaſh that in a moment dyes.
Off goes the Gun, and through the Forreſt rings
The thundring bullet, born on fiery wings.
Here, on a green, two Striplings, ſtripped light,
Run for a prize with labourſom delight;
A duſty Cloud about their feet doth flowe
(Their feet and head, and hands, and all do goe)
They ſwelt in ſweat; and yet the following Rout
Haſtens their haſte with many a cheerfull ſhout.
Here, ſix pyed Oxen, under painfull yoak,
Rip up the folds of *Ceres* Winter Cloak.
Here in the ſhade, a pretty Shepherdeſs
Drives ſoftly home her bleating happineſs:
Still as ſhe goes, ſhe ſpins; and as ſhe ſpins,
A man would think ſome Sonnets ſhe begins,
Heer runs a River, there ſprings forth a Fountain,
Here vales a Valley, there aſcends a mountain,
Here ſmokes a Caſtle; there a City fumes,
And here a Ship upon the Ocean looms.

In

God rested the seventh day, and contemplates on his workes.

In briefe, so lively, Art hath Nature shap't,
That in his Work the Work-mans selfe is rapt,
Unable to look off; for, looking still,
The more he looks, the more he finds his skill:
So th' Architect (whose glorious Workmanships
My cloudy Muse doth but too-much eclipse)
Having with pain-less pain, and care-less care,
In these *Six-Dayes* finisht the Table fair
And infinite of th' *Universall Ball*;
Resteth *This-Day*, t' admire himselfe in All:
And for a season eying nothing els,
Joyes in his Work, sith all his Work excels
(If my dull stutting, frozen eloquence
May dare conjecture of his high intents).

A briefe recapitulation and confideration of the Workes of God in the whole world, and a learned Exposition of the words of Moses Gen. 1. 31. God saw that all that he had made was perfect by goods.

One while, he sees how th' ample Sea doth take
The Liquid homage of each other Lake;
And how again the Heav'ns exhale, from it,
Aboundant vapours (for our benefit):
And yet it swels not for those tribute streams,
Nor yet it shrinks not for those boyling beams.
There sees he th' Ocean-peoples plenteous broods,
And shifting Courses of the Ebbs and Floods;
Which with inconstant glaunces night and day
The lower Planets forked front doth sway:
Anon, upon the flowry Plains he looks,
Laced about with snaking silver brooks.
Now, he delights to see foure Brethrens strife
Cause the Worlds peace, & keep the World in life:
Anon, to see the whirling Spheares to roule
In rest-les Dances about either Pole;
Whereby, their Cressets (carried divers wayes)
Now visit us, anon th' *Antipodes*.
It glads him now to note, how th' Orb of Flame,
Which girts this Globe, doth not enfire the Frame:
How th' Airs glib-gliding firmnes body bears
Such store of Fowls, Hail-storms, & Floods of tears:
How th' heavie Water, propest to descend,
'Twixt Aire and Earth is able to depend:
And how the dull Earth's prop-les massie Ball
Stands steddy still, just in the midst of All.
Anon his nose is pleas'd with fragrant sents
Of Balm and Basill, Myrrh and Frankincense,
Thyme, Spiknard, Hyssop, Savory, Cinnamon,
Pink, Violet, Rose, and Clove-Carnation.
Anon, his ear's charm'd with the melody
Of winged consorts curious Harmony:
For, though each Bird, guided with art-les Art,
After his kinde, observe a song a-part,
Yet the sole burden of their severall Layes
Is nothing but the Heav'n-Kings glorious prayse.
In briefe, th' Almightie's *eye*, and *nose*, and *ear*,
In all his works, doth nought *see*, *scent*, or *hear*
But *shewes* his greatnes, *savours* of his grace,
And *sounds* his glory over every place.
But above all, Mans many beauteous features
Detaine the Lord more then all other Creatures:
Man's his own Minion; Man's *his* sacred Type:
And for Man's sake, he loves his Workmanship.
Not that I mean to fain an idle God,
That lusks in Heav'n and never looks abroad,
That crowns not Vertue, and corrects not Vice;
Blinde to our service, deaf unto our sighs;
A Pagan Idol, voyd of powr and piety,
A sleeping Dormouse (rather) a dead Deity.
For though (alas!) sometimes I cannot shun,
But some profane thoughts in my minde will run,
I never think on God, but I conceive (ceive)
(Whence cordiall comforts Christian soules re-
In God, Care, Counsell, Justice, Mercy, Might,
To punish wrongs, and patronize their right:
Sith Man (but Image of th' Almightiest)
Without these gifts is not a Man, but Beast.

Of the providence of God.

Fond *Epicure*, thou rather sleept'st, thy self,
When thou did'st forge thee such a sleep-sick Elf
For Life's pure fount: or vainly fraudulent
(Not shunning th' *Atheists* sin, but punishment)
Imagined'st a God so perfect-les,
In Works defying, whom thy words profess.
God is not sitting (like some Earthly State)
In proud Theatre, him to recreate
With curious Objects of his eares and eyes
(Without disposing of the Comedies)
Content t' have made (by his great Word) to move
So many radiant Stars as shine above;
And on each thing with his own hand to draw
The sacred Text of an eternall Law:
Then, bosoming his hand to let them slide,
With reins at will, whither that Law shall guide;
Like one that having lately forc't some Lake,
Through some new Channell a new Course to take,
Takes no more care thence-forth to those effects,
But lets the stream run where his Ditch directs.

Epicurus & his followers, denying the same, confuted by sundry reasons.

Simile.

The Lord our God wants neither Diligence,
Not Love, nor Care, nor Powr, nor Providence.
He prov'd his Powr, by *Making* All of nought:
His Diligence, by *Ruling* All he wrought:
His Care, by *Ending* it in Six Dayes space:
His Love, in *Building* it for *Adams* Race:
His Providence (maugre Times wastefull rages)
Preserving it so many Years and Ages.

1. God powerfull, gracious, and wise above, him gloriously to serve, using the World.

For, O! how often had this goodly Ball
By his own greatnes caus'd his proper Fall?
How often had this World deceast, except
Gods mighty arms had it upheld and kept?
God is the soule, the life, the strength, and sinew,
That quickens, moves, and makes this Frame conti-
God's the main spring, that maketh every way (nue.
All the small wheels of this great Engin play. (ders
God's the strong *Atlas*, whose unshrinking shoul-
Have bin and are Heav'ns heavie Globes upholders.

2. In him, and through him, all things live, and move, and have their Being.

God makes the fountains run continually,
The Dayes and Nights succeed incessantly:
The Seasons in their Season he doth bring,
Summer and Autumn, Winter, and the Spring:
God makes th' earth fruitfull, & he makes the earth's
Large loynes not yet faint for so many births.
God makes the Sun & Stars, though wondrous hot,
That yet their heat themselves inflameth not;
And that their sparkling beams prevent not so,
With wofull flames, the *Last* great *Day* of wo:
And that (as mov'd with a contrary wrest)
They turn at-once both North, and East, and West:
Heav'ns constant course, his heast doth never break:
The floating Water waiteth at his beck:
Th' Air's at his Call, the Fire at his Command,
The Earth is His: and there is nothing fan'd
In al these Kingdoms, but is mov'd each howr
With secret touch of his eternall Powr.

3. All things particularly are guided by his Ordinance and Power, governing continually.

God

God is the Judge, who keeps continuall Sessions,
In every place to punish all Transgressions;
Who, void of Ignorance and Avarice,
Not won with Bribes, nor wrested with Device,
Saue Fear, or Favour; Hate, or partiall Zeal;
Pronounceth Judgments that are past appeal.
Himself is Judge, Jury, and Witness too,
Well knowing what we all think, speak, or doe:
He sounds the deepest of the doubl'est heart,
Searcheth the Reines, and sifteth every part:
He sees all secrets, and his *Lynx*-like eye
(Yet it be thought) doth every Thought descry:
His sentence given, never returns in vain;
For, all that Heav'n, Earth, Aire, and Sea contain,
Serve him as Sergeants: and the winged Legions
That soar above the bright Star-spangled Regions,
Are exempt'st, his pow'rfull Ministers:
And (lastly) for his Executioners,
Sathan, assisted with th' infernall band,
Stands ready still to finish his command.

God (to be briefe) is a good Artizan
That to his purpose aptly manage can
Good or bad Tools; for, for just punishment,
He arms our sins as Sinners to torment:
And, to prevent th' ungodly's plot, sometime
He makes his foes (will-nill-they) fight for him.

Yet true it is, that humane things (seem) slide
Unbridledly with so uncertain tide,
That in the Ocean of Events, so many,
Somtimes Gods Judgments are scarce seen of any;
Rather it seems that giddy *Fortune* guideth
All that beneath the silver Moon betideth.
Yet art thou ever just (O God) though I
Cannot (alas!) thy Judgments depth descry:
My Wit's too shallow for the least Designe
Of thy dread Counsails, sacred, and divine:
And thy least-secret Secrets, I confess,
Too deep for us, without thy Spirit's address.
Yet oftentimes, what seemeth (at first sight)
Unjust to us, and past our reason quite,
Thou mak'st us (Lord) acknowledge (in due season)
To have been done with equity and reason. (ther,

So, suff'ring th' *Hebrew* Tribes to sell their bro-
Thy eternall Justice thou didst seem to smoother.
But *Joseph* (when, through such rare hap, it chanced
Him of a slave to be so high advanced,
To rule the Land where *Nilus* fertill flood
Dry Heav'ns defects endevours to make good)
Learn'd, that his envious brethrens trecherous drift,
Him to the Stern of *Memphian* State had lift,
That he might there provide Reliefe and Room
For *Abraham's Seed*, against (then) time to come.

When thy strong arm, which plagues the Repro-
The World and *Sodom* did exterminate, (bate,
With flood and flame: because there lived then
Some small remaines of good and righteous men,
Thou seem'dst unjust: but when thou savedst *Lot*
From Fire, from Water, *Noah* and his Boat,
T' was plainly seen, thy Justice stands propitious
To th' Innocent, and smiteth but the vitious.

He wilfull winks against the shining Sun,
That sees not *Pharaoh* at a mean begun
For th' *Hebrews* good; and that his hardned heart
Smoothed the passage for their soon-depart,
To th' end the Lord, when Tyrants will not yeeld,
Might for his glory finde the larger field.

Who sees not also, that th' unjust Decree
Of a proud Judge, and *Judas* trecherie,
The Peoples fury and the Prelates gall,
Serv'd all as Organs to repair the Fall
Of *Edens* old Prince, whose luxurious pride
Made on his seed his sin for ever slide?

Th' Almighties Care, doth diversly disperse
Ore all the parts of all this Universe:
But more precisely, his wide wings protect
The race of *Adam*, chiefly his Elect.
For, aye he watcheth for his Children choice,
That lift to him their hearts, their hands, and voyce:
For them, he built th' ay-turning Heav'ns Theatre;
For them he made the Fire, Aire, Earth, & Water:
He counts their hairs, their steps he measureth;
Handles their hands, & speaketh with their breath;
Dwels in their hearts, and plants his Regiments
Of watchfull Angels round about their Tents.

But here, what heare I? Faithless, God-less men,
I marvell not, that you impugn my pen:
But (O!) it grieves me, and I am amaz'd, (blaz'd,
That those, whose faith, like glistring Stars hath
Even in our darkest nights, should so object
Against a Doctrine of so sweet effect;
Because (alas!) with weeping eyes they see
Th' ungodly most in most Prosperity,
Clothed in Purple, crown'd with Diadems,
Handling bright Sceptres, hoording Gold & Gems,
Croucht-to, and courted with all kinde affection,
As priviledged by the Heav'ns protection;
So that, their goods, their honours, their delights
Excell their hopes, exceed their appetites:
And (opposite) the godly (in the storms
Of this worlds Sea) tost in continuall harms:
In Earth, less rest then *Enrips* they finde,
Gods heavie Rods still hanging them behinde:
Them, shame and blame, trouble and loss pursues;
As shadows bodies, and as night the dews.

Peace, peace, deer friends: I hope to cancell quite
This profane thought from your unsettled Sp'rit.
Know then, that God (to th' end he be not thought
A pow'r-less Judge) here plagueth many a fault;
And many a fault leaves here unpunished,
That men may also his last Judgment dread.

On th' other side, note that the Crosse becomes
A ladder leading to Heav'ns glorious rooms:
A Royall Path, the Heav'nly *Milken way*,
Which doth the Saints to *Joves* high Court convay.
O! see you not, how that a Father grave,
Curbing his Son much shorter then his Slave,
Doth th' one but rare, the other rife reprove;
Th' one but for lucre, th' other all for love?
As skilfull Quirry, that commands the Stable
Of some great Prince, or person honourable,
Gives oftest, to that Horse the teaching Spur,
Which he finds fittest for the Use of War.
A painfull School-master, that hath in hand
To institute the flowr of all a Land,
Gives longest Lessons unto those, where Heav'n
The ablest Wits and aptest Wils hath giv'n.
And a wise Chieftain never trusts the weight
Of th' execution of a brave exploit,

4. Gods the Judge of the World having all creatures visible and invisible, ready armed to execute his Judgements.

Yea, he maketh even the wicked his instruments to punish the wicked, and to prove his chosen.

4. Here turneth the malice of Satan and his instruments, to his own glory, and the good of his: of whom here Bathsebaites (passim) are.

A remedy for temptation of the godly, seeing the prosperity of the wicked, and the afflictions of Gods Children.

The same confuted in divers sorts with apt similitudes, confirming the reason, and declaring the right end of Gods divers dealing with men.

But unto those whom he most honoureth,
For often proof of their firm force and faith:
Such sends he first t'assault his eager foes:
Such 'gainst the Canon on a Breach bestowes:
Such he commands naked to scale a Fort,
And with small number to re-gain a Port.
Afflictions profitable to the faithful. God bears his Dear, from birth to buriall,
To make them know him, and their pride appall,
To draw devout sighs from calamity,
And by the touch to try their Constancie,
T'awake their sloath, their minds to exercise
To travell cheerfly for th'immortall Prize.
They are needfull to cure the diseases of the soule. A good Physician, that Arts excellence
Can help with practise and experience,
Applies discreetly all his *Recipes*,
Unto the nature of each fell-disease;
Curing this Patient with a bitter Potion,
That, with strict Diet, th'other with a Lotion,
And sometime cutteth off a Leg or Arm,
So (sharply-sweet) to save the whole from harm:
Even so the Lord (according to th'*ill* humours
That vex his most-Saints with foul-tainting tumors)
Sends sometimes Exile, sometimes lingring Languor,
Sometimes Dishonour, sometimes pining Hunger,
Sometimes long Law-suits, sometimes loss of good,
Sometimes a Childs death, or a Widow-hood:
But ay he holdeth, for the Good of his,
In one hand Rods; in th'other Remedies.
Without them Gods children decline. The Souldier, slugging long at home in Peace,
His wonted courage quickly doth decrease:
The Rust doth fret the blade hangd up at rest:
The Moath doth eat the garment in the Chest:
The standing Water stinks with putrefaction:
And Vertue hath no vertue but in action.
The Croslet an hour or two his ease. All that is fairest in the world, we finde
Subject to travell. So, with storms and winde
Th'Aire still is vext: the Fire and Water tend,
This still to mount; that, ever to descend:
The Spirit is spright-less if it want discourse,
Heav'n's no more heav'n if it once cease his Course.
God will be glorified in the constant sufferings of his Servants. The valiant Knight is known by many scars:
But he that steals home wound-less from the Wars,
Is held a Coward, voyd of Valours proof,
That for Deaths fear hath fled, or fought a-loof.
The Lord therefore, to give Humanity
Rare Presidents of dauntless Constancy,
And crown his deer Sons with victorious Laurels,
Won from a thousand foes in glorious quarrels;
Pours down more evils on their hap-less head,
Then yerst *Pandora's* odious Box did shed;
Yet strengthning still their harts with such a plaister,
That though the Flesh stoop, still the Spirit is Ma-
There is nothing evill in mans life, but sinne: and vertue is best perceived in the proofe. (ster.
But, wrongly I these evils Evill call:
Sole Vice is ill; sole Vertue good: and all
Besides the same, is selfly, simply, had
And held indifferent, neither good nor bad.
Let envious Fortune all her forces wage
Against a constant Man, her fellest rage
Can never change his godly resolution,
Though heav'n it self should threaten his confusion.
True constancy lively represented by two comparisons. A constant Man is like the Sea, whose brest
Lies ever open unto every guest;
Yet all the Waters that she drinks, cannot
Make her to change her qualities a jot:
Or like a good sound stomack, not soon casting
For a light surfeit, or a small distasting;
But, that, untroubled, can incontinent
Convert all meats to perfect nourishment.
God resting on the seventh day, and blessing it: teacheth us that in resting one day of the Week, we should principally employ it in his service: That we should cease from our worldly and wicked works, to give place to his grace, and to suffer his Spirit to worke in us by the ministerie of his holy word. Though then, the Lords deep Wisdom, to this day,
Work in the Worlds uncertain-certain sway:
Yet must we credit, that his hand compos'd
All in six Dayes, and that He then *Repos'd*;
By his example, giving us beheft
On the Seventh Day for evermore to Rest.
For, God remembred that he made not Man
Of stone, or Steel, or Brass *Corinthian*:
But lodg'd our Soul in a frail earthen Mass,
Thinner then Water, Brittler then the Glass;
He knows, our life is by nought sooner spent,
Then having still our minds and bodies bent.
A Field, left lay for some few years, will yeeld
The richer crop when it again is till'd:
A River, stopped by a sluce a space,
Runs (after) rougher, and a swifter pace:
A Bow, a-while unbent, will after cast
His shafts the farther, and them fix more fast:
A Souldier, that a season still hath lain,
Coms with more fury to the Field again:
Even so, this Body; when (to gather breath)
One Day in Sev'n *at Rest* it sojourneth;
It recollects his Powrs, and with more cheer
Fals the next morrow to his first Career.
Similie. But the chief End this Precept ayms at, is
To quench in us the coals of Covetize;
That, while we rest from all profaner Arts,
Gods Spirit may work in our retired hearts:
That we, down-treading *earthly* cogitations,
May mount our thoughts to *heav'nly* meditations:
Following good Archers guise, who shut one eye,
That they the better may their mark espy.
Against Prophaners of the Sabbath. For, by th'Almighty, this great Holy-day
Was not ordain'd to dance, to mask and play,
To slug in sloath, and languish in delights,
And loose the Reines to raging appetites,
To turn Gods Feasts to filthy *Lupercals*,
To frantick *Orgies*, and fond *Saturnals*,
To dazle eyes with Prides vaine-glorious splendor,
To serve strange gods, or our ambition render;
As th'irreligion of loose Times hath since
Chang'd the *Prime-Churches* chaster innocence.
We ought on the Lords day assemble his servants, and meditate on the excellent Ring Ref. and on the works of God. God would, that men should in a certain place
This-Day assemble as before his face,
Lending an humble and attentive ear
To learn his great Name's dear-drad Loving-Fear:
He would, that there the faithfull Pastor should
The Scriptures marrow from the bones unfould,
That we might touch with fingers (as it were)
The sacred secrets that are hidden there.
For, though the *reading* of those holy lines
In private Houses som-what move our minds;
Doubtless, the Doctrin *preached* doth deeper pierce,
Proves more effectuall, and more weight it bears.
The practise of the first fall, in all reformed Churches, on the Sabbath day. He would, that there in holy Psalmes, we sing
Shrill praise and thanks to our immortall King,
For all the liberall bounties he bestow'th
On us and ours, in soule and body both:
He would, that there we should confess his Christ
Our onely Saviour, Prophet, Prince, and Priest:

Solemnizing

Solemnizing (with sober preparation)
His blessed Seals of Reconciliation:
And, in his Name, beg boldly what we need
(After his will) and bee assur'd to speed;
Sith in th' Exchequer of his Clemency
All goods of Fortune, Soule, and Body ly.
He would, this Sabbath should a figure be
Of the blest Sabbath of Eternity.
But th' one (as Legall) heeds but outward things;
Th' other to Rest both Soule and Body brings:
Th' one but a Day endures; th' others Date
Eternity shall not Exterminate:
Shadows the one, th' other doth truth include:
This stands in freedome, that in servitude:
With cloudy cares th' ones muffled up som-whiles;
The others face is full of pleasing smiles:
For never grief, nor fear o f any Fit
Of the least care, shall dare come neere to it.
'Tis the grand *Jubilé*, Feast of all Feasts,
Sabbath of Sabbaths, end-les Rest of Rests;
Which, with the Prophets, and Apostles zealous,
The constant Martyrs, and our Christian Fellows,
Gods faithfull Servants: and his chosen Sheep,
In Heav'n wee hope (within short time) to keep.
He would this Day, our Soule (sequestered
From busie thoughts of worldly (cares) should read
In Heav'ns bow'd Arches, and the Elements,
His bound-les Bounty, Power, and Providence;
That every part may (as a Master) teach
Th' illiterate, Rules past a vulgar reach.
Come (Reader) sit, come sit the downe bymee;
Think with my thoughts, and see what I doe see:
Hear this dumb Doctor: study in this Book,
Where day and night thou maist at pleasure look,
And thereby learne upright ly how to live:
For every part doth speciall Lessons give,
Even from the gilt Studs of the Firmament,
To the base Centre of our Element. (call,
Seest thou those Stars we (wrongly) *wandring*
Though divers wayes they dance about this Ball,
Yet evermore their manifold Career
Follows the Course of the *First Moving* Sphear?
This teacheth thee, that though thine owne Desires
Be opposite to what Heav'ns will requires,
Thou must still strive to follow (all thy Dayes)
God (the first Mover) in his holy wayes. (witches,
Vain puff of winde, whom vaunting pride be-
For Bodies Beauties, or Minds (richer) Riches;
The Moon, whose splendor frō her brother springs,
May, by Example, make thee veil thy wings:
For thou, no les then the pale Queene of Nights,
Borrow'st all goodnes from the Prince of Lights.
Wilt thou, from Orb to Orb, to th' Earth descend?
Behold the Fire which God did round extend:
As neer to Heav'n, the same is cleer and pure;
Ours here below, sad, smoakie, and obscure:
So, while thy Soule doth with the heav'ns converse
It's sure and safe from every thought perverse;
And though thou won heer in this world of sin,
Thou art as happy as Heav'ns Angels bin:
But if thy mind be alwaies fixed all
On the foul dung-hill of this darksome vale,
It will partake in the contagious smels
Of th' unclean house wherein it droops and dwels.
If envious Fortune be thy bitter foe,
And day and night doe tos thee to and fro:
Remember, th' Air corrupteth soon, except
With sundry winds it oft be swing'd and swept.
The Sea, which somtimes down to Hel is driv'n
And somtimes heaves a froathy Mount to Heav'n,
Yet never breaks the bounds of her precinct,
Wherein the Lord her boistrous armes hath linkt;
Instructeth thee, that neither tyrants rage,
Ambitions winds, nor golden vassallage
Of Avarice, nor any love, nor feare, (hair:
From Gods Command should make the shrink a
The Earth, which never all at once doth move
Through her rich Orb received, from above,
No firmer base her burthen to sustent
Then slippery props of softest Element;
By her example doth propose to thee
A needfull Lesson of true constancy.
Nay, there is nought in our dear Mother found,
But pithily som Vertue doth propound.
O let the Noble, Wise, Rich, Valiant,
Be as the base, poor, faint, and ignorant:
And, looking on the fields when *Autumn* shears,
There let them learn among the bearded ears;
Which still, the fuller of the flowry grain,
Bow downe the more their humble heads again;
And ay the lighter and the les their store,
They lift aloft their chaffie Crests the more.
Let her, that (bound-les in her wanton wishes)
Dares spot the Spous-bed with unlawful kisses,
Blush, (at the least) at Palm-Trees loyalty,
Which never bears unles her Male be by.
Thou, thou that pranc'st after Honours prize
(While by the way thy strength and stomach dies)
Remember, Honor is like Cinnamon,
Which Nature mounds with many a million
Of thorny pricks; that none may danger-les
Approach the plant, much les the fruit possess.
Canst thou the secret Sympathy behold
Betwixt the bright Sun and the Marigold;
And not consider, that wee must no les
Follow in life the Sun of righteousnes?
O Earth! the Treasures of thy hollow brest
Are no les fruitfull Teachers then the rest.
For, as the Lime doth break and burne in Water,
And swell and smoak, crackle, and skip, and scatter;
Waking that Fire, whose dull heat sleeping was
Under the cold Crust of a Chalky Mass:
He that (to march amid the Christian Hoast)
Y eelds his hearts Kingdome to the Holy-Ghost;
And, for brave Service under Christ his Banner,
Lookes to bee crown'd with his chief Champions
Must in affliction wake his zeal, which oft (Honor,
In calmer time sleepes too securely soft.
And, opposite, as the rich Diamond
The Fire and Steel doth stourly both withstand:
So the true Christian should, till life expire,
Contemn proud Tyrants raging Sword and Fire.
Or, if fell Rigour with some ruth-les smart
A little shake the sinnewes of his heart,
He must be like the richest Minerall,
Whose Ingots bow, but never breake at all;
Nor in the Furnace suffer any los
Of weight, but lees; not of the Gold, but dros.

The Corporall Rule, a figure of the Spirituall.

Meditations on the works of God, especially on the day of Rest.

Exhortations to this Meditation, with the end and profit thereof.

The planets teach us to follow the will of God.

The Moon teacheth that we have not received.

The Elementary fire and aire, where one happinesse, and where one misery dwells.

The Aire, this element is not to be polished as we

The Sea, that wee ought for no respect to transgresse the Law of God.

The Earth that wee should be constant.

The Ears of Corn, that we should be humble.

The Palm-tree, that we should be chaste.

Cinnamon, teacheth diligence and prudence.

The Sun & the Marigold direct us unto Christ the Sun of righteousnesse.

Lime is wet, teacheth us to shew our vertue in extremity.

The Diamond exhorteth to constancy.

Gold in the furnace, its magnanimity & purity.

The precious stone, that bears the rainbows name,
Receives the bright face of *Sols* burnisht flame;
And by reflection, after, it displayes
On the next object all those pointed rayes:
So, whoso hath from the Empyreall Pole,
Within the center of his happy Soule,
Receiv'd some splendor of the beames divine,
Must to his Neighbour make the same to shine;
Not burying Talents which our God hath giv'n
To be imploy'd in a rich trade for Heav'n,
That in his Church he may receive his Gold
With thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold.

The Stone Iris, an affection of our neighbour.

As th' Iron, toucht by th' Adamant's effect,
To the North Pole doth ever point direct:
So the Soule, toucht once by the secret powr
Of a true lively Faith, looks every houre
To the bright Lamp which serves for *Cynosure*
To all that sail upon the Sea obscure.

The Needle in the Mariners Compasse shewes that we should infinitely look on Christ our only Loadstar.

These presidents, from live-less things collected,
Breed good effects in spirits well affected:
But lessons, taken from the things that live,
A livelier touch unto all sorts doe give.

Lessons from living Creatures.

Up, up, yee Princes: Prince and People, rise,
And run to School among the Hony-Flies:
There shall you learn, that an eternall Law
Subjects the Subject under Princes aw:
There shall you learn, that a couragious King
To vex his humble Vassals hath no sting.

Bees to Subiects and to Princes.

The *Persian* Prince, that Princely did conclude
So severe laws against Ingratitude,
Knew that the Marlin, having kept her warm
With a live Lark, remits it without harm;
And lest her friend-bird she should after slay,
She takes her flight a quite contrary way.

The Marlin, to the unthankfull.

Fathers, if you desire your Children sage
Should by their blessings bless your crooked age;
Train them betimes unto true Vertues Lore:
By Aw, Instruction, and Example (more);
So the old Eagle flutters in and out,
To teach his young to follow him about.
If his example cannot timely bring
His backward birds to use their feeble wing,
He leaves them then some Dayes unfed, whereby
Sharp hunger may at length constraine them fly.
If that prevaile not, then he beats them, both
With beak and wings, to stir their fearfull sloth.

The Eagle, to parents.

You, that to haste your hated Spouses end,
Black deadly poyson in his dish doe blend;
O! can you see with un-relenting eyes
The Turtle-Dove? sith, when her husband dyes,
Dyes all her joy: for, never loves she more;
But on dry boughs doth her dead Spouse deplore.

The Turtle, to wedlock-breakers.

Thou, whom the freedom of a foolish tongue
Brings oft in danger for thy neighbours wrong;
Discreetly set a hatch before the door:
As the wise Wilde-geese, when they over-soar
Cicilian Mounts, within their bils do bear
A pebble-stone both day and night; for feare
Lest ravenous Eagles of the North descry
Their Armies passage, by their cackling Cry.

Wilde-geese, to babblers.

O! Mothers, can you? can you (O unkinde!)
Deny your Babes your breasts? and call to minde
That many Fishes many times are fain
Receive their seed into their wombs again;
Lucina's sad throes, for the self-same birth,
Enduring oft, it often bringing forth.
O! why embrace not we with Charity
The living, and the dead with Piety?
Giving these succour, sepulture to those;
Even as the Dolphins do themselves expose,
For their live-fellows, and beneath the Waves
Cover their dead-ones under sandy Graves. (nignity

Dolphins the coole.

You Children, whom (past hope) the Heav'ns be-
Hath heapt with wealth, and heaved-up to dignity,
Doe not forget your Parents: but behold
Th' officious Kids, who (when their Parents old,
With heavie Gyves, Elds trembling Fever stops,
And fetters-fall upon the mountain-tops)
As carefull purveyours, bring them home to drouz
The tendrest tops of all the slendrest boughs;
And sip (self-thirst-less) of the Rivers brink, (drink
Which in their mouthes they bring them home to

The wilde Kid, to children.

For house-hold Rules, read not the learned Writs
Of the *Stagyrian* (glory of good Wits):
Nor his, whom, for his hony-steeped stile,
They Proverbiz'd the *Attick Muse* yer-while:
Sith th' onely Spider teacheth every one
The Husbands and the Huswifes function.
For, for their food the valiant Male doth roam;
The cunning Female tends her work at home:
Out of her bowels wool and yarn she spinneth,
And all that else her learned labour fitteth:
Her weight's the spindle that doth twist the twine,
Which her small fingers draw so ev'n and fine,
Still at the Centre she her warp begins,
Then round (at length) her little threds she pins,
And equall distance to their compass leaves:
Then, neat and nimbly her new web she weaves,
With her fine shuttle circularly drawn
Through all the circuit of her open lawn;
Open, lest else th' ungentle Winds should tear
Her Cipres Tent (weaker then any hair)
And that the foolish Fly might easier get
Within the meshes of her curious Net:
Which he no sooner doth begin to shake,
But straight the Male doth to the Center make,
That he may conquer more securely there
The humming Creature hampred in his snare.

The Spider, to Man and Wife.

You Kings (that bear the sword of just hostility)
Pursue the Proud and pardon true Humility;
Like noble Lions that do never show
Their strength and stomack on a yeelding Foe,
But rather through the stoutest throngs do forrage,
'Mid thousand Deaths to shew their daunt-less cou-

The Lion, to Kings.

Thou Sluggard if thou list to learn thy part, (rage.
Go learn the Emmets and the Urchins Art;
In Summer th' one, in Autumn th' other takes
The Seasons fruits, and thence provision makes,
Each in his lodging laying up a hoord
Against cold Winter, which doth nought afford.

The Emmet and Hedge-hog, to the Sloathfull.

But Reader, we resemble one that windes
From *Saba*, *Bandan*, and the wealthy *Indes*
(Through threatning Seas, and dangers manifold)
To seek far-off for Incense, Spice, and Gold;
Sith we, not loosing from our proper Strand,
Finde all wherein a happy life doth stand;
And our own Bodies self-contained motions
Give the most gross a hundred goodly Notions.

Man may finde in himself excellent instructions.

You

The hand reacheth all persons in authority.

You Princes, Pastors, and ye Chiefs of War,
Do not your Laws, Sermons, and Orders mar;
Lest your examples banefull leprosies
Infect your Subjects, Flocks, and Companies;
Beware, your evill make not others like;
For, no Part 's sound if once the Head be sick.

The Eyes are first Princes and Noblemen.

You Peers, O do not, through self-partiall zeal,
With light-brain'd Counsels vex your Common-weale:
But, as both Eyes do but one thing behold,
Let each his Countries common good up-hold.

The Teeth, such as travell for others.

You that for Others travell day and night,
With much-much labour, and small benefit,
Behold the teeth, which Toll-free grinde the food,
From whence themselves do reap more griefe then good.

The Heart, the Ministers of the Word.

Even as the Heart hath not a Moments rest,
But night and day moves in our panting brest,
That by his beating it may still impart
The lively spirits about to every part:
So those, to whom God doth his Flock betake,
Ought alwayes study, alwaies work, and wake,
To breath (by Doctrine and good conversation)
The quickning spirit into their Congregation.

The Stomack, the same.

And as the Stomack from the wholesom food
Divides the grosser part (which is not good)
They ought from false the truth to separate,
Error from Faith, and Cockle from the Wheat,
To make the best receiv'd for nourishment,
The bad cast forth as filthy excrement.

The Hands, all Christians to Charity.

If Bat or Blade do threaten sudden harm
To belly, brest, or leg, or head, or arme, (blow,
With dread-less dread the Hand doth ward the
Taking her self her brethrens bleeding woe:
Then 'mid the shock of sacrilegious Arms
That fill the world with blood and boistrous storms,
Shall we not lend our helping hands to others.
Whom faith hath made more neer & deer then brothers;

The whole body, the whole society of mankind, that every one ought to stand in his owne vocation.

Nor can I see, whereunderneath the sky
A man may finde a juster Policy,
Or truer Image of a calme Estate
Exempt from Faction, Discord, and Debate,
Then in th' harmonious Order that maintains
Our Bodies life through Members mutuall pains:
Where, one no sooner feels the least offence,
But all the rest have of the same a sense.
The Foot strives not to smell, the Nose to walk,
The Tongue to combat, nor the Hand to talk:
But, without troubling of their Common-weal
With mutinies, they (voluntary) deal
Each in his Office and Heav'n-pointed place,
Be 't vile or honest, honoured or base.

But, soft my Muse: what? wilt thou re-repeat
The Little-Worlds admired modulet?
If twice or thrice one and the same we bring,
'Tis tedious; how-ever sweet we sing.
Therefore a-shore: Mates, let our Anchor fall:
Here blowes no Winde: here are we welcom all.
Besides, consider and conceive (I pray)
W' have row'd sufficient for a *Sabbath-day*.

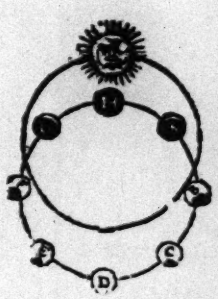
The End of the First Week.

DU BARTAS
HIS
SECOND VVEEKE,
DISPOSED
(After the proportion of his First)
Into SEAVEN DAYES:
(viz.)

The { I. ADAM, II. NOAH, III. ABRAHAM, IV. DAVID. }

The { V. ZEDECHIAS, VI. MESSIAS, VII. Th' ETERNALL SABBATH. }

But, of the three last, Death (preventing Our NOBLE POET) hath deprived Us.



Acceptam refero.

DU BARTAS

SECOND WEEK.

(Also the proportion of his Firth)

*
***

TO
THE
MOST
ROYAL
PATTERN
AND PATRON
OF LEARNING
AND RELIGION,
THE HIGH
AND
MIGHTY PRINCE,
JAMES
(By The Grace Of God)
KING
OF GREAT BRITAINE,
FRANCE, AND IRELAND,
TRUE DEFENDER OF
THE TRUE ANCIENT
CHRISTIAN,
CATHOLICKE, AND
APOSTOLICK FAITH,

&c.

From

I. SONNET.

FRom ZEAL-Land, *saying with the Winde of* Love,
In the Bark LABOUR, *steer'd by* Theorems,
Laden with Hope, *and with* DESIRE *t' approve,*
*Bound for Cape-*Comfort *in the* Ile *of* JEMMES;
In such a Mist *we fell upon the* Coast,
That suddenly upon the Rock Neglect
(*Unhappily*) *our* Ship *and* Goods *we lost,*
Even in a Place *that we did least suspect.*
So, Cast-away (*my* LIEGE) *and quite undon,*
We Orphan-*remnants of a woefull* Wrack,
Here cast a-shore, to Thee *for* succour *run:*
O Pittie *us, for our dear Parents sake,*
Who Honour'd *Thee, both in his Life and Death,*
And to thy guard *his* POSTHUMES *did bequeath.*

II. SONNET.

THese glorious WORKES, *and gratefull* Monuments
Built by Du BARTAS, *on the* Pyrenæis
(Your *Royall Vertues* to immortalize,
And magnifie your rich Munificence)
Have prov'd so Chargefull to Transport *from thence,*
That our small Art's-stock *hardly could suffize*
To under-goe so great an Enterprize;
But, is even beggerd with th' un-cast Expense.
So that, except our Muses SOVERAIN
With gracious Eye regard her spent Estate;
And, with a hand of Princely Favour *daign*
To stay her fall (before it be too-late)
She needs must fail: as (lending Light about)
Self-spending Lamps, for lack of Oyl, go-out

Voy (Sire) Salluſte

TO THE RIGHT EXCELLENT, AND MOST HOPEFULL YOUNG PRINCE, HENRY, *Prince of* WALES.

ANAGR. { Henricus Stuartus. / *Hic ſtrenuus ratus.* }

{ THE TROPHEIS, and MAGNIFICENCE. }

THE gracious Welcome You vouchſaft yer-while
To my grave PIBRAC *(though but meanly clad)*
Makes BARTAS *(now, no Stranger in this* Iſle*)*
More bold to come (though ſuited even as bad)
To kiſs Your HIGHNES *Hand; and, with Your Smile,*
To Crown His Haps, and our faint Hopes to glad
(Whoſe weary longings languiſh in our Stile*:*
For in our Wants*, our very* Songs *be ſad)*
He brings for Preſent *to ſo great a* PRINCE*,*
A Princely GLASSE*, made firſt for* SALOMON*:*
The fitter therefore for your EXCELLENCE
As oft to look-in, as you look upon.
Some Glaſſes *flatter: other-ſome deforme:*
This, ay, preſents You a true PRINCE's Form.

Voy (Sire) Saluſte.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of ENGLAND.

ANAGR.
Thomas Egerton.
1. *Gestat honorem.*
2. *Age mett Honor.*
3. *Honors mett Age.*

THE LAW.

MOst humbly
Shewes to thy Great Worthiness
(*Grave* MODERATOR *of our* Britain LAWES)
The Muses *Abject* (*subject of* Distress)
How long wrong-vext, *in a not*-Need-*less* Cause,
Not at the Kings-Bench, *but the* Penny-less,
By one, I Want (*the son of* Simpleness);
Unable, more to greaze *the scraping paws*
Of his Attorney Shift, *or oyl the jaws*
Of his (dear) *Counsell, Serjeant* Pensiveness;
He is compell'd, in forma pauperis,
To Plead *himselfe* (*and shew his* (*little*) Law)
In the free Court *of thy milde* Courtesies.
Please it thee therefore an Injunction *grant,*
To stay the Suit *between himself and* Want.

For Thee and Thine, for ay,
So He and His shall pray.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE EARLE OF SALISBURY, Lord high Treasurer of *England*.

ANAGR. { Robertus Cecilius. / *Cui ortus celebris:* / Robertus Comes Sari. } (vel) { Robertus Cecilius. / *Cerebro sic Tullius.* / *Cœrus est Orbi sermo.* }

THE CAPTAINES.

ARmes *yeeld to* Arts; *the* Trumpet *to the* Tongue:
Stout Ajax *Prize the wise* Ulysses *wan*:
It will not seem then that we have mis-sung,
To sing of CAPTAINES to a Counsail-*man*:
Sith without Counsaile, Courage *is but* Rage;
Rude in Resolving, rash in Acting it:
In which respect those of the Antique *Age*
Fain PALLAS Goddess *both of* War *and* Wit:
Therefore, to Thee, *whose* Wit *so much hath sted*
(*In* War *and* Peace) *our Princes and our* STATE;
To Thee, *whose* Vertue *hath now triumphed*
Of Cause-less Envie, *and mis-grounded* Hate:
To Thee (Witt's-WORTHIE) *had it not been wrong,*
Not to have sounded my War-WORTHIE's *Song?*

J. S

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, The Earle of *Dorset* (late) Lord high *Treasurer of* ENGLAND.

ANAGR. { Sacvilus. / *Vas lucis.* / *Sacris Musis celo devotus.* } { Comes Dorsetius. / *Esto decor Musis.* }

THE SCHISME.

NOt *with-out* Error, *and apparent* Wrong
To Thee, *the* Muses, *and my* Self (*the most*)
Could I omit, amid this Noble *Host*
Of learned Friends to Learning, *and our Song*
To muster Thee; Thee, *that hast lov'd so long*
The sacred Sisters, and (*sad-sweetly-most*)
Thy Selfe *hast sung* (*under a fained Ghost*)
The tragick Falls *of our* Ambitious *Throng*.
Therefore, in honour of Thy *younger* Art,
And of the Muses, *honour'd by the same,*
And to expresse my Thankfull *thoughts* (*in part*)
This Tract *I sacre unto* SACKVIL's *Name;*
No less renown'd *for Numbers of* Thine Owne,
Then for thy Love, *to Other's Labours, shown.*

I J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARLE OF PEMBROKE,

ANAGR. { William Harbert. / with liberall arm. }

THE DECAY.

FAr be the Title of this tragick page
From Thee (rare Module of Heroïk minds)
Whose noble Bountie all the Muses binds
To honour Thee; but mine doth most engage:
And yet, to Thee, and to Thy Patronage
(For present lack of other gratefull signes)
Needs must I Offer these DECAYed lines
(Lyned with Horrors of ISAACIAN rage)
Where-in, to keep decorum with my Theam,
And with my Fortunes (ruin'd every-way)
My Care-clogd Muse (still carried down the stream)
In singing Other's, sighes her Own DECAY
In stile, in state, in hap, in hope, in all:
For Vines, unpropped, on the ground do craul.

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

The Earle of *Essex*, Earle Marshall of ENGLAND, &c.

EDEN.

GReat Strong-bowe's heir, no selfe-conceit doth cause
Mine humble wings aspire to you, unknowne:
But, knowing this, that your renown alone
(As th' Adamant, and as the Amber drawes:
That, hardest steel; this, easie-yeelding strawes)
Atters the stubborn, and attracts the prone:
I have presum'd (O Honors Paragon!)
To grave your Name (which all Iberia awes)
Here, on the fore-front of this little Pile;
T' invite the vertuous to a sacred feast,
And chase-away the vicious and the vile;
Or stop their lothsom envious tongues, at least.
If I have err'd, let my submission scuse:
And daign to grace my yet ungraced Muse.

J. S

TO THE SAME RIGHT HONOURABLE. EARLE OF ESSEX, &c.

THE ARK.

FRom th' ARK of Hope, *ſtill toſſed in diſtreſſe*
On th' angry Deluge *of diſaſtrous plight,*
My ſilly Dove *here takes her ſecond flight,*
To view (great Lord) thy World *of worthineſs:*
Vouchſafe (rare plant of perfect Nobleneſs)
Some branch *of ſafety, whereon ſhe may light;*
Some Olive leaf, *that may preſage me right;*
A ſafe eſcape from this wet wilderneſs.
So, when the Flood *of my deep cares ſhall* fall,
And I be landed on ſweet Comfort's Hill;
Firſt, my pure thoughts to Heav'n preſent I ſhall:
Then, on thy favours meditating ſtill,
My Zealous Muſe *ſhall dayly ſtrive to frame*
Some fairer Tropheis *to thy glorious* Name.

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES LORD *Mount-joy*, Earle of Devonſhire.

THE IMPOSTURE.

THough *in thy* Brook (*great* Charles) *there ſwim a Swan*
Whoſe happy, ſweet, immortall tunes can raiſe
The vertuous greatneſs of thy Noble praiſe
To higher notes, then my faint Numbers can;
Yet, while thy Lucan *doth in ſilence ſcan*
Unto himſelfe new meditated laies,
To finiſh up his ſad Pharſalian *fraies:*
Lend ear to BARTAS (*now our Country-man*)
For, though his Engliſh be not yet ſo good
(*As* French-men *hardly doe our tongue attain*)
He hopeth yet to be well underſtood;
The rather, if you (worthy Lord) ſhall daign
His baſhfulneſs a little to advance,
With the milde favours of your countenance.

 J. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT HONOURABLE The Earle of DEVONSHIRE, &c.

THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

THe Mome-free Paſſage, that my Muſe hath found
Under Safe-Conduct of thy Patronage,
Through carping cenſures of this curious Age
(Where high conceited happy Wits abound)
Makes her preſume(O Mount-joy, moſt Renownd!)
To bear again, in her re-Pilgrimage,
The noble Paſtport of thy Tutelage,
To ſalve her ſtill from ſullen Envies wound.
Let thy (true Eagle) Sun-beholding Eyes
Glance on our Glow-worme's ſcarce diſcerned ſpark:
And while Witt's towring Falcons touch the skies,
Obſerve a while our tender-imped Lark.
Such ſparks may flame, and ſuch light Larks may flie
A higher pitch, then droſs-full Vanity.

J. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT HONOURABLE EARLE OF DEVONSHIRE, &c.

THE COLONIES.

REnowned Scipio; though thine Ennius
Still merit beſt the beſt of thy regard:
Though (worthily) his Trumpet be preferr'd
To ſound the Triumphs thou haſt won for vs;
Yet ſith one Pen, how-ever plenteous
(Were it the Mantuan or Meonian Bard)
Sufficeth not to give Fame's full Reward
To thy great Deeds, admir'd and glorious:
Though Hee, thy Homer be; Thou, his Achilles;
Both by Each other Happy: Thou (here-in)
T'have ſuch a Trump as his immortall Quill-is;
He ſuch a Theam as thy High Vertues bin:
It ſhall (Great Worthy) no Diſ-Honour be,
That (Engliſh) Bartas hath Sung (thrice) to thee.

J. S.

TO THE HONOURABLE, LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS Gentleman, Sir *Peter Young* of Seton, KNIGHT, Almoner of *Scotland*, and one of his Majesties Privie COUNCELL there,

THE COLUMNS.

YOUNG, *Ancient Servant of our Soveraign Lord,*
Grave Master of thy Masters minor-years;
Whose Prudence and whose Pietie appears
In his Perfection, which doth thine record:
Whose loyall Truth, His Royall Trusts approve
By oft Embassage to the greatest Peers:
Whose Duty and Devotion he endeers
With present favours of his princely Love:
In Honour of these Honours many-fold,
And for memoriall of Thy kinde regard
Of these poor Orphanes (pyn'd in Hopeless cold)
Accept these Thanks for thy firm Loves reward;
Where-in (so Heav'ns prosper what we have sung)
Through every Age thou shalt live ever YOUNG. J. S

TO THE RIGHT VERTUOUS (Favourer of Vertue, Furtherer of Learning) Sir THOMAS SMITH (of London) Knight, (late) Lord Embassadour for his Majestie, to the Emperour of RUSSIA.

JONAS.

TO *thee, long tost in a fell* Storm *of* State;
Cast out, and swallowed *in a Gulfe of* Death,
On false-suspect *of thine* unspotted Faith,
And flying from thy *(heav'n-given)* Charge *of late:*
For much resemblance of thy troublous Fate
(*Much like in* Case *to that hee suffereth,*
Though (in effect) thy Cause *far differeth)*
I send my JONAS, *to congratulate*
Thy (happy) Rescue, *and thy holy* Triall:
Where-by (as Fire doth purifie the Gold)
Thy Loyalty *is more notorious* Loyall,
And worthy th'Honours *which thou now do'st hold.*
Thus, Vertue's Palms, *oppressed,* mount *the more:*
And Spices *bruiz'd, smell* sweeter *then before.* J. S.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE, LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS Gentleman, Mr. Anthonie Bacone.

THE FURIES.

BOund by thy Bounty, and mine owne Desire
To tender still new Tribute of my Zeal
To Thee, whose favour did the first repeal
My proto-BARTAS from Self-doomed Fire:
Having new tuned to du BARTAS Lyre,
These tragick murmurs of his FURIES fell,
Which (with the Horrors of an earthly Hell)
The Sin-curst life of wretched Mortals tire:
To whom, but Thee, should I present the same?
Sith, by the Breath of Thine encouragement
My sacred-furie thou didst first inflame
To prosecute This sacred Argument.
Such as it is, accept it, as a signe
Of thankfull Love, from Him, whose all is Thine.

J.S.

TO THE SAME MOST HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN, Mr. Anthonie Bacone.

BABYLON.

THy friendly censure of my first ESSAY
(Du Bartas FURIES, and his BABYLON)
My faint Endevours hath so cheared on,
That both His WEEKS are also Ours to-day.
Thy gracious hand, reprieving from decay
My fame-lesse Name doom'd to oblivion,
Hath so stirr'd up my Soule's devotion,
That in my Songs thy Name shall live for ay.
Thy milde acceptance of my simple myte
(Pattern and Patron of all vertuous drifts)
Doth here again my gratefull Muse invite
To re-salute thee with mine humble gifts;
Indeed, no Gifts, but Debts to thy Desert:
To whom I owe my hand, my head, my heart.

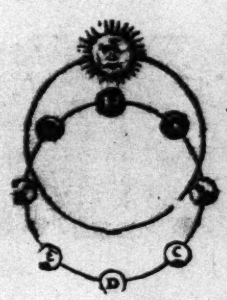
J. S.

ADAM.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE SECOND VVEEKE.

Containing

I. EDEN,
II. The IMPOSTURE,
III. The FURIES,
IV. The HANDY-CRAFTS.



Acceptam refero.

EDEN.

Eden.

THE FIRST PART
Of The
FIRST DAY OF
THE II. VVEEK.

The Argument.

Our Poet, first, doth Gods assistance seek:
The Scope and Subject of his Second Week.
Adam *in* Eden: Edens *beauties rare;*
A reall place, not now discerned where:
The Tree of Life, *and* Knowledge-Tree *withall:*
Knowledge of Man, before and since his Fall:
His Exercise, and excellent Delights,
In's Innocence: of Dreams and Ghostly Sights:
Nice Questions curb'd: Death, Sins effect, whereby
Man (else Immortall) mortall now, must Dy.

Invocation of the true God, for assistance in description of the infancy and first estate of the World.

GReat God, which hast this *World's Birth* made
Unfold his Cradle, shew his Infancy: (me see,
Walk thou, my Spirit, through all the flowring alleys
Of that sweet Garden, where, through winding val-
IV. lively floods crauld: tell me what mis-deed (leys,
Banisht both *Edens Adam*, and his seed:
Tell who (immortall) mortalizing, brought us
The balm frō heav'n wch hoped health hath wrought
Grant me the story of thy Church to sing, (us:
And gests of Kings: Let me this Totall bring
From thy first Sabbath to his fatall Toomb,
My stile extending to the Day of Doome.
Lord, I acknowledge and confess, before,
This Ocean hath no bottom, nor no shore;
But (sacred Pilot) thou canst safely steer
My vent'rous Pinnasse to her wished Peer;
Where once arriv'd, all dropping wet, I will
Extoll thy favours, and my vows fulfill.

And gracious Guide, which dost all grace infuse,
Since it hath pleas'd thee task my tardy Muse (Pen
With these high Theames, that through mine Art-less
This holy Lamp may light my Country-men:
Ah, teach my hand touch mine unlearned lips;
Lest as the Earths grosse body doth Eclipse
Bright Cynthia's *beams, when it is interpos'd*
'Twixt her and Phœbus: *so mine ill-dispos'd,*
Dark gloomy Ignorance, obscure the rayes
Of this divine Sun of these learned dayes.
O! furnish me with an un-vulgar stile,
That I by this may wain our wanton Ile
From Ovids *heires and their un-hallowed spell*
Here charming senses, chaining soules in Hell.
Let this provoke our modern Wits to sacre
Their wondrous gifts to honour thee their Maker:
That our mysterious ℰ *LPHINE Oracle:*
Deep, morall, grave, Inventions miracle;

The Translator, considering his own weaknesse and insufficiency for a worke so rare and excellent, as all the world hath worthily admired; craveth also the assistance of the Highest, that (at least) his endevour may both stir up some abler spirit to undertake this Task: and also provoke all other good wits to take in hand so holy Argument: and withall, that himselfe may be for ever sin-

My

My deer sweet DANIEL, *sharp conceipted, brief,*
Civill, sententious, for pure accents chief:
And our new NASO, *that so passionates*
The Heroïck sighes of love-sick Poenitates:
May change their subiect, and advance their wings
Up to these higher and more holy things.
And if (sufficient rich in selfe-invention)
They scorn (as I) to live of Strangers Pension,
Let them devise new Weeks, *new Works, new Wits*
To celebrate the Supreme Prince of praise.
And let not me (good Lord) be like the Lead
Which to some City from some Conduit-head
Brings wholsome Water; yet (self-wanting sense)
It self receives no drop of comfort thence:
But rather, as the thorough seasoned But
Wherein the wars of death-prest Grapes are put,
Retains (long after all the Wine is spent)
Within it selfe the Liquors lively sent:
Let me still savour of these sacred sweets
Till Death fold-up mine earth in earthen sheets;
Lest my young layes, now prone to preach thy glory
To BRUTUS *heirs, blush at my elder Story.*

God *(supreme Lord)* committed not alone
T' our Father *Adam*, this inferiour Throne;
Ranging beneath his rule the scaly Nation
That in the Ocean have their habitation;
Those that in horror of the Desarts lark;
And those that capering in the Welkin work:
But also chose him for a happy Seat
A climate temperate both for cold and heat,
Which dainty *Flora* paveth sumptuously
With flowry VER's inameld tapistry;
Pomona pranks with fruits, whose taste excels,
And *Zephyr* fils with Musk and Amber smels;
Where God himselfe (as Gardner) treads the allies,
With Trees and Corn covers the hils and valleyes;
Sûmons sweet sleep with noise of hundred brooks,
And Sun-proof Arbours makes in sundry nooks;
He plants, he proins, he pares, he trimmeth round
Th' ever green beauties of a fruitfull ground;
Here-there the course of th' holy Lakes he leads
With thousand Dies he motleys all the Meades.

Ye Pagan Poets that audiciously
Have sought to dark the ever-Memory (dum
Of Gods great Works; from henceforth still be
Your fabled prayses of *Elysium*;
Which by this goodly module you have wrought,
Through deaf tradition, that your Fathers taught:
For, the Almighty made his blisfull bowrs
Better indeed then you have fained yours.

For, should I say that still with smiling face,
Th' all-clasping Heav'ns beheld this happy place;
That honey sweet, from hollow rocks did drain;
That softring milk flow'd up and down the Plain;
That sweet as Roses smelt th' ill savory Rew:
That in all soyls, all seasons, all things grew:
That still there dangled on the self same treen
A thousand fruits, nor over-ripe, nor green:
That eagrest fruits, and bittrest hearbs did mock
Madera Sugars, and the Apricock;
Yeelding more wholsome food then all the messes,
That now taste-curious wanton Plenty dresses,
Disguising (in a thousand costly dishes)
The various store of dainty Fowls and Fishes,
Which far and neer we seek by Land and Seas,
More to provoke then hunger to appease;

Or should I say, each morning, on the ground
Not common dew, but *Manna* did abound:
That never gutter-gorging durty muds
Defil'd the chrystall of smooth-sliding floods,
Whose waters past, in pleasant taste, the drink
That now in *Candia* decks *Cerathus* brink:
That shady Groves of noble Palm-tree sprays,
Of amorous Myrtles, and immortall Bays
Never un-leav'd; but evermore, their new
Self-arching arms in thousand Arbours grew:
Where thousand sorts of Birds, both night and day,
Did bill and wooe, and hop about, and play:
And, marryng their sweet tunes to th' Angels layes,
Sung *Adams* bliss, and their great Makers praise.
For then, the Crowes, night-Ravens, and Howlets
Was like the Nightingals sweet tuned voice; (noise
And Nightingals sung like divine *Arion*,
Like *Thracian Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Amphion*.

Th' Air's daughter Eccho, haunting woods among,
A blab that will not (cannot) keep her tongue,
Who never asks, but onely answers all,
Who lets not any her in vain to call;
She bore her part; and full of curious skill,
They ceasing, sung; they singing, ceased still:
There Musick raign'd, and ever on the plain,
A sweet sound rais'd the dead-live voyce again.

If there, I say, the Sun (the Seasons stinter)
Made no hot Summer, nor no hoary Winter,
But lovely VER kept still in lively lustre
The fragrant Valleys, smiling Meads, and Pasture:
That boistrous *Adams* body did not shrink
For Northren Windes, nor for the Southren wink:
But *Zephyr* did sweet musky sighes afford,
Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord,
Gave bodies vigour, verdure to the field, (yeeld:
That verdure flowrs, those flowres sweet savour
That Day did gladly lend his Sister, Night,
For half her Moisture, half his shining Light:
That never hail did Harvest prejudice,
That never frost, nor snow, nor slippery yce
The Fields en-ag'd: nor any stormy stowr
Dismounted Mountains: nor no violent showr
Pov'rishe the Land, which frankly did produce
All fruitfull vapours for delight and use:
I think I lye not, rather I confess
My stammering Muses poor unlearnedness.
If in two words thou wilt her praise comprise,
Say 'twas the type of th' upper Paradise;
Where *Adam* had (O wondrous strange!) discourse
With God himselfe, with Angels intercourse.

Yet (over-curious) question not the site,
Where God did plant this Garden of delight:
Whether beneath the Equinoctiall line,
Or on a Mountain neer *Latona's* shine;
Nigh *Babylon*, or in the radiant East,
Humble content thee that thou know'st (at least)
That, that rare, plenteous, pleasant, happy thing
Whereof th' Almighty made our Grand-sire King,
Was a choice soil, through which did rowling slide
Swift *Ghion*, *Pishon*, and rich *Tigris* tide.
And that fair stream whose silver waves do kis
The Monarch Towrs of proud *Semiramis*.

Now

curthy affected, and (as it were) throughly seasoned with the sweet relish of these sacred and religious discourses.

Simile.

Simile.

Narration. God, having created and established Man Lord of the creatures, lodgeth him in the faire Garden of Eden.

The Elysian fields of the Heathen Poets are but dreams.

A large description of the rich beauties of the Garden of Eden, or earthly Paradise.

All discommodities far from Eden before Sinne.

Eden principall and most excellent beauty.

Of the place where the Garden of Eden was situate.

It was a certaine materiall place, however now adayes we can onely observe neither the circuit, nor extent of it.

Now, if that (roaming round about the earth)
Thou find no place that answers now in worth
This beauteous place, nor Country that can showe
Where now-adayes, those noted flouds do flowe:
Include not all within this Close confin'd,
That labouring *Neptunes* liquid Belt doth bind.
A certaine place it was(now sought in vain)
Where set by grace, for sin remov'd again,
Our Elders were: whereof the Thunder-darter
Made a bright Sword the Gate, an Angel Porter.

It was no allegoricall nor mysticall Garden.

Nor think that *Moses* paints fantastick-wise
A mystike tale of fained Paradise.
('Twas a true Garden, happy Plenties horn,
And seat of graces) lest thou make (forlorn)
An Ideall *Adams* food fantasticall,
His sin suppos'd, his pain Poeticall;
Such Allegories serve for shelter fit
To curious Idiots of erroneous wit:
And chiefly then when reading Histories,
Seeking the Spirit, they doe the body leese.

It was defaced by the generall flood.

But if thou list to ghesse by likelihood,
Think that the wreakfull nature-drowning flood
Spar'd not this beauteous place which formost saw
The first foul breach of Gods eternall law:
Think that the most part of the plants it pull'd,
And of the sweetest flowrs the spirits dull'd,
Spoyl'd the fair Gardens, made the fat Fields lean,
And chang'd (perchance) the rivers channell clean:
And think, that Time (whose slippery wheel doth
In humane causes with inconstant sway, (play
Who exiles, alters, and disguises words)
Hath now transform'd the names of all these Fords.
For, as through sin we lost that place, I feare
(Forgetfull) we have lost the knowledge where
'Twas situate, and of the sagred dainties
Wherewith God fed us in those sacred plenties.

Why the Situation of the Garden of Eden is now hard to find.

Now of the Trees wherewith th' immortal Powr
Adorn'd the quarters of that blissfull Bowr,
All serv'd the mouth, save two sustain'd the mind;
All serv'd for food, save two for seals assign'd.

Of the two trees living as Sacraments to Adam.

God gave the first, for honourable stile,
The tree of life: true name; (alas the while!)
Not for th' effect it had, but should have kept,
If man from duty never had misstept.

Wherof the tree of life was a Sacrament.

For, as the ayre of those fresh dales and hils
Preserved him from *Epidemick* ills,
This fruit had ever-calm'd all insurrections,
All civill quarels of the crosse complections;
Had barr'd the passage of twice-childish age,
And ever-more excluded all the rage
Of painfull griefes, whose swift-slow posting pase
At first or last our dying life doth chase.

The vnablenes of the Tree.

Strong counter-bane! O Sacred plant divine!
What metall, stone, stalk, fruit, flowr, root, or ryne,
Shall I presume in these rude rimes to sute
Unto thy wondrous World-adorning Fruit?
The rarest Simples that our fields present-us
Heale but one hurt, and healing too torment-us:
And with the torment, lingring our reliefe,
Our bags of Gold voyd, yer our bulks of griefe.
But thy rare fruits, hid powr admired most,
Salveth all sores; *sans* pain, delay, or cost:
Or rather, man from yawning Death to stay,
Thou didst not cure, but keep all ils away.

O holy, peerlesse, rich preservative!
Whether wert thou the strange restorative
That suddenly did age with youth repair,
And made old *Æson* younger then his heir?
Or holy *Nectar* that in Heav'nly bowrs,
Eternally self-pouring *Hebé* pours?
Or blest *Ambrosia* (Gods immortall fare?)
Or else the rich fruit of the Garden rare,
Where, for three Ladies (as assured guard)
A fire-arm'd Dragon day and night did ward?
Or precious *Moly*, which *Joves* Pursuivan
Wing-footed *Hermes* brought to th' *Ithacan*?
Or else *Nepenthé*, enemy to sadnesse,
Repelling sorrows, and repealing gladnesse?
Or *Mummie*? or *Elixir* (that excels
Savemen and Angels every Creature els)?
No, none of these: these are but forgeries,
But toyes, but tales, but dreams, deceits, and lies.
But Thou art true, although our shallow sense
May honour more, then sound thine Excellence,

We cannot say what Tree it was

Of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evill.

The Tree of Knowledge, th' other Tree behight:
Not that it selfly had such speciall might,
As mens dull wits could whet and sharpen so
That in a moment they might all things know.
'T was a sure pledge, a sacred signe, and seal;
Which, being ta'er, should to light man reveal
What ods there is between still peace, and strife;
Gods wrath, and love; drad death, and dearest life;
Solace, and sorrow; guile, and innocence;
Rebellious pride, and humble obedience.

Of the excellence of mans knowledge before Sin.

For, God had not depriv'd that primer season
The sacred lamp and light of learned Reason:
Mankinde was then a thousand fold more wise
Then now: blinde Errour had not bleard his eyes
With mists; which make th' *Athenian Sage* suppose
That *nought he knows, save this, that nought he knows*.
That even light *Pirrhons* wavering fantasies
Reave him the skill his un-skill to agnize.
And th' *Abderite*, within a Well obscure,
As deep as dark, the Truth of things immure.

How he knew good and evill before Sin.

He (happy) knew the Good, by th' use of it:
He knew the Bad, but not by proof as yet:
But as they say of great *Hippocrates*, (excesse,
Who (though his limbs were numm'd with no
Nor stopt his throat, nor vext his fantasie)
Knew the cold Cramp, th' Angine and Lunacy,
And hundred elf-pains, whence in lusty flowr
He liv'd exempt an hundred years and foure.
Or like the pure Heav'n-prompted Prophets rather,
Whose sight so cleerly future things did gather,
Because the Worl'ds Soule in their soule enseal'd
The holy stamp of secrets most conceal'd.

Of mans knowledge since his Fall.

But our now-*knowledge* hath, for tedious train,
A drooping life, and over-racked brain,
A face forlorn, a sad and sullen fashion,
A restlesse toyl, and Cares self-pining passion.
Knowledge was then even the soules soul for light,
The spirits calm Port, and Lanthorn shining bright
To strait-stept feet: cleer knowledg; not confus'd:
Not sowr but sweet: not gotten, but infus'd.

Why the Lord put man in the Garden of Eden.

Now Heav'ns eternall all-fore-seeing King,
Who never rashly ordereth any thing, (stated)
Thought good, that man (having yet spirit sound-
Should dwel elswhere, then where he was created;

That

That he might know, he did not hold this place
By Natures right, but by meer gift and grace;
That he should never taste fruits un-permitted,
But keep the sacred pledge to him committed,
And dresse that Park, which, God without all tearm,
On these conditions gave him as in Farm.

Of his exercise there.

God would that (voyd of painfull labour) he
Should live in *Eden*; but not idlely:
For, idlenesse pure Innocence subverts,
Defiles our body and our soule perverts:
Yea, sobrest men it makes dilicious,
To vertue dull, to vice ingenious.
But that first travell had no sympathy
With our since-travels wretched cruelty,
Distilling sweat, and panting, wanting winde,
Which was a scourge for *Adams* sin assign'd.

Poore comparisons.

For, *Edens* Earth was then so fertill fat,
That he made only sweet Essayes in that,
Of skilfull husbandry and naked wrought
More for delight, then for the gaine he sought.
In brief, it was a pleasant exercise,
A labour lik't a pain much like the guise
1 Of cunning Dancers; who, although they skip,
Run, caper, vault, traverse, and turn, and trip,
From Morne till Even, at night again full merry,
Renew their dance of dancing never weary.
2 Or else of Hunters, that with happy luck
Rousing betimes some often breathed Buck,
Or goodly Stagge, their yelping Hounds uncouple,
Winde loude their horns, their whoops & halloos
Spur-on & spare not, following their desire, (double,
Themselves un-weary, though their Hackneys tyre.
But, for the end of all their jollity,
There's found much fruitlesse, sweat, and vanity.
3 I rather match it to the pleasing pain
Of Angels pure, who ever floath disdain:
4 Or to the Suns calm course, who pain-lesse ay
About the Welkin posteth night and day.

Adam admires the beauties of the World in generall:

Doubtlesse when *Adam* saw our common aire,
He did admire the Mansion rich and faire
Of his Successors. For frosts keenly cold
The shady locks of Forrests had not powl'd:
Heav'n had not thundred on our heads as yet,
Nor giv'n the Earth her sad Divorces writ.

But most especially of the Garden of Eden.

But when he once had entred Paradise,
The remnant World he justly did dispise:
[Much like a Boor fat in the Country born,
Who, never having seen but Kine and Corn,
Oxen, and Sheep, and homely Hamlets thatcht
(Wch, fond, he counts as Kingdoms; hardly matcht)
When afterward he happens to behold
Our wealthy London's *wonders manifold,*
The silly peasant thinks himselfe to be
In a new world; and gazing greedily,
One while he Art-lesse, all the Arts admires,
Then the fair Temples, and their top-lesse spires,
Their firm foundations, and the massie pride
Of all their sacred ornaments beside:
Anon he wonders at the differing graces,
Tongues, gests, attires, the fashions and the faces,
Of busie-buzzing swarmes, which still he meets
Ebbing and flowing over all the streets;
Then at the signes, the shops, the weights, the measures,
The handy-crafts, the rumours, trades, and treasures.
But, of all sights, none seemes him yet more strange
Then the rare, beauteous, stately rich Exchange.
Another while he marvels at the Thames,
Which seems to bear huge Mountaines on her streams:
Then at the fair-built Bridge, which he doth judge
More like a tradefull City then a Bridge;
And glancing thence along the Northrene shore,
That Princely Prospect doth amaze him more.]

In this Comparison my Author fetcheth downe the famous City of Paris that I have perswaded to apply it to our owne City of *London*, that it might be more familiar to my inner English and un-travell'd Readers.

For in that Garden man delighted so,
That (rapt) he wist not if he wak't or no;
If he beheld a true thing or a fable;
Or Earth, or Heav'n: all more then admirable.
For such excesse his extasie was small:
Not having spirit enough to muse withall,
He wisht him hundred-fold redoubled senses,
The more to taste so rare sweet excellences;
Not knowing, whether nose, or ears, or eyes,
Smelt, heard, or saw, more savors, sounds, or dies.

Happiness of the first man before his fall.

But, *Adams* best and supreme delectation,
Was th' often haunt and holy conversation
His soule and body had so many wayes
With God; who lightned *Eden* with his Rayes.
For spirits, by faith religiously refin'd,
'Twixt God and man retein a middle kinde:
And (Umpires) mortall to th' immortall joine;
And th' infinite in narrow clay confine.

Of the visions of the Spirit.

Somtimes by you, O you all-faining Dreams,
We gain this good; but not when *Bacchus* streames
And glutton vapours over-flow the Brain,
And drown our spirits, presenting fancies vain:
Nor when pale *Phlegm*, or saffron colour'd *Choler*,
In feeble stomacks belch their divers dolor,
And print upon our Understandings Tables;
That, Water-wracks; this other, flamefull Fables:
Nor when the Spirit of lies, our spirit deceives,
And guilefull visions in our fancy leaves:
Nor when the pencill of Cares over-deep
Our day-bred thoughts depainteth in our sleep.
But when no more the soules chiefe faculties,
Are'sperst to serve the body many wayes,
When all self-ined, free from days disturber,
Through such sweet Transe, she finds a quiet harbor;
Where some in riddles, some more plain exprest,
She sees things future in th' Almighties brest.

Of the excellency of the vision of the spirit, the body being at rest.

And yet far higher is this holy Fit
When (not from flesh, but from flesh cares, acquit)
The wakefull soule it selfe assembling so,
All selfly dies; while that the body though
Lives motion-lesse: for, sanctified wholely,
It takes th' impression of Gods Signet solely;
And in his sacred Crystall Map, doth see
Heav'ns Oracles, and Angels glorious glee:
Made more then spirit, Now, Morrow, Yesterday,
To it, all one, are all as present ay.
And though it seem not (when the dreams expir'd)
Like that it was; yet is it much admir'd
Of rarest men, and shines among them bright
Like glistring stars, through gloomy shades of night.

Of divine and extraordinary visions and revelations.

But above all, that's the divinest Transe,
When the Souls eye behelds Gods countenance,
When mouth to mouth familiarly he deales,
And in our face his drad-sweet face he seales.
As when S. *Paul* on his deer Masters wings,
Was rapt alive up to th' eternall things:

And

And he that whilom for the chosen flock,
Made wals of waters, waters of a rock.
O sacred flight! sweet rape! loves soverain bliss!
Which very loves deer lips dost make us kiss:
Hymen, of *Manna*, and of *Mel* compact,
Which for a time doth Heav'n, with earth contract:
Fire, that in Limbeck of pure thoughts divine
Dost purge our thoughts, and our dull earth refine:
And mounting us to Heav'n, un-moving hence,
Man (in a trice) in God dost quintessence:
O! mad'st thou man divine in habitude,
As for a space; O sweetest solitude,
Thy bliss were equall with that happy Rest
Which after death shall make us ever-blest.
Now, I beleeve that in this later guise
Man did converse in Pleasant Paradise
With Heav'ns great Architect, and (happy) there
His body saw (or body as it were)
Gloriously compact with the blessed Legions
That raign above the azure-spangled Regions.
ADAM, quoth He, the beauties manifold
That in this *Eden* thou dost heer behold,
Are all thine, onely enter; (sacred Race)
Come, take possession of this wealthy place,
The Earth's sole glory: take (deer Son) to thee
This Farm's demains, leave the Chief right to me;
And th' onely Rent that of it I reserve, is
One Trees fair fruit, to shew thy fute and service:
Be thou the Liege, and I Lord Paramount,
Ile not exact hard fines (as men shall woont).
For signe of Homage, and for seal of Faith,
Of all the Profits this Possession hath,
I onely ask one Tree; whose fruit I will
For Sacrament shall stand of *Good* and *Ill*.
Take all the rest, I bid thee: but I vow
By th' un-nam'd Name, where-to all knees do bow,
And by the keen Darts of my kindled ire
(More fiercely burning then consuming fire)
That of the fruit of *Knowledge* if thou feed,
Death, dreadfull death, shal plague Thee & thy Seed.
If then, the happy state thou holdst of me,
My holy mildnesse, not high Majestie,
If faith nor honour curb thy bold ambition,
Yet weigh thy selfe, & thine own Seeds condition.
Most mighty Lord (quoth *Adam*) heer I tender
All thanks I can, not all I should thee render
For all thy liberall favours far surmounting (ting.
My hearts conceit, much more my tongues recoun-
At thy command, I would, with boystrous shock,
Go run my self against the hardest rock:
Or cast me headlong from some Mountain steep,
Down to the whirling bottom of the Deep:
Yea, at thy beck, I would not spare the life
Of my deer *Phœnix*, *sister-daughter-wife*:
Obeying thee, I find the things impossible,
Cruell, and painfull; pleasant, kinde, and possible.
But since thy first Law doth more grace afford
Unto the Subject, then the soverain Lord:
Since (bounteous Prince) on Me and my Descent,
Thou dost impose no other tax, nor rent,
But one sole precept, of most just condition)
(No Precept neither, but a Prohibition);
And since (good God) of all the fruits in EDEN
There 's but one Apple that I am forbidden,
Even onely that which bitter Death doth threat,
(Better, perhaps, to look on then to eat)
I honour in my soule, and humbly kisse
Thy just Edict (as Author of my blisse):
Which, once transgrest, deserves the rigour rather
Of sharpest Judge, then mildnesse of a Father.
The Firmament shall retrograde his course,
Swift *Euphrates* goe hide him in his source,
Firm Mountains skip like Lambs; beneath the Deep
Eagles shall dive; Whales in the Air shall keep,
Yer I presume, with fingers ends to touch
(Much lesse with lips) the Fruit forbid so much.
Thus, yet in league, wth Heav'n & Earth he lives;
Enjoying all the Goods th' Almighty gives:
And, yet not treading Sins false mazy measures,
Sails on smooth surges of a Sea of pleasures.
Heer, underneath a fragrant Hedge reposes,
Full of all kinds of sweet all-coloured Roses,
Which (one would think) the Angels daily dresse
In true love-knots, tri-angles, lozenges.
Anon he walketh in a levell lane,
On eyther side beset with shady Plane,
Whose arched boughs, for *Frize* and *Cornich* bear
Thick Groves, to shield from future change of air:
Then in a path impal'd, in pleasant wise,
With sharp-sweet Orange, Limon, Citron trees;
Whose leavie twigs, that intricately tangle,
Seem painted wals whereon true fruits do dangle.
Now in a plenteous Orchard planted rare
With un-graft Trees; in checker round and square:
Whose goodly fruits so on his will do wait,
That plucking one, another 's ready straight:
And having tasted all (with due satiety)
Finds all one goodnesse, but in taste variety.
Anon he talketh with an easy stride,
By some cleer River's lilly paved side, (Gemms,
Whose sand's pure gold, whose pebbles precious
And liquid silver all the curling streams:
Whose chiding murmur, mazing in and out,
With Crystall cisterns moats a mead about:
And th'art-less Bridges, over-thwart this Torrent,
Are rocks self-arched by the eating Current.
Or loving *Palms*, whose lusty Females willing
Their marrow-boyling loves to be fulfilling,
(And reach their Husband-trees on th' other banks)
Bow their stiffe backs, and serve for passing-planks.
Then in a goodly Garden's alleys smooth,
Where prodig' Nature sets abroad her booth
Of richest beauties, where each bed and border
Is like pide Posies divers dyes and order.
Now, far from noyse, he creepeth covertly
Into a Cave of kindly *Porphyry*,
Which, rock-fal'n spowts, congeald by colder air,
Seem with smooth anticks to have seeled fair:
There layd at ease, a cubit from the ground,
Upon a Jasper fring'd with yvie round, (Bever,
Purfled with veins, thick thrumm'd with mossie
He fals asleep fast by a silent River: (rushing,
Whose captive streams, through crooked pipes still
Make sweeter musick with their gentle gushing,
Then now at *Tivoli* th' *Hydrantick* Braul
Of rich *Ferrara*'s stately Cardinall:
Or *Ctesibes* rare engins, framed there
Whereas they made of *Ibis*, *Jupiter*.

Of the excellency of such visions and revelations.

What manner of visions the first man had in Eden.

Man is put in possession of Eden, under a condition.

Before Sin, Man was an humble and zealous servant of God.

Description of the beauties of the Garden of Eden.

The Orchard.

The Brook.

The Bridges

The Alleis, Beds, and Borders.

The Caves.

The pleasant murmure of the Waters.

The Maze.

Musing, anon through crooked Walks he wanders,
Round-winding rings, and intricate Meanders,
False guiding paths, doubtfull beguiling strays,
And right-wrong errors of an end-less Maze:
Not simply hedged with a single border
Of *Rosemary*, cut-out with curious order,
In *Satyrs*, *Centaurs*, *Whales*, and *half-men-horses*,

The wonderfull Plants.

And thousand other counterfaited corses;
But with true Beasts, fast in the ground still sticking,
Feeding on grass, and th' Airy moysture licking:

The Bottrets.

Such as those *Bonarets*, in *Scythia* bred
Of slender seeds, and with green fodder fed;
Although their bodies, noses, mouthes, and eyes,
Of new-yeand Lambs have full the form and guise;
And should be very Lambs, save that (for foot)
Within the ground they fix a living root,
Which at their navell grows and dyes that day
That they have brouz'd the neighbour-grass away.
O wondrous vertue of God onely good!
The Beast hath root, the Plant hath flesh and bloud:
The nimble Plant can turn it to and fro;
The nummed Beast can neither stir nor go;
The Plant is leaf-less branch-less, void of fruit;
The Beast is lust-less, sex-less, fire-less, mute:
The Plant with Plants his hungry panch doth feed;
Th' admired Beast is sow'n a slender seed.
Then up and down a Forrest thick he paseth;

The trees of the Garden of Eden.

Which, selfly op'ning in his presence, 'baseth
Her trembling tresses never-vading spring,
For humble homage to her mighty King:
Where thousand Trees, waving with gentle puffs
Their plumy tops, sweep the celestiall roofs:

The Cerbus.

Yet envying all the massie *Cerbus* fame,
Sith fifty pases can but clasp the same.
There springs the Shrub 3. foot above the grass,

The balm.

Which fears the keen edge of the Curtelace,
Whereof the rich *Egyptian* so endears
Root, bark, and fruit, & much-much more the tears.
There lives the *Sea-Oak* in a little shell;

The Sea-Oak. The Cochenel. The Chermez.

There grows untill'd the ruddy *Cochenel*:
And there the *Chermez*, which on each side arms,
With pointed prickles, all his precious arms;
Rich Trees and fruit full in those Worms of Price,
Which pressed, yeeld a *crimsin*-coloured juice,
Whence thousand Lambs are died so deep *in grain*,
That their own Mothers know them not again.
There mounts the *Melt*, which serves in *Mexico*

The admirable Melt.

For weapon, wood, needle, and threed (to sowe)
Brick, hony, sugar, sucket, balm, and wine,
Parchment, perfume, apparel, cord and line:
His wood for fire, his harder leaves are fit
For thousand uses of inventive wit.
Somtimes thereon they grave their holy things,
Laws, lands of Idols, and the gests of Kings:
Somtimes, conjoyned by a cunning hand,
Upon their roofs for rowes of tile they stand:
Somtimes they twine them into equall threds;
Small ends make needles; greater, arrow-heads:
His upper sap the sting of Serpents cures:
His new-sprung bud, a rare Conserve indures:
His burned stalks, with strong fumosities
Of piercing vapours, purge the *French* disease:
And they extract from liquor of his feet,
Sharp vinegar, pure hony, sugar sweet.

There quakes the Plant, which in *Pudefetan*

The Shame-fac'd.

Is call'd the *Shame-fac't*: for, asham'd of man,
If towards it one do approach too much,
It shrinks his boughs, to shun our hatefull touch;
As if it had a soule, a sense, a sight,
Subject to shame, feare, sorrow, and despight. (top
And there, that Tree from off whose trembling
Both swimming shoals, and flying troops doe drop:

A True wholesome transforme to fowle and fish.

I mean the Tree now in *Jutuma* growing, (ing,
Whose leaves, disperst by *Zephyr's* wanton blow-
Are metamorphos'd both in form and matter;
On Land to Fowls, to Fishes in the Water. (same
But, seest thou not (dear *Muse*) thou tread'st the

A modest correction of our Poet unwilling to wade further in curious search of hidden secrets.

Too-curious path thou dost in others blame?
And striv'st in vain to paint This Work of choice,
To which no humane spirit, nor hand, nor voice,
Can once conceive, less pourtray, least expres,
All overwhelm'd in gulfs so bottomlesse.
Who (matching Art with Nature) likeneth
Our grounds to EDEN, fondly measureth
By painted Butter-flies th' imperiall Eagle;
And th' Elephant by every little Beagle.
This fear to faile, shall serve me for a bridle,

Or to wander unprofitably a nice quadrate, compassing the Garden of Eden, and many about there.

Lest (lacking wings and guide) too busie-idle,
And over-bold, Gods Cabinet I clime,
To seek the place, and search the very time
When both our *Parents*, or but one was ta'en
Out of our Earth into that fruitfull Plain:
How long they had that Garden in possession,
Before their proud and insolent Transgression!
What children there they earned, and how many,
Of whether sex: or, whether none or any:
Or how (at least) they should have propagated,
If the sly malice of the Serpent hated,
Causing their fall, had not defil'd their kin,
And unborn seed, with leprosie of sin.
If voyd of *Venus*; sith unlike it is,
Such blessed state the noble flowr should miss
Of Virgin-head; or, folk so perfect chaste
Should furious feel, when they their loves imbrac't,
Such tickling flames as our fond soule surprise
(That dead a-while in *Epilepsie* lyes)
And slack our sinnews all, by little and little
Drowning our reason in foul pleasure brittle.
Or, whether else as men ingender now,
Sith Spouse-bed spot-less laws of God allow,
If no exces command: sith else again
The Lord had made the double sex in vain.
Whether their Infant, should have had the powr
We now perceive in fresh youths lusty flowr,
As nimble feet, limbs strong and vigorous,
Industrious hands, and hearts couragious;
Sith before Sin, Man ought not less appear
In Natures gifts, than his then servants were:
And lo the Partridge, which new-hatched bears
On her weak back her parent-house, and wears
(In steed of wings) a bever-supple Down,
Follows her Dam through furrows up and down.
Or else as now; sith in the womb of *Eve*
A man of thirty years could never live:
Nor may we judge 'gainst Natures course apparent,
Without the sacred Scriptures speciall warrant:
Which for our good (as Heav'ns dear babe) hath
To countermand our reason and our sight. (right

Whether

Whether their ſeed ſhould with their birth have
Deep knowledg, reaſon, underſtãding-thought; (brought
Sith now we ſee the new-fall'n feeble Lamb
Yet ſtain'd with blood of his diſtreſſed Dam,
Knows well the Wolf, at whoſe fell ſight, he ſhakes
And right the teat of th' unknown Ewe he takes.
And ſith a dull Dunce, which no knowledge can,
Is a dead Image, and no living man.
Or the thick vail of ignorance's night
Had hooded-up their iſſues inward ſight;
Sith the much moyſture of an infant brain
Receives ſo many ſhapes, that over-lain
New daſh the old; and the trim commixation
Of confus'd fancies, full of alteration,
Makes th' underſtanding dull, which ſettle would;
And finds no firm ground for his Anchors hold.
Whether old ADAM ſhould have left the place
Unto his Sons; they, to their after-race:
Or whether all together at the laſt
Should glorioufly from thence to Heav'n have paſt;
Search whoſo liſt: who liſt let vaunt in pride
T' have hit the White, and let him (ſage) decide
The many other doubts that vainly riſe.
For mine own part I will not ſeem ſo wiſe:
I will not waſte my travell and my ſeed
To reap an empty ſtraw, or fruit-leſs reed.
Alas! we know what *Orion* of grief
Rain'd on the curſt head of the Creatures *Chief*,
After that God againſt him war proclaim'd,
And Satan Princedome of the earth had claim'd:
But none can know preciſely, how at all
Our Elders liv'd before their odious Fall:
An unknown Cifer, and deep Pit it is,
Where *Dircean Oedipus* his marks would miſſe:
Sith *Adam's* ſelf, if now he liv'd anew,
Could ſcant unwinde the knotty ſnarled clew
Of double doubts and queſtions intricate
That Schools diſpute about this priſtin ſtate.
But this ſole point I reſt reſolved in,
That, ſeeing Death 's the meer effect of ſin,
Man had not dreaded Death 's all-ſlaying might,
Had he ſtill ſtood in Innocence upright.
For, as two Bellows, blowing turn by turn,
By little and little make cold coals to burn,
And then their fire inflames with glowing heat
An iron bar; which, on the Anvill beat,
Seems no more Iron, but flies almoſt all
In hiſſing ſparks, and quick bright cindars ſmall:
So, the World's Soule ſhould in our ſoule inſpire
Th' eternall force of an eternall fire,
And then our Soule (as form) breath in our corſe
Her countleſs numbers, and Heav'n-tuned force,
Wherewith our bodies beauty beautifi'd,
Should (like our death-leſs Soule) have never dy'd.
Here (wot I well) ſome wranglers will preſume
To ſay, Small Fire will by degrees conſume
Our humour radicall: and, how-be-it
The differing vertues of thoſe fruits as yet
Had no agreement with the harmfull ſpight
Of the fell Perſian dangerons *Aconite*;
And notwithſtanding that then ADAM's taſte
Could well have uſed all, without all waſte,
Yet could they not reſtore him every day
Unto his body that which did decay;
Becauſe the food cannot (as being ſtrange)
So perfectly in humane ſubſtance change:
For it reſembleth Wine, wherein too rife
Water is brew'd, whereby the pleaſant life
Is over-cool'd; and ſo there reſts, in fine,
Nought of the ſtrength, ſavour, or taſte of Wine.
Beſides, in time the naturall faculties
Are tyr'd with toyl; and th' Humour-enemies,
Our death conſpiring, undermine at laſt,
Of our Soules priſons the foundations faſt.
I, but the Tree of life the ſtrife did ſtay
Which th' humours cauſed in this houſe of clay;
And ſtopping th' evill, changed (perfect good)
In body fed, the body of the food:
Onely the Soules contagious malady
Had force to fruſtrate this high remedy.
Immortall then, and mortall, Man was made;
Mortall he liv'd, and did immortall vade:
For, 'fore th' effects of his rebellious ill,
To dy or live was in his power and will:
But ſince his Sin, and proud Apoſtaſie,
Ah! dye he may, but not (alas!) not-dye;
As after his new birth, he ſhall attain
Onely a powr to never-dye again.

Objections againſt the eſtate of man, who had not been ſubiect to death but for ſin.

The deciſion of ſuch queſtions is a ſubtil idleneſſe.

Simile.

Sin makes us perceive more then ſufficiently what happineſſe our Grand-fire loſt, and what miſery he got, by his ſhame-full fall.

Answer to thoſe objections.

Conclaſion.

But for ſin, men had not beene ſubiect to death.

Simile.

FINIS.

The Impoſture.

THE SECOND PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juſtice *and* Mercy *modul'd in their kinde:*
Satans *proud Hate, and Envie to Mankinde:*
His many engines, and malitious Wiles,
Whereby the beſt he many-times beguiles:
Why he aſſum'd a Body, and began
With Eve; *by Her to undermine her Man:*
Their dreadfull Fall: *Their drowſie* Conſcience:
Gods righteous Sentence, *for their foul Offence,*
On them (and theirs): Their Exile: Eden *barr'd*
With flaming *Sword, and* Seraphin *for guard.*

O Who ſhall lend me light and nimble wings,
That (paſſing Swallows, & the ſwifteſt things)
Even in a moment, boldly-daring, I
From Heav'n to Hell, from Hell to Heav'n may fly?
O! who ſhall ſhew the countenance and geſtures
Of *Mercy* and *Juſtice*? which, fair ſacred ſiſters,
With equall poiz, doe ever balance ev'n
Th' unchanging Projects of the King of Heav'n.
Th' one ſtern of look, the other milde-aſpecting:
Th' one pleas'd with tears, the other bloud affecting:
Th' one bears the ſword of vengeance un-relenting,
Th' other brings Pardon for the true-repenting.
Th' one, from Earths-*Eden*, *Adam* did diſmiſs:
Th' other hath raiſ'd him to a higher Bliſs.
Who ſhall direct my Pen to paint the Story
Of wretched mans forbidden-Bit-loſt glory?
What ſpell ſhall charm th' attentive Readers ſenſe?
What Fount ſhall fill my voice with eloquence?
So that I, *rapt, may raviſh all this* ILE
With grave-ſweet warbles of my ſacred ſtile;
Though *Adams* Doom, in every Sermon common,
And founded on the error of a *woman*,
Weary the Vulgar, and be judg'd a jeſt
Of the profane zeal-ſcoffing *Atheiſt*.
Ah! Thou my God, even Thou (my ſoule refining
In holy *Faiths* pure Furnace, cleerly ſhining)
Shalt make my hap far to ſurmount my hope,
Inſtruct my ſpirit, & give my tongue ſmooth ſcope:
Thou (bounteous) in my bold attemps ſhalt grace-me,
And in the rank of holieſt Poets place-me; (me,
And frankly grant, that (ſoaring neer the ſky)
Among our Authors, Eagle-like I fly:
Or, at the leaſt (if heav'n ſuch hap denay)
I may point others, Honours beauteous way.
WHILE *Adam* bathes in theſe felicities,
Hell's Prince (fly parent of revolt and lies)

He hath recourſe to God, the onely giver of all ſufficiency and dexterity in good and holy things.

The enemy of God envieth man, and plotteth his destruction.

Feels a pestiferous busie-swarming nest
Of never-dying Dragons in his brest,
Sucking his bloud, tyring upon his lungs,
Pinching his entrails with ten thousand tongues,
His curled soule still most extreamly racking,
Too frank in giving torments, and in taking:
But above all, *Hate*, *Pride*, and *Envious* spight,
His hellish life do torture day and night.
For th' Hate he bears to God, who hath him driv'n
Justly for ever from the glittering Heav'n,
To dwell in darknesse of a sulph'ry clowd
(Though still his brethrens service be allow'd):
The Proud desire to have in his subjection
Mankind inchain'd in gyves of Sins infection:
And th' Envious heart-break to see (yet) to shine
In *Adams* face Gods image all divine,
Which he had lost; and that Man might atchieve
The glorious blisse, his Pride did him deprive;
Grown barbarous Tyrant of his treacherous will,
Spurs-on his courser, his rage redoubling till.
Or rather (as the prudent Hebrew notes)
'Tis that old *Python* wch through hundred throats
Doth proudly hisse, and past his wont) doth fire
A hell of Furies in his fell desire:
His envious heart, self-swoln with sullen spight,
Brooks neither greater, like, nor lesser wight:
Dreads th' one as Lord; as equall, hates another;
And (jealous) doubts the rising of the other.

His subtilty in executing his designes.

To vent his poyson, this notorious Tempter
(Meer spirit) assails not *Eve*, but doth attempt her
In fained form: for else, the soule divine
Which rul'd (as Queen) that Little-Worlds designe,
So purely kept her Vow of Chastity,
That he in vain should tempt her Constancy.
Therefore he fleshly doth the flesh assay
(Suborning that) her Mistresse to betray;
A subtle Pandar with more ticing sleights
Then Sea hath Fish or Heav'n hath twinkling lights.

Why he hid him in a body.

For had he been of an ethereall matter,
Of fiery substance or aëreall nature;
The needfull help of language had he wanted (ted:
Whereby Faiths ground-work was to be supplan-
Sith such pure bodies have nor teeth, nor tongues,
Lips, art'ries, nose, palate, nor panting lungs,
Which rightly plac't are properly created
True instruments of sounds articulated.

Why he appeared not in his owne likenesse: nor transformed him into an Angel of light.

And furthermore, though from his birth h'had had
Heart-charming cunning smoothly to perswade,
He fear'd (malitious) if he, care-lesse, came
Un-masked (like himselfe, in his own name)
In deep distrust man entring suddenly,
Would stop his ears, and his foule presence fly:
As (opposite) taking the shining face
Of sacred Angels full of glorious grace,
He then suspected, lest th' Omnipotent
Should think mans fall scarce worthy punishment.

Simile.

Much like (therefore) some theef that doth con-
From travellers both life and goods to reave, (ceive
And in the twi-light (while the Moon doth play
In *Thetis* Palace) neer the Kings high-way
Himself doth ambush in a bushy Thorn;
Then in a Cave, then in a field of Corn,
Creeps to and fro, and fisketh in and out,
And yet the safety of each place doth doubt;
Till, resolute at last (upon his knee
Taking his levell) from a hollow Tree,
He swiftly send his fire-wing'd messenger,
At his false suit t' arrest the passenger:
Our freedoms felon, fountain of our sorrow,
Thinks now the beauty of an Horse to borrow;
Anon to creep into a Heifers side;
Then in a Cock, or in a Dog to hide;
Then in a nimble Hart himselfe to shroud;
Then in the starr'd plumes of a Peacock proud;
And lest he misse a mischief to effect,
Oft changeth minde, and varies oft aspect.

He hides him under divers shapes.

Why he chose the Serpent.

At last, remembring that of all the broods
In Mountains, Plains, Airs, waters, wilds and woods,
The knotty Serpents spotty generation
Are filled with infectious inflamation: (paws,
And tho they want Dogs teeth, Boars tusks, Bears
The Vultures bill, Buls horns, and Gryphins claws;
Yea, seem so weak, as if they had not might
To hurt us once, much lesse to kill us quite:
Yet, many times they trecherously betray us,
And with their breath, look, tongue, or train they
He crafty cloaks him in a Dragon skin (slay us;
All bright-bespect; that, speaking so within
That hollow Sagbuts supple-wreathing plies,
The Mover might with Organ sympathize.
For, yet the faith-lesse Serpent (as they say)
With horror crawl'd not groveling on the clay,
Nor to Man-kinde (as yet) was held for hatefull,
Sith that 's the hire of his offence ingratefull.

Scaliger objections hereupon.

But now to censure how this change befell
Our wits come short, our words suffice not well
To utter it: much lesse our feeble Art
Can imitate this fly malitious part. (Fiend

1

Somtimes me seems (troubling *Eves* spirit) the
Made her this speaking fancy apprehend.
For, as in liquid clouds (exhaled thickly)
Water and Aire (as moyst) doe mingle quickly;
The evill Angels slide too easily,
As subtle Spirits int' our fantasie.

2

Somtimes me seems She saw (wo-worth the hap)
No very Serpent, but a Serpents shape:
Whether that Satan playd the Juggler there,
Who tender eyes with charmed Tapers blear,
Transforming so, by subtle vapoury gleams,
Mens heads to Monsters, into Eels the beams:
Or whether, Divels having bodies light,
Quick, nimble, active, apt to change with sleight,
In shapes or shews, the guilefull have propos'd;
In brief, like th' Aire, whereof they are compos'd.
For as th' Aire, with scatt'red clouds bespred,
Is here and there black, yellow, white, and red,
Resembling Armies, Monsters, Mountains, Dragons,
Rocks, fiery Castles, Forrests, Ships and Wagons,
And such to us through glasse transparent clear
From form to form varying it doth appear:
So, these Seducers can grow great or small,
Or round, or square, or straight, or short, or tall,
As fits the passions they are moved by,
And such our soule receives them from our eye.

3

Somtimes, that Satan (onely for this work)
Fain'd him a Serpents shape, wherein to lurk.
For, Nature framing our soules enemies,
Of bodies light, and in experience wise,

In

In malice crafty ; curious they aſſemble
Small Elements, which (as of kin) reſemble,
Whereof a Maſſe is made, and thereunto
They ſoon give growth and lively motion too.
Not, that they be Creators : for, th' Almighty,
Who firſt of nothing made vaſte *Amphitrite*,
The Worlds dull Centre, Heav'ns ay-turning Frame,
And whirling Aire, ſole merits that high Name :
Who (onely *Beeing*) Being gives to all,
And of all things the ſeeds ſubſtantiall
Within their firſt born-bodies hath inclos'd,
To be in time by Natures hand diſpos'd :
Not thoſe, who (taught by curious Art or Nature)
Have giv'n to things Heav'n-pointed form & ſtature,
Haſtned their growth, or wak'ned learnedly
The forms that formleſſe in the Lump did ly.
4 But (to conclude) I think 't was no conceipt,
No feined Idoll, nor no juggling ſleight,
Nor body borrowed for this uſes ſake,
But the ſelf Serpent which the Lord did make
In the beginning : for, his hateſull breed
Bears yet the pain of this pernicious deed.
Yet 'tis a doubt whether the Divell did
5 Governe the Dragon (not there ſelfly hid)
To raiſe his courage, and his tongue direct,
Locally abſent, preſent by effect :
As when the ſweet ſtrings of a Lute we ſtrike,
Another Lute laid neer it, ſounds the like ;
Nay, the ſame note, through ſecret ſympathy
(Untoucht) receiving Life and Harmony :
Or, as a Star, which (though far diſtant) pours,
Upon our heads, hap-leſſe or happy ſhowrs.
6 Or, whether for a time he did abide
Within the doubling Serpents damask hide,
Holding a place-leſs place : as our ſoule dear,
Through the dim Lanthorn of our fleſh, ſhines clear;
And bound-leſſe bounds it ſelf in ſo ſtraight ſpace,
As form in body, not as body in place.
But this ſtands ſure, how-ever elſe it went,
Th' old Serpent ſerv'd as Satans inſtrument
To charme in *Eden*, with a ſtrong illuſion,
Our ſilly Grandam to her ſelfs confuſion.
For, as an old, rude, rotten, tune-leſſe Kit,
If famous Dowland *daign to finger it*,
Makes ſweeter Muſick then the choiceſt Lute
In the groſſe handling of a clownish Brute :
So, whiles a learned Fiend with skilfull hand
Doth the dull motions of his mouth command,
This ſelf-dumb Creature's glozing Rhetorike
With baſhfull ſhame great Orators would ſtrike:
So, Fiery Trunks within *Epyrus* Grove,
Mov'd by the ſpirit that was inſpir'd by *Jove*,
With fluent voyce (to every one that ſeeks)
Fore-tell the Fates of light beleeving Greeks :
So, all incenſt, the pale *Engaſtromith*
(Rul'd by the furious ſpirit he 's haunted with)
Speaks in his womb ; So, well a workmans skill
Supplies the want of any organ ill :
So doth the *Phantike* (lifting up his thought
On Satans wing) tell with a tongue diſtraught
Strange Oracles ; and his ſick ſpirit doth plead
Even of thoſe Arts that he did never read.
O ruth-leſs murd'rer of immortall Soules !
Alas ! to pull us from the happy Poles,
And plunge us headlong in the yawning hell,
Thy ceaſ-leſſe frauds and fetches who can tell ?
Thou play'ſt the Lion, when thou doſt engage
Bloud-thirſty *Nero* 's barbarous heart with rage,
While fleſht in murders (butcher-like) he paints
The Saint-poor world wᵗʰ the dear bloud of Saints:
Thou play'ſt the Dog, when by the mouth profane
Of ſome falſe Prophet thou doſt belch thy bane,
While from the Pulpit barkingly he rings
Bold blaſphemies againſt the King of kings. (vile,
Thou play'ſt the Swine, when plung'd in pleaſures
Some Epicure doth ſober mindes defile ;
Transforming lewdly, by his looſe impiety,
Strict *Lacedæmon* to a ſoft ſociety.
Thou play'ſt the Nightingale, or elſe the Swan,
When any famous Rhetorician,
With captious wit and curious language, draws
Seduced hearers ; and ſubverts the laws.
Thou play'ſt the Fox, when thou doſt fain a-right
The face & phraſe of ſome deep Hypocrite, (quick;
True painted Toomb, dead-ſeeming coals, but
A Scorpion fell, whoſe hidden tail doth prick.
Yet this were little, if thy ſpite audacious
Spar'd (at the leaſt) the face of Angels gracious,
And if thou didſt not (Ape-like) imitate
Th' Almighties Works, the warieſt Wits to mate.
But (without numbring all thy ſubtle baits,
And nimble juggling with a thouſand ſleights)
Timely returning where I firſt digreſt,
I'le onely here thy firſt DECEIT digeſt.
The Dragon then, Mans Fortreſs to ſurpriſe,
Follows ſome Captains martiall policies,
Who, yer too neer an adverſe place he pitch,
The ſituation marks, and ſounds the ditch,
With his eyes levell the ſteep wall he metes,
Surveyes the flanks, his Camp in order ſets ;
And then approaching, batters ſore the ſide
Which Art and Nature have leaſt fortifi'd :
So this old Souldier, having marked riſe
The firſt-born payrs yet danger-dread-leſſe life ;
Mounting his Canons, ſubtly he aſſaults
The part he findes in evident defaults :
Namely, poor Woman, wavering, weak, unwiſe,
Light, credulous news-lover, giv'n to lies.
Eve, Second honour of this Univerſe !
Is 't true (I pray) that jealous God, perverſe,
Forbids (quoth he) both you and all your race
All the fair Fruits theſe ſilver Brooks embrace ;
So oft bequeath'd you, and by you poſſeſt,
And day and night by your own labour dreſt ?
With th'air of theſe ſweet words, the wily Snake
A poyſoned air inſpired (as it ſpake)
In *Eves* frail breſt ; who thus replies : O ! know,
What e'er thou be (but, thy kinde care doth ſhow
A gentle friend) that all the fruits and flowrs
In this earth-heav'n are in our hands and powrs,
Except alone that goodly fruit divine, (ſhine ;
Which in the midſt of this green ground doth
But, all-good God (alas ! I wot not why)
Forbad us touch that Tree, on pain to dye.
She ceaſt ; already brooding in her heart
A curious wiſh, that will her weal ſubvert.
As a falſe Lover, that thick ſnares hath laid
T' intrap the honour of a fair young Maid,

When

Conclusion of the former opinion. Assumption.

The ſundry ſubtle and horrible endevours of the Divell, putting on divers forms to overthrow man-kinde.

The Poet reſumeth his Diſcourſe touching the temptation of Eve.

Comparison.

Sathans Oration.

Eves anſwer

A ſit comparison.

When she (though little) listning ear affords
To his sweet, courting, deep-affected words,
Feels some asswaging of his freezing flame,
And sooths himselfe with hope to gain his game;
And, rapt with joy, upon this point persists,
That parley'ng Citie never long resists:
Ev'n so the Serpent, that doth counterfeit
All guilefull Call t' allure us to his net;
Perceiving *Eve* his flattering gloze digest,
He prosecutes, and, jocund, doth not rest,
Till he have try'd foot, hand, and head, and all,
Upon the breach of his new-battered wall.

The Divels reply.

No, fair (quoth he) beleeve not, that the care
God hath, Mankinde from spoyling death to spare,
Makes him forbid you (on so strict condition)
This purest, fairest, rarest Fruits fruition:
A double fear, an envie, and a hate,
His jealous heart for ever cruciate;
Sith the suspected vertue of This Tree
Shall soon disperse the cloud of Idiocy,
Which dims your eyes; and further, make you seem
(Excelling us) even *equall* Gods to him.
O Worlds rare glory! reach thy happy hand,
Reach, reach, I say: why dost thou stop or stand?
Begin thy Blisse, and do not fear the threat
Of an uncertain God-head, onely great
Through self-aw'd zeal: Put on the glistring Pall
Of immortality: doe not fore-stall
(As envious Stepdame) thy posterity
The soverain honour of *Divinity*.

His audacious impudency.

This parley ended, our ambitious Grandam,
Who onely yet did heart and eye abandon,
Against the Lord, now farther doth proceed,
And hand and mouth makes guilty of the deed.

The Apostasie of Eve.

A novice Thief (that in a Closet spies
A heap of Gold, that on the Table lies)
Pale, fearfull shivering, twice or thrice extends,
And twice or thrice retires his fingers ends,
And yet again returns; the booty takes,
And faintly-bold, up in his cloak it makes,
Scarce findes the door, with faultring foot he flies,
And still looks back for fear of *Hu-an-cries*:
Even so doth *Eve* shew by like fearfull fashions
The doubtfull combat of contending Passions;
She would, she should not; glad, sad; coms and goes:
And long she marts about a Match of Woes:
But (out alas!) at last she toucheth it,
And (having toucht) tastes the *Forbidden bit*.

A comparison.

Another comparison lively expressing the Fall of Man, by the provocation of his wife.

Then as a man that from a lofty Clift,
Or steepy Mountain doth descend too swift,
Stumbling at somwhat, quickly clips some lim
Of some dear kinsman walking next to him,
And by his headlong fall, so brings his friend
To an untimely, sad, and sudden end;
Our Mother, falling, hales her Spouse anon
Down to the gulf of pitchy *Acheron*:
For, to the wisht Fruits beautifull aspect,
Sweet *Nectar*-taste, and wonderfull effect,
Cunningly adding her quaint smiling glances,
Her witty speech, and pretty countenances,
She so prevails, that her blind Lord, at last,
A morsell of the sharp-sweet fruit doth taste.
Now suddenly wide-open feel they might
(Sied'd for their good) both soules and bodies sight;
But the sad Soule hath lost the Character,
And sacred Image that did honour her;
The wretched Body, full of shame and sorrow
To see it naked, is inforc't to borrow
The Trees broad leaves whereof they aprons frame,
From Heav'ns fair eye to hide their filthy shame.

The effects of their disobedience.

Alas fond death-lings! O! behold how cleer
The *Knowledge* is that you have bought so deer:
In heav'nly things ye are more blinde then Moals,
In earthly, Owls. O! thinke ye (silly soules) (ters
The sight that swiftly through th'Earth's solid cen-
(As globes of pure transparent crystall) enters,
Cannot transpierce your leaves? or do ye ween,
Covering your shame so to conceal your sin?
Or that, a part thus clouded, all doth lie
Safe from the search of Heav'ns all-seeing eye?
Thus yet, mans troubled dull Intelligence
Had of his fault but a confused sense:
As in a dream, after much drink it chances,
Disturbed Spirits are vext with raving fancies.

The extraordinary presence of God awakes these drowsie swallowed up of Sin: and begins to arraign them.

Therefore, the Lord, within the Garden fair,
Moving betimes I wot not I what ayre,
But supernaturall; whose breath divine
Brings of his presence a most certain signe:
Awakes their *Lethargie* and to the quick, (prick:
Their self-doom'd soules doth sharply press and
Now more and more making their pride to fear
The Frowning visage of their Judge severe:
To seek new-refuge in more secret harbors
Among the dark shade of those tufting arbors.

Description of the horrible effects of a guilty Conscience, summoned to the presence of God.

Adam, quoth God, (with thundring Majesty) (me
Where art thou (wretch!) what dost thou? answer
Thy God and Father; from whose hand, the health
Thou hold'st, thine honour, and all sorts of wealth.
At this sad summons, wofull man resembles
A bearded rush that in a river trembles:
His rosie cheeks, are chang'd to earthen hew;
His dying body, drops in ycie dew;
His tear-drown'd eyes, a night of Clouds bedims;
About his ears, a buzzing horror swims;
His fainted knees, with feebleneese are humble;
His faultring feet doe slide away and stumble;
He hath not (now) his free bold, stately port;
But down-cast looks, in fearfull slavish sort;
Now, nought of *Adam*, doth in *Adam* rest;
He feels his senses pain'd his soule oppresst;
A confus'd hoast of violent passions jar;
His flesh and spirit are in continuall war:
And now no more (through conscience of this error)
He hears or sees th' Almighty, but with terror:
And loth he answers (as with tongue distraught)
Confessing (thus) his fear, but not his fault:

Adams answer.

O Lord! thy voyce, thy dreadfull voyce hath made
Me (fearfull) hide me in this covert shade.
For, naked as I am (O most of might!)
I dare not come before thine awfull sight.

God regards the cause of his dejection and fear.

Naked (quoth God)? why (faith-lesse renegate,
Apostate Pagan!) who hath told thee that? (to run
Whence springs thy shame? what makes thee thus
From shade to shade, my presence still to shun?
Hast thou not tasted of the learned Tree,
Whereof (on pain of death) I warned thee?

* Adam's reply, excusing himselfe, and covertly imputing his Guilt to God.

O righteous God (quoth * *Adam*) I am free
From this offence: the wife thou gavest me,

For

For my companion and my comforter,
She made me eat the deadly meat with her. (Bride,
Examination of Eve, who excuseth her self likewise on another.
And thou (quoth God) O! thou frail treacherous
Why, with thy self, hast thou seduc'd thy Guide?
Lord (answers *Eve*) the Serpent did intice
My simple frailty to this sinfull vice.
An example for Iudges and Magistrates
Mark here, how He, who fears not who reform
His high Decrees, not subject unto form,
Or stile of Court: who, all-wise, hath no need
T' examine proof or witness of the deed:
Who, for sustayning of unequall Scale,
Dreads not the Doom of a *Mecuriall*;
Yer Sentence pass doth publikely convent,
Confront, and hear with ear indifferent
Th' Offenders sad: then with just indignation,
Pronounceth thus their dreadfull Condemnation.
The Sentence of the supreme Iudge against the guilty Prisoners: and first of all against the Serpent.
Ah, cursed Serpent, which my fingers made
To serve Mankinde: th' hast made thy selfe a blade
Wherewith vain Man and his inveigled Wife
(Self-parricides) have reft their proper life.
For this thy fault (true Fountain of all ill)
Thou shalt be hatefull 'mong all Creatures still.
Groveling in dust, on dust thou ay shalt feed:
I'le kindle war between the Womans seed,
And thy fell race; hers on the head shall ding
Thine: thine again hers in the heel shall sting.
Against the Woman.
Rebell to Mee, unto thy Kindred curst,
False to thy Husband, to thy Selfe the worst:
Hope not, thy fruit so eas'ly to bring-forth
As now thou slay'st it: henceforth every Birth
Shall torture thee with thousand sorts of pain;
Each artirie, sinew, muscle, joynt and vein,
Shall feel his part: besides foul vomitings,
Prodigious longings, thoughtfull languishings,
With change of colours, swouns, and many others,
Eternall fellows of all fixure Mothers:
Under his yoak, thy Husband thee shall have,
Tyrant, by thee made the Arch-tyrants slave.
Against Man.
And thou disloyall, which hast hearkned more
T' a wanton fondling, then my sacred lore,
Henceforth the sweat shall bubble on thy brow;
Thy hands shall blister, and thy back shall bow:
Ne'er shalt thou send into thy branchie veines
A bit, but bought with price of thousand pains.
For, the earth feeling (even in her) th' effect
Of the doom thundred 'gainst thy foul defect;
In stead of sweet fruits which she selfly yeelds
Seed-less, and Art-less, over all thy fields,
With thorns and burs shall bristle up her brest.
(In short) thou shalt not taste the sweets of rest,
Till ruth-less Death, by his extreamest pain,
Thy dust-born body turn to dust again.
Objections to excuse the sin of Man.
1
Here I conceive, that flesh & bloud will brangle,
And murmuring Reason with th' Almighty wran-
Who did our Parents with *Free-will* indue, (gle,
Though he fore-saw, that that would bee the clew
Shoud lead their steps into the wofull way
Where life is death ten thousand times a-day:
Now al that hee fore-sees, befals: and further,
He all events by his free-powr doth order.
2
Man taxeth God of too-unjust severity,
For plaguing *Adams* sin in his posterity:
So that th' old yeers renewed generations
Cannot asswage his venging indignations,
Which have no other ground to prosecute,
But the miss-eating of a certain fruit.
Answers to the first objection.
1
O dusty wormling! dar'st thou strive & stand (mād
Wth Heav'ns high Monarch? wilt thou (wretch) de-
Count of his deeds? Ah! shall the potter make
His clay, such fashion as him list to take? (ther)
And shall not God (Worlds Founder, Natures Fa-
Dispose of man (his own meer creature) rather?
The supreme King, who (Judge of greatest Kings)
By Number, Weight and Measure, acts all things,
Vice-loathing Lord, pure Justice, Patron strong,
Law's life, Right's rule; will he do any wrong?
2
Man, holdest thou of God thy frank *Free-will*,
But free t' obey his sacred goodness still?
Freely to follow him, and do his heft,
Not *Philtre*-charm'd, nor by *Busiris* prest?
God arms thee wth discourse: but thou (O wretch!)
By the keen edge the wound-soule sword dost
Killing thy selfe, and in thy loyns thy line. (catch;
O banefull Spider (weaving wofull twine)
All Heav'ns pure flowrs thou turnest into poyson:
Thy sense reaves sense: thy reason robs thy reason.
3
For, thou complainest of Gods grace, whose Still
Extracts from dross of thine audacious ill,
Three unexpected goods; praise for his Name;
Bliss for thy self; for Satan endless shame:
Sith, but for sin, *Justice* and *Mercy* were
But idle names: and but that thou didst erre,
CHRIST had not come to conquer and to quell,
Upon the Cross, Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell;
Making thee blessed more since thine offence,
Then in thy primer happy innocence. (doubt:
Then, might'st thou die; now death thou dost not
Now, in the Heav'n; then, didst thou ride without:
In Earth thou liv'dst then; now in Heav'n thou beest:
Then, thou didst hear Gods word, it now thou seest:
Then pleasant fruits; now, *Christ* is thy repast:
Then might'st thou fall; but now thou standest fast.
Now, *Adams* fault was not in deed so light,
As seems to Reason's sin-bleard Owlie sight:
But 't was a chain where all the greatest sins
Were one in other linked fast, as Twins:
Ingratitude Pride, Treason, Gluttony,
Too-curious Skill-thirst, Envie, Felony,
Too-light, too-late Belief, were the sweet baits
That made him wander from Heav'ns holy straights.
What wouldst thou (Father) say unto a Son
Of perfect age, to whom for portion
(Witting and willing, while thy self yet livest)
All thy possessions in the Earth thou givest:
And yet th' ungratefull, grace-less, insolent,
In thine own Land, rebellion doth invent?
Map now an *Adam* in thy memory;
By Gods own hand made with great majesty,
Not poor, nor pined; but at whose command
The rich abundance of the World doth stand;
Not slave to sense but having freely might
To bridle it, and range it still a-right:
No idiot fool, nor drunk with vaine opinion;
But Gods Disciple and his deerest Minion:
Who rashly growes for little, nay for nought,
His deadly foe that all his good had wrought:
So mayst thou gheis, what whip, what rope, what
What fire, were fit to punish *Adams* lack. (rack,

Then

Answers to the second objection. 1

Then, ſith Mans ſin by little and little runs
End-leſſe, through every Age from Sires to Sons;
And ſtill the farther this foule ſin-ſpring flowes,
It ſtill more muddy and more filthy growes,
Thou ought'ſt not marvail, if (even yet) his ſeed
Feel the juſt wages of this wicked deed.
For, though the keen ſting of concupiſcence
Cannot, yer birth, his fell effect commence;
The unborn Babe, hid in the Mothers womb,
Is ſorrow's ſervant, and Sin's ſervile groom,
As a frail Mote from the firſt Maſs extract,
Which *Adam* baen'd by his rebellious fact.
Sound off-ſpring comes not of a Kinde infected:
Parts are not fair, if totall be defected:
And a defiled ſlinking ſink doth yeeld
More durt then water to the neighbour field.

2 Simile. While nights black muffler hoodeth up the skies,
The ſilly blind-man miſſeth not his eyes;
But when the day ſummons to work again,
His night, eternall then he doth complain,
That he goes groping, and his hand (alas!)
Is fain to guide his foot and guard his face:
So man, that liveth in the wombs obſcurity,
Knowes not, nor maketh known his luſts impurity;
Which, for 'tis ſown in a too-plenteous ground,
Takes root already in the Caves profound
Of his infected Heart: with 's birth, it'pears,
And growes in ſtrength, as he doth grow in years;
And waxt a Tree (though proin'd with thouſand cares)
An execrable deadly fruit it bears.

3 Simile. Thou ſeeſt, no Wheat *Helleborus* can bring:
Nor Barley, from the madding Morrell ſpring:
The bleating Lambs brave Lions do not breed:
The leprous Parents raiſe a leprous ſeed:
Even ſo our Grand-ſire, living Innocent,
Had ſtockt the whole World with a Saint-deſcent:
But ſuffering ſin in EDEN him invade,
His Sons, the Sons of Sin and Wrath he made.

4 Simile. For, God did ſeem t' indow, with glory and grace,
Not the firſt Man ſo much, as all mans race;
And after reave again thoſe gifts divine,
Not him ſo much, as in him all his line.
For, if an odious Traitour that conſpires,
Againſt a Prince, or to his State aſpires,
Feel not alone the laws extremity;
But his Sons Sons (although ſomtimes they be
Honeſt and vertuous) for their Fathers blame,
Are hap-leſs ſcarr'd with an eternall ſhame:
May not th' Eternall with a righteous terror,
In *Adams* iſſue puniſh *Adams* error?
May he not thrall them under Deaths command,
And ſear their brows with everlaſting brand
Of infamy, who in his ſtock (accurſt)
Have graft worſe ſlips then *Adam* ſet at firſt?
Mans ſeed then juſtly, by ſucceſſion,
Bears the hard penance of his high tranſgreſſion:
And *Adam* here, from *Eden* baniſhed,
As firſt offender is firſt puniſhed.
Hence (quoth the Lord) hence, hence (accurſed race)
Out of my Garden: quick, avoid the place,
This beauteous Place, pride of this Univerſe,
A houſe unworthy Maſters ſo perverſe.
Thoſe that (in quarrell of the Strong of ſtrongs,
And juſt revenge of Queen, and Countries wrongs)
Were witneſſes to all the wofull plaints,
The ſighes, and tears, and pitifull complaints,
Of braving Spaniards *(chiefly brave in word)*
When by the valiant Heav'n-aſſiſted ſword
Of Mars-*like* ESSEX, Englands *Marſhall-Earle*
(Then Albions *Patron, and* Eliza's *Pearle)*
They were expulſt from Cad'z, *their deereſt pleaſure,*
Loſing their Town, their Honour, and their Treaſure:
Wo worth (ſaid they) wo worth our Kings ambition;
Wo worth our Clergie, and their Inquiſition:
He ſeeks new Kingdoms, and doth loſe his old;
They burne for Conſcience, but their thirſt is Gold:
Wo, and alas, wo to the vain bravado's
Of Typhon-*like invincible* ARMADO'S;
Which, like the vaunting Monſter-man of Gath,
Have ſtirr'd againſt us little Davids *wrath:*
Wo worth our ſins: wo worth our ſelves, and all
Accurſed cauſes of our ſudden fall.
Thoſe well may gheſs the bitter agonies,
And luke-warm Rivers guſhing down the eyes
Of our firſt *Parents*, out of *Eden* driv'n
(Of Repeal hope-leſs) by the hand of Heav'n;
For, the Almighty ſet before the doore
Of th' holy Park, a *Seraphin* that bore
A waving ſword, whoſe body ſhined bright,
Like flaming Comet in the midſt of night;
A body meerly *Metaphyſicall*,
Which (differing little from th' ONE unicall,
Th' *Act-ſimple-pure*, the onely-beeing BEEING)
Approacheth matter; ne'ertheles, not being
Of matter mixt: or rather is ſo made
So meerly ſpirit, that not the murdering blade,
His joyned quantity can part in two:
For (pure) it cannot *Suffer* ought, but *Doe*.

Conclusion of the whole State of the Question, and Treatise, and execution of Gods Decree against Adam and Eve. They are driven out of Eden.

Similie.

The earthly Eden shut up for ever from Mankinde.

FINIS.

THE

The Furies.

THE THIRD PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

The Argument.

The World's transform'd *from what it was at first:*
For Adams *sin, all creatures else accurst:*
Their Harmony distuned by His jar:
Yet all againe consent, to make him war;
As, th Elements, and above all, the Earth:
Three ghastly Furies; *Sickness, War, and* Dearth,
A gen'rall Muster *of the Bodies* Griefs:
The Soules Diseases, *under sundry Chiefs:*
Both full of Horror, but the later most;
Where ugly Vice *in* Vertues *Mask doth boast.*

Sin hath changed and disfigured the face of the World.

THis's not the World. O! whither am I brought?
This Earth I tread, this hollow-hanging Vault,
Which Dayes reducing and renewing Nights,
Renews the grief of mine afflicted sprights;
This Sea I sail, this troubled Aire I sip,
Are not *The First-weekes* glorious Workmanship:
This wretched Round is not the goodly Globe
Th' Eternall trimmed in so various Robe:
'Tis but a Dungeon and a dreadfull Cave,
Of that first World the Miserable Grave. (strange,

Invocation.

All-quickning Spirit, great God, that (justly-
Judge-turned-Father) wrought'st this wondrous-
Change & new-mould me, let thy hand assist, (chãge
That in my Muse appear no earthly mist:
Make me thine organ, give my voyce dexterity
Sadly to sing this sad Change to Prosperity.
And, Bounteous giver of each perfect gift,
So tune my voyce to his sweet-sacred Clift,
That in each strain my rude unready tongue
Be lively Eccho of his learned Song.
And henceforth, let our holy Musick ravish
All well-born Soules, from fancies lewdly-lavish
(Of charming Sin the deep inchaunting Syrens,
The snares of vertue, valour-softning Hyrens)
That toucht with terror of thine indignation,
Presented in this wofull Alteration,
Wee all may seek, by prayer and true repentance,
To shun the rigour of thy wrathfull Sentence.
* *But, yer we farther passe, our slender Bark*
Must here strike top-sails to a Princely Ark
Which keeps these straights: He hails us threatfully,
Star-boord our helm; Come underneath his Lee.
Ho whence your Bark? *of Zeal-land:* whither bound?
For Vertues Cape: What lading? *Hope.* This *Sound*
You should not pass; save that your voyage tends
To benefit our Neighbours and our Friends.
Thanks, Kingly Captain; daign us then (we pray)
Some skilfull Pylot through this Furious *Bay;*

* The Translator here humbly welcomes his Majesty, who many years since (for his Princely recreation) translated these FURIES, the URANIA, and some other pieces of DU BARTAS.

Or,

Or, in this Channell, ſith we are to learn,
Vouchſafe to togh us at your Royall Stern.

Happy eſtate of the World, before Sinne ſet forth by a ſimilitude.

YER THAT our Sire (O too too proudly-baſe)
Turn'd tail to God, and to the Fiend his face,
This mighty World did ſeem an Inſtrument
True-ſtrung, well tun'd, and handled excellent,
Whoſe ſymphony reſounded ſweetly-ſhrill
The Almighties praiſe, who play'd upon it ſtill.
While Man ſerv'd God, the World ſerv'd him, the
And live-leſſe creatures ſeemed all to ſtrive (live
To nurſe this league; and loving zealouſly
Theſe too dear Heads, embraced mutually:
In ſweet accord, the baſe with high rejoyc't,
The hot with cold, the ſolid with the moiſt;
And innocent *Aſtræa* did combine
All with the maſtick of a love divine.

The Sympathy yet appearing between certain Creatures, is but as a little ſhadow of the perfect union which was among all creatures before Mans fall.

For, th' hidden love that now a-dayes doth hold
The Steel and Load-ſtone, *Hydrargire* and Gold,
Th' Amber and Straw; that lodgeth in one ſhell
Pearle-fiſh and *Sharpling*: and unites ſo well
Sargons and *Goats*, the *Sperage* and the *Ruſh*,
Th' *Elm* and the *Vine*, th' *Olive* and *Myrtle-buſh*,
Is but a ſpark or ſhadow of that Love
Which at the firſt in every thing did move,
When as th' Earth's *Muſes* with harmonious ſound
To Heav'n ſweet *Muſick* humbly did reſound.
But *Adam*, being chief of all the ſtrings
Of this large Lute, o'er-reached, quickly brings
All out of tune: and now for melody
Of warbling Charms, it yels ſo hideouſly,
That it affrights fell *Eaon*, who turmoils
To raiſe again th' old *Chaos* antick broils:

Of the Diſcord that Sin hath brought among all things.

Heav'n, that ſtill ſmiling on his Paramour,
Still in her lap did *Mel* and *Manna* pour,
Now with his hail, his rain, his froſt, and heat,
Doth parch, and pinch, and over-whelm, and beat.
And hoars her head with Snowes, & (jealous) daſhes
Againſt her brows his fiery lightning flaſhes:

Sundry notable Antipathies.

On th'other ſide, the ſullen, envious Earth
From blackeſt Cels of her foule breſt ſends forth
A thouſand foggy fumes, which every-where
With cloudy miſts Heavn's cryſtall front beſmear.
Since that the Wolf the trembling Sheep purſues,
The crowing Cock, the Lion ſtout eſchews,
The Pullein hide them from the Puttock's flight,
The Maſtiffe 's mute at the *Hyena's* ſight:
Yea (who would think it?) theſe fell enmities,
Rage in the ſenſe-leſs trunks of plants and Trees:
The *Vine*, the *Cole*; the *Cole-wort Swines-bread*
The *Fearn* abhors the hollow waving *Reeds*: (dreads,
The *Olive* and the *Oake* participate,
Even to their earth, ſignes of their Ancient hate,
Which ſuffers not (O date-leſſe diſcord!) th' one
Live in that ground where th' other firſt hath
O ſtrange inſtinct! O deep immortall rage, (grown.
Whoſe fiery fewd no *Lethé* floud can ſwage!
So, at the ſound of Wolf-Drums rattling thunder
Th'affrighted Sheep-skin-Drum doth rent in ſunder:
So, that fell Monſters twiſted entrails cuts
(By ſecret powr) the poor Lambs twined guts,
Which (after death) in ſtead of bleating mute,
Are taught to ſpeak upon an Yvory Lute:
And ſo the Princely Eagles ravening plumes
The feathers of all other Fowls conſumes.

The *firſt-mov'd heav'n* (in't ſelf it ſelf ſtil ſtirring)
Rapts with his courſe (quicker then windes ſwift
All th'other Sphears, & to *Alcides* Spires (whirring)
From *Alexanders* Altars drives their Fires:
But mortall *Adam*, Monarch here beneath,
Erring, draws all into the paths of death;
And on rough Seas, as a blinde Pilot raſh,
Againſt the rock of Heav'ns juſt wrath doth daſh
The Worlds great veſſell, ſayling yerſt at eaſe,
With gentle gales, good guide on quiet Seas.

The effect of Mans fall.

For (yer his Fall) which way ſo e'er he rowl'd,
His wondering eyes God every where behold;
In Heav'n, in Earth, in Ocean, and in Aire,
He ſees, and feels, and findes him every-where.
The World was like a large and ſumptuous Shop
Where God his goodly treaſures did unwrap:
Or Chryſtall glaſſe moſt lively repreſenting,
His ſacred goodneſſe, every where frequenting.

His effect after Sin.

But, ſince his ſin, the wofull wretch findes none
Herb, garden, grove, field, fountain, ſtream or ſtone,
Beaſt, mountain, valley, ſea-gate, ſhore or haven,
But bears his Deaths-doom openly ingraven:
In brief, the whole ſcope this round Centre hath,
Is a true ſtore-houſe of Heav'ns righteous wrath.

All creatures from the higheſt to the loweſt, conſpire to Mans ruine.

Rebellious *Adam*, from his God revolting,
Findes his yerſt-ſubjects 'gainſt himſelfe inſulting:
The tumbling Sea, the Aire with tempeſts driv'n,
Thorn-briſtled Earth, the ſad and lowring Heav'n
(As from the oath of their allegeance free)
Revenge on him th' Almighties injury.

The Heavens with all therein.

The Stars conjur'd through envious influence,
By ſecret hang-men puniſh his offence: (him:
The Sun with heat, the Moon with cold doth vex-
Th'Air with unlookt-for ſudden changes checks-him,
With fogs, & froſts, hails, ſnowes, and ſulph'ry thun-
Blaſting, & ſtorms, & more prodigious wōders. (ders,

All the Elements. Fire. Aire.

Fire fall'n from Heav'n, or elſe by Art incited,
Or by miſchance in ſome rich building lighted,
Or from ſome Mountains burning bowels throw'n,
Repleat with Sulphur, Pitch, and Pumy ſtone,
With ſparkling fury ſpreads, and in few hours
The labour of a thouſand years devours.

Sea.

The greedy Ocean, breaking wonted bounds,
Uſurpes his Heards, his wealthy Iles and Towns.

Earth.

The grieved Earth, to eaſe her (as it ſeems)
Of ſuch profane accurſed weight, ſomtimes
Swallowes whole Countries, and the ayrie tops
Of prince-proud towrs, in her black womb ſhe
And in deſpight of him abhord and hatefull (wraps.

Earth brings forth weeds.

She many wayes proves barren and ingratefull;
Mocking our hopes, turning our ſeed-Wheat-kernel
To burn-grain Thiſtle, & to vaporie Darnel, (Tares,
Cockle, wilde Oats, rough Burs, Corn-cumbring
Short Recompence for all our coſtly cares.

Venemous plants.

Yet this were little, if ſhe more malicious, (ous:
Fell Stepdame, brought us not Plants more pernici-
As, ſable *Henbane*, *Morell*, making mad;
Cold poyſoning *Popy*, itching drowſie, ſad:
The ſtifning *Carpeſe*, th' eyes-foe *Hemlock* ſtinking,
Limb-numming belching, and the ſinew-ſhrinking
Dead-laughing *Apium*, weeping *Aconite*
(Which in our Vulgar deadly *Wolfs-bane* hight)
The dropſie-breeding, ſorrow-bringing *Pſylly*
(Here cal'ed *Flea-wurt*) *Colchis* baneful Lilly,

(With

(With us *Wilde-Saffron*) bliſtring byting fell:
Hot *Napell*, making lips and tongue to ſwell:
Bloud-boyling *Yew*, and coſtive *Miſſeltoe*:
With yce-cold *Mandrake*, and a many moe
Such fatall plants; whoſe fruit, ſeed, ſap, or root,
T'untimely Grave doe bring our heed-leſſe foot.
Beſides, ſhe knowes, we (brutiſh) value more,
Then Lives or Honours, her rich glittering Ore:
That *Avarice* our bound-leſſe thought ſtill vexes,
Therefore among her wreakfull baits ſhe mixes
Quick-ſilver, *Lethargie* and *Orpiment*,
Wherewith our entrails are oft gnawn and rent:
So that ſomtimes for Body, and for Minde,
Torture and torment, in one Mine we finde.
What reſteth more? The Maſters skilfull moſt,
With gentle gales driv'n to the wiſhed Coaſt,
Not with leſſe labour guide there winged wayns
On th' azure fore-head of the liquid plains:
Nor craftie Jugglers, can more eas'ly make
There ſelf-liv'd Puppits (for there lucres ſake)
To skip, and ſcud, and play, and prate, and prance,
And fight, and fall, and trip, and turn, and dance:
Then happy we did rule the ſcaly Legions
That dumbly dwell in ſtormy water-Regions;
Then feathered ſingers, and the ſtubborn droves
That haunt the Deſarts and the ſhady Groves:
At every word they trimbled then for aw,
And every wink then ſerv'd them as a law;
And alwayes bent all duty to obſerve-us,
Without command, ſtood ready ſtill to ſerve-us.
But now (alas!) through our fond Parents fall,
They (of our ſlaves) are grown our tyrants all.
Wend we by Sea? the drad-*Leviathan*
Turns upſide-down the boyling Ocean,
And on the ſuddain ſadly doth intoomb
Our floating Caſtle in deep *Thetis* womb;
Yerſt in the Welkin like an Eagle towring,
And on the water like a Dolphin ſcowring.
Walk we by land? how many loathſome ſwarms
Of ſpeckled poyſons, with peſtiferous arms,
In every corner lie cloſe Ambuſh lurk
With ſecret bands our ſuddain banes to work?
Beſides, the Lion and the Leopard,
Boar, Bear, and Wolf, to death purſue us hard;
And, jealous vengers of the wrongs divine,
In peeces pull their Soverains ſinfull line.
The huge thicke Forreſts have nor buſh nor brake
But hides ſome Hang-man our loath'd life to take:
In every hedge and ditch both day and night
We fear our death, of every leafe affright.
Reſt we at home? the Maſty fierce in force,
Th'untamed Bull, the hot courageous Horſe,
With teeth, with horns, & hooffes beſiege us round,
As griev'd to ſee ſuch tyrants tread the ground:
And ther's no Fly ſo ſmall but now dares bring
Her little wrath againſt her *quondam* King.
What hideous ſights? what horror-boading ſhows?
Alas, what yels? what howls? what thund'ring
O! Am I not neer roaring *Phlegeton*? (throws?
Alecto, ſad *Meger'* and *Theſiphon*? (den
What ſpels have charm'd ye from your dreadfull
Of darkeſt Hell? Monſters abhorr'd of men,
O Nights black daughters, grim-fac't *Furies* ſad,
Stern *Pluto's* Poſtes what make ye here ſo mad?

Pyrrhus kidden among the Mettle.

The excellency of Mans Dominion over the Creatures before his Fall.

The Creatures now become Tyrants and Traitors to Him, whoſe ſlaves and ſervants they were before Sin.

An admirable deſcription of Mans miſerable perturbations, tormented by himſelfe.

O! feels not man a world of wofull terrors,
Beſides your goaring wounds and ghaſtly horrors?
So ſoon as God from *Eden Adam* drave,
To live in this Earth (rather in this Grave,
Where raign a thouſand deaths) he ſommon'd up
With thund'ring call the damned Crew, that ſup
Of Sulph'ry *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton*,
Bloody *Cocytus*, muddy *Acheron*.
Come ſnake-treſt Siſters, come ye diſmall Elves,
Ceaſe not to curſe and cruciate your ſelves:
Come, leave the horror of your houſes pale,
Come, parbreak here your foul black, banefull gall:
Let lack of work no more from hence-forth fear-
Man by his ſin a hundred Hels doth rear-you. (you
This eccho made whole Hel to tremble troubled,
The drowſie Night her deep dark horrors doubled,
And ſuddainly *Avernus* Gulf did ſwim
With Rozen, Pitch, and Brimſtone to the brim,
And th' ugly *Gorgons*, and the *Sphinxes* fell,
Hydra's, and *Harpies* 'gan to yawn and yell.
As the heat, hidden in a vapoury Cloud,
Striving for iſſue with ſtrange murmurs loud, (der,
Like guns aſtuns, with round, round-rumbling thun-
Filling the Air with noyſe, the Earth with wonder:
So the three Siſters, the three hideous *Rages*,
Raiſe thouſand ſtorms, leaving th' infernall ſtages.
Already all rowle-on their ſteely Cars
On th' ever-ſhaking nine-fold ſteely bars
Of *Stygian* Bridge, and in that fearfull Cave
They jumble, tumble, rumble, rage and rave.
Then dreafull *Hydra*, and dire *Cerberus*
Which on one body, beareth (monſterous)
The heads of Dragon, Dog, Ounſe, Bear, and Bull,
Wolfe, Lion, Horſe (of ſtrength and ſtomack full)
Lifting his lungs, he hiſſes, barks and brayes,
He howls, he yels, he bellowes, roars, and neighs:
Such a black Sant, ſuch a confuſed ſound
From many-headed bodies doth rebound.
Having attain'd to our calm Hav'n of light,
With ſwifter courſe then *Boreas* nimble flight,
All fly at Man, all at inteſtine ſtrife,
Who moſt may torture his deteſted life. (Death,
Here firſt comes DEARTH, the lively form of
Still yawning wide, with loathſom ſtinking breath,
With hollow eys, with meager cheeks and chin,
With ſharp lean bones piercing her ſable skin:
Her empty bowels may be plainly ſpy'd
Clean through the wrinkles of her withered hide:
She hath no belly, but the bellies ſeat,
Her knees and knuckles ſwelling hugely great:
Inſatiate Orque, that even at one repaſt,
Almoſt all creatures in the World would waſte;
Whoſe greedy gorge, diſh after diſh doth draw,
Seeks meat in meat: For, ſtill her monſtrous maw
Voyds in devouring, and ſomtimes ſhe eates
Her own dear Babes for lack of other meats:
Nay more, ſomtimes (O ſtrangeſt gluttony!)
She eats her ſelfe, her ſelfe to ſatisfie;
Leſſening her ſelfe, her ſelf ſo to inlarge:
And, cruell, thus ſhe doth our Grand-ſire charge,
And brings beſides from *Limbo* to aſſiſt-her,
Rage, *Feeblneſſe* and *Thirſt*, her ruth-leſs ſiſter.
Next marcheth WAR, the miſtris of enormity,
Mother of miſchiefe, monſter of deformity:

The Furies with their furniture and traine, repreſenting the Horror of Sinne, and the curſed eſtate of an evill conſcience.

Firſt, The deſcription of Famine with her traine.

Secondly, of Warre and her traine.

Laws, manners, arts, she breaks, she mars, she chaces:
Bloud, tears, bowrs, towrs; she spils, swils, burns and
Her brazen feet shake all the Earth asunder, (razes:
Her mouth 's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder,
Her looks are lightnings, every glance a flash:
Her fingers guns, that all to powder pash.
Feare and *Despaire*, *Flight* and *Disorder*, coast
With hasty march, before her murderous hoast:
As, *Burning*, *Waste*, *Rape*, *VVrong*, *Impietie*,
Rage, *Ryne*, *Disturd*, *Horror*, *Cruelty*,
Sack, *Sacrilege*, *Impunitie*, and *Pride*,
Are still stern consorts by her barbarous side:
And *Povertie*, *Sorrow*, and *Desolation*,
Follow her Armies bloody transmigration.

Thirdly, Sickness exactly described with all her partakers and dependers.

Heer's th' other FURIE (or my judgement fails)
Which furiously mans wofull life assails
With thousand Canons, sooner felt then seen, (teen:
Where weakest strongest; fraught with deadly
Blinde, crooked, cripple, maymed, deaf, and mad,
Cold-burning, blistered melancholike, sad,
Many-nam'd poyson, minister of Death,
Which from us creeps, but to us galloperh:
Foule, trouble-rest, fantastick, greedy-gut,
Bloud-sweating, hearts-theef, wretched, filthy Slut,
The Childe of Surfeit, and Ayrs-temper vicious,
Perillous know'n, but unknowne most pernicious.

Innumerable kinder of diseases.

Th' inammeld meads, in Summer cannot showe
More Grashoppers above, nor Frogs belowe,
Then hellish murmurs heer about doe ring:
Nor never did the pretty little King
Of *Hony-people*, in a Sun-shine day
Lead to the field, in orderly array,
More busie buzzers, when he casteth (witty)
The first foundations of his waxen Citie;
Then this fierce Monster musters in her train
Fell Souldiers, charging poor mankind amain.

The first Regiment sent to assaile the stand, Mans chiefest Fortresse Simile.

Loe, first a rough and furious Regiment
T' assault the Fort of *Adams* head is sent,
Reasons best Bulwark, and the holy Cell
Wherein the soules most sacred powers dwell.
A King that ayms his neighbours Crown to win,
Before the bruite of open wars begin,
Corrupts his Councell with rich recompences;
Fur, in good Councell *stands the strength of Princes*:
So this fell *Fury*, for fore-runners, sends
Mania and *Phrenzie* to subome her friends:
Whereof, th' one drying, th' other over-warming
The feeble brain (the edge of judgement harming)
Within the Soule fantastickly they fain
A confus'd hoast of strange *Chimera's* vain,
The *Karos'*, th' *Apoplexe*, and *Lethargie*,
As forlorn hope, assault the enemy
On the same side; but yet with weapons others:
For, they freez-up the brain and all his brothers;
Making a live-man like a live-less carcasse,
Save that again he scapeth from the *Parcas*.
And now the *Palsie*, and the *Cramp* dispose
Their angry darts; this binds, and that doth lose
Mans feeble sinews, shutting up the way
Whereby before the vitall spirits did play.

Assimilitude of the offices and endeavours of Schoolls.

Then as a man, that fronts in single Fight
His suddain foe, his ground doth traverse light,
Thrusts, wards, avoids, and best advantage spies,
At last (to daze his Rivals sparkling eyes)
He casts his Cloak, and then with coward knife,
In crimsin streams he makes him strain his life:
So SICKNES, *Adam* to subdue the better
(Whom thousand Gyves al-ready fastly fetter)
Brings to the field the faith-less *Ophthalmy*
With scalding bloud to blinde her enemy,
Darting a thousand thrusts; then she is back't
By th' *Amaurosis* and cloudy *Cataract*,
That (gathering-up gross humors inwardly
In th' *Optike* sinnew) clean puts out the eye;
This other caseth in an envious caul
The Crystall humour shining in the ball.
This past: in-steps that insolent insulter,
The cruell *Quincy*, leaping like a Vulture
At *Adams* throat, his hollow weasand swelling
Among the muscles, through thick blouds congea-
Leaving him onely this Essay, for signe ling:
Of's might and malice to his future-line;
Like *Hercules*, that in his infant-browes
Bore glorious marks of his undaunted prow's,
When wth his hands (like steely tongs) he strangled
His spightfull stepdams Dragon spotty-spangled;
A proof, presaging the triumphant spoyls
That he atchiev'd by his *Twelve* famous *Toyls*.

The second Regiment advauncing the vitall Parts.

The second Regiment with deadly darts
Assaulteth fiercely *Adam's* vitall parts:
Al-ready th' *Asthma* panting, breathing rough,
With humors gross the lifting Lungs doth stuff:
The pining *Phthisik* fils them all with pushes,
Whence a slowe spowt of cor'sie matter gushes:
A wasting flame the *Peripneumony*
Within those spunges kindles cruelly;
The spawling *Empiem*, ruth-less as the rest,
With foule impostumes fils his hollow chest:
The *Pleurisie* stabs him with desperate foyl
Beneath the ribs, where scalding bloud doth boyl:
Then th' *Incubus* (by some suppos'd a spright)
With a thick phlegm doth stop his breath by night.

The Ague with her trayterous kinds and cruell effects.

Deer *Muse*, my guide; clear truth that nought disse-
Name me that Chapion that wth fury trebles, (bles,
Who arm'd wth blazing fire-brands, fiercely flings
At th' Armies heart, not at our feeble wings:
Having for Aids, *Cough*, *Head-ache*, *Horror*, *Heat*,
Pulse-beating, *Burning*, *Cold-distilling-Sweat*,
Thirst, *Yawning*, *Talking*, *Casting*, *Shivering*, *Shaking*,
Fantastick *Raving* and continuall *Aking*,
With many moe: O! is not this the *Fury*
We call the *Fever*? whose inconstant fury
Transforms her ostner then *Vertumnus* can,
To *Tertian*, *Quartan*, and *Quotidian*,
And *Second* too; now posting, somtimes pawsing,
Even as the matter, all these changes causing,
Is rommidged with motions slowe or quick
In feeble bodies of the *Ague-sick*. (best:

Our Poet, having been himselfe for many years grievously afflicted with the Ecoss, complaineth bitterly of her cruell vsages.

Ah trecherous beast! needs must I know thee
For foure whole years thou wert my poor hearts
And to this day in body and in minde (guest,
I bear the marks of thy dispight unkinde:
For yet (besides my veins and bones bereft
Of bloud and marrow) through thy secret theft
I feel the vertue of my spirit decayd,
Th' *Enthousiasmos* of my *Muse* allaid:
My memory (which hath been meetly good)
Is now (alas!) much like the fleeting floud;

Whereon

Whereon no ſooner have we drawn a line
But it is canceld, leaving there no ſigne:
For, the deere fruit of all my care and coſt,
My former ſtudy (almoſt all) is loſt,
And oft in ſecret have I bluſhed at
Mine ignorance: like *Corvine*, who forgat
His proper name; or like *George Trapezunce*
(Learned in youth, and in his age a Dunce).
And thence it growes, that maugre my endeavour
My numbers ſtill by habite have the Fever;
One-while with heate of heavenly fire enfoul'd;
Shivering anon, through faint un-learned cold.

The third Regiment warring on the naturall Powers.

Now, the third Regiment with ſtormy ſtours
Sets-on the Squadron of our *Nat'rall Powers*
Which happily maintain us (duly) both
With needfull food, and with ſufficient growth.
One-while the *Boulime*, then the *Anorexie*,
Then the *Dog-hunger*, or the *Bradypepſie*,
And childe-great *Pica* (of prodigious dyet)
In ſtraigſteſt ſtomacks rage with monſtrous ryot;
Then on the Liver doth the *Jaundize* fall,
Stopping the paſſage of the cholerick Gall;
Which then for good bloud, ſcatters all about
Her fiery poyſon, yellowing all without;
But the ſad *Dropſie* freezeth it extreme,
Till all the bloud be turned into fleam.
But ſee (alas!) by far more cruell foes
The ſlippery bowels thrill'd with thouſand throes;
With priſoned winds the wringling *Colick* pains-thē,
The *Iliack* paſſion with more rigour ſtrains-them;
Streightens their Conduits. & (deteſted) makes
Mans mouth (alas!) even like a loth ſome Jakes.
Then, the *Dyſentery* with fretting pains
Extorteth pure bloud from the flayed veins.
On th' other ſide, the *Stone* and *Strangury*,
Tort'ring the Reins with deadly tyranny,
With heat-concreted ſand-heaps ſtrangely ſtop
The burning urine, ſtrained drop by drop:
As oppoſite, the *Diabete* by melting
Our bodies ſubſtance in our Urine ſwelting,
Diſtils us ſtill, as long as any matter
Unto the ſpout can ſend ſupply of water.
Unto thoſe parts, whereby we leave behind-us
Types of our ſelves in after-times to mind-us,
There fiercely flies defective *Venery*,
And the foule, feeble, fruit-leſſe *Gonorrhé*
(An impotence for Generation-deed,
And luſt-leſſe Iſſue of th' uncoſted ſeed)
Remorſe-leſſe tyrants, that to ſpoyle aſpire
Babes unconceiv'd, in hatred of their Sire.

The fourth Regiment forrageth, and deſtroyeth the body unmanly.

The fell fourth Regiment, is outward Tumours,
Begot of vicious indigeſted humours:
As *Phlegmons*, *Oedems*, *Schyrrhes*, *Eriſipiles*,
Kings-evils, *Cankers*, cruell *Gouts*, and *Byles*,
Wens, *Ring-worms*, *Tetters*: theſe from every part
With thouſand pangs brave the beſieged heart:
And their blinde fury, wanting force and courage
To hurt the Fort, the champain Country forrage.
O tyrants! ſheath your feeble ſwords again;
For, Death al-ready thouſand-times hath ſlain
Your Enemy; and yet your envious rigour
Doth mar his feature and his limbs diſfigure.
And with a dull and ragged inſtrument
His joynts and skin are ſaw'd, and torn, and rent.

Me thinks moſt rightly to a coward Crew
Of *VVolves* and *Foxes* I reſemble you,
Who in a Forreſt (finding on the ſand
The Lyon dead, that did alive command
The Land about, whoſe awfull Countenance
Melted, far off, their yce-like arrogance)
Mangle the members of their life-leſſe Prince,
With feeble ſignes of daſtard inſolence. (places,
But, with the Griefs that charge our outward
Shall I account the loathſome *Phthiriaſis*?
O ſhamefull Plague! O foule infirmitie!
Which makes proud Kings, fouler then Beggers be
(That wrapt in rags, and wrung with vermin ſore,
Their itching backs fit ſhrugging evermore)
To ſwarm with *Lice*, that rubbing cannot rid,
Nor often ſhift of ſhirts, and ſheets, and bed;
For, as in ſprings, ſtream ſtream purſueth freſh
Swarm follows ſwarm, and their too fruitfull fleſh
Breeds her own eaters, and (till Death's arreſt)
Makes of it ſelfe an execrable feaſt.

Comparison.

The lowſie Diſeaſe.

Nor may we think, that *Chance* confuſedly
Conducts the Camp of our *Third Enemy*:
For, of her Souldiers, ſome (as led by reaſon)
Can make their choyce of *Country*, *Age*, and *Seaſon*.
So *Portugal* hath *Phthiſiks* moſt of all,
Eber, *Kings-evils*; *Arné*, the *Suddain-fall*:
Savoy, the *Mumps*; *VVeſt-India Pox*; and *Nile*,
The *Leproſie*; *Plague*, the *Sardinian-Ile*,
After the influence of the Heav'ns all ruling,
Or *Countries* manners. So, ſoft *Child-hood* puling
Is wrung with Worms, begot of crudity,
Are apt to Laske through much humidity: *Skalls*;
Through their ſalt phlegms, their heads are hid with
Their Limbs with *Red-gums* and with bloudy bals
Of *Menſtruall* humour, which (like Muſt) within
Their bodies boyling button th all their Skin.
To *bloudy-Fluxes*, *Youth* is apt inclining,
Continuall-Fevers, *Phrenzies*, *Phthiſik-pining*.
And feeble *Age* is ſeldom-times without
Her tedious gueſts, the *Palſie* and the *Gout*,
Coughes and *Catarrhs*. And ſo the *Peſtilence*,
The *quartan-Ague* with her accidents,
The *Flix*, the *Hip-gout*, and the *VVatry-Tumour*,
Are bred with us of an *Autumnall* humour:
The *Itch*, the *Murrein*, and *Alcides-griefe*,
In *Ver*'s hot-moyſture doe moleſt us chiefe:
The *Diarrhea* and the *Burning-Fever*,
In *Summer-ſeaſon* doe their fell endeavour:
And *Pleuriſies*, the rotten-*Coughes*, and *Rheums*,
Wear curled flakes of white celeſtiall plumes:
Like ſluggiſh Souldiers, keeping Garriſon
In th' ycie Bulwarks of the Years gelt Son.

Diſeaſes proper to certain Climats and Nations.

To ſome ages of man.

To the Seaſons of the yeare.

Some, ſeeming moſt in multitudes delighting,
Bane one by other, not the firſt acquiting:
As *Meaſels*, *Mange*, and filthy *Leproſie*,
The *Plague*, the *Pox*, and *Phthiſik-maladie*.
And ſome (alas!) we leave as in ſucceſſion,
Unto our Children, for a ſad poſſeſſion:
Such are *Kings-evils*, *Dropſie*, *Gout*, and *Stone*,
Bloud-boyling *Lepry*, and *Conſumption*,
The ſwelling *Throat-ache*, th' *Epilepſie* ſad,
And cruell *Rupture*, paining too-too bad:
For, their hid poyſons after-comming harm
Is faſt combin'd unto the Parents ſperm.

Some diſeaſes contagious.

Some hereditarie.

Some not known by their Cause, but by their Effects only.

But O! what arms, what shield shall we oppose,
What stratagems against those treacherous foes,
Those treacherous griefs, that our frail Art detects
Not by their cause, but by their sole effects?
Such are the fruitfull *Matrix-suffocation*,
The *Falling-sickness*, & pale *Swonning-passion*; (pause,
The which, I wot not what strange windes long
I wot not where, I wot not how doth cause.

Some by sundry Causes increasing and waxing worse.

Or who (alas:) can scape the cruell wile
Of those fell Pangs that *Physicks* pains beguile?
Which being banisht from a body, yet
(Under new names) returne again to it;
Or rather, taught the strange *Metempsychosis*
Of the wise *Samian*, one it selfe transposes
Into some worse *Grief*; either through the kindred
Of th' humour vicious, or the member hindred:
Or through their ignorance or avarice
That doe professe *Apollo's* exercise.
So *Melancholy* turned into *Madnesse*;
Into the *Palsie* deep-affrighted *Sadnesse*:
Th' *Ill-habitude* into the *Dropsie* chill;
And *Megrim* growes to the *Comitial-Ill*

Comparison

In briefe, poor *Adam* in this piteous case,
Is like a Stag, that long pursu'd in chase,
Flying for succour to some neighbour wood,
Sinks on the suddain in the yeelding mud;
And sticking fast amid the rotten grounds,
Is over-taken by the eager Hounds;
One bites his back, his neck another nips,
One puls his brest, at 's throat another skips,
One tugs his flank, his haunch another tears,
Another lugs him by the bleeding ears;
And last of all, the *VVood-man* with his knife
Cuts off his head, and so concludes his life.

Another comparison.

Or like a lusty Bull, whose horned Crest
Awakes fell Hornets from their drowzie nest,
Who buzzing forth, assaile him on each side,
And pitch their valiant Bands about his Hide;
With fisking train, with forked head, and foot,
Himselfe, th' Ayre, th' Earth, he beateth (to no boot)
Flying (through woods, hils, dales, & roaring rivers)
His place of grief, but not his painfull grievers:
And in the end stitcht full of stings he dies,
Or on the ground as dead (at least) he lies.

An amplification of Mans miseries, compared with other Creatures seldomer sick, and sooner healed: and that by naturall Remedies of their own; having also taught Men many Professors of Physick.

For, Man is loaden with ten thousand languors;
All other Creatures onely feele the angors
Of few *Diseases*: as, the gleaning Quail
Onely the *Falling-sickness* doth assail:
The *Turn-about* and *Murrain* trouble Cattell,
Madnesse and *Quincie* bid the Masty battell.
Yet each of them can naturally find
What Simples cure the sickness of their kind;
Feeling no sooner their disease begin,
But they as soon have ready medicine.
The Ram for Physick takes strong-senting *Rue*,
The Tortois slow, cold *Hemlock* doth renue:
The Partridge, Black-bird, and rich painted Jay
Have th' oylie liquor of the sacred *Bay*.
The sickly Beare, the *Mandrake* cures again;
And *Mountain-Siler* helpeth Goats to yean:
But we know nothing, till by poaring still
On Books, we get us a Sophistick skill;
A doubtfull Art, a Knowledge still unknowne;
Which enters but the hoary heads (alone)
Of those, that (broken with unthankfull toyl)
Seek others Health, and lose their own the-while:
Or rather those (such are the greatest part)
That waxing rich at others cost and smart,
Grow famous *Doctors*, purchasing promotions (ons;
While the church-yards swel with their hurtful potiWho (hang-man like) fear-less, and shame-less too,
Are prayd and payd for murders that they doe.
I speak not of the good, the wise, and learned,
Within whose hearts Gods fear is well discerned;
Who to our bodies can againe unite
Our parting soules, ready to take their flight.
For these I honour as Heav'ns gifts excelling,
Pillars of Health, Death and Disease repelling:
Th' Almighties Agents, Natures Counsellers,
And flowring Youths wise faithfull Governours.
Yet if their Art can ease some kinde of dolors,
They learn'd it first of Natures silent Schollers;
For, from the *Sea-Horse* came *Phlebotomies*,
From the wilde *Goat* the healing of the eyes;
From *Stork* and *Hearn*, our *Glysters* laxative,
From *Beares*, and *Lions*, *Diets* we derive.
'Gainst th' onely Body, all these Champions stout
Strive; some, within: and other some, without.
Or, if that any th' all-fair Soule have striken,
'Tis not directly; but, in that they weaken
Her Officers, and spoyl the Instruments
Wherewith she works such wondrous presidents.

Of foure Diseases of the Soule, under them comprehending all the rest.

But, lo! foure *Captains* far more fierce and eager,
That on all sides the Spirit it selfe beleaguer,
Whose Constancy they shake, and soon by treason
Draw the blinde Judgement from the rule of Rea*Opinions* issue; which (though selfe unseen) (son:
Make through the Body their fell motions seen.

First, Sorrow & her accompanie.

Sorrow's first Leader of this furious Crowd,
Muffled all-over in a sable cloud,
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinkles warped every-way,
Creeping in corners, where she fits and vies (eyes;
Sighs from her heart, tears from her blubbered
Accompani'd with selfe-consuming *Care*,
With weeping *Pity*, *Thought*, and mad *Despaire*
That bears, about her, burning Coales and Cords,
Asps, Poysons, Pistols, Halters, Knives, and Swords:
Foule squinting *Envie*, that selfe-eating Elfe,
Through others leanenesse fatting up her selfe,
Joying in mischiefe, feeding but with langour
And bitter tears her Toad-like-swelling anger:
And *Jelousie* that never sleeps, for fear
(Suspicious Flea still nibbling in her eare)
That leaves repast and rest, neer pin'd and blinde
With seeking what she would be loth to finde.

Secondly, Joy with her Traine.

The second Captain is excessive Joy;
Who leaps and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*
Too-streight for her: whose senses all possesse
All wished pleasures in all plenteousnesse.
She hath in Conduct false vain-glorious *Vaunting*,
Bold, soothing, shameless, loud, injurious, taunting:
The winged Gyant lofty-staring *Pride*,
That in the clouds her braving Crest doth hide:
And many other, like the empty bubbles
That rise when rain the liquid Crystall troubles.

Thirdly, Fear and her Followers.

The third, is bloud-less, heart-less, witless *Feare*,
That like an Asp-tree trembles every-where:

She

She leads black *Terror*, and baſe clowniſh *Shame*,
And drowſie *Sloath*, that counterfeiteth lame,
With Snail-like motion meaſuring the ground,
Having her arms in willing fetters bound,
Foule, ſluggiſh Drone, barren (but, ſin to breed)
Diſeaſed, beggar, ſtarv'd with wilfull need.

Fourthly, Deſire, a moſt violent Paſſion, accompanied with others like to Ambition, Avarice, Anger, and foolish Love.

And thou *Deſire*, whom nor the Firmament,
Nor Aire, nor Earth, nor Ocean can content: (leſſe,
Whoſe-lookes are hooks, whoſe belly's bottom-
Whoſe hands are gripes to ſcrape with greedineſſe,
Thou art the Fourth; and under thy Command,
Thou bring'ſt to field a rough untuly Band:
Firſt, ſecret-burning, mighty ſwoln *Ambition*
Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition;
Whom *Epicurus* many Worlds ſuffice not,
Whoſe furious thirſt of proud aſpiring dyes not
Whoſe hands (tranſported with fantaſtick paſſion)
Bear painted Scepters in imagination:
Then *Avarice* all-arm'd in hooking Tenters
And clad in Bird-lime; without bridge ſhe venters
Through fell *Charybdis*, and falſe *Sertes* Neſſe;
The more her wealth the more her wretchedneſſe;
Cruell, reſpect-leſſe, friend-leſſe, faith-leſſe, Elf,
That hurts her neighbour but much more her ſelf:
Whoſe foule baſe fingers in each dunghill poar
(Like *Tantalus*) ſtarv'd in the midſt of ſtore:
Not what ſhe hath, but what ſhe wants ſhe counts:
A wel-wing'd Bird that never lofty mounts.
Then, boyling *Wrath*, ſtern cruell, ſwift, and raſh,
That like a Boar her teeth doth grinde and gnaſh:
Whoſe hair doth ſtare, like briſtled Porcupine;
Who ſom-times rowles her ghaſtly-glowing eyn,
And ſom-time fixtly on the ground doth glaunce,
Now bleak, then bloudy in her Countenance;
Raving and raylings with a hideous ſound,
Clapping her hands, ſtamping againſt the ground;
Bearing *Boccons*, fire and ſword to ſlay,
And murder all that for her pitty pray;
Baning her ſelf, to bane her Enemy;
Diſdaining Death, provided others dye:
Like falling Towers o'rturned by the winde,
That break themſelves on that they under-grinde.
And then that Tyrant, all-controuling *Love*:
(Whom here to paint doth little me behove,
After ſo many rare Apelleſes
As in this Age our Albion nouriſhes)
And to be ſhort, thou doeſt to battail bring
As many Souldiers 'gainſt the Creatures King,
(Yet not his owne) as in this life, Mankinde
True very *Goods*, or ſeeming-*Goods* doth finde.
Now, if (but like the Lightning in the ſky)
Theſe ſudden *Paſſions* paſt but ſwiftly by,
The fear were leſſe: but, O! too-oft they leave
Keen ſtings behinde in Soules that they deceive.
From this foule Fountain, all theſe poyſons riſe,
Rapes, Treaſons, Murders, Inceſts, Sodomies,
Blaſpheming, Bibbing, Theeving, Falſe-contracting,
Church-chaffering, Cheating, Bribing, and Exacting.

The horrible effects of the Paſſions of the ſoule, far more dangerous than the diſeaſes of the body.

Alas! how theſe (far-worſe then death) *Diſeaſes*
Exceed each *Sickneſſe* that our body ſeiſes;
Which makes us open war, and by his ſpight
Gives to the Patient many a wholſome light;
Now by the colour, or the Pulſes beating,
Or by ſome Fit, ſome ſharper dolor threat'ing;
Whereby, the Leach, neer-gheſſing at our grief,
Not ſeldome findes ſure means for our relief.
But for the *Ills* raign in our Intellect
(Which, onely, them both can and ought detect)
They reſt unknown, or rather ſelf-conceal'd;
And ſoule-ſick *Patients* care not to be heal'd.
Beſides, we plainly call the *Fever*, *Fever*:
The *Dropſie*, *dropſie*: over-gliding never,
With guile-full flouriſh of a fained phraze,
The cruell Langours that our bodies craze:
Whereas, our fond ſelf-ſoothing Soule, thus ſick
Rubs her owne ſore; with glozing Rhetorick
Cloaking her vice: and makes the blinded Blain
Not fear the touch of *Reaſons* Cautere vain.

The miſerable corruption of our Times, worſe then all former Ages.

And ſure, if ever filthy *Vice* did jet
In ſacred *Vertues* ſpot-leſſe mantle neat,
'Tis in our dayes, more hatefull and unhallow'd,
Then when the World the Waters wholly ſwal-
Ile ſpare to ſpeak of fouleſt Sins, that ſpot (low'd.
Th' infamous beds of men of mighty lot;
Leſt I the Saints chaſte tender ears offend,
And ſeem them more to teach, then reprehend.

All riotous Prodigality diſguiſed with the name of Liberality

Who bear upon their *French-ſick* backs about,
Farms, Caſtles, Fees, in golden ſhreads cut-cut;
Whoſe laviſh hand, at one *Primero-reſt*,
One Maſk, one Turney, or one pampering feaſt,
Spend treaſures, ſcrap't by th' *Uſury* and *Care*
Of miſer-Parents; *Liberall* counted are.

Effeminate Curioſity & luxurious Pride, miſcalled Cleanlineſs.

Who, with a Maiden voyce and mincing paſe,
Quaint looks, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted face,
Baſe coward-heart, and wanton ſoft array,
Their man-hood onely by their Beard bewray;
Are *Cleanly* call'd. Who like Luſt-greedy Goates,
Brothell from bed to bed; whoſe *Syren*-notes
Inchaunt chaſte *Suſans*, and, like hungry Kite,
Fly at all game, they *Lovers* are behight.

Infatiate Luſt and Beaſt-like Looſeneſſe, foraamed Love.

Who, by falſe bargains, and unlawfull meaſures,
Robbing the World, have heaped kingly treaſures:
Who cheat the ſimple; lend for fifty fifty,
Hundred for hundred, are eſteemed *Thrifty*.

Extreme Extortion counted Thrift.

Who alwayes murder and revenge affect,
Who feed on bloud, who never do reſpect
State, Sex, or *Age*: but in all humane lives
In cold bloud, bath their parricidiall knives;
Are ſtiled *Valiant*. Grant, good Lord, our Land
May want ſuch valour whoſe ſelf-cruell hand
Fights for our Foes, our proper life-bloud ſpils,
Our Cities ſacks, and our owne Kindred kils.

Blaſphemous Quarrels, brawle Courage.

Inhumane Murder, high eſt Manhood.

Lord, let the *Lance*, the *Gun*, the *Sword*, and *Shield*,
Be turn'd to tools to furrow up the field;
And let us ſee the Spiders buſie task
Wov'n in the belly of the plumed Cask.
But if (brave *Lands-men*) your war-thirſt be ſuch,
If in your breſts ſad *Enyon* boyl ſo much,
What holds you here? alas! what hope of crowns?
Our fields are flock-leſſe, treaſure-leſſe our Towns.
Goe then, nay run renowned *Martialiſts*,
Re-found *French-Greece*, in now-*Natolian* liſts;
Hy, hy to *Flanders*; free with conquering ſtroak
Your *Belgian* brethren from th' *Iberians* yoak:
To *Portugall*; people *Galizian-Spain*,
And grave your names on *Lyſbon's* gates again.

FINIS.

Some not knowen by their Cause, but by their Effects only.

But O! what arms, what shield shall we oppose,
What stratagems against those treacherous foes,
Those treacherous griefs, that our frail Art detects
Not by their cause, but by their sole effects?
Such are the fruitfull *Matrix-suffocation*,
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Of those fell Pangs that *Physicks* pains beguile?
Which being banisht from a body, yet
(Under new names) returne again to it;
Or rather, taught the strange *Metempsychosis*
Of the wise *Samian*, one it selfe transposes
Into some worse *Grief*; either through the kindred
Of th' humour vicious, or the member hindred:
Or through their ignorance or avarice
That doe professe *Apollo's* exercise.
So *Melancholy* turned into *Madnesse*;
Into the *Palsie* deep-affrighted *Sadnesse*:
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In briefe, poor *Adam* in this piteous case,
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And sticking fast amid the rotten grounds,
Is over-taken by the eager Hounds;
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His place of grief, but not his painfull grievers:
And in the end stitcht full of stings he dies,
Or on the ground as dead (at least) he lies.

An amplification of Mans miseries, compared with other Creatures sel-domer sick, and sooner healed: and that by naturall Remedies of their own: having also taught Men many pieces of Physick.

For, Man is loaden with ten thousand languors;
All other Creatures onely feele the angors
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Madnesse and *Quincie* bid the Masty battell.
Yet each of them can naturally find
What Simples cure the sickness of their kind;
Feeling no sooner their disease begin,
But they as soon have ready medicine.
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That waxing rich at others cost and smart,
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While the church-yards swel with their hurtful pori-
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Are prayd and payd for murders that they doe.
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And flowring Youths wise faithfull Governours.
Yet if their Art can ease some kinde of dolors,
They learn'd it first of Natures silent Schollers;
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From the wilde *Goat* the healing of the eyes;
From *Stork* and *Hearn*, our *Glysters* laxative,
From *Beares*, and *Lions*, *Diets* we derive.
'Gainst th' onely Body, all these Champions stout
Strive; some, within: and other some, without.
Or, if that any th' all-fair Soule have striken,
'Tis not directly; but, in that they weaken
Her Officers, and spoyl the Instruments
Wherewith she works such wondrous presidents.

Of foure Diseases of the Soule, under them comprehending all the rest.

But, lo! foure *Captains* far more fierce and eager,
That on all sides the Spirit it selfe beleaguer,
Whose Constancy they shake, and soon by treason
Draw the blinde Judgement from the rule of Rea-
Opinions issue; which (though selfe unseen) (son:
Make through the Body their fell motions seen.

First, Sorrow with her Retinue.

Sorrow's first Leader of this furious Crowd,
Muffled all-over in a sable cloud,
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinkles warped every-way,
Creeping in corners, where she sits and vies (eyes;
Sighs from her heart, tears from her blubbered
Accompani'd with selfe-consuming *Care*,
With weeping *Pity*, *Thought*, and mad *Despaire*
That bears, about her, burning Coales and Cords,
Asps, Poysons, Pistols, Halters, Knives, and Swords:
Foule squinting *Envie*, that selfe-eating Elfe,
Through others leaneness fatting up her selfe,
Joying in mischiefe, feeding but with langour
And bitter tears her Toad-like-swelling anger:
And *Jelousie* that never sleeps, for fear
(Suspicious Flea still nibbling in her eare)
That leaves repast and rest, neer pin'd and blinde
With seeking what she would be loth to finde.

Secondly, Joy with her Traine.

The second Captain is excessive Joy;
Who leaps and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*
Too-streight for her: whose senses all possesse
All wished pleasures in all plenteousnesse.
She hath in Conduct false vain-glorious *Vaunting*,
Bold, soothing, shameless, loud, injurious, taunting:
The winged Gyant lofty-staring *Pride*,
That in the clouds her braving Crest doth hide:
And many other, like the empty bubbles
That rise when rain the liquid Crystall troubles.

Thirdly, Fear and her Followers.

The third, is bloud-less, heart-less, witless *Feare*,
That like an Asp-tree trembles every-where:

She

She leads black *Terror*, and baſe clowniſh *Shame*,
And drowſie *Sloath*, that counterfeiteth lame,
With Snail-like motion meaſuring the ground,
Having her arms in willing fetters bound,
Foule, ſluggiſh Drone, barren (but, ſin to breed)
Diſeaſed, beggar, ſtarv'd with wilfull need.

Fourthly, Deſire, a moſt violent Paſſion, accompanied with others like it as Ambition, Avarice, Anger, and foolish Love.

And thou *Deſire*, whom nor the Firmament,
Nor Aire, nor Earth, nor Ocean can content: (leſſe,
Whoſe-lookes are hooks, whoſe belly's bottom-
Whoſe hands are gripes to ſcrape with greedineſſe,
Thou art the Fourth; and under thy Command,
Thou bring'ſt to field a rough unruly Band:
Firſt, ſecret-burning, mighty ſwoln *Ambition*
Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition;
Whom *Epicurus* many Worlds ſuffice not,
Whoſe furious thirſt of proud aſpiring dyes not
Whoſe hands (tranſported with fantaſtick paſſion)
Bear painted Scepters in imagination:
Then *Avarice* all-arm'd in hooking Tenters
And clad in Bird-lime; without bridge ſhe venters
Through fell *Charybdis*, and falſe *Sertes* Neſſe;
The more her wealth the more her wretchedneſſe;
Cruell, reſpect-leſſe, friend-leſſe, faith-leſſe, Elf,
That hurts her neighbour but much more her ſelf:
Whoſe foule baſe fingers in each dunghill poar
(Like *Tantalus*) ſtarv'd in the midſt of ſtore:
Not what ſhe hath, but what ſhe wants ſhe counts:
A wel-wing'd Bird that never lofty mounts.

Then, boyling *Wrath*, ſtern cruell, ſwift, and raſh,
That like a Boar her teeth doth grinde and gnaſh:
Whoſe hair doth ſtare, like briſtled Porcupine;
Who ſom-times rowles her ghaſtly-glowing eyn,
And ſom-time fixtly on the ground doth glaunce,
Now bleak, then bloudy in her Countenance;
Raving and rayling with a hideous ſound,
Clapping her hands, ſtamping againſt the ground;
Bearing *Boccons*, fire and ſword to ſlay,
And murder all that for her pitty pray;
Baning her ſelf, to bane her Enemy;
Diſdaining Death, provided others dye:
Like falling Towers o'rturned by the winde,
That break themſelves on that they under-grinde.
And then that Tyrant, all-controuling *Love*:
(Whom here to paint doth little me behove,
After ſo many rare Apelleſes
As in this Age our Albion nouriſhes)
And to be ſhort, thou doeſt to battail bring
As many Souldiers 'gainſt the Creatures King,
(Yet not his owne) as in this life, Mankinde
True very *Goods*, or ſeeming-*Goods* doth finde.

Now, if (but like the Lightning in the sky)
Theſe ſudden *Paſſions* paſt but ſwiftly by,
The fear were leſſe: but, O! too-oft they leave
Keen ſtings behinde in Soules that they deceive.
From this foule Fountain, all theſe poyſons riſe,
Rapes, Treaſons, Murders, Inceſts, Sodomies,
Blaſpheming, Bibbing, Theeving, Falſe-contracting,
Church-chaffering, Cheating, Bribing, and Exacting.

The horrible effects of the Paſſions of the ſoule, far more dangerous than the diſeaſes of the body.

Alas! how theſe (far-worſe then death) *Diſeaſes*
Exceed each *Sickneſſe* that our body ſeiſes;
Which makes us open war, and by his ſpight
Gives to the Patient many a wholſome light;
Now by the colour, or the Pulſes beating,
Or by ſome Fit, ſome ſharper dolor threat'ing;
Whereby, the Leach, neer-gheſſing at our grief,
Not ſeldome findes ſure means for our relief.
But for the *Ills* raign in our Intellect
(Which, onely, them both can and ought detect)
They reſt unknown, or rather ſelf-conceal'd;
And ſoule-ſick *Patients* care not to be heal'd.

Beſides, we plainly call the *Fever*, *Fever*:
The *Dropſie*, *dropſie*: over-gliding never,
With guile-full flouriſh of a fained phraze,
The cruell Langours that our bodies craze:
Whereas, our fond ſelf-ſoothing Soule, thus ſick
Rubs her owne ſore; with glozing Rhetorick
Cloaking her vice: and makes the blinded Blain
Not fear the touch of *Reaſons* Cautere vain.

The miſerable corruption of our Times, worſe then all former Ages.

And ſure, if ever filthy *Vice* did jet
In ſacred *Vertues* ſpot-leſſe mantle neat,
'Tis in our dayes, more hatefull and unhallow'd.
Then when the World the Waters wholly ſival-
Ile ſpare to ſpeak of fouleſt Sins, that ſpot (low'd.
Th' infamous beds of men of mighty lot;
Leſt I the Saints chaſte tender ears offend,
And ſeem them more to teach, then reprehend.

All riotous Prodigality diſguiſed with the name of Liberality.

Who bear upon their *French-ſick* backs about,
Farms, Caſtles, Fees, in golden ſhreads cut-cut;
Whoſe laviſh hand, at one *Primero-reſt*,
One Maſk, one Turney, or one pampering feaſt,
Spend treaſures, ſcrap't by th' *Uſury* and *Care*
Of miſer-Parents; *Liberall* counted are.

Effeminate Curioſity & luxurious Pride, miſcalled Cleanlineſs.

Who, with a Maiden voyce and mincing paſe,
Quaint looks, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted face,
Baſe coward-heart, and wanton ſoft array,
Their man-hood onely by their Beard bewray;
Are *Cleanly* call'd. Who like Luſt-greedy Goates,
Brothell from bed to bed; whoſe *Syren*-notes
Inchaunt chaſte *Suſans*, and, like hungry Kite,
Fly at all game, they *Lovers* are behight.

Inſatiate Luſt and Beaſt-like Looſeneſſe, ſurnamed Love.

Who, by falſe bargains, and unlawfull meaſures,
Robbing the World, have heaped kingly treaſures:
Who cheat the ſimple; lend for fifty fifty,
Hundred for hundred, are eſteemed *Thrifty*.

Extreme Extortion counted Thrift.

Who alwayes murder and revenge affect,
Who feed on bloud, who never do reſpect
State, *Sex*, or *Age*: but in all humane lives
In cold bloud, bath their parricidiall knives;
Are ſtiled *Valiant*. Grant, good Lord, our Land
May want ſuch valour whoſe ſelf-cruell hand
Fights for our Foes, our proper life-bloud ſpils,
Our Cities ſacks, and our owne Kindred kils.

Blaſphemous Quarrels, brawle Courage.

Lord, let the *Lance*, the *Gun*, the *Sword*, and *Shield*,
Be turn'd to tools to furrow up the field;
And let us ſee the Spiders buſie taſk
Wov'n in the belly of the plumed Caſk.

Inhumane Murder, nigheſt Manhood.

But if (brave *Lands-men*) your war-thirſt be ſuch,
If in your breſts ſad *Enyon* boyl ſo much,
What holds you here? alas! what hope of crowns?
Our fields are flock-leſſe, treaſure-leſſe our Towns.
Goe then, nay run renowned *Martialiſts*,
Re-found *French-Greece*, in now-*Natolian* liſts;
Hy, hy to *Flanders*; free with conquering ſtroak
Your *Belgian* brethren from th' *Iberians* yoak:
To *Portugall*; people *Galizian-Spain*,
And grave your names on *Lyſbon's* gates again.

FINIS.

The Handie-Crafts.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The praise of Peace, *the miserable states*
Of Edens *Exiles*: *their un-curious* Cates,
Their simple habit, *silly* habitation:
They finde out Fire: *their formost* Propagation:
Their Childrens trades, *their* offerings; *envious* Cain
His (better) *Brother doth unkindly brain*:
With inward horror hurried up and down,
He breaks a Horse, *he builds a homely* Town:
Iron 's *invented, and sweet* Instruments:
Adam *foretels of After-Worlds* events.

The Poet here welcomes peace which (during the warre) seemed about this time to have returned into France. The benefits that brings with her.

HEav'ns sacred Imp, fair Goddesse that renew'st
Th' old golden age, & brightly now re-blew'st
Our cloudy sky, making our fields to smile:
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile:
Virgin, unseen in *France* this many a year,
O blessed *Peace!* we bid the welcome here.
Lo, at thy presence, how who late were prest
To spur their Steeds and couch their staves in rest
For fierce incounter; cast away their spears,
And rapt with joy, them enter-bathe with tears.
Lo, how our Merchant-vessels to and fro
Freely about our tradefull waters go:
How the grave *Senate*, with just-gentle rigour,
Resumes his Robe; the Laws their ancient vigour.
Lo, how *Oblivions* Seas our strifes do drown:
How wals are built that war had thundred down.
Lo, how the Shops with busie Crafts-men swarm;
How Sheep and Cattell cover every Farm:
Behold the bon-fires waving to the skies:
Hark, hark the cheerfull and re-chanting cries
Of old and young; singing this joyfull Ditty,
Iô, rejoyce, rejoyce through Town and City,
Let all our Aire, re-eccho with the praises
Of th' everlasting glorious God, who raises
Our ruin'd State: who giveth us a good
We sought not for (or rather, we with-stood):
So that to hear and see these consequences
Of Wonders strange, we scarce beleeve our senses.
O! let the *King*, let *Mounsieur* and the *Sover'n*
That doth *Navarras Spaine* wrongd Scepter govern,
Be all, by all, their Countries Fathers cleapt:
O! let the honour of their names be kept,

Thanks-giving to God for peace.

Gratefull remembrance of the meanes thereof.

And

And on brasse leaves ingrav'n eternally
In the bright Temple of fair *Memory*,
For having quencht, so soon, so many Fires,
Disarm'd our arms, appeas'd the Heav'nly ires,
Calm'd the pale horror of intestine hates,
And dammed-up the bifront Fathers gates.
Much more, let us (dear, World-wonder'd Land)
Extoll the mercies of Heav'ns mighty hand,
That (while the World, Wars, bloud, & rage hath rent)
To us so long, so happy Peace hath lent
(Maugre the malice of th' Italian Priest,
And Indian Pluto *(prop of Antichrist)*
Whose Hoast like Pharaoh's *threatning* Israel,
Our gaping Seas have swallowed quick to hell)
Making our Ile a holy safe retrait
For Saints exil'd in persecutions heat.
Much more let us with true-heart-tuned breath,
Record the praises of ELIZABETH
(Of martiall Pallas *and our milde* Astraea,
Of grace and wisedome the divine Idea)
Whose prudent Rule, with rich religious rest,
Well-neer nine Lustres hath thus kingdome blest.
O! pray we him that from home plotted dangers,
And bloudy threats of proud ambitious strangers,
So many years hath so securely kept her,
In just possession of this flowring Scepter;
That (to his glory, and his deer Sons honour)
All happy length of life may wait upon her:
That we her Subjects, whom he blesseth by her,
Psalming his praise, may sound the same the higher.
But waiting (Lord) in some more learned layes,
To sing thy glory, and my Soveraigns praise;
I sing the young Worlds Cradle, as a Proëm
Unto so rare and so divine a Poëm. (ment,

WHO, FULL OF wealth and honours blandish-
Among great Lords his younger years hath spent;
And quaffing deeply of the Court-delights,
Us'd nought but Tilts, Turneis, and Masks, & Sights,
If in his age, his Princes angry doom
With deep disgrace drive him to live at home
In homely Cottage, where continually
The bitter smoak exhales abundantly
From his before-un-sorrow-drained-brain
The brackish vapours of a silver rain:
Where Usher-lesse, both day and night, the *North*,
South, *East* and *West* windes enter and goe forth:
Where round-about, the low-roost broken wals
(In stead of Arras) hang with Spiders cauls:
Where all at once he reacheth, as he stands, (hands:
With brows the roof, both wals with both his
He weeps and sighs, and (shunning comforts ay)
Wisheth pale Death a thousand times a day,
And, yet at length falling to work, is glad
To bite a brown crust that the Mouse hath had,
And in a dish (for want of Plate or Glasse)
Sups Oaten drink in stead of *Hippocras*.
So (or much like) our rebell Elders driv'n
For ay from *Eden* (earthly Type of Heav'n)
Lye languishing neer *Tygris* grassie side,
With nummed limbs, and spirits stupefied. (per,

But powrfull NEED (Arts ancient Dame & Kee-
The early watch-clock of the sloathfull sleeper)
Among the Mountains makes them seek their living,
And foaming rivers through the Champain driving:
For yet the Trees with thousand fruits yfraught
In formall Checkers were not fairly brought:
The Pear and Apple lived Dwarf-like there,
With Oakes and Ashes shadowed every-where:
And yet (alas!) their meanest simple cheer
Out wretched Parents bought full hard and deer.
To get a Plum, somtimes poor *Adam* rushes
With thousand wounds among a thousand bushes.
If they desire a Medlee for their food,
They must goe seek it through a fearfull wood;
Or a brown Mulbery, then the ragged Bramble (ble.
With thousand scratches doth their skin bescram-
Wherefore (a) yet) more led by th' appetite
Of th' hungry belly then the tastes delight,
Living from hand to mouth, soon satisfi'd,
To earn their supper th' afternoon they ply'd,
Unstor'd of dinner till the morrow-day;
Pleas'd with an Apple, or some lesser prey.
Then, taught by *Ver* (richer in flowrs then fruit)
And hoary Winter, of both destitute,
Nuts, Filberds, Almonds, wisely up they hoord,
The best provisions that the Woods affoord.
Touching their garments: for the shining wooll
Whence the robe-spinning precious Worms are ful,
For gold and silver wov'n in drapery,
For Cloth dipt double in the scarlet Dy,
For Gems bright lustre, with excessive cost
On rich embroidries by rare Art emboss't;
Somtimes they do the far-spread Gourd unleave,
Sometimes the Fig-tree of his branch bereave:
Somtimes the Plane, somtimes the Vine they shear,
Choosing their fairest tresses here and there:
And with their sundry locks, thorn'd each to other,
Their tender limbs they hide from *Cynthia's* brother.
Somtimes the *Ivie's* climing stems they strip,
Which lovingly his lively prop doth clip:
And with green lace in artificiall order,
The wrinkled bark of th' Acorn-tree doth border,
And with his arms th' Oaks slender twigs entwi-
A many branches in one tissue joyning, (ning,
Frames a loose Jacquet, whose light nimble quaking
Wagg'd by the winds, is like the wanton shaking
Of golden spangles, that in stately pride
Dance on the tresses of a noble Bride.
But, while that *Adam* (waxen diligent)
Wearies his limbs for mutuall nourishment:
While craggy Mountains, Rocks, and thorny Plains,
And bristly Woods be witnesse of his pains:
Eve, walking forth about the Forrests, gathers
Speights, *Parrots*, *Peacocks*, *Estrich* scatt'red feathers,
And then with wax the smaller plumes she fears,
And sows the greater with long white Horse hairs,
(For they as yet did serve her in the stead
Of Hemp, and Towe, and Flax, and Silk and Threed)
And thereof makes a medly coat so rare
That it resembles *Nature's* Mantle faire,
When in the Sun in Pomp all glistering,
She seems with smiles to woo the gawdy Spring.
When (by stoln moments) this she had contriv'd,
Leaping for joy, her cheerfull looks reviv'd,
Sh' admires her cunning; and incontinent
'Sayes on her self-her manly ornament;
And then through path-lesse paths she runs apace,
To meet her Husband comming from the Chase.

Sweet-

An imitation thereof, by the Translator, in honour of our late gracious Soveraigne Elizabeth, in whose happy reign God hath given this kingdome so long peace and rich prosperity.

An Elegant comparison representing the lamentable condition of Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise.

The first manner of life.

Great simplicity in their kinde of life.

Their Cloathing.

Sweet-heart, quoth she (and then she kisseth him)
My Love, my Life, my Bliſſe, my Joy, my Gem,
My ſoules dear Soule, take in good part (I pre-thee)
This pretty Preſent that I gladly-give the.
Thanks my dear All (quoth *Adam* then) for this,
And with three kiſſes he requites her kiſſe.
Then on he puts his painted garment new,
And Peacock-like himſelfe doth often view,
Looks on his ſhadow, and in proud amaze
Admires the hand that had the Art to cauſe
So many ſeverall parts to meet in one,
To faſhion thus the quaint Mandilion.
But, when the Winters keener breath began
To cryſtallize the *Baltike* Ocean,
To glaze the Lakes, and bridle-up the Flouds,
And perriwig with wool the balde-pate Woods;
Our Grand-ſire, ſhrinking, gan to ſhake and ſhiver,
His teeth to chatter, and his beard to quiver.
Spying therefore a flock of Muttons coming (ming)
(Whoſe freez-clad bodies feele not Winters num-
He takes the faireſt, and he knocks it down:
Then by good hap, finding upon the Down
A ſharpe great fiſh-bone (which long time before
The roaring Floud had caſt upon the ſhore)
He cuts the throat, flayes it, and ſpreads the fell,
Then dries it, pares it, and he ſcrapes it well,
Then cloathes his wife therewith; & of ſuch Hides
Slops, Hats, and Doublets for himſelfe provides.
A vaulted Rock, a hollow Tree, a Cave,
Were the firſt buildings that them ſhelter gave;
But, finding th' one to be too-moiſt a hold,
Th' other too-narrow, th' other over-cold
Like Carpenters, within a Wood they chooſe
Sixteen fair Trees that never leaves doe looſe,
Whoſe equall front in *quadran* form proſpected,
As if of purpoſe Nature them erected;
Their ſhady boughs firſt bow they tenderly,
Then enterbraid, and binde them curiouſly;
That one would think that had this Arbor ſeen,
'T had been true ſeeling painted-over green.
After this triall, better yet to fence
Their tender fleſh from th' ayrie violence,
Upon the top of their fit-forked ſtems,
They lay a-croſſe bare Oaken boughs for beams
(Such as diſperſed in the Woods they finde,
Torn-off in tempeſts by the ſtormy winde)
Then theſe again with leavie boughs they load,
So covering cloſe their ſorry cold abode.
And then they ply from th' eaves unto the ground,
With mud-mixt Reed to wall their manſion round;
All ſave a hole to th' Eaſtward ſituate,
Where ſtraight they clap a hurdle for a gate
(In ſtead of hinges hanged on a With)
Which with a ſleight both ſhuts and openeth.
Yet fire they lackt: but lo, the winds, that whiſtle
Amid the Groves, ſo oft the *Laurell* juſtle
Againſt the *Mulberry*, that their angry claps
Do kindle fire, that burnes the neighbour Cops.
When *Adam* ſaw a ruddy vapour riſe
In glowing ſtreame; aſtund with feare he flyes,
It follows him, untill a naked Plain
The greedy fury of the flame reſtraine:
Then back he turns, and comming ſomwhat nigher
The kindled ſhrubs, perceiving that the fire
Dries his dank Cloathes, his colour doth refreſh,
And un-benums his ſinnews and his fleſh;
By th' unburnt end, a good big brand he takes,
And hying home a fire he quickly makes,
And ſtill maintaines it, till the ſtarry *Twins*
Celeſtiall breath another fire begins.
But Winter being comn again it griev'd him,
T' have loſt ſo fondly what ſo much reliev'd him,
Trying a thouſand wayes, ſith now no more
The juſtling Trees his damage would reſtore.
While (elſe-where muſing) one day he ſate down
Upon a ſteep Rocks craggy-forked crown,
A foaming beaſt come toward him he ſpies,
Within whoſe head ſtood burning coals for eyes;
Then ſuddenly with boyſterous armes he throwes
A knobby flint, that hummeth as he goes; (ding
Hence flies the beaſt, th'ill-aimed flint-ſhaft groun-
Againſt the rock, and on it oft rebounding,
Shivers to cinders, whence there iſſued
Small ſparks of fire no ſooner born then dead.
This happy chance made *Adam* leap for glee;
And quickly calling his cold company,
In his left hand a ſhining flint he locks,
Which with another in his right he knocks
So up and down, that from the coldeſt ſtone
At every ſtroke ſmall fiery ſparkles ſhone.
Then with the dry leaves of a withered Bay
The which together handſomly they lay,
They take the faling fire which like a Sun
Shines cleer and ſmoak-leſſe in the leaf begun.
Eve, kneeling down, with hand her head ſuſtaining
And on the low ground with her elbow leaning,
Blows with her mouth: & with her gentle blowing
Stirs up the heat, that from the dry leaves glowing
Kindles the Reed, and then that hollow kix
Firſt fires the ſmall, and they the greater ſticks.
And now, Man-kind with fruitfull Race began
A little corner of the World to Man;
Firſt *Cain* is born, to tillage all addicted,
Then *Abel*, moſt to keeping flocks affected.
Abel, deſirous ſtill at hand to keep
His Milk and Cheeſe, unwildes the gentle Sheep
To make a flock; that when it tame became
For guard and guide ſhould have a Dog and Ram.
Cain, more ambitious, gives but little eaſe
To's boyſtrous limbs: and ſeeing that the Peaſe,
And other Pulſe, Beans, Lentils, Lupins, Rice,
Burnt in the Copſes as not held in price;
Some grains he gathers: and with buſie toyl,
A-part he ſows them in a better ſoyl;
Which firſt he rids of ſtones, and thorns, and weeds,
Then buries there his dying-living ſeeds.
By the next Harveſt, finding that his pain
On this ſmall plot was not ingrately vain;
To break more ground, that bigger Crop may bring
Without ſo often weary labouring,
He tames a Heyfer, and on either ſide,
On either horn a three-fold twiſt he ty'd
Of Oſier twigs, and for a Plough he got
The horn or tooth of ſome Rhinocerot.
Now, th' one in Cattle, th' other rich in grain,
On two ſteep Mountains build they Altars twain;
Where (humbly-ſacred) th' one with zealous cry
Cleaves bright *Olympus* ſtarry Canopy:

With

Their induſtry in making a garment for her husband

Their winter feare

Their lodging and firſt building.

A building ſomewhat more craft.

The invention of fire.

How the firſt man invented fire for the uſe of himſelfe and his poſterity.

Beginning of Families.

The ſeverall occupations of *Abel* and *Cain*.

Their Sacrifice.

With fained lips, the other loud-resounded
Heart-wanting Hymns, on self-deserving sounded:
Each on his Altar offereth to the Lord
The best that either flocks, or fields afford. (tries
Rein-searching God, thought-sounding Judge, that
God regardeth Abel and his Sacrifice, and rejecteth Cain and him wherewith Cain worketh, and finally kils his brother, whose blood God revengeth.
The will and heart more then the work and guise,
Accepts good *Abels* gift: but hates the other
Profane oblation of his furious brother;
Who feeling, deep th' effects of Gods displeasure,
Raves, frets, and fumes, & murmurs out of measure.
What boots it, *Cain*, O wretch! what boots it thee
T' have opened first the fruitfull womb (quoth he)
Of the first mother; and first born the rather
T' have honour'd *Adam* first with name of Father?
Unfortunate, what boots thee to be wealthy,
Wise, active, valiant, strongly-limb'd, and healthy,
If this weak Girl-boy, in mans shape disguis'd,
To Heav'n and Earth be dear, and thou despis'd?
What boots it thee, for others night and day
In painfull toyl to wear thy selfe away:
And (more for others then thine own reliefe)
To have devised of all Arts the chiefe;
If this dull Infant, of thy labour nurst,
Shall reap the glory of thy deeds (accurst)?
Nay, rather quickly rid thee of the fool,
Down with his climbing hill, and timely cool
This kindling flame: and that none over-crow thee,
Re-seise the right that Birth and Vertue owe thee.
Ay in his minde this counsail he revolves;
And hundred times to act it he resolves,
And yet as oft relents; stopt worthily
By the pains horror, and sins tyranny.
But, one day drawing with dissembled-love
His harm-lesse brother far into a Grove
Upon the verdue of whose Virgin-boughs
Bird had not percht, nor never Beast did brouz;
With both his hands he takes a stone so huge,
That in our Age three men could hardly bouge,
And just upon his tender brothers crown,
With all his might he cruell casts it down.
The murdered face lies printed in the mud,
And loud for vengeance cryes the martyr'd bloud:
The batt'red brains fly in the murd'rers face.
The Sun, to stain this tragick fight a-pace,
Turns back his Teem: the amazed fratricide
Doth all the *Furies* scourging whips abide:
Externall terrors, and th' internall Worm
A thousand kinds of living deaths doe form:
All day he hides him, wanders all the night,
Flies his own friends, of his own shade affright,
Scarr'd with a leaf, and starting at a Sparrow,
And all the World seems for his fear too-narrow.
By reason of the multiplying of Mankinde, the children of Adam begin to build houses for their commodity and retreat.
But for his Children, born by three and three,
Produce him Nephews that still multiply
With new increase; who yet their age be rife
Becom great-Grand-fires in their Grand-fires life;
Staying at length, he chose him out a dwelling,
For woods, and floods, and ayr, and soyl excelling.
One fels down Firs, another of the same
With crossed Poles a little lodge doth frame:
Another mounds it with dry wals about
(And leaves a breach for passage in and out)
With Turf and Furse: some others yet more gross
Their homely Sties in stead of wals inclose:
Some (like the Swallow) mud and hay do mix,
And that about their silly Cotes they fix:
Som make their roofs with fearn, or reeds, or rushes
And some with hides, with oase, with boughs, and
He that still fearfull, seeketh still defence, (bushes.
Cain thinking to take some quiet for the disquiets of his conscience, begins to fortifie and build a Town.
Shortly this Hamlet to a Town augments.
For, with keen Coulter having bounded (witty)
The foure-fac't Rampire of his simple City;
With stones soon gathered on the neighbour strand
And clayie mortar ready there at hand,
Well trod and tempered, he immures his Fort,
A stately Tower erecting on the Port;
Which awes his owne, and threats his enemies;
Securing som-what his pale tyrannies.
O Tigre! think'st thou (hellish fratricide)
Because with stone-heaps thou art fortifi'd,
Prince of some Peasants trained in thy tillage,
And silly Kingling of a simple Village;
Think'st thou to scape the storm of vengeance dread,
That hangs already o'r thy hatefull head?
No: wert thou (wretch) incamped at thy will
On strongest top of any steepest Hill:
Wert thou immur'd in triple brazen Wall,
Having for ayd all Creatures in this All:
If skin and heart, of steel and yron were,
Thy pain thou couldst not, less avoid thy fear (veins,
Which chils thy bones, and runs through all thy
Racking thy soule with twenty thousand pains.
Cain (as they say) by this deep fear disturbed,
The first of all th' untamed Courser curbed;
Suppoleth to secure himselfe by the strength and swiftnesse of a horse which he begins to tame.
That while about on others feet he run
With dusty speed he might his Deaths-man shun.
Among a hundred brave, light, lusty Horses
(With curious eye marking their comly forces)
He chooseth one for his industrious proof, (hoof.
Description of a gallant horse.
With round, high, hollow, smooth, brown, jetty
With Pasterns short, upright (but yet in mean)
Dry sinnewy shanks; strong, flesh-less knees, & lean:
With Hart-like legs, broad brest, & large behinde,
With body large, smooth flanks, and double-chin'd:
A crested neck bow'd like a halfe bent Bow,
Whereon a long, thin, curled mane doth flow;
A firm full tail, touching the lowly ground,
With dock between two fair fat buttocks drownd;
A pricked ear, that rests as little space,
As his light foot; a lean, bare bonny face,
Thin joule, and head but of a middle size,
Full, lively-flaming, quickly rowling eyes,
Great foaming mouth, hot fuming nostrill wide,
Of Chest-nut hair, his fore-head starri'd,
Three milky feet, a feather on his brest,
Whom seven-years-old at the next grass he ghest.
The manner how to back to breath, and to make a good horse.
This goodly Jennet gently first he wins,
And then to back him actively begins;
Steady and streight he sits, turning his sight
Still to the fore-part of his Palfrey light.
The chafed Horse, such thrall ill-suffering,
Begins to snuff and snort, and leap, and fling;
And flying swift, his fearfull Rider makes
Like some unskilfull Lad that undertakes
To hold some ships helm, while the head-long tyde
Simile.
Carries away the Vessell and her Guide;
Who neer devoured in the jaws of Death,
Pale, fearfull, shivering, faint and out of breath,

A thousand times (with Heav'n-erected eyes)
Repents him of so bold an enterprise.
But, setting fast, lesse hurt then feared; *Cain*
Boldens himself and his brave Beast again:
Brings him to pase, from pasing to the trot,
From trot to gallop: after runs him hot
In full career: and at his courage smiles;
And sitting still to run so many miles.
His pase is fair and free; his trot as light
As Tigres course; as Swallows nimble flight:
And his brave gallop seems as swift to goe
As *Bisean* Darts, or Shafts from *Rapsian* bowe:
But, roaring Canon, from his smoaking throat,
Never so speedy spews the thundring shot
(That in an Army mowes whole squadrons down,
And batters Bulwarks of a common'd Town)
As this light Horse scuds, if he do but feel
His bridle slack, and in his side the heel:
Shunning himself, his sinewey strength he stretches;
Flying the earth, the flying ayre he catches, (ground
Born whirl-winde-like: hoe makes the trampled
Shrink under him, and shake with doubling sound:
And When the sight no more pursue him may,
In fieldy clouds he vanisheth away.
The wise-wext Rider, not esteeming best
To take too much now of his lusty Beast,
Restraines his fury: then with learned wand
The triple Corvet makes him understand:
With skilfull voyce he gently cheers his pride,
And on his neck his flattering palm doth slide:
He stops him steady still, new breath to take,
And in the same path brings him softly back.
But th' angry Steed, rising and reaning proudly,
Striking the stones, stamping and neighing loudly,
Cals for the Combat, plunges, leaps and praunces,
Beteams the path, with sparkling eyes he glaunces,
Champs on his burnisht bit, and gloriously
His nimble fetlocks lifteth belly-high,
All side-long jaunts, on eyther side he justles,
And's waving Crest courageously he bristles,
Making the gazers glad on every side
To give more room unto his portly Pride.
Cain gently stroaks him, and now sure in seat,
Ambitiously seeks still some fresher feat
To be more famous; one while trots the Ring,
Another while he doth him backward bring,
Then of all foure he makes him lightly bound;
And to each hand to manage rightly round;
To stoop, to stop, to caper, and to swim,
To dance, to leap, to hold-up any lim:
And all, so done, with time-grace-ordered skill,
As both had but one body and one will.
Th' one for his Art no little glory gains:
Th' other through practice by degrees attains
Grace in his gallop, in his pase agility,
Lightnesse of head, and in his stop facility,
Strength in his leap, and stedfast managings,
Aptnes in all, and in his course new wings.
The Use of horses thus discovered,
Each to his worke more cheerly setteled,
Each plies his trade, and travels for his age,
Following the paths of painfull *Tubal* sage.
While through a Forrest *Tubal* (with his *Yew*
And ready quiver) did a Boar pursue,

A burning Mountain from his fiery vain
An yron River rowls along the Plain:
The witty Huntsman, musing, thither hies,
And of the wonder deeply 'gan devise,
And first perceiving, that this scalding mettle,
Becomming cold, in any shape would settle,
And grow to hard, that with his sharpned side
The firmest substance it would soon divide;
He casts a hundred plots, and yet he parts
He moulds the ground-work of a hundred Arts:
Like as a hound, that (following loose, behinde
His pensive Master) a quick Hare doth finde;
Leaves whom he loves, upon the fern doth ply,
Figs to and fro, and fals in cheerfull cry;
And with up-lifted head, and nostrill wide
Winding his game, snuffs up the winde, his guide:
A hundred wayes he measures Vale and Hill:
Ears, eyes, nor nose, nor foot, nor tail are still,
Till in her hot Form he have found the prey
That he so long hath sought for every way.
For, now the way to thousand works reveal'd,
Which long shall live maugre the rage of Eld:
In two square creases of unequall sides
To turn to yron streamlings he devises;
Cold, takes them thence: then off the dross he rakes,
And this a Hammer, that an Anvill makes;
And, adding tongs to these two instruments,
He stores his house with yron implements: (ples,
As forks, rakes, hatchets, plough-shares, coultars sta-
Bolts, hinges, hooks nails, whittls, spaoks, & grapples;
And grown more cunning, hollow things he for-
He hatcheth files, & winding vices worketh, (meth,
He shapeth sheers, and then a Saw indents,
Then beats a Blade, and then a Lock invents.
Happy device! we might as well want all
The Elements, as this hard mineral!
This, to the Plough-man for great uses serves:
This, for the Builder, Wood and Marble carves:
This arms our bodies against adverse force:
This cloathes our backs; this rules th' unruly horse:
This makes us dry-shod dance in *Neptunes* Hall:
This brightens gold; this conquers self and all;
Fift Element, of Instruments the hast;
The Tool of Tools, & Hand of Handy-Craft. (rude,
While (compast round with smoaking *Cyclops*
Half-naked *Brontes*, and *Sterops* swarthy-hewd,
All well-neer weary) sweating *Tubal* stands,
Hastning the hot work in their sounding hands,
No time lost *Jubal*: th' un-full Harmony
Of uneven Hammers, beating diversly,
Wakens the tunes that his sweet numbers lonle
Yet birth (some think) learn'd of the warbling *Pole*.
Thereon he harps, and ponders in his minde,
And glad and fain some Instrument would finde
That in accord those discords might renew,
And th' yron Anvils rattling sound ensew
And iterate the beating Hammers noyse
In milder notes, and with a sweeter voyce.
It chanc't, that passing by a Pond, he found
An open *Tortoise* lying on the ground,
Within the which there nothing else remained
Save three dry sinnews on the shell stiff-strained:
This empty house *Jubal* doth gladly bear,
Strikes on those strings, and lends attentive ear;
And

Thereby found of a Beast hath profession in the Text but a Verse by descripti-on.

Good horsmanship.

The countenance, pride & port of a courageous horse, when he is ended.

The demeanure of a skilful Rider.

The invention of yron.

Comparison

Casting of the first im-struments of yron.

The excellent uses & commodities of yron.

Invention of Musick

Invention of the Lute and other Instruments.

And by this mould frames the melodious Lute,
That makes woods hearken, & the winds be mute,
The Hils to dance, the Heav'ns to re-trograde,
Lions be tame, and tempests quickly vade.
His Art, still wexing, sweetly marrieth
His quavering fingers to his warbling breath:
More little tongues to's charm-care Lute he brings,
More Instruments he makes: no Eccho rings
'Mid rocky concaves of the babbling vales,
And bubbling Rivers rowl'd with gentle gales,
But wiery *Cymbals*, *Rebecks* sinnews twin'd,
Sweet *Virginals*, and *Cornets* curled winde.
But *Adam* guides through paths but seldom gone,
His other Sons to *Vertues* sacred Throne:
And chiefly *Seth* (set in good *Abel*'s place)
Staff of his age, and glory of his race:
Him he instructeth in the wayes of *Veritie*,
To worship God in spirit and sinceritie:
To honor Parents with a reverent aw,
To train his children in religious law:
To love his friends, his Country to defend,
And helpfull hands to all man's inde to lend: (swaies
To know Heav'ns course, and how their constant
Divide the year in months, the months in dayes:
What Star brings Winter, what is Summers guide;
What signe foul Weather, what doth fair betide;
What Creature's kinde, and what is curst to us;
What Plant is wholesome, and what venemous.
No sooner he his lessons can commence,
But *Seth* hath hit the White of his intents,
Draws rule from rule, and of his short collations
In a short time a perfect Art he fashions.
The more he knows, the more he craves; as fuell
Kils not a fire, but kindles it more cruell.
While on a day by a cleer Brook they travell,
Whose gurgling streams frizado'd on the gravell,
He thus bespake: If that I did not see
The zeal (dear Father) that you bear to mee,
How still you watch me with your carefull ein,
How still your voyce with prudent discipline
My Prentice ear doth oft reverberate;
I should misdoubt to seem importunate;
And should content me to have learned, how
The Lord the Heav'ns about this *All* did bow;
What things have hot, and what have cold effect;
And how my life and manners to direct.
But your milde Love my studious heart advances
To ask you further of the various chances
Of future times: what off-spring spreading wide
Shall fill this World: What shall the World betide;
How long to last: What Magistrates, what Kings
With *Justice* Mace shall govern mortall things?
Son (quoth the Sire) our thoughts eternall eye
Things past and present may by means descry;
But not the future, if by speciall grace
It read it not in th' *One-Trine*'s glorious face.
Thou then, that (on'y) things to come dost know,
Not by Heav'ns course, nor ghesse of things below,
Nor coupled points, nor flight of fatall Birds,
Nor trembling tripes of sacrificed Heards,
But by a clear and certaine prescience,
As *Seer* and *Agent* of all accidents,
With whom at once the three-fold times do fly,
And but a moment lasts Eternity;

O God behold me, that I may behold
Thy Crystall face: O *Sun*, reflect thy gold
On my pale *Moon*; that now my veiled eyes,
Earth-ward eclipst, may shine unto the skies.
Ravish me, Lord, O (my soules life) revive
My spirit a-space, that I may see (alive)
Heav'n yer I dy: and make me now (good Lord)
The eccho of thy all-celestiall Word.
With sacred fury suddenly he glowes,
Not like the Bedlam *Bacchanalian* froes,
Who, dancing, foaming, rowling furious-wise
Under their twinkling lids their torch-like eyes
With ghastly voyce, with visage grizly grim,
Tost by the Fiend that fiercely tortures them,
Bleaking & blushing, panting, shreeking, swouning,
With wrathlesse wounds their senseless members
But as th' Imperial airy peoples Prince, (wounding:
With stately pinions soaring-hy from hence, (think
Cleaves through the clouds, & bravely-bold doth
With his firm eye to make the Suns eye wink:
So *Adam*, mounting on the burning wings
Of a *Seraphick* love, leaves earthly things,
Feeds on sweet Æther, cleaves the starry Sphears,
And on Gods face his eyes he fixtly bears:
His brows seem brandisht with a Sun-like fire,
And his purg'd body seems a cubit higher.
Then thus began he: Th' ever-trembling field
Of scaly folk, the Arches starry siel'd,
Where th' All-Creator hath disposed well
The Sun and Moon by turns for Sentinell;
The clear cloud-bounding Air (the Camp assign'd
Where angry *Auster*, and the rough North-winde
Meeting in battell, throwe down to the soil
The woods that middling stand to part the broil);
The Diapry Mansions, where man-kind doth trade,
Were built in *Six Dayes*: & the Seav'nth was made
The sacred *Sabbath*. So, Sea, Earth, and Air,
And azure-gilded Heav'ns Pavilions fair,
Shall stand *Six dayes*; but longer diversly
Then the dayes bounded by the Worlds bright eye.
The *First* begins with me: the *Seconds* morn
Is the first Ship-wright, who doth first adorn
The Hils with Vines: that Shepheard is the *Third*,
That after God through strange lands leads his
And, past mans reason, crediting Gods word, (Heard,
His onely Son slayes with a willing sword:
The *Fourth*'s another valiant Shepheardling,
That for a Canon takes his silly sling,
And to a Scepter turns his Shepheards staff,
Great Prince, great Prophet, Poet, Psalmograph:
The *Fift* begins from that sad Princes night
That sees his children murdred in his sight,
And on the banks of fruit full *Euphrates*,
Poor *Juda* led in Captive heavinesse:
Hoped *Messias* shineth in the *Sixt*;
Who, mockt, beat, banisht, buried, cruci-fixt,
For our foule sins (still-selfly innocent)
Hath fully born the hatefull punishment:
The *Last* shall be the very *Resting-day*,
Th' Air shall be mute, the Waters works shall stay;
The Earth her store, the Stars shall leave their mea-
The Sun his shine: and in eternall pleasures (sures,
We plung'd, in Heav'n shall ay solemnize, all,
Th' eternall *Sabbaths* end-lesse *Festivall*.

Alas!

While Cain and his children are busie for the world, Adam & his other Sons exercise themselves in piety and justice, and in searching the godly secrets of Nature.

Seth questions his Father concerning the state of the world from the Beginning to the End.

Adams answer.

The power of Gods Spirit in his Prophets; and the different be-tween Seth, and the ill-studied framers ministers of Satan.

Adam declares to his Sons in how many dayes the world was created.

How many Ages shall endure. 1. Adam 2. Noah. 3. Abraham

4. David.

5. Ezechias

6. Messias

7. The rest shall be Sabbath.

Alas! what may I of that race presume
Next th'ireful Flame that shall this Frame consume,
Whose gut their god, whose lust their law shall be,
Who shall not hear of God, nor yet of me?
Sith those outrageous, that began their birth
On th' holy grounsill of sweet *Edens* earth,
And (yet) the sound of Heav'ns drad Sentence hear,
And as ey-witnesse of mine Exile were,
Seem to despight God. Did it not suffize
(O lustfull Soule!) first to *polygamize?*
Suffiz'd it not (O *Lamech*) to distain
Thy Nuptiall bed? but that thou must ingrain
In thy *great-Grand-sires Grand-sires* reeking gore
Thy cruell blade? respecting nought (before)
The prohibition and the threatning vow
Of him to whom infernall Powrs do bow:
Neither his Pasports sealed Character
Set in the fore-head of the Murderer.
Courage, good *Enos:* re-advance the Standard
Of holy *Faith*, by humane reason slander'd,
And troden-down: Invoke th' immortall Powr;
Upon his Altar warm blood-offrings pour:
His sacred nose perfume with pleasing vapour,
And teend again *Truths* neer-extinguisht Taper.
Thy pupil *Henoch*, selfly dying wholly,
(Earths ornament) to God he liveth solely.
Lo, how he labours to endure the light
Which in th' *Arch-essence* shineth glorious-bright:
How rapt from sense, and free from fleshly lets,
Somtimes he climbs the sacred Cabinets
Of the divine *Ideas* everlasting,
Having for wings, *Faith*, fervent *Prayer* & *Fasting:*
How at somtimes, though clad in earthly clod,
He (sacred) sees, feels all enjoyes in God:
How at somtimes mounting from form to form,
In form of God he happy doth transform.
Lo, how th' All-fair, as burning all in love
With his rare beauties, not content above
T' have half, but all, and ever; sets the stairs
That lead from hence to Heav'n his chosen heirs:
Lo, how he climbeth the Supernall stories.
Adieu, dear *Henoch:* in eternall glories
Dwel there with God: thy body chang'd in quality
Of Spirit or Angel, puts-on immortality:
Thine eyes already (now no longer eyes:
But new bright stars) do brandish in the skyes:
Thou drinkest deep of the celestiall wine:
Thy *Sabbath's* end-lesse: without vail (in fine)
Thou seest God face to face; and neer unite
To th' ONE-TRINE *God*, thou liv'st in th' Infinite.
But here the while (new Angel) thou dost leave
Fell wicked folk, whose hands are apt to reave,
Whose Scorpion tongues delight in sowing strife,
Whose guts are gulfs, incestious all their life.
O strange to be beleev'd! the blessed Race,
The sacred Flock, whom God by speciall grace
Adopts for his, ev'n they (alas!) most shame-lesse
Do follow sin, most beastly-brute and tame-lesse,
With lustfull eyes choosing for wanton Spouses
Mens wicked daughters; mingling so the houses
Of *Seth* and *Cain*; preferring foolishly
Frail beauties blaze to vertuous modesty.
From these profane, foul, cursed kisses sprung
A cruell brood, feeding on bloud and wrong;
Fell Gyants strange, of haughty hand and minde,
Plagues of the World, and scourges of Mankinde.
Then, righteous God (tho ever prone to pardon)
Seeing his mildnesse but their malice harden,
List pleade no longer, but resolves the Fall
Of man forth-with, and (for Mans sake) of all:
Of all (at least) the living creatures gliding
Along the Aire, or on the Earth abiding.
Heav'ns chrystall windows with one hand he opes,
Whence on the World a thousand Seas he drops:
With th' other hand he gripes and wringeth forth
The spungy Globe of th' execrable Earth,
So straightly prest, that it doth straight restore
All liquid floods that it had drunk before:
In every Rock new Rivers doe begin;
And to his ayd the snowes come tumbling in:
The Pines and Cedars have but boughs to show,
The shores do shrink, the swelling waters grow.
Alas! so many Nephews lose I here
Amid these deeps, that, but for Mountains neer,
Upon the rising of whose ridges lofty,
They lusty climb on every side for safety,
I should be seed-lesse: but (alas!) the Water
Swallows those Hils, and all this wide Theater
Is all one Pond. O Children, whither fly-you?
Alas! Heav'ns wrath pursues you to destroy-you:
The stormy Waters strangely rage and roar,
Rivers and Seas have all one common shore,
(To wit) a sable, water-loaden Sky,
Ready to rain new Oceans instantly.
O Son-lesse Father! O too fruitfull hanches!
O wretched root! O hurtfull, hatefull branches:
O gulfs unknown! O dungeons deep and black!
O Worlds decay! O Universall wrack!
O Heav'ns! O Seas! O Earth (now Earth no more)
O Flesh! O Bloud! Here, sorrow stopt the door
Of his sad voyce; and, almost dead for wo,
The prophetizing spirit forsook him so.

Confiderations of *Adam* upon that which should befall his posterity, to the end of the first World destroyed by the Flood: according to the relation of *Moses* in Genesis, in the 4, 5 & 7. chapters.

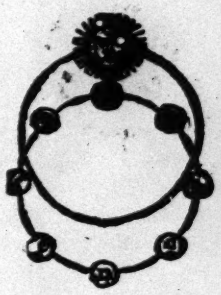
FINIS.

NOAH.

THE SECOND DAY *OF THE* SECOND VVEEKE.

Containing,

I. The Ark,
II. Babylon,
III. The Colonies,
IV. The Columnes.



Deceptam refero.

NOAH.

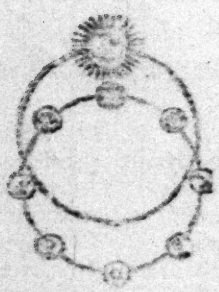
THE

SECOND DAY

OF THE

SECOND WEEK

Containing



The Ark.

THE FIRST PART
Of The
SECOND DAY OF
THE II. VVEEK.

The Argument.

Noah prepares the Ark : *and thither brings*
(With him) a Seed-pair of all living things :
His exercise a-ship-board : Atheist Cham
His holy Fathers humble Zeal doth blame ;
And diversly impugns Gods Providence :
Noah *refels his faith-lesse arguments :*
The Flood *surceast : The* Ark *landed :* Blood *forbid :*
The Rain-bow *bent ; what is prefigured :*
Wine drowneth Wit : Cham *scoffs the Nakednesse*
Of's sleeping Sire : the Map of Drunkennesse.

A Preamble, wherein by a modell complaint, the Poet stirres up the Readers attention, and makes him fit to way to the invocation of the Almighty God.

IF now no more my sacred rimes distill
With Art-lesse ease from my dis-custom'd quill:
If now the *Laurell*, that but lately shaded
My beating Temples, be dis-leav'd and vaded :
And if now banisht from the learned Fount,
And cast down head-long from the lofty Mount
Where sweet *Urania* sitteth to endite,
Mine humbled *Muse* flag in a lowly flight ;
Blame these sad Times ingratefull cruelty,
My household cares, my healths infirmity,
My drooping sorrows for (late) grievous losses,
My busie suits, and other bitter crosses.
Lo, they're the clogs that weigh down heavily
My best endeavours, whilom soaring high :
My harvest 's hail : the pricking thorns and weeds
That in my soule choak those diviner seeds.
O gracious God ! remove my great incumbers,
Kindle again my faiths ne'er-dying embers:
Asswage thine anger (for thine own Sons merit)
And from me (Lord) take not thy holy Spirit :
Comb, gild, and polish, more then ever yet,
This latter issue of my labouring wit :
And let not me be like the winde that proudly
Begins at first to roar and murmur loudly
Against the next hils, over-turns the woods,
With furious tempests tumbles-up the floods,
And (fiercely-fell) with stormy puffs constrains
The sparkling flints to roul about the Plains ;
But flying, faints ; and every league it goes,
One nimble feather of his wing doth lose :
But rather like a River poorly-breeding
In barren Rocks, thence drop by drop proceeding:

Which, toward the ſea, the more he flees his ſource,
With growing ſtreams ſtrengthens his gliding courſe,
Rowls, roars, & foams, raging with reſt-leſs motion,
And proudly ſcorns the greateneſſe of the Ocean.

The coming of the Flood and building of the Ark.

THE DOOMS of *Adam* lackt not long effect:
For th' angry Heav'ns (that can without reſpect
Of perſons, plague the ſtubborn Reprobate)
In Waters buried th' *Univerſall ſtate*:
And never more the nimble painted Legions
With hardy wings had cleft the ayrie Regions:
We all had periſht, and the Earth in vain
Had brought ſuch ſtore of fruits, and graſſe, & grain,
If *Lamech*'s Son (by new-found Art directed)
That huge vaſte Veſſell had not firſt erected,
Which (ſacred refuge) kept the parent-pairs
Of all things moving in the Earth and Airs.

Noah exerciſes aboord the Ark.

Now, while the Worlds-re-colonizing Boat
Doth on the waters over Mountains float,
Noah paſſeth hours with tales and idle play,
The tedious length'r of dayes and nights away:
But as the Summer ſweet diſtilling drops
Upon the medows thirſty yawning chops,
Re-greens the Greens, & doth the Flowrs re-flowr,
All ſcotcht and burnt with *Auſter's* parching powr:
So, the rare-charming hony that diſtils
From his wiſe lips, his houſe with comfort fils,
Flatters deſpair, dryes tears, calms inward ſmarts,
And re-advanceth ſorrow-daunted hearts.

Cheer ye, my Children: God doth now retire
Theſe murdering Seas, which the revenging ire
Of his ſtrict *Juſtice* holy indignation
Hath brought upon this wicked generation;
Arming a ſeaſon, to deſtroy Mankinde,
The angry Heav'ns, the Water and the Winde:
As, ſoon again his gracious *Mercy* will,
Clear cloudy Heav'ns, calm Winds and Waters ſtill.

His wrath and mercy follow turn by turn;
That (like the lightning) doth not lightly burn
Long in a place, and this from age to age
Hides with her wings the faithfull heritage.
Our gracious God makes ſcant weight of diſplea-ſure;
And ſpreads his mercy without weight or meaſure:
Sometimes he ſtrikes us (to eſpeciall ends)
Upon our ſelves, our children, or our friends,
In ſoule or body, goods, or elſe good names,
But ſoon he caſts his rods in burning flames:
Not with the fiſt, but finger he doth beat us;
Nor doth he thrill ſo oft as he doth threat us;
And (prudent Steward) gives his faithfull Bees
Wine of his wrath, to rebell Drones the Lees.
And thus the deeds of Heav'ns juſt-gentle King,
The Second Worlds good Patriarch did ſing.

Cham, full of impiety, is brought in, ſuffering his Father, and diverſly impugning the wiſedome and irreprehenſible providence of God Almighty and all-mercifull: and the humble and religious zeal of Noah.

But, bruiſh *Cham*, that in his breſt accurſt
The ſecret roots of ſinfull *Atheiſme* nurſt;
Wiſhing already to diſ-throne th' *Eternall*,
And ſelfe-uſurp the Majeſty ſupernall:
And to himſelf, by name of *Jupiter*,
On *Africk* ſands a ſumptuous *Temple* rear:
With bended brows, with ſtout and ſtern aſpect,
In ſcornful tearms his Father thus be-checkt:

O! how it grieves me, that theſe ſervile terrors
(The ſcourge of Cowards, and baſe vulgars errors)
Have ta'en ſuch deep root in your feeble breſt!
Why, Father, alwayes ſelfly thus depreſt?
Will you thus alwayes make your ſelf a drudge,
Fearing the fury of a fained Judge?
And will you alwayes forge your ſelf a Cenſor
That weighs your words, and doth your ſilence cen-ſure?
A ſly controuler, that doth count your hairs,
That in his hand your hearts keys ever bears,
Records your ſighs, and all your thoughts deſcries,
And all your ſins preſent and paſt eſpies?
A barbarous Butcher, that with bloudy knife
Threats night and day your grievous-guilty life?

O! ſee you not the ſuperſtitious heat
Of this blinde zeale doth in your minde beget
A thouſand errors? light credulity
Doth drive you ſtill to each extremity,
Faining a God (with thouſand ſtorms oppreſt)
Fainter then Women, fiercer then a Beaſt.

Who (tender-hearted) weeps at others weeping,
Wails others woes, and at the onely peeping
Of others bloud, in ſudden ſwoun deceaſes,
In manly breſt a womans heart poſſeſſes:
And who (remorſe-leſſe) lets at any ſeaſon,
The ſtormy tide of rage tranſport his reaſon,
And thunders threats of horror and miſ-hap,
Hides a Bears heart under a humane ſhape.
Yet, of your God, you one-while thus pretend;
He melts in tears, if that your fingers end
But ake a-while: anon, he frets, hee frowns,
He burns, he brains, he kils, he dams, he drowns.

The wildeſt Boar doth but one Wood deſtroy;
A cruell Tyrant but one Land annoy;
And yet this Gods outrageous tyranny
Spoyls all the World, his onely Empery.

O goodly *Juſtice!* one or two of us
Have ſinn'd, perhaps, and mov'd his anger thus;
All bear the pain, yea even the Innocent
Poor Birds and Beaſts incurre the puniſhment.

No, Father, no: ('t is folly to infer it)
God is no varying, light, inconſtant ſpirit,
Full of revenge, and wrath, and moody hate,
Nor ſavage fell, nor ſudden paſſionate,
Nor ſuch as will for ſome ſmall fault undoo
This goodly World, and his owne nature too.

All wandring clouds, all humid exhalations,
All Seas (which Heav'n through many generations
Hath hoorded up) with ſelfs-weight enter-cruſht,
Now all at once upon the earth have ruſht:
And th' end-leſſe, thin ayre (which by ſecret quils
Had loſt it ſelfe within the winds-but hils
Dark hollow Caves, and in that gloomy hold
To ycie Cryſtall turned by the cold)
Now ſwiftly ſurging towards Heav'n again,
Hath not alone drown'd all the lowly Plain,
But in few dayes with raging *Floods* o'r-flown
The top-leſſe Cedars of Mount *Lebanon*.

Then, with juſt grief the godly Father gall'd,
A deep, ſad ſigh from his hearts Centre hal'd,
And thus reply'd: O falſe, rebellious *Cham*;
Mine ages ſorrow, and my houſes ſhame;
Through ſelf-conceipt contemning th' holy Ghoſt,
Thy ſenſe is baſend, thine underſtanding loſt:
And O I fear (Lord, falſifie my fear)
The heavie hand of the high Thunderer
Shall light on thee; and thou (I doubt) ſhalt be
His furies object, and ſhalt teſtifie

Anſwers of Noah to all the blaſphemies of *Cham*, and his fellow-Atheiſts.

By

By thine infamous lifes accurſed ſtate,
What now thy ſhame-leſſe lips ſophiſticate. (CLE
I (God be prais'd) know that the perfect CIR-
Whoſe Center's every-where, of all his circle
Exceeds the circuit; I conceive aright
Th' Almighty-moſt to be moſt infinite:
That th' onely ESSENCE feels not in his minde
The furious tempeſts of fell paſſions winde:
That moveleſs, all he moves: that with one thought
He can build Heav'n, and, builded, bring to nought:
That his high Throne 's inclos'd in glorious Fire
Paſt our approach: that our faint ſoule doth tire,
Our ſpirit growes ſpright-leſſe, when it ſeeks by
To ſound his infinite Omni-potence. (ſenſe
I ſurely know the Cherubins doe hover
With flaming wings his ſtarry face to cover.
None ſees the *Great*, th' *Almighty*, *Holy*-ONE,
But paſſing by, and by the back alone.
To us, his Eſſence is in-explicable,
Wondrous his Wayes, his Name un-utterable;
So that concerning his high Majeſty
Our feeble tongues ſpeak but improperly.
For, if we call him ſtrong, the praiſe is ſmall:
If bleſſed ſpirit, ſo are his Angels all:
If Great of greats, hee 's void of quantity:
If good, faire, holy, he wants quality;
Sith in his *Eſſence* fully excellent,
All is pure ſubſtance, free from accident.
Therefore our voyce, too-faint in ſuch a ſubject
T' enſue our ſoule, and our weak ſoule her object,
Doth alwayes ſtammer; ſo that ever when
'T would make Gods name redoubted among men
(In humane phraze) it cals him pitifull,
Repentant jealous, fierce, and angerfull.
Yet is not God by this repentance, thus,
Of ignorance and error taxt, like us:
His jealous hatred doth not make him curious,
His pittie wretched, nor his anger furious;
Th' immortall Spirit is ever calmly-cleer:
And all the beſt that feeble man doth hear,
With vehemence of ſome hot paſſion driv'n;
That, with ripe judgement, doth the King of heav'n.
Shall a Phyſician comfortably-bold,
Fear-leſſe, and tear-leſſe, conſtantly behold
His ſickly friend vext with exceeding pain,
And feel his pulſe, and give him health again?
And ſhall not th' *Ever-ſelfe-reſembling* God
Look down from Heav'n upon a wretched clod,
Without he weep, and melt for grief and anguiſh;
Nor cure his creature, but himſelfe muſt languiſh?
And ſhall a Judge, ſelf-anger-leſſe, prefer
To ſhamefull death the ſtrange adulterer;
As onely looking fixtly all the time
Not on the ſinner, but the ſinfull crime?
And ſhall not then th' Eternall *Juſticer*
Condemne the Atheiſt and the Murderer,
Without ſelfs-fury? O! ſhall *Juſtice* then
Be blam'd in God, and magnifi'd in men?
Or ſhall his ſacred Will, and ſoveraign Might
Be chayn'd ſo faſt to mans frail appetite,
That filthy ſin he cannot freely hate,
But wrathfull Rage him ſelfly cruciate?
Gods ſacred vengeance, ſerves not for defence
Of his own *Eſſence* from our violence
(For in the Heav'ns, above all reach of ours
He dwels immur'd in diamantine Towrs);
But, to direct our lives, and laws maintain,
Guard Innocence, and Injury reſtrain.
Th' Almighty paſt not mean, when he ſubverted
Neer all the world from holy paths departed.
For *Adams* Trunk (of both-our Worlds the Tree)
In two faire branches forking fruitfully,
Of *Cain* and *Seth*; the firſt brought forth a ſute
Of bitter, wilde, and moſt deteſted fruit:
Th' other, firſt rich in goodneſſe, afterward
With thoſe baſe Scions beeing graft, was marr'd:
And ſo produced execrable cluſters
Worthy ſo wicked and inceſtuous luſters:
And then (alas!) what was there to be found
Pure, juſt, or good, in all this Earthly Round?
Cain's Line poſſeſt ſin, as an heritage;
Seth's as a dowry got by mariage:
So that (alas!) among all humane-kinde
Thoſe Mongrell kiſſes marr'd the pureſt minde.
And we (even we, that have eſcaped here,
This cruell wrack) within our conſcience bear
A thouſand Records of a thouſand things
Convincing us before the King of kings;
Whereof not one (for all our ſelf-affection)
We can defend with any juſt objection.
God playd no Tyrant, choaking with the floods
The earthly bands and all the ayrie broods:
For, ſith they liv'd but for mans ſervice ſole,
Man, raz'd for ſin out of the *Lsving Roule*,
Thoſe wondrous tools, and organs excellent,
Their Work-man reft, remain'd impertinent.
Man's onely head of all that draweth breath.
Who lacks a member, yet perſevereth
To live (we ſee): but, members cut away
From their owne head, do by and by decay.
Nor was God cruell, when he drown'd the Earth:
For, ſithence man had from his very birth
Rebell'd againſt him; was 't not equity,
That, for his fault, his houſe ſhould utterly
Be rent and raz'd? that ſalt ſhould there be ſow'n,
That in the ruines (for inſtruction)
We for a time might read and underſtand
The righteous vengeance of Heav'ns wrathfull hand,
That wrought this *Deluge*: and no hoorded waves
Of ayrie clouds, or under-Earthly caves?
If all blew Curtains mixt of ayre and water,
Round over-ſpreading this wide All-Theater,
To ſome one Climate all at once ſhould flie,
One Countrey they might drown undoubtedly:
But our great Galley having gone ſo far,
So many months, in ſight of either *Star*,
From Pole to Pole through ſundry Climats whurl'd,
Showes that this *Floud* hath drowned all the world.
Now *non-pluſt*, if to re-inforce thy Camp,
Thou fly for ſuccour to thine Ayrie Damp:
Show, in the concave of what Mountains ſteep
We may imagine Dens ſufficient deep
For ſo much Air as guſhing out in Fountains, (rains;
Should hide the proud tops of the higheſt Moun-
Sith a whole tun of ayre ſcarce yeelds (in triall)
Water enough to fill one little Viall.
And what ſhould then betide thoſe empty ſpaces?
What ſhould ſucceed in the forſaken places

Of

Anſwer 2. God is finde-ous from the noble, almighty and incomprehenſible.

So that men cannot ſpeak of Him but improperly.

Why we attribute ſpeaches of God but after the manner of men.

Anſwer 3. The Repentance and the change which the Scripture attributeth to God, is far from Error and Defect.

Two cauſes of ſins ſhaming the Sinner.

Anſwer 5. Juſtifying a vertue in Man, cannot be a vice in God.

Anſwer 6. God doth not punish Offenders for defence of his owne Eſtate: but to maintain vertue and confound vice.

Anſwer 5. The iniquitie of the World deſerved extreme punishment.

Anſwer 6. When all are generally depraved, all merit to be deſtroyed.

Anſwer 7. The leaſt imperfect paſſe condemnation, even then when they are moſt lively chaſtiſed.

Anſwer 8. God deſtroying the workman, doth no wrong to the Tools, if he break, and better them with their Maſter.

Anſwer 9. A Traytor deſerves to have his houſe raſed to the ground.

Anſwer 10. The Flood was no naturall accident, but a moſt juſt judgement of God.

Anſwer 11. The waters of the Flood ſprung not from a naturall motion onely but proceeded from other then naturall Cauſes which cannot produce ſuch effects.

Answer to. The consideration of the power of God in subjecting the Creatures to *Noah* in sustaining and feeding them so long in the *Ark* (which was as a Sepulchre) confuteth all the objections of Atheists.

Of th' ayre 's thin parts (in swift springs shrinking
Sith there's no void in th'Al-circūference? (thence)
Whence (wilt thou say) then comes this raging
That over-flows the windy *Ryphean* Wood, (Flood,
Mount Libanus, and enviously aspires
To quench the light of the celestiall fires? (it, *Cham*,
Whence (shall I say) then, whence-from comes
That Wolves, and Panthers wexing meek & tame,
Leaving the horrour of their shady home,
Adjourn'd by Heav'n did in my presence come,
Who holding subject under my command
So many creatures humbled at my hand,
Am now restor'd to th' honour and estate
Whence *Adam* fell through sin and Satans hate?
Whence doth it come, or by what reason is't,
That unmann'd Haggards to mine empty fist
Come without call? Whence comes it, that so little
Fresh water, fodder, meal and other victuall,
Should serve so long so many a greedy-gut
As in the dark-holds of this *Ark* is shut?
That here the Partridge doth not dread the Hauk?
Nor fearfull Hare the spotted Tiger baulk?
That all these storms our Vessell have not broak?
That all this while we doe not joyntly choak
With noysom breath, and excrementall stink
Of such a common and continuall sink?
And that our selves, 'mid all these deaths, are sav'd
From these All-Seas where all the rest are Grav'd?

Answer to. The *Ark* full of Miracles, which confound the wits, and stop the mouthes of prophane wranglers.

In all the compasse of our floating Inns,
Are not so many planks, and boords and pins,
As wonders strange, and miracles, that ground
Mans wrangling Reason and his Wits confound:
And God, no lesse his mighty power displayd
When he restor'd, then when the World he made.
O sacred Patron! pacifie thine ire,
Bring home our Hulk: these angry floods retire;
A-live and dead, let us perceive and prove
Thy wrath on others, on our selves thy love.
Thus *Noah* sweetens his Captivity,
Beguiles the time, and charms his misery,

God ceaseth the Flood to cease.

Hoping in God alone: who, in the Mountains
Now stopping close the veins of all the Fountains,
Shutting Heav'ns sluces, causing th' ayr (controul'd)
Close-up his Channels and his Seas with-hold, (he,
Cals forth the windes. O Heav'ns fresh fans, quoth
Earths sweeping brooms, O Forrests enmity,
O you my Heralds and my Harbengers,
My nimble Poles and speedy Messengers,
Mine arms, my sinnews, and mine Eagles swift
That through the ayre my rowling Chariot lift,
When from my mouth in my just-kindled ire
Fly Sulph'ry fumes, and hot consuming fire; (der
When with my Lightning Scepters dreadfull won-
I muster horror, darkenesse, clouds and thunder:
Wake, rise, and run, and drink these waters dry,
That hils and dales have hidden from the sky.
Th' *Æolian* Crowd obeys his mighty call,
The surly surges of the Waters fall,

The *Ark* resteth on the Mountain *Ararat* in *Armenia*.

The Sea retreateth: and the sacred *Keel*
Lands on a Hill, at whose proud feet doth kneel
A thousand Hils, his lofty horn adoring
That cleaves the clouds, the starry welkin goaring.

What Noah did before he went forth.

Then hope-cheer'd *Noah*, first of all (for scout)
Sends forth the Crow, who flutters neer-about;
And finding yet no landing place at all,
Returns a-boord to his great admirall.
Some few dayes after from the window flies
The harm-lesse Dove for new discoveries:
But seeing yet no shore, she (almost tyr'd)
A-boord the Carrack back again retir'd.
But yet the Sun had seav'n Heav'n-Circuits rode;
To view the World a-fresh she flyes abroad;
And brings aboord (at evening in her bill
An Olive branch with water pearled still.
O happy presage! O deer pledge of love!
O wel-com news! behold the peacefull Dove
Brings in her beak the Peace-branch, boading weal
And truce with God; who by his sacred seal
Kindly confirms his holy Covenant,
That first in fight the Tiger rage shall want,
Lions be cowards, Hares courageous,
Yet he be false in word or deed to us.
O sacred Olive! firstling of the fruits,
Health-boading branch, be it thy tender roots
Have lived still, while this strange *Deluge* lasted,
I doe rejoyce it hath not all things wasted:
Or be it, since the Ebb, thou newly spring,
Prays'd be the bounty of th' immortall King
That quickens thus these dead, the World indu'ing
With beauty fresh so suddenly renewing.
Thus *Noah* spake: And though the World 'gan lift
Most of his Iles above the waters drift:
Though wexen old in his long weary night,
He see a friendly Sun to brandish bright:
Though choak't with ill ayre in his stinking stall,
Hee'l not a-shore till God be pleas'd with-all;
And till (devout) from Heav'n he understand
Some Oracle to licence him to land. (Cave,
But warn'd by Heav'n, he commeth from his
(Or rather from a foule infectious Grave) (Brides,
With *Sem*, *Cham*, *Japheth*, and their twice-two
And thousand pairs of living things besides,
Unclean and clean: for th' holy *Patriarch*
Had of all kinds inclosed in the *Ark*.

He rejoiceth Gods commandement to go forth: Wherein, at the first he was shut up in the *Ark*.

But, here I hear th' ungodly (that for fear
Late whispered softly in each others ear,
With silent murmurs muttering secretly)
Now trumpet thus their filthy blasphemie;
Who will beleeve (but shallow brained Sheep)
That such a Ship scarce thirty Cubits deep,
Thrice fifty long, and but once fifty large,
So many months could bear so great a charge?
Sith the proud Horse, the rough skinn'd Elephant,
The lusty Bull, the Camell water-want,
And the Rhinocerot, would, with their fodder,
Fill-up a Hulk far deeper, longer, broader?

More objection of Atheists, concerning the capacitie of the *Ark*.

O profane mockers! if I but exclude
Out of this Vessell a vast multitude
Of since-born mongrels, that derive their birth
From monstrous medly of *Venerian* mirth:
Fantastick Mules, and spotted Leopards,
Of incest-heat ingendred afterwards:
So many sorts of Dogs, of Cocks, and Doves,
Since, dayly sprung from strange & mingled loves,
Wherein from time to time in various sort,
Dedalian Nature seems her to disport:
If plainer, yet I prove you space by space,
And foot by foot, that all this ample place,

Answer.

By

By subtill judgement made and *Symmetrie*,
Might lodge so many creatures handsomely,
Sith every brace was *Geometricall*:
Nought resteth (*Momes*) for your reply at all;
If, who dispute with God, may be content
To take for current, Reasons argument.
An unanswerable answer to all profane objections.
But here t' admire th'Almighties powrfull hand
I rather love, and silence to command
To Mans discourse: what he hath said, is done:
For, evermore his word and deed are one.
By his sole arm, the *Gallions* Masters saw
Themselves safe rescu'd from deaths yawning jaw;
And offers up to him in zealous wise,
The Peace-full sent of sweet burnt-sacrifice;
And sends withall above the starry Pole
These winged sighes from a religious soule; (Seas;
World-shaking Father, Winds King, calming-
With milde aspect behold us; Lord appease
Thine Angers tempest, and to safety bring
The planks escapt from this sad Perishing:
And bound for ever in their ancient Caves
These stormy Seas deep World-devouring waves.
Commandements, prohibitions, & Promises of God to Noah and his posterity
Increase (quoth God) and quickly multiply,
And fill the World with fruitfull Progeny;
Resume your Scepter, and with new beheasts
Bridle again the late revolted Beasts,
Re-exercise your wonted rule again,
It is your office over them to reign:
Deer Children, use them all: take, kill, and eate:
But yet abstain, and do not take for meat
Their ruddy soule: and leave (O sacred seed!)
To ravning Fowls, of strangled flesh to feed.
I, I am holy: be you holy then,
I deeply hate all cruell bloudy men:
Therefore defile not in your brothers bloud
Your guilty hands; refraine from cruell mood:
Fly homicide: doe not in any case,
In man, mine Image brutishly deface:
The cruell man a cruell death shall taste;
And bloud with bloud be venged first or last:
For evermore upon the murderers head
My roaring storms of fury shall be shed.
The Rainbow given for a pledge of the promise, that there shall be no more general Flouds.
From hence-forth, fear no second *Floud* that shall
Cover the whole face of this earthly Ball:
I assure ye no; no, no, I swear to you
(And who hath ever found mine Oath untrue?)
Again, I swear by my thrice sacred *Name*:
And to confirme it in the Clouds I frame (black
This coloured Bow. When then some tempest
Shall threat againe the fearfull World to wrack,
When water-loaden-Heav'ns your Hils shall touch,
When th'air wth midnight shal your noon be-pitch,
Your cheerfull looks up to this Rain-bow cast:
For, though the same on moystfull Clouds be plac't,
Though hemm'd wth showrs, & though it seem to
(To drown the world) all th' oceans waters up, (sup
Yet shall it (when you seem in danger sink)
Make you, of me; me, of my promise, think.
Description of the Rain-bow.
Noah looks-up, and in the Aire he views
A semi-Circle of an hundred hews: (thrones,
Which, bright ascending toward th' ethereall
Hath a line drawn between two *Orizons*.
For just *Diameter*: an even-bent bow
Contriv'd of three; whereof the one doth show
To be all painted of a golden hew,
The second green, the third an orient blew;
Yet so, that in this pure blew-golden-green
Still (*Opal*-like) some changeable is seen.
A bow bright-shining in th' Arch-Archers hand,
Whose subtill string seems levell with the Land,
Half-parting Heav'n; and over us it bends,
Within two Seas wetting his horned ends;
A temporall beauty of the lampfull skies
Where powrfull Nature shews her freshest Dies.
What it signifieth.
And if you onely blew and red perceive,
The same as signes of Sea, and Fire conceive,
Of both the flowing and the flaming *Doom*,
The *Judgement* past, and *Judgement* yet to come.
Noah fals to Husbandry, & tills the Earth, as he had done before the Flood.
Then having call'd on God, our second Father
Suffers not sloth his arms together gather,
But fals to work, and wisely now renew'th
The Trade he learn'd to practise in his youth.
For, the proud issue of that Tyrant rude
That first his hand in brothers bloud imbru'd,
As scorning Ploughs, and hating harmlesse tillage,
And (wantons) prising lesse the homely village,
With fields and woods, then th' idle Cities shades;
Imbraced Laws, Scepters, and Arts, and Trades.
But *Seth's* Sons, knowing Nature soberly
Content with little, fell to Husbandry,
Thereto reducing, with industrious care,
The Flocks and Droves cover'd with wool & hair;
As praise-full gain, and profit void of strife,
Art nurse of Arts, and very life of life.
So the bright honour of the Heav'nly Tapers
Had scarcely boxed all th' Earths drophe vapours,
When he that sav'd the store-seed-World from (wrack,
Began to delve his fruitfull Mothers back,
And there soon-after planteth heedfully
The brittle branches of the *Nectar*-tree.
He plants a Vine.
For, 'mong the pebbles of a pretty hill
To the warm Suns eye lying open still,
He sets in furrows or in shallow trenches (ches:
The crooked Vines choyse scyons, shoots, and bran-
In March he delves them, re-re-delves, and dresses:
Cuts, props, and proins; & God his work so blesses,
That in the third *September* for his meed
The plenteous Vintage doth his hopes exceed.
He is overtaken with Wine.
Then *Noah*, willing to beguile the rage
Of bitter griefs that vext his feeble age,
To see with mud so many roofs o'er-grown,
And him left almost in the World alone;
One-day a little from his strictnesse shrunk,
And making merry, drinking, over-drunk:
And, silly, thinking in that horny-gall
To drown his woes, he drowns his wits and all.
Description of a drunken-man.
His head growes giddy, and his foot indents,
A mighty fume his troubled brain torments,
His idle prattle from the purpose quite,
Is abrupt, stuttering, all confus'd, and light:
His wine-stuft stomack wrung with wind he feels:
His trembling Tent all topsie turvie wheels:
At last, not able on his legs to stand,
More like a foule Swine then a sober Man,
Oppresst with sleep, he wallowes on the ground
His shame-lesse snorting trunk, so deeply drown'd
In self-oblivion, that he did not hide
Those parts that *Cæsar* covered when he died.

Ev'n

Fit Comparisons to set forth the nature and property of Slanderers, and Detracters, annotating *Cham*.

Ev'n as the Rav'ns with windy wings o'r-fly
The weeping Woods of *Happy Araby*,
Despise sweet Gardens and delicious Bowrs
Perfuming Heav'n with odoriferous flowres,
And greedy, light upon the loathsome quarters
Of some late *Lopez*, or such *Romish* Martyrs:
Or as a young, unskilfull Painter raw,
Doth carelesly the fairest features draw
In any face, and yet too neerly marks,
Th'unpleasing blemish of deformed marks,
As lips too great, or hollownesse of eyes,
Or sinking nose, or such indecencies:
Even so th'ungodly Sons of Leasings Father,
With black Oblivions sponge ingrately smother
Faire Vertues draughts, and cast despightfully
On the least sins the venom of the eye,
Frump others faults, and trumpet in all ages
The lightest trips of greatest Personages:
Like scoffing *Cham* that impudently view'd
His Fathers shame, and most profanely-lew'd
With scornfull laughter (grace-lesse) thus began
To imfamize the poor old drunken man.

His speech to his Brethren, losing his Fathers nakednesse.

Come (brethren) come, come quickly and behold
This pure controuler that so oft contrould
Us without cause: see how his bed he soyls:
See, how the wine (his master) now recoyls
By 's mouth, and eyes, and nose: and brutely so
To all that come his naked shame doth show.

Their different behaviour.

Ah shame-les beast (both brethren him reprov'd,
Both chiding thus, both with just anger mov'd)
Unnaturall villain, monster pestilent,
Unworthy to behold the firmament;
Where (absent we) thou ought'st have hid before
With thine owne Cloak, but with thy silence more,
Thy Fathers shame, whom age, strong wine, and grief,
Have made to fall, but once in all his life; (Have made to fall, but once in all his life;
Thou barkest first, and sporting at the matter
Proclaim'st his fault on Infamies Theater.
And saying this (turning their sight a-side)
Their hoary Fathers nakednesse they hide.

When wine had wrought, this good old-man a-
Agniz'd his crime, ashamed, wonder-strook (wook,
At strength of wine, & toucht with true repentance,
With Prophet-mouth'gan thus his Sons fore-sentence:

Curst be thou *Cham*, and curst be (for thy scorn)
Thy darling *Canaan*: let the pearly Morn,
The radiant *Noon*, and rheumy *Evening* see
Thy neck still yoaked with Captivity.
God be with *Sem*: and let his gracious speed
Spread-wide my *Japheth's* fruitfull-swarming seed.

Error, no error, but a wilfull badnesse:
O foule defect! O short, O dangerous madnesse!
That in thy rage, dost harm-lesse *Clytus* smother
By his dear friend; *Penthew* by his mother.
Phrenzie, that makes the vaunter insolent;
The talk-full, blab; cruell, the violent:
The fornicator, wex adulterous;
Th' adulterer, become incestuous:
With thy plagues leaven swelling all our crimes;
Blinde, shame-les, sense-les, quenching oftentimes
The soule within it selfe: and oft defames
The holyest men with execrable blames.
And as the Must, beginning to re-boyl,
Makes his new vessels wooden bands re-coyl,
Lifts-up his lees, and spews with humane vent
From his Tubs ground his scummy excrement:
So ruin'st thou thine hoast, and foolishly
From his hearts bottom driv'st all secrecie.
But, had'st thou never done (O filthy poyson!)
More mischief here, but thus bereft of reason
This Vertues Module (rather Vertues best)
We ought thee more then Death it self detest.

FINIS.

BABY-

Babylon.

THE SECOND PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Th' Antitheſis *of Bleſt and curſed States,*
Subject to Good and Evill Magiſtrates:
Nimrod *vſurps: His prow's-full Policy,*
To gain himſelfe the Goal of Soveraignty:
BABEL *begun: To ſtop ſuch out-rages,*
There God confounds *the builders* Languages:
Tongues excellent: the Hebrew, *Firſt and Beſt:*
Then Greek *and* Latin: *and (above the reſt)*
Th' Arabian, Toſcan, Spaniſh, Frēnch, *and* Dutch,
And Ours, *are honour'd by our Author much.*

A profest reiecting the felicity and happy eſtate of Commonwealths governed by good and prudent Princes: and the miſery of thoſe that live in ſubiection vnto Tyrannes: which the Poet very fely propoſeth to his intreduction to the life & manners of Nimrod.

O Happy people, where Good Princes raigne,
Who tender publike more then private gain!
Who (vertu's patrons, and the plagues of vice)
Hate Paraſites, and hearken to the wiſe:
Who (ſelf-commanders) rather ſin ſuppreſſe
By ſelf-examples, then by rigorouſneſſe:
Whoſe inward-humble, outward Majeſty
With Subjects love is guarded loyally:
Who Idol-not their pearly Scepters glory,
But know themſelves ſet on a lofty ſtory
For all the World to ſee and cenſure too:
So not their luſt, but what is juſt they do.
But, 'tis a hell, in hateſull vaſſallage,
Under a Tyrant to conſume ones age:
A ſelf-ſhav'n *Dennis*, or a *Nero* fell,
Whoſe curſed Courts with bloud and inceſt ſwell:
An Owle that flies the light of Parliaments
And State-aſſemblies, jealous of the intents
Of private tongues; who (for a paſtime) ſets
His Peers at oddes; and on their fury whets:
Who neither faith, honour, nor right reſpects:
Who every day new Officers erects:
Who brooks no learned, wiſe, nor valiant ſubjects,
But daily crops ſuch vice-upbraiding objects,
Who (worſe then Beaſts, or ſavage monſters been)
Spares neither mother, brother, kiſſ, nor kin:
Who, though round fenc't with guard of armed
A-many moe he fears, then he affrights: (Knights,
Who taxes ſtrange extorts; and (Caniball)
Gnawes to the bones his wretched Subjects all.

Print

A Prayer ſtood to the former diſcourſe, and giving entry to that which followeth.

Print (O Heav'ns King!) in our Kings heart a
Firſt, of thy lawes; then of their publick weal: (zeal,
And if our Countries now-*Po*-poyſoned phraſe,
Or now-contagion of corrupted dayes
Leave any traſt of *Nimrodizing* there;
O! cancell it, that they may every where,
In ſtead of *Babel*, build *Jeruſalem*;
That loud my *Muſe* may eccho under them.

Nimrods exerciſes & eſſayes to make himſelfe Maſter of the reſt.

YER *Nimrod* had attain'd to twice ſix years,
He tyranniz'd among his ſtripling-peers,
Out-ſtript his equals, and in happy houre,
Layd the foundations of his after-pow'r;
And, bearing reeds for Scepters, firſt he taigns
In Prentice-Princedome over Sheep-heard-Swains.
Then, knowing well, that whoſo ayms (illuſter)
At fancied bliſs of Empires awfull luſtre;
In valiant acts muſt paſſe the Vulgar ſort,
Or Mask (at leaſt) in lovely Vertues Port:
He ſpends not night on beds of down or feathers,
Nor day in tents, but hardens to all weathers,
His youthfull limbs; and takes ambitiouſly
A Rock for Pillow, Heav'n for Canapey:
In ſtead of ſoftlings jeſts, and jollities,
He joyes in Jouſts, and manly exerciſe:
His dainty cates, a fat Kids trembling fleſh,
Scarce fully ſlain, luke-warm and bleeding freſh.

Perſeverance in painfull and laborious exerciſes of *Nimrod* growne gracious with the people.

Then with one breath, he ſtriveth to attain
A Mountains top, that over-peers the Plain;
Againſt the ſtream to cleave the rowling ridges
Of Nymph-ſtrong floods, that have born down their brid-
Running unrein'd wth ſwift rebounding ſallies, (ges,
A-croſſe the rocks within the narrow vallies;
To overtake the dart himſelfe did throwe,
And in plain courſe to catch the Hinde or Roe.
But when five luſtres of his age expir'd,
Feeling his ſtomach and his ſtrength aſpir'd
To worthier wars, perceiv'd he any-where,
Boar, Leopard, Lyon, Tiger, Ounſe, or Beare,
Him dread-leſſe combats; and in combat foyls,
And rears high Tropheis of his bloudy ſpoyls.
The people, ſeeing by his war-like deed
From theeves and robbers every paſſage freed:
From hideous yels, the Deſarts round about;
From fear, their flocks; this munſter-maſter flout,
This *Hercules*, this hammer-ill, they tender,
And call him (all) their Father and Defender.

He abandons his firſt petty Chaſe, and hunteth willing for a more precious Prey.

Then *Nimrod* (ſnatching Fortune by the treſſes)
Strikes the hot ſteel; ſues, ſooths, importunes, preſſes,
Now theſe, then thoſe, and (haſtning his good Hap)
Leaves hunting Beaſts, and hunteth Men to trap.
For, like as He, in former queſts did uſe
Cals, pit-fals, toyls, ſprenges, and baits, and glews:
And (in the end) againſt the wilder game,
Clubs, darts, & ſhafts, & ſwords, their rage to tame:
So, ſome he wins with promiſe-full intreats,
With preſents ſome, & ſome with rougher threats:
And boldly (breaking bounds of equity)
Uſurps the Child-World's maiden Monarchy;
Whereas before each kindred had for guide
Their proper Chief, yet that the youthfull pride
Of upſtart State, ambitious, boyling fickle,
Did thraſt (as now) in others corn his ſickle.
In-throniz'd thus, this Tyrant 'gan deviſe
To penetrate a thouſand cruelties,
Pel-mel ſubverting for his appetite
God's, Man's, and Natures triple ſacred Right.

Tyrannical rule of *Nimrod* & his proud enterprize.

He braves th' Almighty, lifting to his noſe
His flowring Scepter: and for fear he loſe
The peoples aw; who (idle) in the end
Might ſlip their yoke; he ſubtle makes them ſpend,
Drawes dry their wealth, and buſies them to build
A lofty Towr, or rather *Atlas* wilde. (Grooms:
W' have liv'd (quoth he) too-long like pilgrim
Leave we theſe rowling tents, & wandring rooms:
Let's raiſe a Palace, whoſe proud front and feet
With Heav'n and Hell may in an inſtant meet;
A ſure *Aſylum*, and a ſafe retrait, (threat:
If th' irefull ſtorm of yet-more Floods ſhould
Let's found a City, and, united there,
Under a King let's lead our lives; for fear
Leſt ſever'd thus, in Princes and in Tents,
We be diſperſt o'r all the Regiments,
That in his courſe the dayes bright Champion eyes,
Might-leſſe our ſelves to ſuccour, or adviſe.
But, if the fire of ſome inteſtine war,
Or other miſchief ſhould divide us far,
Brethren (at leaſt) let's leave memorials (wals.
Of our great names on theſe cloud-neighbouring

A compariſon, ſhewing lively the efficacy of the attempts of Tyrants, the Rods of Gods righteous vengeance upon ungodly people.

Now, as a ſpark, that Shepheards (vneſpi'd)
Have faln by chance upon a forreſt ſide,
Among dry leaves; a-while in ſecret ſhrowds,
Lifting a-loft ſmall, ſmoaky-waving clouds,
Till fanned by the fawning windes it bluſhes,
With angry rage; and riſing through the buſhes,
Climbs fragrant Hauthorns, thence the Oak, & then
The Pine, and Firre, that bridge the Ocean:
It ſtill gets ground, and (running) doth augment,
And never leaves till all neer Woods be brent:
So, this ſweet ſpeech (firſt broacht by certain Mini-
Is ſoon applauded 'mong the light opinions; (ons)
And by degrees from hand to hand renu'd,
To all the baſe confuſed multitude;
Who, longing now to ſee this Caſtle rear'd,
Them night and day, in diff'ring crafts beſtirr'd.

Lively Deſcription of the people occupied in ſome great buſineſſe.

Some fall to felling with a thouſand ſtroaks
Adventurous Alders, Aſhes, long-liv'd Oaks;
Degrading Forreſts, that the Sun might view
Fields that, before, his bright rayes never knew.
Ha'ye ſeen a Town expos'd to ſpoyl & ſlaughter
(At Victors pleaſure) where laments and laughter
Mixtly reſound; ſome carry, ſome convey,
Some lug, ſome load; 'gainſt Souldiers ſeeking Prey
No place is ſure, and yer a day be done,
Out at her gate the ranſack't Town doth run:
So (in a trice) theſe Carpenters diſ-robe
Th' *Aſſyrian* hils of all their leafie robe,
Strip the ſteep Mountains of their ghaſtly ſhades,
And powle the broad Plains, of their branchy glades:
Carts, Sleds, and Mules, thick juſtling meet abroad,
And bending axles groan beneath their Load.
Here, for hard Cement, heap they night and day
The gummy ſlime of chalkie waters gray:
There, buſie Kil-men ply their occupations
For brick and tyle: there for their firm foundations,
They dig to Hell; and damned Ghoſts again
(Paſt hope) behold the Suns bright glorious wain:
Their hammers noyſe, through Heav'n rebounding
Affrights the Fiſh that in fair *Tygris* ſwim. (brim,

Theſe

These ruddy wals in height, and compasse grow;
They cast long shadows, and far-off do show; (mise
All swarms with work-men, that (poor sots) sur-
Even the first day to touch the very skies. (frowns,
Which, God perceiving, bending wrathfull
And with a noyse that roaring thunder drowns;
'Mid cloudy fields, hils by the roots he rakes,
And th' unmov'd hinges of the Heav'ns he shakes.
See, see (quoth he) these dust-spawn, feeble dwarfs,
See their huge Castles, Wals, and Counter-scarfs:
O strength-full peece, impregnable! and sure
All my just angers batt'ries to endure.
I swore to them, the fruitfull Earth no more
Hence-forth should fear the raging Oceans roar;
Yet build they Towrs: I will'd that scattered wide
They should go mann the World; and lo they bide
Self-prisoned here: I meant to be their Master,
My self alone, their Law, their Prince, and Pastor;
And they, for Lord a Tyrant fell have ta'en them;
Who (to their cost) will roughly curb & rein them;
Who scorns mine arm, & with these braving Towrs
Attempts to scale this Crystall Throne of Ours.
Come, come, let's dash their drift; & sith combin'd
As well in voyce, as bloud, and law, and minde,
In ill they harden, and with language bold,
Incourage-on themselves their worke to hold,
Let's cast a let 'gainst their quick diligence;
Let's strike them straight with spirit of difference;
Let's all confound their speech: let's make the Bro-
The Sire, and Son, not understand each other. (ther,
This said, as soon confusedly did bound (sound,
Through all the worke I wot not what strange
A jangling noyse; not much unlike the rumors
Of *Bacchus* Swains amid their drunken humors;
Some speak between the teeth, some in the nose,
Some in the throat their words doe ill dispose,
Some howl, some halloo, some do stut and strain,
Each hath his gibb'rish, and all strive in vain
To finde again their know'n beloved tongue,
That with their milk they suckt in cradle young.
Arise betimes, while th' *Opal*-colour'd Morn,
In golden pomp doth *May-dayes* door adorn:
And patient heare th' all-differing voyces sweet
Of painted Singers that in groves do greet
Their Love-*Bon-jours*, each in his phrase & fashion
From trembling Pearch uttering his earnest passion;
And so thou mayst conceit what mingle-mangle
Among this people every where did jangle.
Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly, quick;
One brings him up a hammer: hew this brick
(Another bids) and then they cleave a Tree:
Make fast this rope, and then they let it flee:
One cals for planks, another mortar lacks;
They bear the first, a stone; the last, an ax:
One would have spikes and him a spade they give:
Another asks a saw, and gets a sieve:
Thus crosly-crost, they prate and point in vaine;
What one hath made, another mars again:
Nigh breath-lesse all, with their confused yawling,
In boot-lesse labour now begins appawling.
In brief, as those, that in some channell deep,
Begin to build a Bridge with Arches steep,
Perceiving once (in thousand streams extending)
The course-chang'd Rivet from the hils descending,
With watry Mountains bearing down their Bay,
As if it scorn'd such bondage to obey;
Abandon quickly all their work begun,
And here and there for swifter safety run:
These Masons so, seeing the storm arriv'd
Of Gods, just Wrath, all weak and heart-depriv'd,
Forsake their purpose, and, like frantick fools,
Scatter their stuffe, and tumble down their tools.
O proud revolt! O traiterous felony!
See in what sort the Lord hath punisht thee
By this Confusion: Ah! that language sweet,
Sure bond of Cities, friendships mastick meet,
Strong curb of anger yerst united, now
In thousand dry Brooks strays, I wot not how:
That rare-rich gold, that charm-grief fancy-mover,
That calm-rage hearts-thief, quel-pride conjure-lo-
That purest coyn, then current in each coast, (ver:
Now mingled, hath sound, weight, and colour lost,
'Tis counterfeit: and over every shore
The confus'd fall of *Babel* yet doth roar.
Then, *Finland*-folk might visit *Africa*,
The Spaniard *Inde*, and ours *America*,
Without a truch-man: now, the banks that bound
Our Towns about, our tongues doe also mound:
For who from home but halfe a furlong goes,
As dumb (alas!) his Reason's tool doth lose:
Or if we talk but with our neer confines,
We borrow mouthes, or else we worke by signes.
Un-toyld, un-tutord, sucking tender food,
We learn'd a language all men understood;
And (scav'n-years old) in glasse-dust did commence
To draw the round Earths fair circumference;
To cipher well, and climbing Art by Art,
We reacht betimes that Castles highest part,
Where th' *Encyclopedie* her darling crowns,
In signe of conquest, with etern renowns.
Now (ever-boys) we wex old while we seek
The Hebrew tongue, the Latin, and the Greek;
We can but babble, and for knowledge whole
Of Natures secrets, and of th' *Essence* sole
Which Essence gives to all, we tire our minde
To vary Verbs, and finest words to finde;
Our letters and our syllables to weigh:
At Tutors lips we hang with heads all gray,
Who teach us yet to read, and give us (raw)
An *A. B. C.* for great *Justinians* law,
Hippocrates, or that *Diviner lore*
Where God appears to whom him right adore.
What shall I more say? Then, all spake the speech
Of God himself: th' old sacred *Idiom* rich,
Rich perfect language, where 's no point, nor signe,
But hides some rare deep mystery divine;
But since that pride, each people hath a-part
A bastard gibberish, harsh, and over-thwart;
Which dayly chang'd, and loosing light, wel-neer
Nothing retains of that first language cleer.
The *Phrygians* once, and that renowned Nation
Fed with fair *Nylus* fruitfull inundation,
Longing to know their Languages priority,
Fondly impos'd the censuring authority
To silly Judges, voyd of judging sense
(Dumb stammerers to treat of Eloquence)
To wit, two Infants nurst by Mothers dumb,
In silent Cels, where never noyse should come

God displeased with the audacious enterprise of Nimrod and his, reveleth to break their Designe by confounding their Language.

Remorse of Gods decree.

A fit comparison.

Another logical comparison shewing how there is no counsel, no wit

devour, no diligence, no might nor multitude that can resist God.

Discommodities proceeding from the confusion of Tongues.

The Hebrew Tongue in all Mens mouthes before the confusion of Languages.

A conclusion tried whereby appeareth that children are naturally apt to learn to speak, not able of themselves to speak without example.

Of charming humane voyce, to eccho there,
Till triple-twelve months full expired were.
Then brought before the *Memphians*, and the men
That dwell at *Zant*, the faint-breath'd children,
Cry often *Bek*; *Bek*, *Bek* is all the words (fords.
That their tongue forms, or their dumb mouth af-
Then *Phrygians*, knowing, that in *Phrygian*
Bek meaneth bread, much to rejoyce began,
Glad that kinde Nature had now grac't them so,
To grant this Sentence on their side to go. (flocks
Fools which perceiv'd not, that the bleating
Wch powl'd the neighbour Mountains motly locks
Had taught this tearm, and that no tearms of *Rome*,
Greece, *Egypt*, *England*, *France*, *Troy*, *Jewry*, come,
Come born with us: but every Countries tongue
Is learnt by much use, and frequenting long.
Onely we have peculiar to our race,
Aptnesse to speak; as that same other grace
Which, richly-divers, makes us differ more
From dull, dumb wretches that in desarts roar.

Answer to the objection taken from the confused voyce of Beasts.

Now, that buls bellow (if that any say)
That Lyons roar, and sloathfull Asses bray,
Now low, now loud; and by such languages
Distinctly seem to shew their courages:
Those are not words, but bare expressions
Of violent fits of certain passions:
Confused signes of sorrow, or annoy,
Of hunger, thirst, of anger, love, or joy.

To another Objection, of the chirping of Birds.

And so I say of all the winged quiers,
Which mornly warble, on green trembling briers,
Ear-tickling tunes: for, though they seem to prattle
A-part by payrs, and three to three to tattle;
To winde their voyce a hundred thousand wayes,
In curious descant of a thousand layes:
T'have taught *Apollo*, in their School, his skill;
Their sounds want sense; their notes are word-lesse
Their song, repeated thousand times a-day, (still:
As dumb discourse, flies in the Woods away.

Advantage of Man endued with Reason above the rest of the Creatures.

But onely Man can talke of his Creator,
Of Heav'n and Earth, and Fire, and Ayr, and Water,
Of Justice, Temperance, Wisedome, Fortitude,
In choice sweet tearms, that various sense include.
And not in one sole tongue his thoughts dis-sunder;

Iosephus Scaliger, skilfull in thirteene Languages.

But like to *Scaliger*, our ages wonder,
The Learned's Sun; who eloquently can,
Speak Spanish, French, Italian, Nubian,
Dutch, Chaldee, Syriak, English, Arabik,
(Besides) the Persian, Hebrew, Latin, Greek.
O rich quick spirit! O wits Chameleon!
Which any Authors colour can put on:
Great *Julius* Son, and *Sylvius* worthy brother,
Th' immortall grace of *Gascony*, their mother.

Answer to a third objection touching Parrot-resembling Birds, and speaking without speech.

And, as for Jayes, that in their wyerie gail
Can ask for victuals, and unvictual'd rail;
Who, daring us for eloquences meed,
Can plain pronounce the holy Christian Creed,
Say the Lords prayer, and oft repeat it all,
And name by name a good great houshold call:
Th' are like that voyce, which (by our voyce begot)
From hollow vale babbles it wots not what:
In vain the ayr they beat, it vainly cleaving,
And dumbly speak, their own speech not conceiving,
Deaf to themselves: for speech is nothing (sure)
But th' unseen soules resounding portraiture:
And chiefly when 'tis short, sweet, painted-plain,
As it was all, yer that rough hunters raign.

The Hebrew tongue the Principle.

Now when I note, how th' Hebrew brevity,
Even with few words expresseth happily
Deepest conceits; and leads the hearing part
Through all the closets of the mazy heart:
Better then Greek with her *Synonima's*

Fifthly.

Fit *Epithets*, and fine *Metaphora's*,
Her apt Conjunctions, Tenses, Moods, and Cases,
And many other much esteemed graces.

Seventhly.

When I remember how the *Rabbins* fet
Out of the sacred Hebrew Alphabet
All that our faith beleeves, or eyes behold;
That in the Law the Arts are all inrold:
Whether (with curious pain) we doe transport
Her letters turn'd in many-various sort
(For, as in ciphering, th' onely transportation
Of figures, still varies their valuation:

Sixthly.

So th' *Anagram* strengthens or slacks a name,
Giving a secret twist unto the same:)
Or whether we (even as in grosse) bestowing (ing
The numbers, which, from one words letters flow-
Unfold a secret; and that word again
Another of like number doth contain:
Whether one letter for a word be put;
Or all a sentence in one word be shut:
As *Egypts* silence sealed-up (mysterious)
In one Character a long sentence serious.

Thirdly.

When I observe, that from the *Indian* Dawning,
Even to our *Irish Ætna's* fiery yawning;
And from hot *Tambut*, to the Sea *Tartarian*,
Thou seest (O Sun!) no Nation so barbarian;
Nor ignorant in all the Lawes divine,
But yet retains some terms of *Palestine*;
Whose Elements (how-so disguis'd) draw-nigh
The sacred names of th' old Orthography.

Fourthly.

VVhen I consider that Gods ancient VVILL
VVas first enrowled by an *Hebrew* quill:
That never *Urim*, *Dream*, or *Vision* sung
Their Oracles, but all in *Isaaks* tongue;
That in the same, the Lord himselfe did draw
Upon two Tables his eternall Law:
And that (long since) in *Sions* Languages,
His Heav'nly Postes brought down his messages.

Fifthly.

And (to conclude) when I conceive, how then
They gave not idle, casuall names to men,
But such as (rich in sense) before the event,
Markt in their lives some speciall accident;
And yet, we see that all those words of old
Of Hebrew still the sound and sense do hold.
For, *Adam* (meaneth) made of clay: his wife
Eva (translated signifieth life:
Cain first begot, *Abel*, as vain, and *Seth*
Put in his place; and he that, underneath
The generall Deluge, saw the World distrest,
In true interpretation, soundeth Rest. (grudge)
To th' Hebrew Tongue (how-ever *Greece* doe
The sacred right of Eldership I judge.

Praise of the Hebrew Tongue, Mother and Queene of all the rest.

All hail, therefore, O sempiternall spring
Of spirituall pictures! speech of Heav'ns high King,
Mother and Mistresse, of all Tongues the Prime;
Which (pure) hast past such vast deep gulfs of Time;
Which hast no word but weighs, whose Elements
Flow with hid sense, thy points with Sacraments.

O sacred *Dialect!* in thee the names
Of Men, Towns, Countries register their fames
In brief abridgements: and the names of Birds,
Of Water-guests, and Forrest-haunting Heards,
Are open Books where every man might read
Their natures story; till th' Heav'n-shaker dread,
In his just wrath the flaming sword had set,
The passage into Paradise to let.

Adam gave Hebrew names to all the Creatures.

For, *Adam* then (in signe of mast'ry) giving
Peculiar names unto all creatures living,
When in a generall muster ranged right,
They marcht by couples in his awfull sight,
He framed them so fit, that learned ears
Bearing the soule the sound, the marvails bears,
Where with th' All-forming voyce adorned fair
Th' inhabitants of Sea, and Earth and Ayre.
And, for each body acts, or suffers ought,
Having made Nouns, his Verbs he also wrought:

He inriched the Language with the composition of Verbs and Clauses.

And then, the more t' inrich his speech, he brings
Small particles, which stand in lieu of strings,
The master members fitly to combine
(As two great boards, a little glew doth joyn)
And serve as plumes, which ever dancing light
Deck the proud crests of helmets burnisht bright:
Frenges to mantles; ears, and rings to vessels:
To marble statues, bases, feet and tressels.

The Hebrew Tongue continued from *Adam* to the time of *Nimrod*: since when it rolled in the bonds of *Heber*, of whom it is called Hebrew.

This (*Adams* language) pure persisted since,
Till th' yron Age of that cloud climbing Prince;
Resounding onely, through all mortall tents,
The peer-lesse accents of rich eloquence;
But then (as partiall) it it self retir'd
To *Hebers* house: whether, of the conspir'd
Rebels, he were not; but in sober quiet,
Dwelt far from *Shinar*, and their furious ryot:
Or whether, thither by compulsion brought,
With secret sighes he oft his God besought,
So with unwilling hands helping to make;
The wals he wisht deep sunk in *Stygian* Lake:

Simile.

As wretched Galley-slaves (beating the Seas
With forced oars, fighting against their ease
And liberty) curse in their grieved spright,
Those, for whose sake they labour day and night;
Or whether else Gods liberall hand for ever
(As it were) meeting holy mens indevour,
For his owne sake, of his free grace and pleasure,
To th' Hebrew race deposited this treasure;
While the proud remnant of those scattered Masons
Had falled it in hundred thousand fashions,
When every one, where fate him called, flew,
Bearing new words into his Countrey new.

A sub-division of the Languages first devided.

But slipp'ry Time, enviously wasting all,
Disfigur'd soon those Tongues authenticall,
Which 'mid the *Babel* builders thunder, bred
On *Tigris* banks, o're all the Earth were spread:
And, ay the world the more confus'd to leave,
The east of them in many Tongues did cleave.

Whereof proceed the sundry changes in our daies from that language.

Each Language alters, either by occasion
Of trade, which (causing mutuall communication
Of th' Earths and Ocean wares) with hardy luck
Doth words for words barter, exchange and truck:
Or else, because Fame-chirsting wits, that toyl
In golden tearms to trick their gracious stile,
With new-found beauties pranck each circumstance
Or (at the least) doe new-coyn'd words inhance
With current freedome: and again restore (yore.
Th' old, rusty, mouldy, worm-gnawn words of

Simile.

For, as in Forrests, leaves do fall and spring:
Even so the words, which whilom flourishing,
In sweet Orations shin'd with pleasing lustre
(Like snow-white Lillies in a fresh green pasture)
Passe now no more; but, banisht from the Court,
Dwell with disgrace among the Country sort:
And those, which Eld's strict doom did disallow,
And damn for bullion, go for current now.

The liberty of a witty, learned, and judicious Writer.

A happy wit, with gratious judgement joyn'd,
May give a pasport to the words new coyn'd
In his owne shop: also adopt the strange:
Ingraft the wilde: enriching, with such change
His powerfull stile; and with such sundry ammell
Painting his phrase, his Prose or Verse enammell.
One language hath no law but use: and still
Runs blinde, unbridled, at the Vulgars will.
Anothers course is curiously inclos'd
In lists of Art; of choyce fit words compos'd.
One, in the feeble birth, becomming old,
Is cradle-toom'd: another warreth bold
With the yeer-spinners. One, unhappy-founded,
Lives in a narrow valley ever bounded:
Another 'mong the learned troop doth presse
From *Alexanders* Altars, even to *Fez*.

Excellency of the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin* Tongues above the rest.

And such are now, the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*:
Th' *Hebrew*, because of it we hold the Paten
Of *Thrice-Eternals* ever sacred Word:
And of his Law, That is the first Record.
The *Greek*, as having cunningly compriz'd
All kinde of knowledge that may be devis'd.
And manly *Roman*, sith the sword undaunted
Through all the world her eloquence hath planted.

A pleasant introduction to his following Discourse, wherein Poetically he describeth and bringeth in the principall Languages together with such as have excelled in each of them.

Writing these later lines, weary wel-neer
Of sacred *Pallas* pleasing labours deer;
Mine humble chin saluteth oft my brest;
With an *Ambrosial* deaw mine eyes possest
By peece-meal close; all moving powrs be still;
From my dull-fingers drops my fainting quill;
Down in my sloath-lov'd bed again I shrink;
And in dark *Lethe* all deep cares I sink:
Yea all my cares, except a zeal to ken
A gainfull pleasure to my Countrymen.
For, th' holy loves-charm, burning for their sake,
When I am sleeping, keeps my soule awake.

The God of Dreams.

Gold-winged *Morpheus*, East-ward issuing
By 's crystall gate (it earlier opening
Then dayes bright door) fantastick leads the way
Down to a vale, where moist-cool night and day
Still calms and storms, keen cold, & sultry smother,
Rain, and fair weather follow not each other;
But *May* still raigns, and rose-crown'd *Zephyrus*,
With wanton sighes, makes the green trees to buss.
Whose whispering boughs, in Ovall form, do fence
This flowrie field 's delightfull excellence.

Description of the Mount, and Image of Nobleness, and of the principall Languages.

Just in the midst of this enammeld vale
Rose a huge Rock, cut like a Pedestall;
And on the Cornich a Colossus stands
Of during brasse, which beareth in his hands
Both fire and water: from his golden tongue
Grow thousand chains, which all the mead a-long
Draw worlds of hearers with alluring Art,
Bound fast by th' ears, but faster by the heart.

Before his feet, Boars, Bears, and Tigers lie
As meek as Lambs, reclaim'd from crueltie.
Neer hils do hop, and neighbour Forrests bound,
Seeming to dance at his sweet voyces sound.
Of *Carian* pillars rais'd with curious Art
On bases firm, a double row doth girt
The soule-charm Image of sweet Eloquence:
And these fair Piles (with great magnificence)
Bear, foure by four, one of the Tongues which now
Our learned Age for fairest doth allow. (here
Now, 'mong the Heav'n-deer spirits supporting
The *Hebrew* tongue, that Prince whose brows appear
Like daunt-Earth Comet's Heav'n-adorning brand,
Who holds a green-dry, withr'd-springing wand,
And in his arms the sacred Register
Of Gods eternall ten-fold Law doth bear;
Is *Israels* guide: first Author, he that first
Unto his heirs his writings offer durst:
Whose hallowed Pages not alone preceed
All *Grecian* Writ, but every *Grecian* Deed.
David's the next, who, with the melody
Of voyce-matcht fingers, draws sphears harmony,
To his Heav'n-tuned harp, which shall resound
While the bright day-star rides his glorious Round:
Yea (happily) when both the whirling *Poles*
Shall cease their Galliard, th' ever-blessed soules
Of *Christ* his champions (cheer'd with his sweet songs)
Shall dance to th' honour of the *Strong* of *strongs*;
And all the Angels glory-winged Hostes
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, God of Hoastes.*
The third, his Son, wit-wondrous *Salomon*,
Who in his lines hath more wise lessons sow'n,
More golden words, then in his Crown there shin'd
Pearls, Diamonds, and other Gemms of *Inde.*
Then, *Amos* Son, in threatnings vehement,
Grace-followed, grave, holy, and eloquent.
Sweet-numbred *Homer* here the *Greek* supports,
Whose Schoole hath bred the many-differing sorts
Of ancient sages; and, through every Realm,
Made (like a Sea) his eloquence to stream:
Plato, the all-divine, who like the *Fowl*
(They call) of *Paradise*; doth never foul
His foot on Earth or Sea, but lofty flies
Higher then Heav'n from Hell above the skies:
Cleer-styl'd *Herodotus*, and *Demosthen*,
Gold-mouthed hearts-king, law of learned men.
Th' Arch-Foe to factious *Catsline*, and (since)
To *Anthony*, whose thundring eloquence (tion)
Yeelds thousand streames, whence (rapt in admira-
The rarest wits are drunk in every Nation:
Cæsar, who knowes as well to write, as war:
The Sinnewie *Salust*: and that Heav'n-fall'n star,
Which straggling *Ilium* brings to *Tibers* brink,
Who never seems in all his Work to wink;
Who never stumbled, ever cleer and grave;
Bashfully-bold, and blushing modest-brave:
Still like himselfe; and else, still like to no-man:
Sustain the stately, grave-sweet ancient *Roman.*
On mirthfull *Boccace* is the *Tuscan* plac't, (grac't:
Bold, choice-learn'd *Petrarch*, in deep passions
The fluent fainer of *Orlando's* error,
Smooth, pithy, various, quick affection-stirrer:
And witty *Tasso*, worthy to indite
Heroik numbers, full of life and light;
Short, sharp-conceited, rich in language cleer,
Though last in age, in honour formost here.
Th' *Arabian* language hath for pillars sound,
Great *Aben-Rois* most subtill, and profound,
Sharp *Eldebag*, and learned *Avicen*,
And *Ibnu-farid's* Figure-flowing Pen.
The *Dutch*, hath him who *Germaniz'd* the story
Of *Sleidan*: next, th' *Isleban* (lasting glory
Of *Wittemberg*) with *Beucer* gilding bright
His pleasing stile: and *Butric* my delight.
Guevarra, *Boscan*, and *Granade*, which sup
With *Garcilace*, in hony *Pytho's* cup
The smiling Nectar, bear th' *Hyberian*:
And, but th' old glory of the *Catalan*,
Ravisht *Ofyas*, he might well have claymed
The *Spanish Laurell*, 'mong these lastly named.
Now, for the *French*, that shape-less *Column* rude,
Whence th' idle Mason hath but grosly hew'd
(As yet) the rough scales from the upper part,
Is *Clement Marot*; who with Art-lesse Art
Busily toyls: and, prickt with praise-full thirst,
Brings *Helicon*, from *Po* to *Quercy* first:
Whom, as a time-torn Monument I honour:
Or as a broken Toomb: or tattered Banner:
Or age-worn Image: not so much for show,
As for the reverence that to *Eld* I owe.
The next I know not well; yet (at the least)
He seems some skilfull Master with the rest:
Yet doubt I still. For now it doth appear
Like *Jaques Amyot*, then like *Viginere.*
That, is great *Ronsard*, who his *France* to garnish,
Robs *Rome* and *Greece*, of their Art-various varnish;
And, hardy-witted, handleth happily
All sorts of subject, stile, and Poesie.
And this *du Plessis*, beating *Atheisme*,
Vain *Paganisme*, and stubborn *Judaisme*,
With their own Armes: and sacred-grave, & short,
His plain-prankt stile he strengthens in such sort,
That his quick reasons, wing'd with Grace and Art,
Pierce like keen arrowes, every gentle heart.
Our English Tongue three famous Knights sustain;
Moore, *Bacone*, *Sidney*: of which former, twain
(*High Chancellors of England*) weaned first
Our infant-phrase (till then but homely nurst)
And childish toys: and rudenesse chasing thence,
To civill knowledge, joyn'd sweet eloquence.
And (world-mourn'd) *Sidney*, warbling to the *thames*
His swan-like tunes, so courts her coy proud streams,
That (all with-child with Fame) his fame they bear
To *Thetis* lap; and *Thetis* every-where.
But, what new Sun dazles my tender eyes?
What sudden transe rapts me above the skies?
What Princely Port? O! what imperiall grace? (face?
What sweet-bright-lightning looks? what Angels
Say (learned Heav'n-born Sisters) is not this
That prudent *Pallas*, *Albions* Misteris,
That *Great Eliza*, making hers disdain,
For any Man, to change their Maidens raign?
Who while *Erynys* (weary now of hell) (quell,
With Fire and Sword her neighbour States doth
And while black *Horror* threats in stormy rage,
With dreadfull down-fall, th' universall stage;
In happy Peace her Land doth keep and nourish:
Where reverend *Justice*, and *Religion* flourish.

Who

The Hebrew supported by 4 Pillars (viz.)
Moses.
David.
Salomon.
Esay.
Secondly, The Greeke by Homer.
Plato.
Herodotus. Demosthenes.
Thirdly, The Latine by Cicero.
Cæsar.
Salust.
Virgil.
Fourthly, The Italian by Dantes, Petrarch, Ariosto.
Tasso.
Fifthly, The Arabick by Aben-Ezra, Eldebag, Avicen, Ibnu-farid.
Sixthly, The Dutch by Sleidan, Luther, Beucer, Butric.
Seventhly, The Spanish by Guevara, Boscan, Granade, Garcilace.
Eighth, The French by Marot.
Amyot.
Ronsard.
Plessis.
Ninthly, The English by Sir Thomas Moore, Sir Nicolas Bacon, Sir Philip Sidney.
And the incomparable Queen Elizabeth.
Her Prudence, Piety, Justice, Religion, Learning and Eloquence.

Who is not onely in her Mother-voyce
Rich in Oration ; but with phraſes choyſe,
So on the ſudden can diſcourſe in *Greek*,
French, *Latin*, *Tuſcan*, *Dutch*, and *Spaniſh* eke,
That *Rome*, *Rhyne*, *Rhone*, *Greece*, *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Plead all for right in her nativitie.
Bright Northren pearl, *Mars*-daunting Martialiſt,
To grace the *Muſes* and the *Arts* perſiſt :
And (O !) if ever theſe rude rymes be bleſt
But with one glaunce of Nature's onely Beſt ;
Or (luckie) light between thoſe Yvory palms,
Which hold thy State's ſtern in theſe happy calms,
View them with milde aſpect ; and gently read,
That for thy praiſe, thine eloquence we need.
Then thus I ſpake ; O ſpirits divine and learned,
Whoſe happy labours have your lauds eterned :
O ! ſith I am not apt (alas !) nor able
With you to bear the burthen honourable
Of Albions *Fame, nor with my feeble ſight*
So much as follow your Heav'n-neighbouring flight ;
At leaſt permit me, proſtrate to embrace
Your reverend knees : permit me to inchaſe
Your radiant creſts with Aprils *flowry Crown ;*
Permit (I pray) that from your high renown,
My feeble tunes eternall fames derive ;
While in my Songs your glorious names ſurvive.
Granting my ſuit, each of them bow'd his head, End of the Viſion.
The valley vaniſht, and the pillars fled :
And there-with-all, my Dream had flow'n (I think)
But that I lim'd his limber wings with ink.

FINIS.

THE

The Colonies.

THE THIRD PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

The Argument.

To ſtop Ambition, Strife, and Avarice,
Into Three Parts *the Earth divided is:*
To Sem *the Eaſt, to* Cham *the South, the Weſt*
To Japheth *fals; their ſeverall ſcopes expreſt:*
Their fruitfull Spawn did all the World ſupply:
Antiquities uncertain Search, and why:
Aſſyria *ſceptred firſt; and firſt imparts,*
To all the reſt, Wealth, Honour, Arms, and Arts:
The New-found World: Mens divers humours ſtrange:
The various World a mutuall Counter-change.

Being here to ſupport of the Tranſmigration of Inſuing Nations, it ſeemeſt one of the ſons of Noah, our Poet deſireth to be addreſſed by ſome ſpeciall favour of God.

WHile through the Worlds unhanted wilder-neſſe
I, th'old firſt Pilots wandring Houſe addreſs:
While (*Famous* DRAKE-*like*) coaſting every ſtrand
I do diſcover many a *New-found-Land*:
And while, from Sea to Sea, with curious pain
I plant great *Noahs* plenteous Vine again: (me?
What bright-brown cloud ſhall in the day proteſt
What fiery Pillar ſhall by Night direct me
Toward each Peoples primer Reſidence,
Predeſtin'd in the Court of Providence,
Yer our bi-ſexed Parents, free from ſin,
In *Eden* did their double birth begin?
O ſacred Lamp that went'ſt ſo brightly burning
Before the *Sages*, from the ſpicie *Morning*,
To ſhew th' Almighty Infant's humble Birth;
O'chace the thick Clouds, drive the darkneſſe forth
Which blindeth me: that mine adventrous Rime,
Circling the World, may ſearch out every Clime.
For, though my Wits, in this long Voyage ſhift
From ſide to ſide; yet is my ſpeciall drift,
My gentle Readers by the hand to bring
To that deer Babe, the *Man-God, Chriſt*, our King.

The true, and onely drift of all his endeavours.

As WHEN the lowring Heav'ns with loudeſt raps
Through Forreſts thril their roaring thunder-claps,
The ſhivering Fowls do ſuddenly forgo
Their neſts and perches, fluttering to and fro
Through the dark ayr, and round about there rings
A whiſtling murmur of their whiſking wings;
The griſſell Turtles (ſeldome ſeen alone)
Diſ-payer'd and parted, wander one by one;
And even the feeble downie feathered Young
Venture to fly, before their quils be ſtrong:

A compariſon expreſſing the effect of the aſtoniſhments, which the confuſion of Tongues brought unto the Babel-Builders.

Even

Even ſo, the Builders of that *Babel-wonder*,
Hearing Gods voyce aloud to roar and thunder
In their rude voyces barbarous difference,
Take all at once their fearfull flight from thence
On either hand; and through th'Earth voidly-vaſt
Each packs a-part, where God would have him plac't.
Why God would not that the ſeed of Noah ſhould reſide in the Plain of Shynar.
For, heav'ns great Monarch (yer the World began)
Having decreed to give the World to man,
Would not the ſame a neſt of theeves ſhould be,
That with the Sword ſhould ſhare his Legacie;
And (brutely mixt) with mongrell ſtock to ſtore
Our Elements, round, ſolid, ſlimy floar;
But rather, fire of Covetize to curb,
The Earth diſtributed among the Sons of Noah.
Into three Parts he parts this ſpacious Orb,
'Twixt *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Japheth*: *Sem* the Eaſt,
Cham South, and *Japheth* doth obtain the Weſt.
To Sem the Eaſt.
That large rich Countrey, from *Peroſite* ſhores
(Where ſtately *Ob*, the King of Rivers, roars,
In *Scythian* Seas voyding his violent load,
But little leſſe then ſix dayes ſayling broad)
To *Malaca*: *Moluques* Iles, that bear
Cloves and Canele: well-tempered *Sumater*
Sub-equinoctiall: and the golden ſtreams
Of *Biſnagar*, and *Zeilan* bearing gemms:
From th' *Euxin* Sea and ſurge of *Chaldean* Twins
To th' *Anian* Streight: the ſloathfull ſlimy Fens
Where *Quinzay* ſtands: *Chorze*, where Buls as big
As Elephants are clad in ſilken ſhag,
Is great *Sems* portion. For the Deſtinies
(Or rather Heav'ns immutable Decrees)
Aſſur t' *Aſſyria* ſend, that in ſhort time
Chalê and *Rheſen* to the Clouds might climbe,
And *Nineve* (more famous then the reſt)
Above them raiſe her many-towred Creſt:
The ſceptred *Elam* choſe the *Perſian* Hils,
And thoſe fat fields that ſwift *Araxis* fils;
Lud, *Lydia*: *Aram* all *Armenia* had:
And *Chalde* fell to learned *Arphaxad*.
To Cham the South.
Cham became Soveraigne over all thoſe Realms
South-bounded round with Sun-burnt *Guinne*
Botangas, *Benin*, *Cephal*, *Guaguametre*, (ſtreams,
Hot *Concritan*, too-full of poyſonie matter;
North-ward with narrow *Mid-terranean* Sea,
Which from rich *Europe* parts poor *Africa*:
Towards where *Titans* Evening ſplendor ſank,
With Seas of *Fez*, *Cape-verde*, and *Cape-blanc*:
And tow'rds where *Phœbus* doth each Morning
With *Adel* Ocean and the *Crimſin* Lake. (wake,
And further, all that lyes between the ſteep
Mount *Libanus*, and the *Arabian* Deep,
Between the *Erythrean* Sea, and *Perſian Sine*,
He (mighty Prince) to's *Afrik* State doth joyne.
His Darling *Canaan* doth nigh *Jordan* dwell
(One-day ordain'd to harbour *Iſrael*):
Put peopled *Lybia*: *Mizriam Egypt* mann'd
And 's firſt-born *Chus* the *Æthiopian* ſtrand.
To Japheth the North and Weſt.
Japheth extends from ſtruggling *Helleſpont*,
The *Tane* and *Euxin* Sea, to th' double Mount
Of famous *Gibraltar*, and that deep Main,
Whoſe tumbling billows bathe the ſhores of *Spain*:
And from thoſe Seas, where in the ſteed of Keels
Of winged Ships they roule their Chariot wheels,
To the *Marſilian*, *Morean*, and *Thyrrenian*;
Ligurian Seas, and learned Sea *Athenian*,
Juſt oppoſite to *Aſia* rich in Spice,
Pride of the World, and ſecond *Paradiſe*:
And that large Country ſtrecht from *Amana*
To *Tanais* ſhores, and to the ſource of *Rha*.
Forth of his *Gomers* loigns (they ſay) ſprang all
The war-like Nation ſcattered over *Gaul*,
And *Germains* too (yerſt called *Gomerits*):
From *Tubal*, *Spaniards*: and from *Magog Scythes*:
From *Madai*, *Medes*: from *Meſech*, *Mazacans*:
From *Javan*, *Greeks*: from *Thyras*, *Thracians*.
According to his owne ſtyned imaginative diſcretion, the Poet ſeemes in this place to ſpeak according to tradition known.
Here, if I liſt, or lov'd I rover-ſhooting,
Or would I follow the uncertaine footing
Of falſe *Beroſus* and ſuch fond Deluders,
(Their zealous Readers inſolent Illuders)
I could derive the lineall Deſcents
Of all our Sires; and name you every Prince
Of every Province, in his time and place
(Succeſſively) through-out his ancient Race:
Yea, ſing the Worlds ſo divers populations;
And of leaſt Cities ſhow the firſt Foundations.
But, never will I ſo my ſayls abandon
To every blaſt, and rowing ſo at randon
(Without the bright light of that glorious Star,
Which ſhines 'bove all the Heav'ns) venture ſo far
On th' unknown ſurges of ſo vaſt a Sea
So full of Rocks and dangers every way;
Having no Pilot, ſave ſome brain-ſick Writers
Which coyn Kings names, vain fabulous Inditers
Of their own fancies who (affecting glory)
Upon a Flyes foot build a goodly ſtory.
Iriſius why the ſearch of ſuch antiquities is to abſcure.
Some words alluſion is no certain ground
Whereon a laſting Monument to found:
Sith faireſt Rivers, Mountains ſtrangely ſteep,
And largeſt Seas, never ſo vaſt and deep
(Though ſelf-eternall reſting ſtill the ſame)
Through ſundry chances often change their name:
Sith it befals not alwayes, that his ſeed
Who builds a Town, doth in the ſame ſucceed;
And (to conclude) ſith under Heav'n no Race
Perpetually poſſeſſeth any place;
But, as all Tenants at the High Lords will,
We hold a Field, a Forreſt, or a Hill;
And (as when winde the angry Ocean moves)
Wave hunteth wave, and billow billow ſhoves;
So doe all Nations juſtle each the other,
And ſo one People doth purſue another;
And ſcarce the ſecond hath a firſt un-houſed,
Before a third him thence again have rouſed.
Famous examples to this purpoſe. Of the ancient Britains. Of the Lombards.
So, th' ancient *Britain*, by the *Saxons* chac't
From 's native *Albion*, ſoon the *Gaules* diſplac't
From *Armonik*; and thenvictoriouſly
(After his name) furnam'd that *Britanie*.
So when the *Lombard* had ſurrendered
Fair, double-named *Iſthers* flowry-bed
To ſcar-fac't *Hunnes*; he hunteth furiouſly
The reſt of *Gaules* from wealthy *Inſubrie*;
Which after fell in *French-mens* hands again,
VVon by the Sword of *Worthy Charlemain*.
Of the Alains, Goths, and Vandals.
So, th' *Alain* and North *Vandall*, beaten both
From *Cordoba* and *Sevil* by the *Goth*,
Seiz'd *Carthage* ſtraight; which-afterward they loſt
To wiſe *Juſtinians* valiant *Roman* Hoaſt:
And *Romans* ſince, joyn'd with the barbarous troop
Of curled *Moors*, unto th' *Arabian* ſtoop.

The

The cauſe of ſuch Tranſmigrations.

The ſacrilegious greedy appetite
Of Gold and Scepters gliſtering glorious bright,
The thirſt of Vengeance, and that puffing breath
Of elviſh *Honour* built on blood and death,
On deſolation, rapes and robberies,
Flames, ruins, wracks, and brutiſh butcheries,
Un-bound all Countries, making war-like Nations
Through every Climate ſeek new habitations.
I ſpeak not here of thoſe *Alarbian* Rovers,
Numidian Shepheards, or *Tartarian* Drovers,
Who ſhifting paſtures for their ſtore of Cattle;
Doe here and there their hairy Tents imbattle:
Like the black ſwarms of Swallowes ſwiftly-light,
Which twice a-year croſs with their nimble flight
The Pine-plough'd Sea, & (pleas'd with pureſt ayr)
Seek every Seaſon for a freſh repair:
But other Nations fierce, who far and nigh
With their own bloods-price purchaſt Victory;
Who, better knowing how to win then wield;
Conquer, then keep; to batter then to build;
And bravely chooſing rather War then Peace,
Have over-ſpread the World by Land and Seas.

The original removes, voyages, and conquests of the Lombards.

Such was the *Lombard*, who in *Schonland* nurſt,
On *Rugeland* and *Livonia* ſeized firſt.
Then having well reveng'd on the *Bulgarian*
The death of *Agilmont*, the bold Barbarian
Surpriſeth *Poland*; thence anon he preſſes
In *Rhines* fair ſtreams to rinſe his Amber treſſes;
Thence turning back he ſeats him in *Moravia*,
After, at *Buda*; thence he poſts to *Pavia*;
There reigns two hundred years; triumphing ſo,
That royall *Teſin* might compare with *Po*.

Of the Goths.

Such was the *Goth*, who whilom iſſuing forth
From the cold, frozen Ilands of the North,
Incampt by *Viſtula*: but th' Air (almoſt)
Being there as cold as on the *Baltick* Coaſt,
He with victorious arms *Sclavonia* gains,
The *Tranſylvanian* and *Vallachian* Plains.
Thence plyes to *Thracia*: and then (leaving *Greeks*)
Greedy of ſpoyl, foure times he bravely ſeeks
To ſnatch from *Rome* (then, *Mars* his Minion)
The Palms which ſhe o'r all the World had won;
Guided by *Rhadaguiſe*, and *Alaric*,
And *Vidimerius*, and *Theodoric*:
Then comes to *Gaul*: and thence repulſt, his Legions
Reſt ever ſince upon the *Spaniſh* Regions.

Of the ancient Gauls.

Such th' antik *Gaul*: who, roving every way,
As far as *Phœbus* darts his golden ray,
Seiz'd *Italy*; the Worlds proud Miſtreſſe ſackt,
Which rather *Mars* then *Romulus* compackt:
Then pill'd *Panonia*: then with conquering ploughs
He furrows-up cold *Strymons* ſlymie ſloughs:
Waſtes *Macedonia*: and (inclyn'd to fleece)
Spares not to ſpoyle the greateſt Gods of *Greece*:
Then (cloy'd with *Europe*) th' *Helleſpont* he paſt,
And there Mount *Ida's* neighbour world did waſte:
Spoyleth *Piſidia*: *Myſia* doth inthrall:
And midſt of *Aſia* plants another *Gaul*.
Moſt famous Peoples dark Antiquity,
Is as a Wood: where bold Temerity
Stumbles each ſtep; and learned Diligence
It ſelfe intangles; and blind Ignorance
(Groping about in ſuch *Cimmerian* nights)
In pits and ponds, & bogges, and quag-mires lights.
It ſhall ſuffice me therefore (in this doubt)
But (as it were) to coaſt the ſame about:
And rightly tun'd unto the golden ſtring,
Of *Amrams* Son, in graveſt verſe to ſing,
That *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Japheth*, each re-plants
Th' unpeopled World with new inhabitants:
And that again great *Noahs* wandring Boat
The ſecond time o'r all the World did float.

Hee affirmeth finally that the three ſons of *Noah* peopled the World, and ſheweth how.

Not that I ſend *Sem*, at one flight unceaſt,
From *Babylon* unto the fartheſt *Eaſt*,
Tartarian Chorats ſilver waves t' eſſay,
And people *China*, *Cambula*, *Cathay*;
Japheth to *Spain*; and that profaneſt *Cham*,
To thirſty Countries *Meder* and *Bigam*,
To *Cephala*, upon *Mount Zambrica*,
And *Cape* of *Hope*, laſt coign of *Africa*.

2. Fit compariſons to repreſent the ſame.

For, as *Hymettus* and Mount *Hybla* were
Not over-ſpread and covered in one yeare
With buſie Bees; but yearly twice or thrice,
Each Hive ſupplying new-com Colonies (moütains,
(Heav'ns tender Nurcelings) to thoſe fragrant
At length their Rocks diſſolv'd in Hony Fountains:
Or rather as two fruitfull Elms that ſpred
Amidſt a Cloaſe with brooks environed,
Ingender other Elms about their roots;
Thoſe, other ſtill; and ſtill, new-ſpringing ſhoots
So over-grow the ground, that in few years
The ſometimes-mead a great thick Grove appears:
Ev'n ſo th' ambitious *Babel*-building rout,
Diſperſt, at firſt go ſeat themſelves about
Meſopotamia: after (by degrees)
Their happy Spawn, in ſundry Colonies,
Croſſing from Sea to Sea, from Land to Land,
All the green-mantled neather Globe hath mann'd:
So that, except th' Almighty (glorious Judge
Of quick and dead) this World's ill daies abridge,
There ſhall no ſoyl ſo wilde and ſavage be,
But ſhall be ſhadowed by great *Adams* Tree.

Why the firſt monarchy began in *Aſſyria*.

Therfore, thoſe Countries neereſt *Tigris* Spring,
In thoſe firſt ages were moſt flouriſhing,
Moſt ſpoken-of, firſt Warriors, firſt that guide,
And give the law to all the Earth beſide.
Babylon (living under th' awfull grace
Of Royall greatneſſe) ſway'd the Imperiall Mace,
Before the *Greeks* had any Town at all,
Or warbling Lute had built the *Dircean* Wall:
Yer *Gauls* had houſes, *Latins* Burgages,
Our Britains Tents, or *Germans* Cottages.

The *Hebrews* and their next neighbours were religious & learned before the *Gracians* knew any thing.

The *Hebrews* had with Angels Converſation,
Held th' Idol-Altars in abomination,
Knew the Unknown, with eyes of faith they ſaw
Th' inviſible *Meſsias*, in the *Law*:
The *Chaldees*, Audit of the Stars had made, (ſhade,
Had meaſured heav'n conceiv'd how th'earths thick
Eclipſt the ſilver brows of *Cynthia* bright,
And her brown ſhadow quencht her brothers light.

* The Egyptians & Tyrians had their fill of riches, and pomp, and pleaſure, before the *Greeks* or *Tuſcans* knew what the World meant.

The *Memphian* Prieſts were deep Philoſophers,
And curious gazers on the ſacred Stars,
Searchers of Nature, and great Mathematikes;
Yer any Letter knew the ancient'ſt *Attick*s.
Proud * *Egypt* gliſtered all with golden Plate,
Yer the lame *Lemnian* (under *Ætna* grate)
Had hammer'd yron; or the Vultur-rented
Prometheus, 'mong the *Greeks* had fire invented.

Gauls

Gaules were not yet; or, were they (at the leaſt)
They were but wilde; their habit, plumes; their
But Maſt and Acorns, for the which they gap't (feaſt,
Under the Trees when any winde had hapt:
When the bold *Tyrians* (greedy after gain)
Durſt row about the ſalt-blew *Africk* Main;
Traffickt abroad, in Scarlet Robes were dreſt,
And pomp and pleaſure *Euphrates* poſſeſt.
For, as a ſtone, that midſt a Pond ye fling,
About his fall firſt forms a little ring,
Wherein new Circles one in other growing
(Through the ſmooth waters gentle-gentle flow-
Still one the other more and more compell (ing)
From the Ponds Centre where the ſtone firſt fell;
Till at the laſt the largeſt of the Rounds
From ſide to ſide 'gainſt every bank rebounds:
So, from th' Earth's Centre (which I here ſuppoſe
About the place where God did Tongues tranſpoſe)
Man (day by day his wit reporiſhing)
Makes all the Arts through all the Earth to ſpring,
As he doth ſpread, and ſhed in divers ſhoals
His fruitfull Spawn, round under both the *Poles*.

The firſt Colonies of *Jews* in the Eaſt.

Forth from *Aſſyria*, Eaſt-ward then they travell
Towards rich *Hyrcan* with the golden gravell:
Then people they the *Perſian Orodris*;
Then cleer *Coaſpis*, which doth humbly kiſs
The Wals of *Suſa*; then the Valleys fat
Neer *Caucaſus*, where yerſt th' *Arſaces* ſat:
Then mann they *Media*; then with humane ſeed,
Towards the Sea th' *Hyrcanian* Plain they ſpeed.

The ſecond.

The Sons of theſe (like flowing Waters) ſpred
O'r all the Country which is bordered
With *Chieſel* River, 'bove *Thacaliſtan*;
Gadel and *Cabul*, *Bedan*, *Baleſtan*. (ſtore

The third.

Their off-ſpring then, with fruitfull ſtems doth
Baſinagar, *Nayard* and either ſhore
Of famous *Ganges*; *Ava Toloman*,
The Kingdome *Mein*, the Musky *Charazan*;
And round about the Deſart *Op*, where oft
By ſtrange *Phantaſms's* Paſſengers are ſcoft.

The fourth.

Some ages after, linkt in divers knots,
Tipur they take, rich in Rhinocerots;
Caichin, in Aloes; *Mangit*, and the ſhore
Of *Quinz'* and *Anie* lets them ſpread no more.

First Colonies of *Japheth* in the Weſt.

From that firſt Centre to the Weſt-ward bending,
Old *Noahs* Nephews far and wide extending,
Seiz-leſſe *Armenia*, then, within *Cilicia*,
Poſſeſſe the Ports of *Tharſis* and of *Iſſen*,
And the delicious ſtrange *Cyrcian* Cave
(Wch warbling ſound of Cymbals ſeems to have)
Ionia, *Cappadocia*, *Taurus* horns,
Bythinia Troas, and *Meanders* turns.

The ſecond.

Then paſſing *Seſtos* Streights; of *Strymon* cold,
Herber and *Neſt* they quaff; and pitch their Fold
In vales of *Rhodope*, and plow the Plains
Where great *Danubius* neer his death complains.

The third divided into many branches.

On th' other ſide, *Thrace* ſubtle *Greece* beſwarms;
Greece, *Italy* (famous for Art and Arms):
Italy, *France*; *France*, *Spain*, and *Germany*
(*Rhines* fruitfull bed) and our *Great Brittany*.
On the other ſide it ſpreads about *Moldavia*,
Mare-Maiour, *Podolia*, and *Moravia*,
With *Tranſilvania*, *Servia*, and *Panonia*,
The *Pruſſian* Plains, and over all *Polonia*:
The verge of *Viſtula*, and farther forth
Beyond the *Alman*, drawing to the North.

First Colonies of *Cham* in the South.

Now turn thee South-ward: ſee, ſee how *Chaldea*
Spews on *Arabia*, *Phœnice* and *Judea*,
Chams curſed Line, which (over-fertill all)
Between two Seas doth into *Egypt* fall:
Sows all *Cyrenea*, and the famous Coaſt
Whereon the roaring *Punick* Sea is toſt:
Fez, *Darra*, *Argier*, *Galate*, *Guzol*, *Aden*,
Terminan Tombut, *Melle*, *Gago*, *Gogden*:
The ſparkling Deſarts of lad *Libya*,
Zeczec, *Benin*, *Borno*, *Cano*, *Nubia*,
And ſcalding quick-ſands of thoſe thirſty Plains
Where Jeſus name (yet) in ſome reverence raigns;
Where *Preſter John* (though part he *Judaize*)
Doth in ſome ſort devoutly *Chriſtianize*. (lyes

Colonies of the Nats.

But would'ſt thou know, how that long Tract that
Under Heav'ns ſtarry Coach, covered with yce,
And round embraced in the winding arms
Of *Cronian* Seas (which *Sol* but ſeldome warms)
Came peopled firſt? Suppoſe that paſſing by
The Plains where *Tigris* twice keeps company
With the far-flowing ſilver *Euphrates*,
They lodg'd at foot of hoary *Nyphates*:
And from *Armenia*, then *Iberia* mann'd,
Albania, *Colchis*, *and Boſphorian* ſtrand:
And then from thence, toward the bright *Levant*,
That vaſt Extent, where now fell *Tartars* hant
In wandring troops; and towards th' other ſide
Which (neer her ſcource) long *Volga* doth divide,
Moſcovy Coaſt, *Permia*, *Livonia*, *Pruſſia*,
Biarmia, *Scrifinia*, *White-Lake*, *Lappia*, *Ruſsia*.

How the new-found World came peopled. A double queſtion.

But whence (ſay you) had that *New-World* his
Wch *Spain* (like *Delos* floating on the Seas) (Gueſts,
Late digg'd from darkneſſe of Oblivions Grave,
And it undoing, it new Eſſence gave?
If long agoe; how ſhould it hap that no-man
Knew it till now? no *Perſian*, *Greek*, no *Roman*;
Whoſe glorious Peers, victorious Armies guiding
O'r all the World, of this had never tyding?
If but of late; how ſwarm their Cities ſince
So full of Folk? how paſſe their Monuments
The *Egyptian Spires*, *Mauſolus* ſtately Tomb,
The Wals and Courts of *Babylon* and *Rome*?

1. Anſwer.

Why! think ye (fond) thoſe people fell from
All-ready-made; as in a Summer Ev'n (Heav'n
After a ſweltring Day, ſome ſultry ſhowr
Doth in the Marſhes heaps of Tadpals pour,
Wch in the ditches (chapt with parching weather)
Lie cruſht and croaking in the Mud together?
Or elſe, that ſetting certain ſlips, that fixt
Their ſlender roots the tender mould betwixt,
They ſaw the light of *Phœbus* live-ning face;
Having for milk, moyſt deaws; for Cradle graſſe?
Or that they grew out of the fruitfull Earth,
As Toad-ſtools, Turneps, Leeks, & Beets have birth?
Or (like the bones that *Cadmus* yerſt did ſow)
Were bravely born armed from top to toe?
That ſpacious Coaſt, now call'd *America*,
Was not ſo ſoon peopled as *Africa*;
(Th' ingenious, Towr-full, and Law-loving Soil,
Which, *Jove* did with his Lemans name en-ſtile)
And that which from cold *Boſphorus* doth ſpread
To pearl'd *Aurora's* Saffron-coloured bed.

Becauſe,

Becauſe they lye neerer the di'pry verges
Of tear-bridge *Tygris* Swallow-ſwifter ſurges,
Whence our amaz'd firſt Grand-ſires faintly fled,
And, like ſprung Partridge, every-where did ſpred;
Except that World, where-under *Caſtiles* King,
Famous *Columbus* Force and Faith did bring.
But the rich buildings rare magnificence,
T' infinite Treaſures, various governments,
Show that long ſince (although at ſundry times)
'T had Colonies (although from ſundry Climes):
Whether the violence of tempeſtious weather
Some broken Veſſels have inforced thither;
Whether ſome deſperate, dire extremity
Of Plague, War, Famine; or th' Authority
Of ſome brave *Typhis* (in adventure toſt)
Brought weary Carvels on that *Indian* Coaſt.
Who maketh doubt but yerſt the *Quinzay* fraights
As well might venture through the *Anian Streights*,
And finde as eaſie and as ſhort a way
From the *Eaſt Indies* to the *Tolguage* Bay,
As uſually the *Aſian* Ships are wont
To paſſe to *Greece*, a-croſſe the *Helleſpont*:
Spaniards to *Fez*, a-thwart the Straight *Abilia*,
Through *Meſſine* ſtream th' *Italians* to *Sicilia*?
From *Tolm* and *Quiver*'s ſpacious Plains (wherin
Bunch backed Calves, with Horſe-like manes are
And Sheep-like Fleece) they fill *Azaſia*, (ſeen,
Tova, *Topir*, *Canada*, *Coſsia*,
Mecchi, *Avacal*, *Calicuaz*, *Bacalos*,
Los Campos de Labor (where floods are froze).
On th' other ſide, *Xaliſco* ſoyl they mann
(Now new *Galizia*) *Cuſule*, *Mechuacan*:
And cunningly in *Mexik* Sea they pile
Another *Venice* (or a City-*Ile*). (much)
Strange things there ſee they (that amaze them
Green Trees to wither with their very touch;
And in *Nicaragua*, a Mountain top,
That (*Ætna*-like) bright Flaſhes belches up.
Thence, reach they th' *Iſthmos* of rich *Panama*,
And on their right hand build *Oucanama*,
With *Caſſamalca*, *Cuſco*, *Quito*: and
In famous *Peru*'s very golden Strand
Admire the Lake that laveth *Colle* about,
Whoſe waves be ſalt within, and freſh without:
And ſtreams of *Cinca*, that, with vertue ſtrange,
To hardeſt ſtone ſoft Mud and Chalk doth change.
Then Seiz they *Chili*, where all Day the Deep
Runs roaring down, and all the Night doth ſleep:
Chinea, the *Patagons*, and all the ſhore
Where th' Azure Seas of *Magellan* do roar.
Left-ward they ſpred them 'longſt the *Darians* ſide;
Where through th' *Urabian* fields th' *Huo* doth ſlide,
Neer *Zenu*'s ſtream, wch toward the Ocean drags
Pure grains of Gold, as big as Pullets eggs:
To new *Granada*, where the Mount emboſt
With Emeralds doth ſhine; *Cumanean* Coaſt,
Where noyſom vapours (like a duſky night)
Be-dimms their eyes, and doth impaire their ſight:
Therefore ſome troops from *Cumana* they carry
To *Caripana*, *Omagu* and *Pari*:
By *Maragnon*, all over fell *Braſile*,
And *Plate*'s fat Plains, where flowes another *Nile*.
Gheſſe too, that *Grotland* yerſt did *Picne* ſtore,
And *Ireland* fraught *Los Campos de Labor*;

Cosl-diuers mechanicke peopling of the Ilands.

Wonders of the Newfound World.

As *Tonbut*, *Melli*, *Gag'* and *Terminan*,
Planted the Plains and ſhores of *Corican*.
Yet (ſurely) thou wilt gladly grant me this,
That mans ambition ay ſo boundleſſe is,
That ſteepeſt Hils it over-climbs with eaſe,
And runs (as dry-ſhod) through the deepeſt Seas:
And (maugre meagre Thirſt) her Carvels Lands
On *Africk*, *Tolmon*, and *Arabian* ſands;
But hardly credit'ſt that one Family
Out of foure couples ſhould ſo multiply,
That *Aſia*, *Europe*, *Africa*, and All
Seems for their off-ſpring now too ſtraight & ſmall.
If thou ſet-light by th' everlaſting Voyce,
Which now again re-bleſt the Love-full choyce
Of ſacred Wedlocks ſecret binding band;
Saying, *Increaſe*, Flouriſh, and *Fill the Land*:
And if (profane) thou hold it for a Fiction,
That *Seventy Jewes*, in *Egypt* (in affliction)
VVithin foure-hundred years and half three-ſcore,
Grew to five-hundred-thouſand ſoules and more:
Conſider yet, that being fed that while
VVith wholeſome Fruits of an un-forced ſoyl,
And kindly meats, not marred by the Book,
And wanton cunning of a ſawcie Cook;
VVeigh furthermore, that being not cut-down
VVith bloudy ſwords when furious neighbours frown;
Nor worn with Travell, nor enfeebled
VVith hatefull ſloath; Our Grand-ſires flouriſhed
Hundreds of years in youth; and even in Age
Could render duly *Venus* Eſcuage:
And that *Polygamy* (in thoſe dayes common)
Moſt Men uſurping more then one ſole VVoman,
Made then the VVorld ſo mightily augment
In upright Creatures; and (incontinent)
From fruitfull loyns of one old Father-ſtock,
So many branches of man-kinde to flock:
Ev'n as an ear of Corn (if all the yield
Be yearly ſow'n ſtill in a fertill Field)
Fils Barns at length; and ſpreads in ſpacious Plain
Millions of millions of like ears again.
Or as two Fiſhes, caſt into large Meers
VVith fruitfull Spawn will furniſh in few years
A Town with victuall, and ſerve (furthermore)
Their neighbour VVaters with their Fry to ſtore.
Have not our Dayes a certain Father known,
VVho with the fruit of his own body grown,
Peopled a Village of a hundred Fires,
And iſſue-bleſt (the Crown of Old Deſires)
In his own life-time, his own off-ſpring ſaw
To wed each other without breach of Law?
So far the branches of his fruitfull Bed
Paſt all the names of Kinreds-Tree did ſpred.
'Tis known, that few *Arabian* Families
New planted *Lybia* with their Progenies,
In compaſſe of three hundred years and leſſe;
And *Bugi*, *Argier*, *Oran*, *Thunis*, *Tez*,
Fez, *Melli*, *Gago*, *Tonbut*, *Terminan*
VVith hatefull Laws of *Heath'niſh Alcoran*.
If this among the *Africans* we ſee
VVhom cor'zive humour of Melancholy
Doth always tickle with a wanton Luſt,
Although leſſe powrfull in the *Paphian* Jouſt
For Propagation (for, too-often Deed
Of *Loves-Delight*, enfeebles much their ſeed:

How it was poſſible that Noah and his three Sons ſhould ſo multiply.

1. Anſwer.

2

3

Compariſon to that purpoſe.

An example of our dates

Another example.

And

And inly, ſtill they feel a Wintery Fever;
As outwardly, a ſcorching Summer ever) (proach
Gheſſe how much more, thoſe, whoſe hoar heads ap-
And ſee the turnings of Heav'ns flaming *Coach*,
Doe multiply; becauſe they ſeldom venter,
And, but in ſeaſon, *Venus* liſts to enter.
And, the cold, reſting (under th' *Artick* Star)
Still Maſter of the Field in Champian War,
Makes Heat retire into the bodies-Towr:
Wch, there united, gives the much more powr. (*ans*,

The North hath exceedingly multiplyed in people: the South not ſo

Fró thence indeed, *Huns*, *Herules*, *Franks*, *Bulgari-Greeaſſians*, *Sweves*, *Burgognians*, *Turks*, *Tartarians*, *Dutch*, *Cimbers*, *Normans*, *Alains*, *Oſtrogothes*, *Tigurins*, *Lombards*, *Vandals*, *Viſigothes*,
Have ſwarm'd (like Locuſts) round about this Ball,
And ſpoyl'd the faireſt provinces of all:
While barren South had much a-doe t' aſſemble
(In all) two hoaſts; that made the North to tremble:
Whereof; the one, that one-ey'd Champion led,
Who famous *Carthage* raz'd and ruined:
Th' other (by *Tours*) *Charles Martell* martyr'd ſo,
That never ſince, cou'd *Africk* Army ſhow.

Whence our Author takes occaſion to enter into an excellent diſcourſe of Gods wonderous work in the divers temperatures, qualities, complexions, and manners of ſo many Nations in the World.

O! ſee how full of wonders ſtrange is Nature:
Sith in each *Clime*, not alone in ſtature,
Stength, hair and colour, that men differ doe,
But in their humours and their maners too.
Whether that, Cuſtome into Nature change:
Whether that, Youth to th' Elds example range:
Or divers Laws of divers Kingdoms, vary-us:
Or th' influence of Heav'nly bodies, carry-us.
The northern-man is fair, the ſouthern foul; (ſcoul:
That 's white, this black; that ſmiles and this doth
Th' one's blithe & frolike, th' other dull & fro-ward;
Th' one's full of courage, th' other fearfull coward:
Th' one's hair is harſh, big, curled, th' others ſlender;
Th' one loveth labour, th' other books doth tender:
Th' one's hot and moiſt, the other 's hot and dry;
Th' one's voyce is hoarſe, the other's cleer and high:
Th' one's plain and honeſt, th' other all deceipt:
Th' one's rough and rude, th' other handſom, neat:
Th' one (giddy-brain'd) is turn'd with every wind:
The other (conſtant) never changeth mind:
Th' one's looſe and wanton, the other continent;
Th' one thrift-leſſe laviſh, th' other provident:
Th' one milde companion, th' other ſtern & ſtrange
(Like a wilde Wolfe) loves by himſelfe to range:
Th' one's pleas'd wth plainnes, th' other pomp affects:
Th' one's born for Arms, the other Arts reſpects.
But middling folk, who their abiding make
Between theſe two, of either guiſe partake;
And ſuch have ſtonger limbs, but weaker wit,
Then thoſe that neer *Niles* fertill ſides do ſit;
And (oppoſite) more wit and leſſer force,
Then thoſe that haunt *Rhines* and *Danubius* ſhores.
For, in the Cirque of th' Univerſall *City*;
The *Southern*-man, who (quick and curious-witty)
Builds all on dreams, deep Extaſies and Tranſes,
Who meaſures Heav'ns eternall-moving Dances,
Whoſe ſearching ſoule can hardly be ſuffic'd
With Vulgar Knowledge, holds the Place of Prieſt.
The *Northern*-man, whoſe wit in's Fingers ſettles,
Who what him liſt can work in Wood & Mettles,
Who (*Salmon*-like) can thunder counterfait;
With men of Arms, and Artizans is ſet.
The *Third* (as knowing well to rule a State)
Holds, gravely-wiſe, the room of Magiſtrate.
Th' one (to be brieſe) loves ſtudious *Theory*,
The other Trades, the third deep *Policy*.
Yet true it is, that ſince ſome later luſtres,
Minerva, *Themis*, *Hermes* and his *Siſters*
Have ſet, as well, their Schools in th' *Artick* Parts,
As *Mars* his Lifts, and *Vulcan* Shops of Arts.

Notable difference between the Nations of Europ.

Nay, ſee we not among our ſelves, that live
Mingled almoſt (to whom the Lord doth give
But a ſmall Turf of Earth to dwell-upon)
This wondrous odds in our condition?
We finde the *Alman* in his fight courageous,
But falable; th' *Italian* too-outrageous;
Sudden the *French*, impatient of delay,
The *Spaniard* ſlow, but ſubtle to betray;
Th' *Alman* in Counſell cold, th' *Italian* quick,
The *French* inconſtant, *Spaniards* politick;
Fine feeds th' *Italian*, and the *Spaniard* ſpares,
Prince-like the *French*, Pig-like the *Alman* fares;
Milde ſpeaks the *French*, the *Spaniard* proud and
Rudely the *Alman*, and th' *Italian* grave; (brave,
Th' *Italian* proud in 'tire, *French* changing much,
Fit-clad the *Spaniard* and un-fit the *Dutch*; (him,
The *French*-man braves his Foe, th' *Italian* cheers-
The *Alman* ſpoyls, the *Spaniard* never bears-him;
The *French*-man ſings, th' *Italian* ſeems to bleat,
The *Spaniard* whines, the *Alman* howleth great;
Spaniards like Jugglers jet, th' *Almans* like Cocks,
The *French* goes quick, th' *Italian* like an Ox;
Dutch Lovers proud, th' *Italian* envious,
Frolick the *French*, the *Spaniard* furious.

Eſpecially the *French*, *German*, *Italian* and *Spaniard*.

Yet would the Lord, that *Noahs* fruitfull Race
Should over-ſpread th' Earths univerſall Face;
That, drawing ſo his Children from the crimes,
Which ſeem peculiar to their Native Climes,
He might reveal his grace; and that Heav'ns lights
Might well incline (but not conſtrain) our ſprights;
That over all the World, his Saints alwayes
Might offer him ſweet Sacrifice of praiſe;
That from cold *Scythia*, his high Name as far
Might ay reſound as Sun-burnt *Zanzibar*;
And that the treaſures which ſtrange ſoils produce,
Might not ſeem worth-leſſe for the want of uſe;
But that the In-land Lands might truck and barter,
And vent their Wares about to every Quarter.

Cauſe why the Lord would have Mankinde ſo diſperſed over all the World.

For, as in LONDON *(ſtuft with every ſort)*
Here's the Kings Palace, there the Innes of Court:
Here (to the Thames-ward, all a-long the STRAND*)*
The ſtately houſes of the Nobles ſtand:
Here dwell rich Merchants, there Artificers:
Here Silk-men, Mercers, Gold-ſmiths, Jewellers;
There's a Church-yard furniſht with choyce of books;
Here ſtand the Shambles, there the Row of Cooks:
Here wonn Up-holſters, Haberdaſhers, Horners;
There Poticcaries, Grocers, Tailors, Turners:
Here Shoo-makers; there Joyners, Coopers, Coviers:
Here Brewers, Bakers, Cutlers, Felters Furriers:
This Street is full of DRAPERS*, that of Dyers;*
This ſhop with Tapers, that with Womens Tiars:
For coſtly Toys, ſilk Stockings, Cambrick, Lawn,
Here's choice-full Plenty in the curious PAWN*;*
And all's but an Exchange*, where (briefly) no man*
Keeps ought as private. Trade makes all things common.

The World compared to a mighty City, wherein dwell people of all conditions, continually trafficking together and exchanging their particular commodities, for benefit of the Publike.

So

So come our Sugars from *Canary* Iles;
From *Candy* Currans; Muskadels and Oyls:
From the *Moluques*, Spices: Balſamum
From *Egypt*: Odours from *Arabia* come:
From *India*, Drugs rich Gemms and Ivorie:
From *Syria*, Mummy: black-red Ebony,
From burning *Chus*: from *Peru*, Pearl and Gold:
From *Ruſsia*, Furres (to keep the rich from cold):
From *Florence*, Silks: from *Spain*, Fruit, Saffron, Sacks:
From *Denmark*, Amber, Cordage, Firres and Flax:
From *France* and *Flanders*, Linnen, Woad & Wine:
From *Holland* Hops: Horſe, from the banks of *Rhine*.
In brief, each Countrey (as pleas'd God diſtribute)
To the Worlds Treaſure payes a ſundry Tribute.

And as ſomtimes that ſumptuous *Perſian Dame*
(Out of her pride) accuſtomed to name
One Province for her Robe, her Rail another;
Her Partlet this, her Pantofles the tother;
This her rich Mantle, that her royall Chain;
This her rare Bracelets, that her ſtately Train:
Even ſo may Man. For, what wilde Hill ſo ſteep?
What ſo vaſte Deſart? what ſo dangerous Deep?
What Sea ſo wrackfull? or ſo barren Shore
In all the World may be ſuppoſ'd ſo poor,
But yeelds him Rent; and free from envious ſpight,
Contributes frankly to his Lifes Delight?

Th' inammell'd Valleys, where the liquid glaſſe
Of ſilver Brooks in curled ſtreams doth paſſe,
Serve us for Gardens; and their flowry Fleece
Affords us Sithe-work yearly twice or thrice;
The Plains for Corn; the ſwelling Downs for ſheep;
Small Hils for Vines; the Mountains ſtrangely ſteep
(Thoſe heav'n-climb ladders, labyrinths of wonder,
Cellars of Winde, and ſhops of Sulph'ry Thunder;
Where ſtormy Tempeſts have their ugly birth;
Which thou miſ-call'ſt the blemiſh of the Earth;
Thinking (profane) that God, or Fortune light,
Made them of envy, or of over-ſight)
Bound with eternall bounds proud Emperies;
Bear mighty Forreſts, full of Timber-Trees
(Whereof thou buildeſt Ships and Houſes fair,
To trade the Seas and fence thee from the Aire)
Spew ſpacious Rivers full of fruitfull breed,
Which neighbour-Peoples with their plenty feed;
Farten the Earth with freſh ſweet, fertill miſts;
Drive gainefull Mills; and ſerve for Forts and Liſts
To ſtop the Fury of War's waſte-full hand,
And joyne to th' Sea the middle of the Land.
The Wildes & Deſarts, which ſo much amaze thee,
Are goodly Paſtures that do dayly graze thee
Millions of Beaſts for Tillage, and (beſides)
Store thee with Fleſh, with Fleeces, & with Hides.
Yea, the vaſt Sea (which ſeems but onely good
To drown the World, and cover with his Flood
So many Countries, where we elſe might hope
For thrifty pains to reap a thankfull Crop)
Is a large Lardar, that in briny Deeps
To nouriſh thee, a World of Creatures keeps:
A plenteous Victualler, whoſe proviſions ſerve
Millions of Cities that elſe needs muſt ſtarve
(Like half-dead Dolphins, which the Ebb lets lye
Gaſping for thirſt upon the ſand, a-dry):
'T increaſeth Trade, Journeyes abbreviates,
The flitting Clouds it ceaſe-leſſe exhalates;
Which, cooling th' aire, and guſhing down in rain,
Make *Ceres* Sons, (in ſight) to mount amain.

But, ſhall I ſtill be Boreas *Tennis-ball?*
Shall I be ſtill ſtern Neptunes *toſſed Thrall?*
Shall I no more behold thy native ſmoak,
Dear Ithaca? *Alas! my Bark is broak,*
And leaks ſo faſt, that I can row no more:
Help, help (my Mates) make haſte unto the ſhore.
O! we are loſt; unleſſe ſome friendly banks
Quickly receive our Tempeſt-beaten planks.
Ah, courteous ENGLAND, *thy kinde arms I ſee*
Wide-ſtretched out to ſave and welcome me.
Thou (tender Mother) wilt not ſuffer Age
To ſnow my locks in Forrein *Pilgrimage;*
That fell Braſile *my breath-leſſe Corps ſhould ſhrowd,*
Or golden Peru *of my praiſe be proud,*
Or rich Cathay *to glory in my Verſe:*
Thou gav'ſt me Cradle; thou wilt give me Herſe.
All hail (dear ALBION*)* Europ's *pearl of price,*
The Worlds rich Garden, Earths rare Paradiſe:
Thrice-happy Mother, which ay bringeſt forth
Such Chivalry as daunteth all the Earth
(Planting the Trophies of thy glorious Arms
By Sea and Land, where ever Titan *warms):*
Such Artizans as doe well neer Eclipſe
Fair Natures praiſe in peer-leſſe Workmanſhips:
Such happy Wits, as Egypt, Greece, *and* Rome
(At leaſt) have equall'd, if not overcome;
And ſhine among their (Modern) learned Fellows,
As Gold doth gliſter among paler Yellows;
Or as Apollo *th' other* Planets *paſſes;*
Or as his Flowr excels the Medow-graſſes.
Thy Rivers, Seas; thy Cities, Shires do ſeem;
Civill in manners, as in buildings trim:
Sweet is thine Aire, thy ſoyl exceeding fat,
Fenc't from the World *(as better worth then That)*
With triple Wall (of Water, Wood, and Braſſe)
Which never ſtranger yet had power to paſſe;
Save when the Heav'ns have, for thy haynous Sin,
By ſome of thine, with falſe keyes let them in.
About thy borders (O Heav'n-bleſſed ILE*)*
There never crawls the noyſome Crocodile;
Nor bane-breath'd Serpent, *basking in thy ſand,*
Meaſures an Acre of thy flowry Land,
The ſwift-foot Tiger, *or fierce* Lioneſſe
Haunt not thy Mountains, nor thy Wilderneſſe;
Nor ravening Wolves *worry thy tender Lambs,*
Bleating for help unto their help-leſſe Dams;
Nor ſubtle Sea-Horſe, *with deceitfull Call,*
Intice thy Children in thy Floods to fall. (rowl'd,
What though thy Thames *and* Tweed *have never*
Among their gravell, maſty grains of Gold?
What though thy Mountains ſpew no Silver *ſtreams?*
Though every Hillock yeeld not precious Gemms?
Though in thy Forreſts hang no ſilken *Fleeces?*
Nor ſacred Incenſe, *nor delicious* Spices?
What though the cluſters of thy colder Vines
Diſtill not Clarets, Sacks, *nor* Muſcadines?
Yet are thy Wools, *thy* Corn, *thy* Cloth, *thy* Tin,
Mines rich enough to make thee Europs *Queen,*
Yea Empreſſe of the World; *Yet not ſufficient*
To make thee thankefull to the Cauſe efficient
Of all thy Bleſsings: Who beſides all this,
Hath (now nine Luſtres) lent thee greater bliſſe;

Here (as it were) wearied with ſo long a voyage, from ſo broad and bottomleſſe an Ocean (in imitation of the inimitable Author) the Tranſlator hoping kind intertainment, puts in for the Port of *England*: whoſe happy praiſes he proſecutes at large; Concluding with a zealous prayer for preſervation of the *King*, & proſperity of his Kingdome.

His blessed Word (the witnesse of his favour)
To guide thy Sons unto his Son (their Saver)
With Peace and Plenty: while, from War and Want,
Thy neighbours Countries never breathed scant.
And last, not least (so far beyond the scope
Of Christians Fear, and Anti-Christians Hope)
When all thy Fall seem'd to Prognosticate,
Hath higher rais'd the glory of thy State;
In raysing STUARDS to thy regall Throne,
To rule (as David, and as Salomon)
With Prudence, Prowesse, Justice, and Sobriety,
Thy happy People in Religious Piety.
O too too happy! too too fortunate,
Knew'st thou thy Weal: or were thou not ingrate.
But left (at last) Gods righteous wrath consume-us,
If on his patience still we thus presume-us:
And least (at last) all Blessings had before
Double in Curses to torment-us more:
Dear Mother ENGLAND, bend thine aged knee,
And to the Heav'ns lift up thy hands with mee;
Off with thy Pomp, hence with thy Pleasures past:
Thy Mirth be Mourning, and thy Feast a FAST:
And let thy Soule, with my sad soule confesse
Our former sins, and foul unthankefulnesse.
Pray we the Father, through th' adopting Spirit,
Not measure us according to our merit;
Nor strictly weigh, at his high Justice beam,
Our bold Rebellions, and our Pride extreme:
But, for his Son (our deer Redeemers) sake
His Sacrifice, for our sins Ransom, take;
And, looking on us with milde Mercies Eye,
Forgive our Past, our Future Sanctifie;
That never more, his Fury we incense
To strike (as now) with raging Pestilence
(Much lesse provoke him by our guilt so far,
To wound us more with Famine and with War).

Lord, cease thy wrath: Put up into thy Quiver
This dreadfull shaft: Dear Father, us deliver:
And, under wings of thy Protection, keep
Thy Servant JAMES, both waking and a-sleep:
And (furthermore) we (with the Psalmist) sing,
Lord give thy judgements to (our Lord) the King Psal.
And to his Son, and let there ay be one
Of his Male Seed to sit upon his Throne,
To feed thy Folk in Jacob, and (advance)
In Israel thy (deer) inheritance,
And (long-long-lived) full of Faith and Zeal,
Reform (like Asa) Church and Common-weal;
Raysing poore Vertue, razing proudest Vice,
Without respect of Person or of Price;
That all bold Atheists, all Blasphemers, then,
All Popish Traitors may bee weeded clean:
And, Curst be All that say not, here, Amen.

FINIS.

THE

The Columnes.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Seth's Pillars found: Heber *instructs his Son*
In th' vse thereof, and who them first begun;
Opens the One, and findes on severall Frames,
Foure lively Statues *of foure lovely Dames*
(The Mathematikes*) furnisht each a-part*
With Equipages of their severall Art:
Wonders of Numbers *and* Geometry:
New Observations in Astronomy:
Muficks *rare force:* Canaan *(the Cursed) cause*
Of Hebers *stop: and* BARTAS *witty pause.*

Being about to treat of the Mathematicks, our Poet here implorech especiall assistance in handling so high and difficult a subject.

IF ever (Lord) the pureſt of my Soule
In *ſacred Rage* were rapt above the *Pole:*
If ever, by thy Spirit my ſpirit inſpir'd,
Offred thee Layes that learned *France* admir'd,
Father of light, Fountain of learned Art,
Now, now (or never) purge my pureſt part:
Now quinteſſence my Soule, and now advance
My care-free Powrs in ſome celeſtiall Tranſe:
That (purg'd from paſſion) thy divine addreſſe
May guide me through Heav'ns gliſtering Palaces;
Where (happily) my dear URANIA's grace,
And her fair Siſters I may all imbrace:
And (the melodious *Sirens* of the Sphears,
Charming my ſenſes in thoſe ſweets of theirs)
So raviſhed, I may at reſt contemple
The Starry Arches of thy ſtately Temple:
Unto this end, that as (at firſt) from thee
Our Grand-fires learn'd Heav'ns Courſe & Quality;
Thou now maiſt prompt me ſome more lofty Song,
As to this lofty Subject doth belong. (tion

The occaſion and ground of this diſcourſe.

AFTER THAT Mens ſtrife-hatching, haut ambi-
Had (as by lot) made this low Worlds partition;
Phalec and *Heber*, as they wandred, fand
A huge high *Pillar*, which upright did ſtand
(Much like a Rock amid the Ocean ſet,
Seeming great *Neptunes* ſurly pride to threat;
Whereon a *Pharos* bears a Lanthorn bright,
To ſave from Shipwrack thoſe that ſayl by night)
And afterward, another nigh as great;
But not ſo ſtrong, ſo ſtately, nor ſo neat:
For, on the flowry field it lay all flat,
Built but of Brick, of ruſty Tiles, and Slat:

Whereas the firſt was builded fair and ſtrong
Of Jaſper ſmooth, and Marble laſting long.
Phalecs queſtion. What Miracles! what monſtrous heaps! what hils
Heav'd-up my hand! what Types of antike Skils
In form-leſſe Forms (quoth *Phalec*)! Father ſhow
(For th' ages paſt I know full well you know):
Pray teach me, who did both theſe works conſt?
About what time: and then to what effect?
Hebers anſwer. Old *Seth* (ſaith *Heber*) *Adams* Scholler yerſt
(Who was the Scholler of his Maker firſt)
Having attain'd to know the courſe and ſites,
Th'aſpect and greatneſs of Heav'ns gliſtering lights;
He taught his Children, whoſe induſtrious wit
Through diligence grew excellent in it.
For, while their flocks on flowry ſhores they kept
Of th' *Eaſtern* Floods, while other ſoundly ſlept
(Huſhing their cares in a Night-ſhortning nap,
Upon *Oblivions* dull and ſenſe-leſſe Lap)
They, living luſty, thrice the age of Rav'ns,
Obſerv'd the Twinkling Wonders of the Heav'ns:
And on their Grand-ſires firm and goodly ground
A ſumptuous building they in time do found.
But (by Tradition (*Cabaliſtik*) taught, (nought,
That God would twice reduce this World to
By *Flood* and *Flame*; they reared cunningly
This ſtately pair of *Pillars* which you ſee;
Long-time ſafe-keeping, for their after-Kin,
A hundred learned Myſteries therein.
The cauſe of the pillars. This having ſaid, old *Heber* drawing nigher,
Opens a Wicket in the Marble Spire,
Where (*Phalec* following) ſoon perceive they might
A pure Lamp burning with immortall light.
Simile. As a mean perſon, who (though oft-diſgrac't
By churliſh Porters) is convai'd at laſt
To the Kings Cloſet; rapt in deep amaze,
At th' end-leſſe Riches up and down doth gaze:
So *Phalec* fares. O Father (cryes he out)
What ſhapes are theſe here placed round about,
So like each other wrought with equall skill,
That foure rain-drops cannot more like diſtill?
What Tools are theſe? what divine ſecrets lye
Hidden within this learned Myſterie? (are,
The liberall Sciences. Theſe foure (quoth *Heber*) foure bright Virgins
Heav'ns Babes, and Siſters, the moſt faire and rare,
That e'r begot th' eternall Spirit (expir'd
From double Spirit) or humane Soule admir'd.
Arithmatick. This firſt, that ſtill her lips and fingers moves,
And up and down ſo ſundry wayes removes
Her nimble Crowns; th' induſtrious Art it is
Which knowes to caſt all Heav'ns bright Images
All Winters hail, and all the gawdy flowrs
Wherewith gay *Flora* pranks this Globe of ours.
She 's ſtately deckt in a moſt rich Attire:
All kind of Coins in gliſtering heaps lye by-her:
Upon her ſacred head Heav'n ſeems to drop
A richer ſhowr then fell in *Dana's* Lap:
A gold-ground Robe; and for a glaſſe (to look)
Down by her girdle hangs a Table-book,
Wherein the chief of her rare Rules are writ,
To be ſafe-guarded from times greedy bit.
Her Number. 1 Mark here what Figure ſtands for *One*, the right
Root of all Number; and of Infinite:
Loves happineſſe, the praiſe of Harmony,
Nurc'rie of all, and end of *Polymny*:
No number, but more then a Number yet;
Potentially in all, and all in it.
2 Now, note *Two's* Character, *One's* heire apparent,
As his firſt-born; firſt Number, and the Parent
Of Female pairs. Here now obſerve the *Three*,
3 Th' eldeſt of odds, Gods Number properly;
Wherein both Number, and no-number enter:
Heav'ns deareſt Number, whoſe incloſed Center
Doth equally from both extreams extend:;
The firſt that hath beginning, midſt, and end.
4 The (*Cubes* Baſe) *Foure*; a full and perfect ſumm,
Whoſe added parts juſt unto Ten doe come; (ons,
Number of Gods great Name, Seaſons, Complexi-
Winds, Elements, and Cardinall Perfections.
5 Th' Hermaphrodite *Five*, never multipli'd
By't ſelfe, or Odd, but there is ſtill deſcri'd
His proper face: for, three times *Five* arrive
Unto Fifteen; *Five Fives* to Twenty-*five*.
6 The perfect *Six*, whoſe juſt proportions gather,
To make his VVhole, his members altogether:
For *Three's* his halfe, his *Sixt One*, *Two*, his *Third*;
And *One Two Three*, make *Six*, in One conferd.
7 The Criticall and double-ſexed *Seven*,
The Number of th' unfixed Fires of Heav'n;
And of th' eternall ſacred *Sabbaath*;
VVhich *Three* and *Foure* conteineth joyntly both.
8 9 Th' *Eight*, double ſquare. The ſacred note of *Nine*,
VVhich comprehends the *Muſes* Tripple-Trine.
10 The *Ten*, which doth all Number's force combine:
The *Ten*, which makes, as *One* the *Point*, the *Line*:
100. 1000. The *Figure*, th' *Hundred*, *Thouſand*, (ſolid corps)
VVhich, oft re-doubled, on th' *Atlantick* ſhores
Can ſumm the ſand, and all the drops diſtilling
From weeping *Auſter*, or the Ocean filling.
Addition. See: many *Summs*, here written ſtreight & even
Subtraction. Multiplication. Each over other, are in one contriven:
See here ſmall Numbers drawn from greater count,
Here *Multipli'd* they infinitely mount:
Diviſion. And laſtly, ſee how (on the other ſide)
One Summ in many doth it ſelfe *Divide*.
Geometry. That ſallow-fac't, ſad, ſtooping *Nymph*, whoſe eye
Still on the ground is fixed ſtedfaſtly,
Seeming to draw with point of ſilver wand
Some curious Circles in the ſliding ſand;
VVho wears a Mantle, brancht with flowrie Buds,
Emboſt with Gold, trayled with ſilver Floods,
Bordered with greeneſt Trees, and fringed fine
VVith richeſt Aznre of Seas ſtormfull brine:
VVhoſe duſky Buskins (old and tattered out)
Show, ſhe hath travell'd far and near about
By North and South; it is *Geometry*,
The Crafts-mans guide, Mother of *Symmetry*,
The life of Inſtruments of rare effect,
Law of that Law which did the VVorld erect.
Her Inſtruments and Figures. Here's nothing here, but *Rules*, *Squares*, *Compaſſes*, *Weights*, *Meaſures*, *Plummets*, *Figures*, *Balances*.
Lo, where the VVorkman with a ſteddy hand
Ingeniouſly a levell *Line* hath drawn,
VVar-like *Triangles*, building fit *Quadrangles*,
And hundred kinds of forms of *Many-Angles*
Straight, *Broad*, & *Sharp*: Now ſee on th' other ſide
Other, whoſe *Tracts* never directly ſlide,
As with the *Snayl*, the crooked *Serpenter*,
And that which moſt the learned do prefer.

The

The complete *Circle*; from whose every-place
The *Centre* stands an equi-distant space.
See here the *Solids*, *Cubes*, *Cylinders*, *Cones*,
Pyramides, *Prismas*, *Dodechedrons*: (prehends
And there the *Sphear*, which (Worlds Type) com-
In't-selfe, it selfe; having nor midst nor ends:
Arts excellence, praise of his Peers, a wonder
Wherein consists (in divers sort) a hundred:
Firm *Mobile*, an up-down-bending-Vault,
Sloaping in Circuit, yet directly wrought.
See, how so soon as it to veer begins,
Both up and down, forward and back it wends;
And, rapt by other, not it self alone
Moves, but moves others with its motion
(Witnesse the Heav'ns): yea, it doth seem, beside,
When it stands still, to shake on every side,
Because it hath but one small point, where-on
His equall halves are equi-poiz'd upon,
And yet this goodly *Globe*, where we assemble
(Though hung in th' Air) doth never selfly tremble:
For, it 's the midst of the Con-centrick Orbs
Whom never Angle nor out-nook disturbs.
All *Solids* else (cast in the Aire) reflect
Un-self-like-forms: but in a Globe each tract
Seems still the same, because it every-where
Is uniform, and differs not a hair.
More-over, as the Buildings *Ambligon*
May more receive then Mansions *Oxigon*
(Because th' *acute*, and the *rect-Angles* too
Stride not so wide as *obtuse Angles* doe)
So doth the *Circle* in his Circuit span
More room then any other *Figure* can.
Th' other are eas'ly broke, because of joynts,
Ends, and beginnings, edges, nooks, and points:
But, th' *Orb* 's not subject unto such distresse,
Because 'tis joynt-lesse, point-lesse, corner-lesse.
Chiefly (my *Phalec*) hither bend thy minde,
And learn Two Secrets which but few shall finde,
Two busie knots, Two labyrinths of doubt,
Where future Schools shall wander long about,
Beating their brains, their best endevors troubling:
The *Circles* Squarenes, and the *Cubes* re-doubling.
The certainty of Geometry. Print ever fatter in thy faithfull brain,
Then on brasse leaves, these *Problemes* proved plain,
Not by Sophistick subtle Arguments,
But even by practise and experience:
Un-disputable Art, and fruitfull Skill,
Which with new wonders all the World shall fill.
Horses in Engines, Mills. Here-by, the Waters of the lowest Fountains
Shall play the Millers, as the Winds on Mountains:
And grain, so grown'd within a rowling Frame,
Shall pay his duty to his niggard Dame.
Guns. Here-by, a Bullet spewd from Brazen Brest
In fiery fume against a Town distrest,
With roaring powr shall pash the Rocks in sunder,
And wth the noise ev'n drown the voice of thunder.
Ships. Here-by, the wings of favourable Windes
Shall bear from Western to the Eastern *Indes*,
From *Africa* to *Tule* 's farthest Floud,
A House (or rather a whole Town) of Wood;
While sitting still, the Pilot shall at ease
With a short Leaver guide it through the Seas.
Printing. Here-by the PRINTER, in one day shall rid
More Books, then yerst a thousand Writers did.
The Crane. Here-by, a Crane shall steed in building more
Then hundred Porters busie pains before:
The Staffe. The *Jacobs-staffe*, to measure heights, and Lands,
Shall far excell a thousand nimble hands,
To part the Earth in *Zones* and *Climats* even;
And in twice-twenty-and-foure *Figures*, Heav'n.
A Wand, Sand, Water, small Wheels, turning ay,
Dials and Clocks. In twice-twelve parts shall part the night and day.
Spheares. Statues of VVood shall speak: and fained Sphears
Show all the wonders of true Heav'n in theirs.
Men rashly mounting through the empty Sky,
VVith wanton wings shall cross the Seas well-nigh.
And (doubtlesse) if the *Geometrician* finde
Another VVorld where (to his working minde)
To place at pleasure and convenience
His wondrous Engins and rare Instruments,
Even (like a little God) in time he may
To some new place transport this VVorld away.
Because these Two our passage open set
To bright *Urania's* sacred Cabinet,
VVherein she keeps her sumptuous Furniture,
Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies, and Saphires pure:
Because to climb starry *Parnassus* top
None can, unlesse these Two do help him up
(For, whoso wants either of these two eyes,
In vain beholds Heav'ns glistering Canapies):
The Carver (here) close by *Geometry*
And *Numbring Art* hath plac't *Astronomy*.
Astronomy. A silver Crescent wears she for a Crown,
A hairy Comet to her heels hangs down,
Brows stately bent in milde Majestick wise,
Beneath the same two Carbuncles for eyes,
An Azure Mantle waving at her back,
VVith two bright Clasps buckled about her neck;
From her right shoulder sloaping over-thwart her,
A watchet Scarf, or broad imbrodered Garter,
Flourisht with Beasts of sundry shapes, and each
VVith glistering Stars imboss't and poudred rich;
And then, for wings, the golden plumes she wears
Of that proud Bird which starry Rowels bears.
Her two Globes. But what faire Globes (quoth *Phalec*) seems she
VVith spreading arms, to reach and offer us? (thus
1. The Terrestriall. My Son (quoth *Heber*) that round Figure there,
VVith crossing Circles, is the Mundane Sphear;
VVherein, the Earth (as the most vile and base
And Lees of all) doth hold the lowest place:
VVhom prudent Nature girdeth over-thwart
VVith Azure Zone; or rather every part
Covers with water winding round about,
Save here and there some Angles peeping out;
For, th' Oceans liquid and sad sliding VVaves
Sinking in deepest of Earths hollow Caves,
Seek not (within her vast unequall height)
The Centre of the wideness, but the weight. (Seven,
There should be th' Aire, the Fire, and wandring
The Firmament, and the first-moving Heav'n
(Besides th' Empyreall Palace of the *Saintled*)
Each over other, if they could be painted.
His 10. Circles. But th' Artist, faining in the steed of these,
Ten Circles, like Heav'ns Superficies,
To guide us to them by more easie Path,
In hollow Globe the same described hath.
'Mid th' amplest *Six*, whose crossing difference
Divides in two the Sphears circumference,

1 The Equinoctiall.
Stands th' *Equinoctiall*, equi-diſtant all
From thoſe two *Poles* which do ſupport this Ball.
Therefore each Star that underneath it ſlides
A reſt-leſſe, long, and weary Journey rides,
Goes larger Circuit, and more ſpeedy far
Then any other ſteddy fixed Star
(Which wexeth ſlow the more it doth advance
Neer either *Pole* his God-directed Daunce)
And while *Apollo* drives his Load of Light
Under this *Line*, the day and dusky Night
Tread equall ſteps: for, learned Natures hand
Then meaſures them a-like in every Land.

2 The Zodiack.
The next, which there beneath it ſloaply ſlides,
And his fair Hindges from the World's divides
Twice twelve Degrees; is call'd th' *Zodiack*,
The *Planets* path, where *Phœbus* plies to make
Th' years Revolution: through new *Houſes* ranging,
To cauſe the *Seaſons* yearly four-fold changing.

3 The 1. Colure.
Th' other, which (croſſing th' Univerſall Props,
And thoſe where *Twins* Whirling Chariot ſloaps)
Rect-angles forms; and, crooking, cuts in two
Here *Capricorn*; there burning *Cancer* too;
Of the Sun's ſtops, it *Colure* hath to name,
Becauſe his Teem doth ſeem to trot more tame
On theſe cut points: for here he doth not ride
Flatling a-long, but up the Sphears ſteep ſide.

4 The 2. Colure.
Th' other, which cuts this equi-diſtantly
With *Aries*, *Poles*, and *Scale*, is (like-wiſely)
The ſecond *Colure*: The *Meridian*, This
5 The Meridian.
Which never in one point of Heav'n perſiſts;
But ſtill purſues our *Zenith*: as the light
Inconſtant *Horizon* our ſhifting ſight.

6 The Horizon.
For the foure ſmall ones: here the *Tropicks* turn,
7 and 8. The Tropicks.
Both that of *Cancer* and of *Capricorn*.
And neerer th' Hindges of the golden Sphear,
9 and 10. The South and North Circles
Here's the *South-Circle*; the *North-Circle* there:
Which *Circles* croſſe not (as you ſee) at all
The Center-point of th' univerſall Ball;
But, parting th' Orb into unequall ells,
'Twixt th' *Equi-nox* and them, reſt *Parallels*.

The Celeſtiall Globes.
The other Ball her left hand doth ſupport, (ſhort
Is Heav'ns bright Globe: for, though that Art come
Of Nature far, here may ingenious ſoules
Admire the ſtages of Star-ſeeled *Poles*.

The divers aſpects of the Celeſtiall Bodies.
O what delight it is in turning ſoft
The bright Abbridgement of that upper Loft,
(To ſeem) to ſee Heav'ns glorious Hoaſt to march
In gliſtering Troops about th' *Æthereall* Arch!
Where, one for arms bears Bow & Shafts: a Sword
A ſecond hath; a trembling Launce a third:
One fals, another in his Chariot rowles
On th' Azure Braſſe of th' ever-radiant Bowles:
This ſerves a-foot, that (as a Horſe-man) rides:
This up, that down; this back, that forward ſlides:
Their order order-leſſe, and Peacefull Braul
With-chil'ds the World; fils Sea, and Earth, & All.

Simile.
I never ſee their glances inter-ject
In *Triangle*, *Sextile*, or *Square* aſpect,
Now milde, now moody; but me thinks I ſee
Some frolike Swains amid their dancing glee;
Where Men and Maids together make them merry,
With Jigs and Rounds, till Pipe and all be weary:
Where, on his Love one ſmiles with wanton eye;
Where-at his Rivall frowns for Jealouſie.

Queſtion.
But why (quoth *Phalec*) hath th' All-fair, who frams
Nought here below, but 's full of Beauties flames,
Ingrav'n on th' Orbs of th' Azure cryſtalline
(Where Beauties ſelf, and Love ſhould ever ſhine)
So many hideous Beaſts and Monſters fell;
Fellows, more fit for th' ugly Fiends in Hell?

Anſwer.
Surely (ſaith *Heber*) God's All-prudent pleaſure
Makes nothing Artleſſe, nor without juſt meaſure:
And this the Worlds chief praiſe of Beauty carries,
That in each part it infinitely varies.

The reaſon of the names given to the 12. Signes of the Zodiack.
Our learned Elders then, who on this Sphear,
Heav'ns ſhining *Signes* imagin'd fitly-fair,
Did unto each, ſuch Shape and Name deviſe,
As with their Natures neerly ſymbolize.

1. Aries.
In form of *Ram* with golden fleece they put (butt;
The bi-corn'd *Signe*, which the Years bounds doth
Becauſe the World (under his temp'rate heat)
In fleece of flowrs is pranked richly neat.

2. Taurus.
Of *Bull* the next: becauſe the Husband-men
With yoaks of ſlow-pac't ſmoaking Bullocks then
Tear-up their Fallows, and with hope-full toyl,
Furbuſh their Coultars in the Corn-fit ſoyl.

3. Gemini.
Of *Twins* the third: becauſe then, of two Sexes
Kinde-cruell *Cupid* one whole body mixes:
Then all things couple, then Fruits double grow,
Then Flowrs do flouriſh, & corn Fields do ſhow.

4. Cancer.
The fourth a *Lobſtars* name and frame they made,
Becauſe then South-ward *Sol* doth retrograde,
Goes (*Crab*-like) backward, and ſo never ſtinteth,
But ſtill his wheels in the ſame track reprinteth.

5. Leo.
The fifth a *Lion*: for as Lions breath
Is burning hot; ſo likewiſe, underneath
This fiery *Signe*, th' Earth ſparkles, and the ſtreams
Seems ſod-away with the Suns glowing beams.

6. Virgo.
The ſixth a *Maid*: becauſe with Maid-like honour,
Th' Earth loatheth then the Suns Love-glances on
T' inflame her Love: and (reclus'd as it were) (her
This Virgin Seaſon nought at all doth bear.

7. Libra.
Balance the ſeventh; becauſe it equall weighs
Nights loving-ſilence and griefe-guiding Dayes;
And Heat and Cold; and in *Muſt*-Month, the Beam
Stands equi-poiz'd in equi-poizing them.

8. Scorpio.
Scorpion the next: becauſe his piercing ſting
Doth the firſt tydings of cold Winter bring.

9. Sagittarius.
The ninth an *Archer* both in Shape and Name,
Who day and night follows his faireſt game;
And his keen Arrows every-where beſtowes
Headed with Yce, feathered with Sleet & Snowes.

10. Capricornus.
The next a *Kid*: becauſe as Kids doe clime
And friſk from Rock to Rock; about this Time
The Prince of Planets (with the locks of Amber)
Begins again up towards us to clamber.

11 Aquarius 12. Piſces.
And then, becauſe Heav'n always ſeems to weep
Under the enſung *Signes*; on th' Azure ſteep
Our Parents plac't a *Skanker*: and by him,
Two ſilver *Fiſhes* in his flouds to ſwim.

A deeper and more curious reaſon of the ſame.
But if (my Son) this ſuperficiall gloze
Suffice the not; then may we thus ſuppoſe,
That as before th' All-working Word alone
Made Nothing be All's womb and *Embryon*,
Th' eternall Plot, th' *Idea* fore-conceiv'd,
The wondrous Form of all that Form receiv'd,
Did in the Work-mans ſpirit divinely lie;
And, yer it was, the VVorld was wondrouſly;

Th'

Th' Eternall *Trine-One*, ſpreading even the Tent
Of th' All enlightning glorious Firmament,
Fill'd it with figures; and in various Marks
There pourtray'd Tables of his future Works.
See here the pattern of a ſilver Brook
Which in and out on th' Azure ſtage doth crook,
Here th' Eagle plays, there flyes the rav'ning Crow;
Here ſwims the Dolphin, there the Whale doth row;
Here bounds the Courſer, there the Kid doth skip;
Here ſmoaks the Steer, the Dragon there doth creep:
There's nothing precious in Sea, Earth, or Aire,
But hath in Heav'n ſome like reſemblance faire.
Yea, even our Crowns, Darts, Lances, Skeyns, and Scales,
Are all but Copies of Heav'ns Principals;
And ſacred patterns which to ſerve all Ages,
Th' Almighty printed on Heav'ns ample ſtages.
Yea ſurely, durſt I (but why ſhould I doubt
To wipe from Heav'n ſo many ſlanders out,
Of profane Rapine and deteſted Rapes,
Of Murder, Inceſt, and all monſtrous Scapes,
Where-with (hereafter) ſome bold-fabling *Greeks*
Shall foulely ſtain Heav'ns Roſie-bluſhing cheeks?)
Here could I ſhowe, that under every *Signe*
Th' Eternall grav'd ſome Myſtery divine
Of's *holy Citie*; where (as in a glaſſe)
To ſee what ſhall here-after come-to paſſe;
As publick and authentick Rowles, fore-quoting
Confuſedly th' Events moſt worthy noting,
In his dear *Church* (his Darling and Delight).
O! thou fair *Chariot* flaming bravely bright,
Which like a Whirl-winde in thy ſwift Career
Rapt'ſt up the *Thesbit*; thou do'ſt alwaies veer
About the *North-Pole*, now no more be-dabbling
Thy nimble ſpoaks in th' Ocean neither ſtabbling
Thy ſmoaking Courſers under th' Earth, to bait:
The while *Eliſha* earneſtly doth wait
Burning in zeale (ambitious) to inherit
His Maſters Office and his mighty Spirit;
That on the ſtarry Mountain (after him)
He well may manage his celeſtiall Teem.
Cloſe by him, *David* in his valiant fiſt
Holds a fierce *Lyons* fiery flaming *Creſt*:
Here ſhines his golden *Harp*, and there his *Crown*:
There th' ugly *Bear* bears (to his high renown)
Seav'n (ſhining) *Stars*. Lo, here the whiſtling *Lance*,
Which frantick *Saul* at him doth fiercely glance.
Pure Honours Honour, Prayſe of Chaſtity
O fair *Suſanna*, I ſhould mourn for thee,
And moan thy tears, and with thy friends lament
(With Heav'n-lift-eyes) thy wofull puniſhment,
Save that ſo timely (through Heav'ns providence)
Young *Daniel* ſaves thy wronged Innocence:
And by a dreadfull radiant ſplendor, ſpread (head)
From Times-Child Truth (not from *Meduſa's*
Condemns th' old Leachers, and eft-ſoons upon
Their curſed heads there hayls a ſtorm of ſtone.
Alſo, as long as Heav'ns ſwift Orb ſhall veer,
A ſacred Trophee ſhall be ſhining here
In the bright *Dragon*, of that Idol fell,
Which the ſame Prophet ſhall in *Babel* quell.
Where-to more fit may *Pegaſus* compare,
Then to thoſe Courſers; flaming in the ayr,
Before the Tyrant of *leſſe-Aſia's* fury
Uſurps the fair *Metropolis* of *Jurie*?
Where-to the *Coach*-man, but *Ezechiel*,
That ſo well drives the Coach of *Iſrael*?
Where-to the *Swan*, but to that *Proto-Martyr*,
The faithfull Deacon which endureth torture,
(Yea death) for his dead Lord; whom ſure to meet,
So neer his end ſings ſo exceeding ſweet?
Where-to the *Fiſh* which ſhineth here ſo bright,
But to that Fiſh, that cureth *Tobies* ſight?
Where-to the *Dolphin*, but to that meek Man,
Who dry-ſhod guides through Seas *Erythrean*
Old *Jacobs* Fry: And *Jordans* liquid glaſſe
Makes all his Hoaſt dry (without boat) to paſſe?
And furthermore, God hath not onely grav'n
On the braſſe Tables of ſwift-turning Heav'n
His ſacred *Mot*; and, in *Triangle* frame,
His *Thrice-One* Nature ſtamped on the ſame:
But alſo, under that ſtout *Serpent-ſlayer*,
His Satan-taming Son (Heav'ns glorious heir)
Who with the Engin of his *Croſſe* abates
Th' eternall hindges of th' infernall Gates:
And, under that fair Sun-fixt-gazing *Fowle*,
The God of Gods dear Minion of his Soule,
Which from his hand reaves Thunder often-times,
His Spirit; his Love, which viſits earthly Climes
In plumy ſhape: for, this bright winged *Signe*,
In head and neck, and ſtarry back (in fine)
No leſſe reſembles the milde ſimple *Dove*,
Then crook-bild *Eagle* that commands above.
What ſhall I ſay of that bright *Bandeleer*,
Which twice-ſix *Signes* ſo richly garniſh here?
Th' Years Uſher, doth the *Paſchal* Lamb fore-tell,
The *Bull*, the Calfe, which erring *Iſrael*
Sets up in *Horeb*. Theſe two fair ſhining *Twins*
Thoſe ſtriving Brethren *Iſaacks* tender Sons:
The fourth is *Salomon*, who (*Crab*-like) crawls
Backward from Vertue: & (foule Swine-like) fals
In Vices mire: profaneſt old (at laſt)
In ſoule and body growne a-like un-chaſte.
The fifth, that *Lyon* which the Hair-ſtrong Prince
Tears as a Kid, without Wars Inſtruments.
The ſixt, that *Virgin*, ever-maiden Mother,
Bearing for us, her Father, Spouſe, and Brother.
The next that *Beam*, which in King *Lemuels* hand,
So juſtly weighs the *Juſtice* of his Land.
The next, that Creature which in *Malta* ſtings
Th' Apoſtles hand, and yet no blemiſh brings;
For 'tis indifferent, whether we the ſame,
A ſpotted *Scorpion*, or a *Viper* name.
Th' *Archer*, is *Hagars* Son: the *Goat* (I gheſs)
Is *Aarons* Scape-Goat in the wilderneſs.
The next, the deer Son of dumb *Zacharias*,
Gods Harbinger, fore-runner of *Meſſias*:
Who in clear *Jordan* waſheth clean the ſin
Of all that rightly do repent with-in.
Theſe *Two* bright *Fiſhes*, thoſe wher-with the Lord
(Through wondrous bleſſing of his powrfull Word)
Feeds with five loaves (upon *Aſphaltis* ſhoar)
Abundantly five thouſand Folk and more.
But, turn we now the twinkling *Globe*, & there
Let's mark as much the *Southern* Hemi-ſphear.
Ah! know'ſt thou not this glorious *Champion* heer,
Which ſhines ſo brightly by the burning *Steer*?
'Tis *Nun's* great Son, who through deep *Jordan* leads
His Army dry ſhod; and (triumphant) treads

Cygnus.
Piſces Boreales.
Delphinus.
Trigonus.
Ophiuchus.
Aquila.
Aries.
Taurus.
Gemini.
Cancer.
Leo.
Virgo.
Libra.
Scorpio. Sagittarius. Capricornus.
Aquarius.
Piſces.
Orion.
Eridanus.

On

Canis. Canicula. Lepus.
On *Canaan Curs*, and on th' *Ammorean Hare*,
Foyl'd with the fear of his victorious war.
See th' ancient *Ship*, which, over windes, & waves
Triumphing safe, the Worlds seed-remnant saves.
Hydra.
Loe, here the *Brasen Serpent* shines, whose sight
Cures in the Desart, those whom Serpents bite.
Corvus.
Here th' happy *Rav'n* that brings *Elias* cates;
Crater. Centaurus.
Here the rich *Cup* where *Joseph* meditates
His grave Predictions: Here that Heav'nly *Knight*,
Who prest appearing armed all in white,
Lupus.
To *Maccabeus*, with his flaming *spear*
So deep (at last) the *Pagan Wolfe* doth tear,
Ara.
That on Gods *Altar* (yerst profan'd so long)
Sweet *Incense* fumeth, and the sacred Song
Of *Levites* soundeth in his House again;
Corona australis. Piscis australis.
And that rich Crown th' *Asmonean* Race doth gain,
To rule the *Jewes*. Loe, there the happy *Fish*
Which payes *Christs* Tribute (who our Ransom is):
Balæna.
And here the *Whale*, within whose noysom breast,
The Prophet *Jonas* for three dayes doth rest.
A notable correction of the Poet upon these last Discourses.
But while (my spokes-man, or I rather his)
Thus *Heber* comments on Heav'ns *Images*, (bring,
Through path-lesse paths his wandring steps doth
And boldly quavers on a Maiden string;
Suppose not (Christians) that I take for grounds
Or points of Faith, all that he here propounds;
Or that old *Zeno's* Portall I sustain,
Or *Stoick Fate* (th' Almighties hands to chain):
Or in Heav'ns Volume reading things to-come,
Erroneously a *Chaldee*-Wise become;
No, no such thing; but to refresh again
Your tyred Spirits, I sung this novell strain:
That hither-to having with patience past
Such dreadfull Oceans, and such Desarts vast,
Such gloomy Forrests, craggy Rocks and steep,
Wide-yawning Gulfs, & hideous Dungeons deep;
You might (at last) meet with a place of pleasure,
Where-on the Heav'ns savish their plenteous trea-
Where *Zephyr* puffs perfumes, & silver Brooks (sure,
Embrace the Meads, smiling with wanton Looks.
Yet (curteous Readers) who is it can say
Whether our Nephews yet another-day
(More zealous then our selves in things Divine)
This curious *Art* shall Christianly refine;
And give to all these glistering *Figures* then
Not *Heathen* names, but names of *Holy* men?
He proceeds to discover the secrets of Astronomie.
But, seek we now for *Heber*, whose Discourse
Informs his *Phalec* in the *Planets* course:
What *Epicicle* meaneth, and *Con-centrick*,
With *Apapè*, *Perigè*, and *Eccentrick*:
And how fell *Mars* (the Seedster of debate)
Dayes glorious Torch, the wanton (*Vulcans* Mate)
Saturn, & *Jove*, three Sphears in on retain, (twain.
Smooth *Hermes* five, faire *Cynthia* two-times-
For, the Divine Wits, whence this Art doth flow,
Finding their Fires to wander to and fro,
Now neer, now far from Natures Nave: above,
Confusion, voyd; and rupture to remove, (ment,
Which would be caused, through their wander-
In th' Heav'ns inclos'd within the Firmament;
Have (more then men) presum'd to make within
Th'eternall Wheels where th'erring Tapers been,
Sundry small Wheels, each within other closed,
Such equi-distance each-where inter-posed,
That (though they kiss) they crush not; but the base
Are under th' high, the high the low imbrace:
Like as the Chest-nut (next the meat) within
Is cover'd (last) with a soft slender skin,
Simile.
That skin inclos'd in a tough tawny shell,
That shell in-cas't in a thick thistly fell.
Then takes he th' *Astrolabe*, where-in the Sphear
Is flat reduced: he discovers there
The Use of the Astrolabe.
The *Card* of *Heights*, the *Almycanthara'ts*,
With th' *Azimyths*, and the *Almadara'ts*
(Pardon me, Muse, if ruder phrase defile
This fairest Table, and deface my stile
With Barbarism: For in this Argument,
To speak *Barbarian*, is most eloquent).
On th' other side, under a veering *sight*,
A Table veers; which, of each wandring Light
Shows the swift course; and certain Rules includes,
Dayes, names of Months, and *scale* of *Altitudes*.
Removing th' *Alhidade*, he spends some leasure,
To shew the manner how a VVall to measure,
A Fountains depth, the distance of a place
A Countries compasse, by Heav'ns ample face:
In what bright starry *Signe*, th' Almighty dread,
Dayes Princely *Planet* dayly billeted:
In which his *Nadir* is: and how with-all
To finde his *Elevation* and his *Fall*.
How long a time an Entire *Signe* must wear
VVhile it ascendeth on our *Hemi-sphear*:
Poles Elevation: The *Meridian line*:
And divers hours of Day and Night to finde
Simile.
These learned wonders witty *Phalec* marks,
And heedfully to every Rule he harks:
VVise Alchymist, he multiplies this Gold,
This Talent turns, encreasing many-fold:
And then presents it to his Noble seed,
VVho soon their Doctor in his Art exceed.
But, even as *Mars*, *Hermes*, and *Venus bright*,
Simile.
Go visit now the naked *Troglodite*,
Then *Jove*, then *Guynney*, and (inclin'd to change)
Oft shifting house, through both the worlds do range
(Both worlds ev'n-halv'd by th' *Equinctial Line*):
Astronomie by whom now flourishes.
So the perfection of this Art divine,
First under th' *Hebrews* bred and born, anon
Comes to the *Chaldees* by Adoption:
Scorning anon, th' old *Babylonian* Spires,
It leaves swift *Tigris* and to *Nile* retires;
And, wexen rich, in *Egypt* it erects
A famous School: yet, firm-lesse in affects,
It fals in love with subtill *Grecian* wits,
And to their hands a while it selfe commits;
But in renowned *Ptolomeus* Raign,
It doth re-visit the dear *Memphian* Plain:
Yet, thence re-fled, it doth th' *Arabians* try;
From thence to *Rome*: from *Rome* to *Germany*.
The praise of learned Astronomers, and the spoils of their Doctrine.
O true *Endymions*, that imbrace above
Upon mount *Latmos* your Imperiall Love (Guard,
(Great Queen of Heav'n) about, whose Bed, for
Millions of Archers with gold Shields do ward.
True *Atlasses*: you Pillars of the *Poles*
Empyreall *Palace*; you fair learned soules;
But for your VVritings, the Starrs-Doctrine soon,
'VVould sink in *Lethe* of Oblivion:
'Tis you that Marshall Months, and years, & dayes:
'Tis you that quote for such as haunt the Seas
Their

Their prosperous daies, & daies whē death ingraven
On th' angry welkin, warns them keep their haven:
'Tis you that teach, the Plough-man when to sow;
When the brave Captain to the Field shall goe;
When to retire to Garrison again;
When to assault a batter'd Peece; and when
To convoy Victuals to his valiant Hoast:
'Tis you that shew what season fitteth most
For every purpose; when to *Purge* is good,
When to be *Bathed*, when to be *Let-bloud*:
And how *Physicians*, skilfully to mix
Their Drugs, on Heav'n their curious eyes must fix.
'Tis you that in the twinkling of an eye
Through all the Heav'nly Provinces doe flye:
'Tis you that (greater then our greatest Kings)
Possesse the whole World in your Governings:
And (to conclude) you demi-gods can make
Between your hands the Heav'ns to turn and shake.
O divine Spirits: for you my smoothest quill
His sweetest hony on this Book should still;
Still should you be my Theam; but that the Beauty
Of the last *Sister* drawes my Love and Duty;
For, now I hear my *Phalec* humbly crave
The fourth Maids name: his Father, mildely-grave,
Replyes him thus; Observe (my dearest Son)
Those cloud-lesse brows, those cheeks vermilion,
Those pleasing looks, those eyes so smiling-sweet,
That grace-full posture, and those pretty feet
Which seem still Dancing: all those Harps & Lutes,
Shawms, Sag-buts, Citrons, Viols, Cornets, Flutes,
Plac't round about her; prove in every part
This is the noble, sweet, Voyce-ord'ring *Art*,
Breath's Measurer, the Guide of supplest fingers
On (living-dumb, dead-speaking) sinnew-singers:
Th' Accord of Discords: sacred *Harmony*,
And Numb'ry Law, which did accompany
Th' Almighty-most, when first his Ordinance
Appointed Earth to rest, and Heav'n to dance.
For (as they say) for supr'Intendent there,
The supreame Voyce placed in every Sphear
A *Syren* sweet; that from Heav'ns Harmony
Inferiour things might learn best Melody,
And their rare Quier with th'Angels Quier accord
To sing aloud the praises of the Lord,
In's Royall Chappel, richly beautifi'd
With glistering Tapers and all sacred Pride.
Where, as (by Art) one selfly blast breath'd out
From panting bellows, passeth all-about
Winde-Instruments; enters by th' under Clavers
Which with the Keys the Organ-Master quavers,
Fils all the Bulk, and severally the same
Mounts every Pipe of the melodious Frame;
At once reviving lofty *Cymbals* voyce,
Flutes sweetest ayre, and *Regals* shrillest noyse:
Even so th' all-quickning Spirit of God above
The Heav'ns harmonious whirling wheels doth
So that re-treading their eternall trace, (move;
Th' one bears the Trebble, th' other bears the Base.
But, brimmer far then in the Heavens here
All these sweet-charming Counter-Tunes we hear:
For, *Melancholy*, *Winter*, *Earth* below,
Bear aye the *Base*; deep, hollow, sad and slow:
Pale *Phlegm*, moist *Autumn*, *Water* moistly-cold,
The Plummet-like-smooth-sliding *Tenor* hold:
Hot-humid *Bloud*, the *Spring*, transparent *Aire*,
The Maze-like *Mean*, that turns and wends so fair:
Curst *Choler*, *Summer*, and hot thirsty *Fire*,
Th' high warbling *Treble*, loudest in the Quire.
And that 's the cause (my Son) why stubborn'st
Are stoopt by *Musick*; as reteining springs (things
Of Number in them: and they feeble live (drive.
But by that Spirit which th' Heav'ns dance doth
Sweet *Musick* makes the sterne-st men-at-Arms
Let-fall at once their Anger and their Arms:
It cheers sad soules, and charmes the frantick fits
Of Lunaticks that are bereft their wits:
It kils the flame, and curbs the fond desire
Of him that burns in Beauties blazing Fire
(Whose soule, seduced by his erring eyes,
Doth some proud Dame devoutly Idolize):
It cureth Serpents banefull bit, whose anguish
In deadly torment makes men madly languish:
The Swan is rapt, the Hinde deceiv'd with-all,
And Birds beguil'd with a melodious call:
Th' Harp leads the Dolphin & the buzzing swarm
Of Busie Bees the tinkling Brasse doth charm.
O! what is it that *Musick* cannot do!
Sith all-inspiring Spirit it conquers too:
And makes the same down from th'Emperiall Pole
Descend to Earth into a Prophets soule;
With divine accents tuning rarely right
Unto the rapting Spirit the rapted Spright.
Sith, when the Lord (most moved) threatneth most,
With wrathfull tempest arming all his hoast;
When (angry) stretching his strong sinnewy arms,
Wth bended back he throws down thundry storms;
Th' harmonious sighs of his heart-turning Sheep
Supple his sinnews, lull his wrath a-sleep;
While milde-ey'd Mercy stealeth from his hand
Th' sulph'ry Plagues prepar'd for sinfull Man.
But while that *Heber* (eloquently) would
Old *Musicks* use and excellence have told;
Curst *Canaan* (seeking *Jordans* fat all course)
Past by the *Pillars*, and brake his Discourse,
And mine withall; for I must rest me here;
My weary Journy makes me faint well-neer:
Needs must I crave new ayde from High, and step
A little back, that I may farther leap.

A source-full Comfort in the humors, seasons and elements.

The power of Musick towards all things.

Towards Men.

Towards Beasts, Birds, Fires, and Fishes.

Towards God himselfe.

Conclusion of the Second Day of the Second Week.

The description of Musick.

The Heavens Harmony.

Simile.

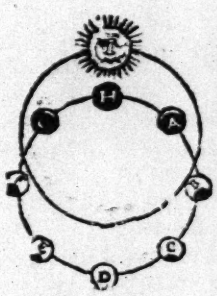
The End of the Second Day of the Second Weeke.

ABRAHAM.

THE THIRD DAY OF THE SECOND VVEEKE.

Containing

I. The Vocation,
II. The Fathers,
III. The Law,
IV. The Captains.



Acceptam refero.

THE

ABRAHAM.

THE

THIRD DAY OF

SECOND WEEK.

Consulting

I. The Vocation.
II. The Father.
III. The Law.
IV. The Captain.

Accepta refero.

THE

The Vocation.

THE FIRST PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

The Argument.

Abram *from* Chaldé *is divinely* Call'd:
How Bleſt *abroad*: *His* (*parted*) Nephew *Thrall'd*
(*In* Sodom's *aid*) *to* Chedorlaomer;
Reſcu'd *by Him*: *Type of that bloudy* War:
Melchiſedec *His* Hap *congratulates*:
Iſmael *great*; *but* God confederates
With (*promis'd*) Iſaac, *and his* (Christ-*kin*) *Seed*,
Which ſhall in number even the Stars exceed:
Lot *harbors* Angels; *ſav'd from* Sodom's Fire;
His Wife Transform'd: *His Daughters* foule Deſire.

UNtill *this Day* (deer *Muſe*) on overy ſide
Within ſtraight liſts thou haſt been boundiſh'd,
Pend in a path ſo narrow every-where,
Thou couldſt not manage: onely here and there
(Reaching thine arms over the Rails that cloſe
Thy bounded *Race*) thou caught'ſt ſome fragrant
Som July-flowr, or ſom ſweet Sops-in-wine, (Roſe,
To make a Chaplet, thy chaſte brows to binde.
But now, behold th' art in the open Plain,
Where thou maiſt lively, like the Horſe of *Spain*
(That having burſt his halter and his hold,
Flings through the field, where liſt him uncontrol'd)
Corvet, & turn run, prance, advance, & pride-thee,
As *ſacred fury* of thy *Zeal* ſhall guide-thee. (mow
Th'whole world is thine: henceforth thy Syth may
The faireſt Crop that in *Fame's* fields doth grow;
And, on the Sea of richeſt *Hiſtories*
Hulling at large, a hundred Victories,
A hundred Rowts, a hundred Wonders new
Come huddling in, in heaps before thy view:
So that I fear, leſt (train'd with various ſent)
Thou be at fault in this vaſt Argument;
And leſt the beſt choyce in ſo bound-leſſe Store
Pain thee no leſſe now, then did Want before.
But wot'ſt thou what, my *Muſe* (my dear delight, Simile.
My care, my comfort) we will follow right
The modeſt hand of a fair Shepheardling,
Who doth not rudely ſpoyl the flowry Spring
Of all her painted beauties; nor deface
All in one day a pleaſant Gardens grace;
But mannerly amid the Quarters ſeeks
Such rareſt flowrs as beſt her fancie likes:

And here a blew one, there a red she puls,
A yellow here, and there a white she culs,
Then bindes them with her hair, and blessed over
With a chaste kisse, she sends them to her Lover:
We'l over-run the *Annals* of all Ages;
And, choosing-out the chiefest Personages,
And Prodigies amid the *Hebrew* Story,
We'l offer them on th' Altar of Gods glory.
For he (I hope) who, no lesse good then wise,
First stirr'd us up to this great Enterprise,
And gave us heart to take the same in hand,
For Levell, Compasse, Rule and Squire will stand;
Will change the Pebbles of our puddly thought
To *Orient* Pearls, most bright and bravely wrought;
And will not suffer in this precious *Frame*
Ought that a skilfull Builders eye may blame;
Or, if he suffer ought, 't shall be some trace
But of that blindnesse common to our Race;
T' abate my glory, and to give me proofe,
That (mortall) I build but with mortall stuff.

Dedication to the Kings Majesty.

JAMES, richest Gem of *Scots* & *Scotlands* Praise,
Who, with the same hand that the Scepter swayes,
On Heav'n-fain paper, in a golden stile,
Dost happily immortall lines compile;
And (new *Apollo*) under Others names
Sing'st in thy Childehood thine Own future *Fames:*
To whom but Thee should I these Verses vow?
Who through the World hast made me famous
And with a liberall learned hand indu'd (now,
My *Muse* with lustre of a *Royall Suite*;
Before- so ragged, that she blusht well-neer
That her chaste Sisters should so homely see-her,
The scorn of Art, of *Helicon* the shame,
Usurping (wrong) URANIA'S sacred Name.
Through the she 's *Heav'nly*. O wise, worthy Prince,
Maist thou surmount all those in Excellence,
Which have (before thee) Rul'd th' hard-ruled *Scots*,
And ruder *Picts* (painted with Martiall spots)
That, first *Fergusius* (glory of his dayes)
Ev'nus and *Donald* may envy thy Praise;
And even the *Scott'sh* (or rather th' *Hebrew*) *David*
(*Jesse*'s great Son so holily behaved)
Give place to thy renown and therewithall
Give the his Zeal and Heart heroicall,
And all his best (which doth thee best belong)
As he hath giv'n thee his sweet Harp and Song.
THOUGH profane service of *Idolatry*
Had drown'd the whole Earth universally:
Though shame-les's sin (born with the COLONIES
Through all the world) through all did Tyrannize:
Yet in *Chaldea* was their chiefest Seat,
Their strength in *Shinaar*; and that Citie great,
Built on the slimy strand of *Euphrates*,
Was the proud Palace where they held their Feasts.
So that, even *Sem's* and *Heber's* sacred Line
(Where God his grace yet seemed to confine)
Sucking the Sin-bane of *Assyrian* ayre,
Did (like the Heathen) every day impaire;
Forgot the true God; followed (rashly-rude)
The grosse grand Error of the multitude;
Degeneriz'd, decaid, and withered quite:
Like some rare Fruit-Tree over-topt with spight
Of Briers and Bushes which it sore oppresse,
With the sowr shadow of their thorny tresse,

Simile.

Till choakt withall, it dies as they doe growe,
And beareth nought but mosse and Misseltoe.
But God, desirous (more for us then him)
In some one stock to save *Faith's* sacred stem
(Like as before from the All-drowning *Floud*
He sav'd the Worlds seed in an Ark of wood)
Marks *Abram* for his own: and from false Rites,
To Men, to Beasts, to Stocks, to Stones, to Sprites,
Him graciously to his owne Service draws;
Not by meer Conduct of exteriour cause,
As by contempling th' Artship richly-rare
Which gilds the Seeling of this Globe so fair;
Earths fruitfull powr, producing (goodly-green)
From so small seeds so huge and mighty Treen,
Flowrs fragrant aire, so fresh and divers di'd;
Seas foaming Course, whose ever-Tilting Tide
(Ebbing or flowing) is confin'd to Season,
Bounded with lists, guided with reans of Reason:
But, by the motion of his spirit which seals
In our hearts Centre what his word reveals,
And prudently in his fit time and place
(Dispensing frankly his free gifts of *Grace*)
Doth inwardly bear-witnesse, and aver-it
Under our Spirits that 'tis Gods *Holy Spirit*.
The sacred *Faith of Abram* languisht not
In idlenesse, but alwayes wakt and wrought,
And ever lively brought forth Patience,
Humility, Hope, Bounty, Innocence,
Love, fervent Zeal, Repentance, Temperance,
Sincerity, and true perseverance;
Fruits that (like Load-stones) have a vertue given
(Through *faith*) to draw their father-tree to heav'n,
And guide the soules to God (the spring of life)
Of 's kins-man *Lot*, and *Sara* his dear Wife;
Who with him following the Almighti'es call,
Wend to the strand where *Jordans* course doth
Their own dear Country willingly forsake, (craul,
And (true-religious) lesse account do make
Of goods and lands, and quiet-lifes content,
Then of an end-lesse friend-lesse Banishment.
O sacred ground of Vertue's sole perfection
O shield of Martyrs! Prophets sure direction!
Soule's remedy! O contrite heart's restorer!
Tears-wiping tame-griefe! Hopes guide, hunting
Path of Salvation! Pledge of Immortality! (horror,
O lively FAITH! through thy admired quality,
How many wonders dost thou work at once,
When from Sin's slumbers thou hast wakt us once,
And made us inly in our spirits conceive
Beauties that never outward eyes perceive!
Alas! said *Abram*, must I needs forgoe
These happy fields where *Euphrates* doth flow?
Here, first I drew this vitall aire, and (pleas'd
With my births news) my mothers throes I eas'd:
Here, from her tender brest (as soft as silk)
My tender gums suckt my first drop of milk:
Here, with the pleasure of mine infant-smile
Her Cares and Cumbers I did oft beguile:
Here, my chaste Sisters, Uncles, Aunts, and Kin,
My pretty prattling have delighted in:
Here, many a time I wantonly have clung,
And on my fathers wrinkled neck have hung:
Here have I past my Lad-age fair and good:
Here, first the soft Down on my chin did bud:

The calling of Abraham.

The fruits of a true faith, and the chief thereof.

Natural confederation to have kept the Towers of Abraham.

Here,

Here, I have learn'd Heav'ns Motions, & the nature
And various force of Fire, Ayre, Earth, and Water:
Here, I have show'n the noblest tokens forth
Both of my Mindes and of my Bodies worth:
Here, I have spent the best part of mine age:
Here, I possess a plenteous Heritage:
Here, I have got me many friends, and fame,
And by my Deeds attain'd a glorious Name:
And must I hence, and leave this certain state,
To roam uncertain (like a Runagate)
O're fearfull Hils, and thorough foaming Torrents
That rush down moutains wth their roaring currets,
In dreadfull Desarts, where Heav'ns hottest beam
Shall burn without; within us, Thirst extream:
And gloomy Forrests full of ghastly fear
Of yelling Monsters that are dwelling there:
To seek a Country (God knowes where, & whither)
Whose unknown name hath yet scarce sounded hi-
With staffe in hand, and wallet at our back, (ther?
From Town to Town to beg for all we lack?
To guise our selves (like counterfeiting Ape)
To th' guise of Men that are but Men in shape?
T' have (briefly) nothing properly our own
In all the World; no, not our Grave-place known?
Is 't possible, I should endure to see
The sighs and tears my friends will shed for me?
O! can I thus my Native soyl forsake?
O! with what words shall I my Farewell take?
Farewell *Chaldea*: dear delights, adieu:
Friends, Brothers, Sisters, farewell all of you,
Farewell for ever: can I thus (alas!)
Rudely unwinde me from the kinde embrace
Of their dear arms, that will me faster hold
Then trembling Ivie doth the Oak enfold;
Or then the Vine doth with her crawling spray
The boughs of Elm, her limber limbs to stay?
Can I expose (with perill of my life)
Th' un-vulgar beauties of my vertuous wife,
To the none-sparing lust of that loose Nation
That brutely burns in all abomination?
Besides, what rigour? nay what paricide?
To hale from *Tigris* shore to *Jordans* side
A weak old-man? a man so weak and old,
He scarce can creep without our help and hold.
Yet, 't must be so: for so the Lord commands.
A carnall man on carnall reason stands:
But, for all Reasons, *Faith* sufficeth me.
Who lodge with God can never House-less be.
Then cheerly marcht he on, and though the age
And death of *Terah* slow'd his pilgrimage;
The rest of His he doth conduct (in fine)
To *Canaan* (since called *Palestine*): (them
Where God pours down such flouds of goods upon
And bounteously bestowes such blessings on them,
That their abundance shortly seems t' exceed
Gods Promises, and their desires indeed.
Their fruitfull Heards, that hill and dale do haunt,
Resemble not the breed of th' Elephant,
Which (slowe in couping, and in calving more,
Pining her Master so long time before (grones,
With lingring hope) brings-forth, with painfull
But once in twelve years, but one Calfe at once.
All's white wth their wooll: all their Cattell proves,
Still, still increasing like to Stares and Doves.

Two Campaines.

Patriarkes show their faith of rules.

The great blessing of God on his Children.

Simile.

Their Wealth so growes, that, wantoniz'd withall,
Their envious Shepheards broach a civill Brawl.
But, lest this Mischief, by the Grooms begun,
Between their Masters might unkindly run,
The Grave-milde *Grand-sire of the Faithfull* (there)
And *Ammon's* Father, to cut off the fear
Of farther strife, and to establish rather
Their Mindes, then Bodies, in a league together;
Divided duly with a deep foresight
Their Flocks and Heards in number infinite.
Then pleas'd and parted; both go live a-part:
The Uncle kept the Mountain for his part;
For, 's Nephew chose the fat and flowry Plain,
And even to *Sodom* stretcht his Tent and Train;
And, dwelling there, became a Citizen
Among those monstrous, Nature-forcing Men.
O *Lot* (alas!) what lot hast thou elect?
Th' eternall verdure, and the trim prospect,
The plenteous Pastures, and the purling Springs,
Whose fibrous silver thousand Tributes brings
To wealthy *Jordan*, wat'ring so the soil
(Like Gods owne Garden) doth thy sense beguile,
Blindeth thy judgment, makes thee (miserable)
To seat thee with a people execrable,
Whose War-thrall'd woes, and odious villanies
To springs of tears shall turn thy tender eyes.
Elam's proud King, great *Chedorlaomer*
(Leagued with *Arioch* King of *Ellazar*,
The Soverain of the Nations, *Thadael*,
And with the King of *Shinaar*, *Amraphel*)
Made war against the Kings of *Sodoma*,
Gomorrha, *Zeboïm*, *Zoar*, *Adamah*;
Who, subject to him for twelve yeers before,
Rebelled now, and cast the yoke they bore. (rise,
Both Camps approach, their bloudy rage doth
And even the face of Cowards terriblize;
New Martiall heat inflames their mindes with ire,
Their bloud is mov'd, their heart is all on fire.
Their cheerfull limbs (seeming to march too slowe)
Longing to meet the fatall drums out-goe;
And even already in their gesture fight:
Th' iron-footed Coursers, lusty, fresh, and light,
Marrying their Masters cause and courage both,
Snow all the field with a white foaming froth,
And prancing with their load (as proud withall)
With loud-proud neighings for the Combat call.
Now both the Hosts march forward furiously,
The Plain between soon shrinketh equally:
First in the Ayre begins a fight of dust,
Then on the Earth both Armies bravely joust.
Brave yet it was: for yet one might behold
Bright swords & shields, & plumed helms of gold
Un-goard with bloud; no Cask had lost his head,
No Horse his load, no scattered Corps lay dead.
But, on our Corn-fields towards harvest-time (Comparison
(For punishment of some ingratefull crime)
Th' incensed hand of Heav'ns Almighty King
Never more thick doth slippery Ice-pearles fling,
Then here the Arrows showr on every side:
An iron Cloud Heav'ns angry face doth hide
From Souldiers sight; and flying weapons then
For lack of ground fall upon horse or men:
There 's not a shaft, but hath a man for White,
Nor stone but lightly in warm bloud doth light:

Jarre begun between his Servants, & the Servants of *Lot*.

Abraham & *Lot* to shun contention, part companie.

Lot dwels at *Sodom*.

The battle of *Siddim* fought by the King of *Elam*, with his confederates, against the Kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, with theirs.

Or, if that any faile their foes to hit
In fall; in flight themselves they enter-spilt:
The wounds come all from Heav'n: the bravest Hee
Kils and is kild of him he doth not see:
Without an aym the Dart-man darts his spear,
And Chance performs th' effect of Valour there.

Simile. As two stout Rams, both Jealous-phrenzy-sick,
Affront two flocks, spurd on with anger's prick,
Rush on each other with tempestuous shock,
And, butting boisterous, horns and heads do knock:
So, these two Armies enterchanged blowes;
And doubling steps and strokes upon their Foes,
First flesh their Lances, and their Pikes embrew,
Then with their Swords about them keenly heaw,
Then stab with Daggers; standing bravely to't,
Till Foe to Foe they charge them foot to foot;
So neer, that oft ones Targets pike doth pierce
Anothers Shield, and sends him to his Herse.
And gawdy plumes of Foes (be-Cedered brave)
Oft on their Foes (un-plumed) crests do wave.

Of all their strokes scarce any stroke is vain;
Yet stand they firm, and still the fight maintain:
Still fronting Death, they face to face abide,
None turn their backs; no, neither shrink aside;
Of their own blood, as of their Foe's, as frank.

But too-too-tired, some at last dis-rank:
Then Threats, and Cries and Plaints redoubled ay,
And so pel-mel rage-blinded *Mars* doth play,
That now no more their Colours they discern;
But, knowing none, to all are strangely stern.
The *Palestine* fights under *Elams* Standard,
The *Shinarite* with *Sodoms* Enfignes wander'd:

Simile. Even as two swarms of buhe Buzzers, mounting
Amid the Ayre, and mutually affronting,
Mingle their Troups; one goes, another comes,
Another turns; a cloud of Moatlings hums
Above our heads, who with their cipres wings
Decide the Quarrell of their little Kings:
Either of which a hundred times a minute
Doth lose a Souldier, and as oft re-win it.

A martiall brave of an old Captain against the effeminate softness & delicacie of Carpet Knights. But, may one hope in Champions of the Chamber,
Soft Carpet-Knights, all fenting Musk and Amber
(Whose chief delight is to be over-come)
Un-daunted hearts that dare not Over-come?
In Woman-Men a manly Constancie?
In wanton Arms un-wearied Valiancie?
No, no (*Gomorrah*) this is not the place
For quav'ring Lutes a warbling Voyce to grace:
No (filthy *Sodom*) 'tis not here the game
To play with Males in spight of Natures name:
No (*Zeboim*) here are no Looking-Glasses
For *Paris-Nimphs* to gaze their painted faces:
To starch Mustachoes, and to prank in print,
And curle the Lock (with *favours* braided in't):
No (*Adamah*) we spend not here the day
In Dancing, Courting, Banquetting and Play:
Nor lastly (*Zoar*) is it here the guise
Of silken Mock-*Mars* (for a *Mistress-Prize*)
With Reed-like Lance, and with a Blunted blade,
To Championize under a Tented shade,
As at your Tourneys. Therefore to your Mew:
Lay-down your weapons, here 's no Work for you.
'Tis here the Fashion (and the pride of Wars)
To paint the face with sweat, dust, blood & scars:
Our Glass is here a bright and glitt'ring shield
Our Sattin, steel: the Musick of the Field
Doth rattle like the Thunders dreadfull roar:
Death tilteth here: the Mistriss we adore,
Is Victory (true Soverain of our hearts)
Who without danger graceth no Deserts:
Dead carcasses perfume our Dainty Nose:
Our Banquets here, be Banquets for the Crowes:
Flee therefore (Cowards) flee and turn your backs,
(As you were wont in your thought-shaming acts)
But with our Swords and Lances (in your haste)
Through-thrilled (Villains) this shall be your last,
Said *Amraphel*: and charg'd them in such sort,
That 't seems a sudden Whirl-winde doth transport
Their fainting Troups. Some (best advised) flie
To tops of Mountains that do neighbour by;
Some, through the plain; but, neither (in the chace)
Dares once look back (no, not with half a face)
Their fear had no restraint, and much less Art:
This throwes away his shield, and that his dart;
Swords, Morrions, Pouldrons, Vaunt-brace, Pikes & Lances,
Are no defence, but rather hinderances;
They, with their hearts, have also lost their sight,
And reeking less a glorious end in Fight,
Then thousand base deaths, desperatly they ran
Into the flood that fats rich *Canaan*.

Defeat of the Sodomites.

Then, *Jordan* arms him 'gainst these infidels,
With rapid course, and like a sea he swels;
Lakes under ground into his chanell range, change:
And shalloweſt Foords to ground-less gulfs doe
He fumes, he foams; and, swiftly whirling round,
Seems, in his rage, these bitter words to sound:
Dye (Villains) dye: O more then infamous
Foule Monsters! drench your damned soules in us.
Sa, sa, my Floods: with your cold moisture quench
The last-full flame of their self-burning stench.
Drown, drown the Hel-hounds, and revenge the
Wch they have don our Mother *Nature* long (wrong
The River, swiftly whirling in the slaves,
Above with Boaws, beneath with Bodies paves:
The gaudy Plume, yet floating light and soft,
Keeps for a while the hollow helm aloft;
But yet (at length) even those that swim the best,
Down to the bottom sink among the rest,
Striving and struggling (topsi-turvie tost)
While fain they would, but cannot, yeeld the ghost;
Because the flood (unwilling to defile
His purest waves with spirits so foule and vile)
Re-spews them still into themselves, and there
Smoothers, and choaks, and rams them, as it were:
Then both at once (Bodies and Soules) at last
To the main Sea or his own shore doth cast.

The Kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* then,
Hoping to train the King of *Elams* men,
Among the Clay-pits which themselves before
(T' intrap the Foe) with boughs had covered o're,
Ran thither-ward: but their confused flight,
In their own Ambush made their own to light:
Wherein they lost the flowr of all their rest;
Sooner of death, then of deaths fear possest.

Their own Ambush serves to guilt themselves.

One, as he flies with trembling steps the dart
Which (from behind) nigh pierc't him to the heart,
Tangling his foot with twyning tendrels tho
Of a wilde Vine that neer a pit did grow,

Stumbles,

Stumbles, and tumbles in, hung by the heels
Up to the Waste in water: where he feels
A three-fold Fate: for there (O strange!) he found
Three deaths in one; at once *slain, hang'd & drown'd.*
Another, weening o'r a Well to skip,
From the wet brim his hap-lesse foot doth slip,
And in he fals: but instantly (past hope)
He catcheth hold upon a dangling rope,
And so at length with shifting hands gets-up
By little and little to the fountains top.
Which *Thadael* spying, to him streight he hies,
And thus aloud unto the wretch he cries;
Varlet, is this, is this the means you make,
Your wonted yoke of *Elam* off to shake?
Is this your Skirmish? and are these your blowes,
Where-with t' incounter so courageous Foes?
Sir, leave your ladder; this shall serve as well,
This sword shall be your ladder down to Hell:
Goe pay to *Pluto* (Prince of *Acheron*)
The Tribute here deny'd unto your own:
Here-with he draws his Fauchin bright and keen,
And at a blow heaws both his arms off clean:
His trickling hands held fast, down fell his Trunk,
His bloud did swim, his body quickly sunk.
Another (roughly pushed by the Foe)
Fals headlong down into a Bog below:
Where, on his head deep planted in the mud
With his heels upward like a Tree he stood;
Still to and fro, waving his legs and arms,
As Trees are wont to wave in windy storms.
Another here (on horse-back) posting over
A broad deep clay-pit that green boughs do cover,
Sinks instantly; and in his sudden Fate
Seems the brave Horse doubly unfortunate:
For, his own neck he breaks, and bruzing in
(With the keen scales of his bright Brigandin)
His Masters bowels, serves (alas!) for Tomb
To him that yerst so many times did comb
His crispy Crest, and him so frankly fed
In's hollow Shield with oats, and beans, and bread:
Even so sometimes, the loving Vine and Elm
(With double domage) joyntly over-whelm;
She wails the wrack of her dear Husbands glade;
He moanes his Spouses feeble arms and shade:
But most it grieves him with his Trunk to crush
The precious Clusters of her pleasing Bush;
And presse to death unkindly with his weight
Her that for love imbraceth him so straight.
Yet *Lot* alone (with a small troup assisted)
The Martiall brunt with manly breast resisted,
And thirsting Fame, stands firmly looking for
The furious hoste of *Chedorlaomer*:
But as a narrow and thin-planted Cops,
Of tender saplings with their slender tops,
Is fell'd almost as soon as under-taken
By Multitudes of Peasants Winter-shaken:
Lot's little Number so environ'd round, (down.
Hemm'd with so many swords, is soon hew'n
Then left alone, yet still all one he fares;
And the more danger, still the more he dares:
Like a strange Mastiff fiercely set upon
By mongrell Curs, in number ten to one: (gets:
Who tyr'd with running (grown more cunning)
Into some corner, where upright he sits
Upon his stern, and sternly to his foes
His rage-full, foaming, grinning teeth he shewes,
And snarles, and snaps; and this and that doth bite,
And stoutly still maintains th' unequall fight
With equall fury, till (disdaining Death)
His Enemies be beaten out of breath.
Arioch, admiring, and (even) fearing too
What *Lot* had done, and what he yet might doe;
Him princely meets, and mildly greets him thus:
Cease (valiant youth) cease, cease t' incounter us.
Wilt thou (alas!) wilt thou (poor soule) expose
And hazard thus thy life and fame to lose,
In such a Quarrell, for the cause of such?
Alas, I pitie thy misfortune much.
For, well I see, thy habit and thy tongue
Thine Arms (but most) thy courage (yet so young)
Shew that in SODOM's wanton wals accurst
Thou wert not born, nor in *Gomorrha* nurst.
O chief of Chivalry, reserve thy worth
For better wars: yeeld thee; and think hence-forth
I highly prize thy powers; and, by my sword,
For thousand kingdoms will not false my word.
Past hope of Conquest (as past fear of death) *Lot taken prisoner.*
LOT yeelds him then upon the Princes Faith:
And from his Camell quick-dismounting hies
His Royall hand to kisse in humble wise:
And th' Army, laden with the richest spoyl,
Triumphantly to th' Eastward march the while.
No sooner noyse of these sad novels came *Abraham with his family of 300 goes to rescue Lot.*
Unto the ears of faithfull ABRAHAM,
But instantly he arms to rescue LOT,
And that rich prey the Heathen Kings had got.
Three hundred servants of his house he brings
(But lightly arm'd with staves, & darts, and slings,
Ayded by MAMRE (in whose Plain he wons)
ASCOL and ANER (AMOR's valiant sons)
So at the heels he hunts the fear-lesse Foe,
Yet waits advantage yer he offer blow)
Favour'd by streightnesse of the wayes they took,
And cover'd close with nights deceitfull cloak.
In *Groon-land* field is found a dungeon, A lively description of *Sleep*, with his Cell, Servants, Furniture and Company.
A thousand-fold more dark then *Acheron*,
It hath no door, lest as it turns about,
On rusty hooks, it creak too lowdly out,
But *Silence* serves for Port and Porter there,
A gagged Usher that doth never wear
Stif-rustling silks, nor ratling chamlet sutes,
Nor gyng ing spurs, nor creaking Spanish boots;
But, that he make no noyse (when e're he 'sturs)
His high-day sutes are of the softest Furs;
At other times (lesse-stately-service-full)
He's onely clad in cotton, shod in wooll:
His left fore-finger o're his lips he locks;
With th' other beckens to the early Cocks,
The rushing streams, and roaring *Eolus*,
Seeming (though dumb) to whisper softly thus:
Sleep silver *Torrents*; cease, sweet *Chante-cleer*,
To bid *Good-morrow* to the *Morning* here:
Be still, ye Windes, keep in your native nest;
Let not your storms disturb this house of Rest.
In midst of all this Cave so dark and deep,
On a still rocking couch lies blear-ey'd *Sleep*,
Snorting aloud, and with his panting breath
Blowes a black fume, that all envapoureth:

Oblivion lies hard-by her drowzie brother
Who readily knowes not her ſelfe nor other:
Then ſolitary *Morpheus* gently rockt:
And naſty *Sloath* ſelf-pyn'd, and poorly frockt,
Irreſolute, unhandſome, comfortleſſe,
Rubbing her eyes with Poppy, and doth preſſe
The yellow *Night-ſhade*, and blew *Gladiols* juyce,
Where-with her ſleep-ſwoln heavy lids ſhe glews.
Confuſedly about the ſilent Bed
Fantaſtick ſwarms of *Dreams* there hovered,
Green, red, and yellow, tawny, black, and blew:
Some ſacred, ſome profane; ſome falſe, ſome true;
Some ſhort, ſome long; ſome div'liſh ſome divine;
Some ſad, ſome glad; but monſtrous all (in fine):
Simile. They make no noyſe but right reſemble may
Th'unnumbred Moats which in the Sun do play,
When (at ſome Cranny) with his piercing eye
He peepeth in ſome darker place to ſpy.
Thither th' Almighty (with a juſt intent
To plague thoſe Tyrants pride) his Angels ſent,
No ſooner entred, but the radiant ſhine
Of's gliſtring wings, and of his glorious eyn,
As light as Noon, makes the darke Houſe of Night.
The gawdy ſwarm of *Dreams* is put to flight:
And opening wide the ſable Canapey
The winged Herald ſummon'd *Sleep* away.
Silence diſlodg'd at the firſt word he ſpake:
But deaf dead *Sleep* could not ſo ſoon awake.
Hee's call'd a hundred times, and tugg'd and tout'd,
And by the Angel often rubb'd and rouz'd:
At length he ſtirs, and ſtretching lazily
His legs and arms, and opening halfe an eye,
Foure or five times he yawns; and leaning-on
His (Lob-like) elbow, hears This Meſſage done.
Great Spirits-reſtorer, Cares-charm Chaſing-grief
Night-ſhort'ning Sire, Man's-Reſt, & Mind's Relief,
Up, up (ſaid he) diſpatch thee hence in poſte
And with thy Poppy drench the conquering Hoſte
Of thoſe proud Kings, that (richly charg'd with Prey)
On *Canaan* Mountains lodge in diſ-aray
Th'Angel, in th'inſtant back to Heav'n-ward gon,
Sleep ſlowly harneſt his dull Bears anon;
And, in a noyſ-leſſe Coach all darkly dight,
Takes with him *Silence*, *Drowſineſſe*, and *Night*:
Th'air thickning where he goes doth nod the head,
The Wolf in Woods lies down, th'Ox in the Mead,
Th' Orque under Water; and on Beds of Down
Men ſtretch their limbs, and lay them ſoftly down.
The Nightingale, pearcht on the tender ſpring
Of ſweeteſt Haw-thorn, hangs her drowzie wing,
The Swallow's ſilent, and the loudeſt *Humber*,
Leaning upon the Earth, now ſeems to ſlumber:
Th'yeugh moves no more, the aſp doth ceaſe to ſhake
Pines bow their heads, ſeeming ſome reſt to take.
So ſoon as *Sleep*'s black wings had over-ſpread
The Pagan Hoaſt; the Souldiers haſte to bed:
For, inſtantly begin they all to wink,
To hang their heads, and let their weapons ſink:
Their words-half-ſpoke are loſt between their lips,
Through all their veins *Sleep*'s charming humour
Weh to a deep & death-like *Lethargie* brings (ſlips,
Both Heathen Souldiers and their Heathen Kings.
Abrams oration to his little Troup. *Abrams* perceiving now the Army neer,
By their own Fires; 'gan thus his Troups to cheer:
Souldiers (ſaid he) behold this happy Night
Shall make amends for that diſ-aſtrous Fight
Was fought in *Siddim*, and acquittance cry,
For *Sodom*'s ſhame, and *Lots*'s captivity;
Me thinks, already *Victory* adorn'd (return'd
With Bowes, and Blades, and Casks, and Crowns)
From th' Enemy, on our triumphant ſpears
Erecteth Tropheis far more rich then theirs;
Me thinks, already on our gliſtering Creſts,
The glorious Garland of the Conqueſt reſts;
Our way to ver ne lyes ſo ſmooth and plain,
With pain-leſſe Honour and unvent'red Gain.
This Hoaſt you ſee, is not the valiant Troup
That ſtript *Gomorrha*, and made *Segor* ſtoop;
That *Jordan*, *Indo*, and *Euphrates* admire;
But a foule Heard of Swine wall'wing in mire;
Regard them as they are, not as they were;
See but their ſloath, doe not their number fear;
He that 's aſleep is dead, and he that 's dead
Bites not (they ſay); What have we then to dread?
Why ſtay we, Lads? already down they are,
Their throats be naked, and their boſoms bare,
Their lives lie proſtrate here at our command;
And fortune cais but for your helping hand.
Come, follow me; rather, the *Lord of Hoaſts*
(Terror of Tyrants) who through all the Coaſts
Of all the Earth confoundeth (with a thought)
All worldly power, & brings mens plots to nought;
Come (happy Troup) follow with one accord
Th' invincible brave Standard of the Lord.
This ſaid; eſt-ſoons I wot not what a grace,
What divine beam reflected on his face;
For, as in March, the Serpent having caſt
Simile. His old foule skin, crawls from his hole full faſt,
Hiſſes and ſtings, and ſtares us in the face,
And (gold-like gliſtering, glides along the graſs;
So Heav'n inſpires freſh vigour in each part,
His bloud renews, his heart doth take new heart,
A martiall fury in his breaſt there boyls,
His ſtature ſeems much taller then yer-whiles,
Youth paints his cheeks with Roſe and Lilly Dies,
A lovely Lightning ſparkles in his eyes;
So that his gallant Port and graceſull voyce
Confirms the faineſt, makes the ſad rejoyce.
Abraham ſets upon the Camp of Chedarlaomer. Then on the Camp he ſets, where round about
Lie mingled Carrs, and Horſe and Men that rout;
Reſt ſeizeth all; and (wanting what it fed)
The fire it ſelf ſlept in his aſhy bed.
Th' *Hebrews* the-while laid-on on back, or breſt,
Or arm, or ſide, according as their Reſt
To th'ground had bound them; & thoſe lives bereft
The which Death's Image in a Image reft.
Here, one beheaded on a Trunk of Pine,
Pours-out at once his gore his ghoſt, and Wine;
The full Helm hops, and with a voyce confuſed,
Murmurs, as if it his fell Fate accuſed.
Another taken by inchanting ſleep,
Mid Pots and Cups, and Flagons quaffing deep,
Doth at a wound, given in his ratling gorge,
The Wine again in his own Cup diſ-gorge.
Another, while ingeniouſly he playes
Upon his Lute ſome paſſing-pleaſing Layes,
Sleep ſeals his eyes up with a gloomy cloud;
And yet his hand ſtill quavers light and loud:

But,

But, at the laſt it ſinks; and offring fair
To ſtrike the Baſe, ſtrikes but the empty ayre:
His ſoule, deſcending to th' Infernall Coaſts,
Goes to conclude his Song unto the Ghoſts:
Dolefull it was, not for the Argument
(For 'twas of *Love*) but for the ſad event.
Another, wak'ned with thoſe loud alarms,
Starts-up and groapeth round about for arms;
Which, ah too ſoon he findeth, for his part:
For a keen poignard ſtabs him to the heart.
Like as a Tigreſſe, having with the gore
Of Buls, and Heifers made her ſpots the more,
And pav'd a Plain with Creatures mangled limbs,
Views on each ſide her valiant ſtratagems,
Treads on the vanquiſht, and is proudly ſad,
That no more Foes, nor no more Maw ſhe had:
So th' *Hebrew* ſtalking round about the ſlain,
Braves (but it boots not) and would very fain (ther,
That thoſe dead bodies might their Ghoſts re-ga-
Or that thoſe Moũtains would produce him (rather)
Some Foes more wakefull, that more manfully
In bloud drown'd Valleys might his valour try.
Amor's three ſons did no leſſe ſlaughter make;
Abram for zeale, they but for furies ſake;
This, nails a Souldier with his Sword to th' ground;
That, at a blow, th' heads of two Heads diſ-crownd.
This, underneath a Chariot kils the driver:
That, lops off legs and arms, and heads doth ſhiver.
The Tents already all in bloud doe ſwim,
Guſhing from ſundry Corps, from ſeverall lim.
In briefe, ſo many ravening Wolves they ſeem,
Within whoſe breaſt, fierce Famine biteth keen,
Who ſoftly ſtealing to ſome fold of Sheep
(While both the Shepheard & his Curr doth ſleep)
Furbuſh their hungry teeth, tear, kill, and prey
Upon the beſt, to eat and bear away.
Yet, at the length, the vanquiſhed awake,
And (re-aray'd) the Victors under-take;
Putting the three proud *Amorites*, to flight,
Who but for *Abram*, had been routed quite.
Sleep, ſleep (poor *Pagans*) fith you needs muſt dy,
Go ſleep again, and ſo dye eaſily,
Dye yer you think on death, and in your Dreams
Gaſp-out your ſoules; Let not your dazled beams
Behold the havock and the horror too
Of th' Execution, that our ſwords ſhall doe,
Hacking your bodies to heaw-out your breaths,
Yer death, to fright you with a thouſand deaths,
Said *Abraham*: and pointing every word
With the keen point of his quick-whirled ſword
(As ſwift in doing, as in ſaying ſo)
More fiercely chargeth the inſulting Foe,
Then ever ſtorm-full cloud, which fed with water's
Thin moiſt-ful fumes (ỹ ſnowy moũtains daughters)
Showr'd heaps of hail-ſhot, or pour'd flouds of rain,
On ſlender ſtems of the new tender grain: (death,
Through bloud, and blades, through danger, duſt and
Through mangled Corps and carrs he traverſeth;
And partly in the ſhock, part with the blows,
He breaketh in through thickeſt of his Foes,
And by his travell topſi-turneth then
The live and dead, and half-dead horſe and men:
His bright-keen Fauchin never threats, but hits;
Nor hits, but hurts; nor hurts, but that it ſplits
Some privie poſtern, whence to Hell (in Poſt)
Some groaning Pagan may gaſp out his ghoſt:
He all aſſayls, and him ſo brave beſtows,
That in his Fight he deals more deaths then blows.
As the North-winde, re-cleering-up the front
Of cloudy Heav'ns, towards the South doth hunt
The ſhowrs that *Auſters* ſpungie thirſt exhales
Out of thoſe Seas that circle *Orans* wals;
So where-ſo-e're our *Hebrew Champion* wield
His war-like weapon and his gliſtering ſhield
(Whoſe glorious ſplendor darts a dreadfull light)
All turn their backs, and all be-take to flight;
Forgetting Fame, Shame, Vertue, Hope, and all,
Their hearts are don, and down their weapons fall:
Or, if that any be ſo ſtrangely-ſtout
As not to faint, but bravely yet hold out,
Alas! it boots not, for it cannot ſtop
The victory, but haſte his own miſhap.
But in what Fence-ſchoole, of what Maſter, ſay,
Brave Pearl of Souldiers, learn'd thy hands to play
So at ſo ſundry weapons ſuch paſſados,
Such thruſts, ſuch foyns, ſtramazos, and ſtoccados?
Even of that mighty God, whoſe ſacred might
Made Heav'n & Earth (& them ſo brave bedight)
Of meerly nothing; of that God of Powr
Who ſwore to be thy Target and thy Towr;
Of that high God who fortifies the weak,
Who teacheth his, even ſteely bowes to break,
Who doth his Childrens zealous hearts inflame;
But daunts the proud, and doth their courage tame.
Thy Sword abates th'armed, the ſtrong, the ſtout;
Thou cleav'ſt, thou kill'ſt: The faint diſ-armed rout,
The lightning of thine eyes, thy voyces thunder,
And thy ſtern dreadfull port contounds with won-
Death and Deſpair, Horror and Fury fight (der;
Under thine Enſignes in the diſmall Night;
Thou ſlayeſt this, and that thou threat'ſt as much,
This thou purſu'ſt, that thou diſdain'ſt to touch;
In brief (thou bleſt Knight brave) thou queld'ſt at
Valiant and vile, arm'd and unarmed ones. (once
Here, thine even hand (even in a twinkling trice)
In equall halves a Pagans head doth ſlyce:
Down on each ſhoulder looketh either halfe,
To gaze upon his ghaſtly *Epitaph*,
In lines of bloud writ round about him fair,
Under the curtain of his parted hair.
Here, through a Jerkin (more then Musket-proofe)
Made twelve-fold double of Eaſt-country Buff,
Clean through and through thy deadly ſhaft doth
A gyants bulk; the wounded hulk doth reel: (thrill
The head behinde appears; before, the feathers;
And th' Ethnick ſoul flies both wayes out togethers:
Here thou doſt cleave, with thy keen fauchins force,
The Bards and Breaſt-plate of a furious Horſe,
No ſooner hurt, but he recoyleth back,
Writing his fortune in a bloudy track:
Thy barbed dart, here at a *Chaldee* flyes,
And in an inſtant lardeth both his thighes,
While he (blaſpheming his hard ſtars and ſtate)
Hops (like a Pie) in ſtead of wonted gate.
Now LOT (the while) eſcapt from ELAMS hands,
Free from the burden of his yron bands;
With juſt revenge retorts his taken wrong,
His feet grow ſwift, his ſinnews wexen ſtrong,
His

Simile.

Elamites overth. own by Abraham.

God giv.th victory.

Abraham followes the execution.

Lot reſcued revengeth bravely his captivity.

His heart revives; and his revived heart
Supplies new ſpirits to all and every part.
Simile. And as a wilde and wanton Colt, got out
Of ſome great Stable, ſtaring ſcuds about,
Shakes his proud head and creſt, yerks out his heels,
Butts at the ayre, beats on the humble fields,
His flying ſhadow now purſues amain,
Anon (amaz'd) flies it as faſt again,
Again beholds it with ſelfe-proud delight,
Looks on his legs, ſets his ſtiff tayl upright,
And neighs ſo loud to Mares beyond the Mound,
That with the noyſe the neighbour hils reſound:
So, one while LOT ſets on a Troup of Horſe,
A band of Sling-men he anon doth force,
Anon he puſheth through a Stand of Pikes,
A wing of Archers off anon he ſtrikes,
Anon he ſtalks about a ſteepfull Rock,
Where ſome, to ſhun deaths (never ſhunned) ſtroke,
Had clambred-up; at length a path he ſpies,
Where up he mounts, & doth their Mount ſurpriſe:
Whence, ſtones he heaves, ſo heavy and ſo huge,
That in our Age; three men could hardly bouge;
Under whoſe weight his flying Foes he daſhes:
And in their fleſh, bones, ſtones, and ſteel he paſhes:
Somtimes he ſhoots, ſomtimes he ſhakes a Pike,
Which death to many, dread to all doth ſtrike.
Some in the breaſt he wounds, ſome in the backs,
Some on the hanch, ſome on the head he hacks,
He heaws down all! and maketh where he ſtood
A Mount of bodies in a Moat of bloud.
At length the *Pagans* wholly left the place.
The Pagans wholly put to flight. Then both ſides ran; theſe chaſed, thoſe to chaſe:
Theſe onely uſe their heels; thoſe heels and hands:
Thoſe wiſh but a fair way; theſe that the ſands
Would quickly gape, and ſwallow quick to Hell
Thē ſelves that fled, & thē that chac't ſo fell: (blond:
Theſe render nought but blows; thoſe nought but
Both ſides have broke their ranks: pel-mel they ſcud;
Choakt-up with duſt, diſ-ordered, diſ-aray'd:
Neither Command, Threat, nor Intreat obey'd.
Thou that (late) bragg'ſt, that thy white *Wormly*
Could dry-foot run upon the liquid Wave: (brave
And on the ſand leaving no print behinde
Out-ſwifted Arrows, and out-went the Winde,
With a ſteel Dart, by ABRAH'M ſtifly ſent,
Art 'twixt thy Cuirace and thy Saddle ſlent:
And thou that thrice, neer *Tigris* ſilver ſource,
Hadſt won the Bell, as beſt in every Courſe,
Art caught by LOT, and (thrild from ſide to ſide)
Loſeſt thy ſpeed-praiſe, and thy life beſide.
It ſeems no Fight, but (rather as befals)
An execution of ſad criminals:
Who-ſo eſcapes the ſword, eſcapes not ſo
His ſad deſtruction; or, if any tho
Eſcap't at all, they were but few (at leaſt)
To rue the fatall ruine of the reſt:
For th' Uncle and the Nephew never lin,
Till out of *Canaan* they have chac't them clean:
Simile. Like to a Caſt of Falcons that purſue
A flight of Pigeons through the Welkin blew;
Stooping at this and that, that to their Louver,
(To ſave their lives) they hardly can recover.
At his return from Fight, the Kings and Lords
Of *Paleſtine*, with glad and humble words,
Do welcome *Abram* and refreſh his Troup;
To 's knees their heads, to 's feet their knees they
O valiant Victor! for thy high Deſerts, (ſtoop:
Accept the homage of our humble hearts.
Accept our gratefull zeale: or if ought more
(As well thou may'ſt) thou doſt expect therefore,
Accept (ſaid they) our Lands, our goods, our gold,
Our wives, our lives, and what we deareſt hold:
Take all we have; for all we have is thine:
No wrong to us to take thy Valours Fine.
The King of Canaan reſerved & honoured and his company with great joy, and the graceful offer of their homage to him.
Melchiſedec, Gods *ſacred Miniſter*,
And King of *Salem* comes to greet him there,
Melchiſedech gives unto Abraham. Bleſſing his bliſſe, and thus with zealous cry
Devoutly pierc't Heav'ns ſtar-full Canapey:
Bleſt be the Lord, that with his hand doth roule
The radiant Orbs that turn about the Pole;
And rules the Actions of all humane-kinde
With full command; and with one blaſt of winde
Razes the Rocks, and rends the proudeſt Hils,
Dries-up the Ocean, and the empty fils:
Bleſt be the great God of great *Abraham*:
From Age to Age extolled be his Name:
Let every place unto him Altars build,
And every Altar with his praiſe be fill'd,
And every Praiſe above the Welkin ring
As loud or louder then the Angels ſing:
Bleſſed be He, that by an arm-leſſe crew
Of Art-leſſe Shepheards did ſo quick ſubdue
And tame the Tamers of *Great Syria* ſo;
And to the ſervants of an exil'd Foe
Hath giv'n the Riches and the royall ſtore
(Both of their Booty and their Own before)
Of ſuch an Hoaſt of Nations that firſt ſee
Sol's early riſing from *Aurora's* knee.
But *Abraham*, to prove that not for prey,
Abraham diſtributes the booty, reſerving only a portion for the Amorits that were his confederats. He puts-on arms, divides the Spoyls away;
The *Tythes* the *Prieſts*: the Reſt of all the things
(Yerſt loſt in field) he renders to the Kings,
Save but the Portion he participates
To th' *Amorites* his ſtout Confederates;
Shewing himſelfe a Prince as Politick,
Prudent, and juſt, as ſtout and ſouldier-like,
That with his Proweſſe Policy can mell,
And Conquering, can uſe his Conqueſt well;
Magnanimous in deeds, in words as meek,
That ſcorning Riches, true renown doth ſeek.
He is renowned far and neare. So, from the Sea, even to th' *Euphratean-ſource*,
And even from *Dan*, to *Nilus* cryſtall courſe,
Rings his renown; Of him is all the ſpeech,
At home, abroad; among the poor and rich,
In war and peace; the Fame of his high deeds
Confirms the Faithfull in their fainting Creeds:
And terrifies the Tyrant Infidels,
Shaking the ſides of their proud Citadels,
That with their fronts the ſeat of JOVE do ſcorn,
And with their feet at *Pluto's* crown do ſpurn.
Voyce, Harp, and Timbrel ſound his praiſe toge-
Hee's held a Prophet or an Angel rather, (ther,
They ſay that God talks with him face to face,
Hoaſts at his Houſe, and to his happy Race
Gives in *Fee-ſimple* all that goodly Land
Even from the Sea, as far as *Tigris* Strand.
God appears unto him, and makes Covenant with him. And it is certain, the *Thrice-ſacred-One*,
The King of kings, by Dream or Viſion,

Speaks

Speaks with him oft; and cals him thus by name;
Faint not my servant, fear not ABRAHAM;
I am no fiend that with a fained lip
Seek guilefully thy simpleness to trip,
Nor to entice thee (with a baen-full breath)
To bite (like ADAM) a new fruit of death:
'Tis I, that brought thee from thy Native UR,
From night to day, from death to life (thus far)
I brought the hither, I have blest the here,
I with thy flocks have covered far and neer
Canaan's fat Hils; I have preserv'd thy Wife
From strangers lust, and thee from Tyrants knife,
When thy faint heart, and thy false tongue, astray'd
To tell the truth, her and thy selfe betray'd:
'Tis I, that have so oft from Heathens powr
Preserv'd thy person; and (as Conqueror)
Now made thee triumph over th' Eastern Kings
(Whereof so far thy famous Valour rings):
I am (in briefe) I am the Lord thy God,
Thy help at home, thy Guide and Guard abroad:
Keep thou my Covenant: and (to signifie,
That to the World thou dy'st, to live to Mee)
Go *Circumcise* forth-with thy Selfe and Thine,
Lead holy Life, walk in my Wayes divine
With upright-foot: so shall my favour hant
Thy House and thee, and thou shalt nothing want:
No, I will make thee Lord of all the Land
Which *Canaans* Children have with mighty hand
So long possest; a happy Land that flowes
With milk and hony: a rich Land where growes
(Even of it selfe) all kind of Fruit & Corn, (horn:
Where smiling Heav'ns pour-down their Plenties-
Ile heap thee there with Honour, Wealth, & Powr,
I will be thy Reward, thy Shield, and Towr.
O Lord (said ABRAM) though into my lap
In showrs of gold ev'n all the Heav'ns should drop,
What booted all, to me that am alone?
Alas! my Lord, I have enough, for one
That hath no issue after to inherit,
But my good servant ELEAZAR's merit.
Not so, my Son (replies th' Omnipotent)
Mistake not so my bountifull intent;
Ile not disparage to a Servants Fee
The rich estate, and royall dignity
That in my People shall hereafter shine:
No, no (mine ABRAM) even a stock of thine,
Thine own deer Nephews, even thy proper Seed
Shall be thine Heirs, and in thy state succeed.
Yea thine own Son's immortall-mortall Race
Shall hold in gage the Treasures of my Grace.
The Patriarch, then rapt with sudden joy,
Made answer thus: Lives then my wandring Boy?
Lives ISMAEL? is ISMAEL alive?
O happy news! (Lord let him ever thrive)
And shall his Seed succeed so eminent?
Ah! let me dye then: then I dye content.
ISMAEL indeed doth live (the Lord replies)
And lives, to father mighty Progenies:
For, from the Day when first his Mother (flying
Thy jealous SARA's curst and threatfull crying)
To the dry Desarts sandy horror hy'd,
I have for both been carefull to provide;
Their extreme Thirst due-timely to refresh,
Conducting them unto a Fountain fresh,
In liquid Crystall of whose Maiden spowt
Bird never dipt her bill, nor Beast his snowt.
And if I erre not (but I cannot erre:
For, what is hid from Hearts-Artificer?
What can the Sight of the Sight-maker dim?)
Another Exile yet attendeth him,
Where-in he shall (in season) feel and finde,
How much to him I will be good and kinde.
He shall grow great, yet shall his rest be small;
All shall make war on him, and he on all:
Through Corslets, Rivets, Jacks, and Shirts of Mail,
His shaft shall thrill the Foes that him assail:
A swift Hart's heart he shall (even running) hit;
A Sparrow's head he shall (even flying) split;
And in the ayre shall make the Swallow cease
His sweet-sweet note, and slicing nimbleness.
Yea (O Saints-Firstling) only for thy sake,
Twelve mighty Princes will I shortly make (sway
Spring from his Loines, whose fruitfull seed shall
Even unto *Sur* from golden *Havila*.
Yet 'tis not He, with whom I mean to knit
Mine inward Covenant; th' outward seal of it
ISMAEL may bear, but not the efficace
(Thy Son, but after flesh, not after Grace).
But to declare that under Heavens Frame,
I hold nought deeret then mine ABRAHAM,
Ile open SARA's dry and barren womb, (come,
From whence thine ISAAC (Earths delight) shall
To glad the World; a Son that shall (like thee)
Support thy *Faith*, and prop her Family.
Com from thy Tent, com forth & here contemple
The golden Wonders of my Throne and Temple;
Number the Stars, measure their bigneste bright,
With fixed eye gaze on their twinkling Light,
Exactly mark their ordred Courses, driven
In radiant Coaches through the Lists of Heav'n:
Then mayst thou also number thine own Seed
And comprehend their Faith, and plainly read
Their noble Acts, and of their publike State
Draw an *Idea* in thine own conceit.
This, This is Hee, to, and with whom I grant
Th' eternall Charter of my *Covenant*.
Which if he truely keep, upon his Race
Ile pour an Ocean of my plenteous Grace:
Ile not alone give him the Fields here seen
But even from *India* all that flowreth green
To th' utmost Ocean's utmost sand and shelfe;
Ile give him Heav'n. Ile give him even my Selfe.
Hence, hence, the *High & mighty Prince* shal spring
Sin's, Death's, and Hels eternall taming King,
The sacred Founder of Man's soverain Bliss, (ness.
Worlds peace, worlds ransom, & worlds righteous-
Th' eternall seem'd then towards Heav'n to hie,
Th' old-man to follow him with greedy eye.
The sudden dis-appearing of the Lord,
Seem'd like to powder, fired on a boord,
When smoakingly it mounts in sudden flash,
With little flame, giving a little clash.
Plenty and Pleasure had o'r-whelm'd the while
Sodom and *Gomor* in all Vices vile:
So that, already the most ruth-less Rape
Of tender Virgins of the rarest shape, (bindes)
Th' adulterous kiss (which Wedlocks bands un-
Th' Incestuous Bed, confounding Kindreds kindes
(Where

Circumcision ordained.

Canaan promised to Abraham.

Ismael promised.

In him the Covenant ratified.

Of his line shall come Christ the Redeemer.

Ismael's mightiness.

Prosperity plungeth the Sodomites in all manner of abominations.

(Where Father wooes the Daughter, Sister Brother,
Th' Uncle the Niece, and ev'n the Son the Mother)
They did not hate, nor (as they ought) abhor;
But rather scorn'd, as sports they car'd not for.
Forbear (dear Younglings) pray a-while forbear,
Stand farther from me, or else stop your eare,
At th' obscœne sound of th' unbeseeming words
Which to my *Muse* this odious place affords:
Or, if it 's horror cannot drive you hence,
Hearing their Sin, pray hear their Punishments.
These beastly Men (rather these man-like Beasts)
Could not be fill'd with VENUS vulgar Feasts;
Fair Nature could not furnish their Desire;
Some monstrous meis these Monsters did require:
An execrable flame inflam'd their hearts,
Prodigiously they play'd the Womens parts:
Male hunted Male; and acted, openly,
Their furious Lusts in fruitless Venery.
Therefore, to purge Ulcers so pestilent,
Two Heav'nly Scowts the Lord to *Sodom* sent;
Whom (deeming Mortals) *Lot* importunates
To take his Lodging, and to taste his Cates.
For, Angels, being meer Intelligences
Have (properly) no Bodies nor no Senses:
But (sacred Legats of the *Holy-One*)
To treat with us, they put our Nature-on;
And take a body fit to exercise (and flies;
The Charge they have, which runnes, and feeds,
Dures during their Commission; and, that past,
Turns t' Elements, whence first it was amass'd.
A simple Spirit (the glittering Childe of Light)
Unto a bodie doth not so unite,
As to the Matter Form incorporates:
But, for a season it accomodates,
As to his Tool the quaint Artificer,
(That at his pleasure makes the same to stir).
Yet in such sort that th' instrument (we see)
Holds much of him that moves it actively.
But alwaies in some place are Angels: though
Not as all filling (God alone is so,
The Spirit which all good spirits in spirit adore,
In all, on all, with-out all, evermore).
Nor as inviron'd (That alone agrees
To bodies bounded with extremities
Of the next substance; and whose superfice
Unto their place proportionable is):
But rather, as sole selfly limited,
And joyn'd to place, yet not as quantitied;
But by the touch of their live efficace
Containing Bodies which they seem t' embrace:
So, visibly those bodies move, and oft
By word of Mouth bring arrands from aloft,
And eat with us; but, not for suttentation,
Nor naturally, but by meer dispensation.
Such were the sacred Guests of this good Prince:
Such, courteous ABRAM feasted in his Tents;
When, seeing three, he did adore but one;
Which, comming down from the celestiall Throne,
Fore-told the sad and sudden Tragedy,
Of these loose Cities, for their Luxurie.
You that your Purse do shut, and doors do bar
Against the cold, faint, hungry Passenger,
You little think that all our life and age
Is but an Exile and a Pilgrimage:
And that in earth whoso hath never given
Harbour to strangers, shall have none in Heav'n,
Where solemn *Nuptials* of the *Lamb* are held,
Where Angels bright and souls that have excell'd,
All clad in white, sing th' *Epithalamy*,
Carowsing *Nectar* of Eternitie.
Sans *Hospitality*, the Pilgrim poor
For Bed-fellow might have a Wolf or Boar:
What e'er is given the Strange and Needy one,
Is not a gift (indeed) but 't is a Loan,
A Loan to God, who payes with interest;
And (even in this life) guerdons even the least.
For, alms (like leaven) make our goods to rise,
And God his own with blessings plentifies.
O Hosts, what know you, whether (charitable)
When you suppose to feast men at your Table,
You guest Gods Angels in Mens habit hid,
(Heav'n-Citizens) as this good *Hebrew* did?
Who supped them: & when the time grew meet
To go to bed, he heard amid the street
A wrangling, jangling, and a murmur rude,
Which great, grew greater through nights solitude.
For, those that first these two bright stars surveyd,
Wilde, Stalion-like, after their beauties nieigh'd;
But, seeing them by the chaste Stranger sav'd,
Shame-less and sens-less up and down they rav'd,
From House to House knocking at every doore,
And beastly-brute, thus, thus they rayle and roare;
Brethren, shall we endure this Fugitive,
This stranger LOT, our pleasures to deprive?
O Cowardise! to suffer in our sights
An exile here t' usurp our choyce delights,
T' embrace a brace of Youths so beauteous
(Rather two Gods com-down from Heav'n to us)?
Shall it be said that such an old cold stock
Such rare young mirrions in his bed should mock,
While wretched we, unto our selves make mone?
And (Widow-like) wear out our sheets alone?
Let 's rather break his doors, and make him know,
Such dainty morsels hang not for his Mow.
Even as at Bathe, *down from the neighbour hils,*
After a Snowe, the melting Crystall trils
Into the Avon (*when the* Pythian *Knight*
Strips those steep Mountains of their shirts so white)
Through hundred Valleys gushing Brooks & Torrents,
Striving for swiftnesse in their sundry Currents,
Cutting deep Chanels where they chance to run,
And never rest till all do meet in one:
So, at their cry from every corner throng
Unto LOTS house, Men, Children, old and young.
For, common was this execrable sin,
With bleat-ey'd Age, as nusled long therein;
With Youth, through rage of lust; with infancie,
Exampl-led: all through Impunitie.
And thus, they all cry out; Ope, ope the door,
Come, open quickly, and delay no more:
Let forth that lovely pair, that they may prove
With us the pleasures of Male-mingled love.
LOT lowly then replyes: Brethren and Friends,
By all the names that amity commends,
By Nature 's Rules, and Rites of Hospitality,
By sacred Laws, and lessons of Morality,
By all respects of our com-Burgership
(Which should our minds in mutuall kindness keep)

I do

Their most execrable fame.

Two Angels sent downe, received and guested by *Lot*.

Of the nature and essence of Angels.

Exhortation to hospitality.

The sinfull Sodomites fall-out with the heavy of the Angels, mutiny against *Lot* for harbouring them.

Simile.

Lot (speaks the more fairer, and intreats them earnestly for the safety of his guests

I do abjure you all, that you refrain
The honour of my harmlesse guests to stain,
Nor in your hearts to harbour such a thought
Whereby their Vertues may be wrong'd in ought.
Base busie Stranger, com'st thou hither thus
(Controller-like) to prate and preach to Us?
No (*Puritan*) thou shalt not here do so;
Therefore dispatch and let thy darlings goe;
Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove
With us the Pleasures of Male-mingled love.
The horror of this sin, their stubborn rage,
His sacred promise given his Guests for gage,
Th' old *Hebrews* mind so trouble and dismay,
That well he wots not what to doe nor say.
For, though we ought not (if Gods word be true)
Doe any evill that good may ensue:
To shun one ill, another ill he suffers,
He prostitutes his issue; and he offers,
Lambs to the guard of Wolves: and thus he cries,
I have (with that, the tears ran-down his eyes)
I have two Daughters that be Virgins both;
Go, take them to you (yet alas full loth)
Go, crop the first-fruits to their Bride-grooms due
(O! death to think it): But let none of you
Abuse my chaste Guests with such villany
As merits Fire from Heav'n immediately;
A sin so odious that the Name alone
Good men abhor, yea even to think upon.
Tush: we are glutted with all granted loves
And common pleasures nought our pleasure moves;
LOT, our delights (ty'd to no law's conformity)
Consist not in the pleasure, but th' inormity,
Which fools abhor: and, saying so they rush,
Some upon LOT, some at his gates do push.
O cursed City! where the aged Sire,
Un-able thus to doe, doth thus desire;
And younglings yet scarce weaned from their nurse
Strive with their Elders whether shall be worse;
Full is the measure of thy monstrous sin:
Thy Canker now o'r all thy bulk hath bin.
God hates all sin: but, extreme Impudence
Is even a greater sin then the Offence:
The sweet kinde Kisses of chaste Man and Wife
Although they seem by God and Nature (rife)
Rather commanded then allow'd, and grac't
In their sweet fruits (their issue choicely-chaste)
With laws large priviledge; yet evermore
(As Modesty and Honesty implore)
Ought to be private, and (as things forbidden
Unto the sight) with Nights black curtain hidden.
Yet these foul monsters in the open street
Where altogether all the Town might see't,
Most impudent, dare perpetrate a sin
Which Hell it selfe before had never seen;
A sin so odious, that the fame of it
Will fright the damned in the darksom Pit.
But now, the Angels, their celestiall kinde
Un-able longer to conceal, strook blinde
Those beastly Letchers, and brought safe away
LOT and his household by the break of Day.
But, O prodigious! never rose the Sun
More beautifull, nor brighter shin'd upon
All other places (for he rose betimes
To see such Execution on such Crimes):

And yet, it lowrs, it lightens, and it thunders
It rores, it rains (O most unwonted wonders!)
Upon this Land, which 'gainst th' Omnipotent
Had warr'd so long with sins so insolent:
And 'gainst the pride of those detested livers,
Heav'n seems to empty all his wrathfull Quivers.
From *Acheron* even all the Furies hie,
And all their Monsters them accompany,
With all their tortures and their dismall terrors,
And all their *Chaos* of confused Horrors;
All on the guilty strand of *Jordan* storm,
And with their Fire-brands all to *Sodom* swarm,
As thick as Crowes in hungry shoals do light
On new-sow'n lands; where stalking bold upright,
As black as Jet they jet about, and feed
On Wheat, or Rye, or other kinde of seed;
Kaaking so loud, that hardly can the Steer
The whistling Goad-man's guiding language hear.
It rain'd indeed; but, not such fertile raine
As makes the Corn in Summer sprout amain;
And all things freshed with a pleasant ayr,
To thrive, and prove more lively, strong and fair:
But in this sink of Sin, this stinking Hell,
A rain of Salt, of Fire, and Brimstone, fell.
Salt did consume the pleasant fruitfulnesse,
Which serv'd for fuell to their Wantonnesse:
Fire punished their beastly Fire within:
And Brimston's stink the stench of their foul Sin.
So, as their Sin was singular (of right)
Their punishment was also exquisite:
Here open Flames, and there yet hidden Fires
Burn all to ashes, sparing neither Spires
Of brick nor stone, nor Columns, gates, nor arches,
Nor Bowrs, nor Towrs, nor even their neighbour-marches.
In vain the-while the People weep & cry,
To see their wrack, and know no remedy:
For, now the Flame in richest Roofs begun,
From molten gutters scalding Lead doth run,
The Slats and Tyles about their ears do split,
The burning Rafters Pitch and Rosin spet:
The whirling Fire re-mounteth to the Skie,
About the fields ten thousand sparks do flie;
Half-burned houses fall with hideous fray,
And VULCAN makes Mid-night as bright as day:
Heav'n flings down nought but flashing Thunder-shot,
Th' Ayr 's all a-fire, Earth 's exhalations hot
Are spewing ÆTNA's that to Heav'n aspire:
All th' Elements (in brief) are turn'd to fire.
Here, one perceiving the next Chamber burning,
With suddain leap towards the window turning,
Thinks to cry *Fire*: but instantly the smoke
And Flame without, his with-in Voice do choke:
Another sooner feels then sees the Fire.
For, while (O horror!) in the stinking mire
Of his foul Lust he lies, a Lightning flash
Him and his Love at-once to dust doth dash:
Th' abhorred Bed is burnt; and they, aswell
Coupled in Plague as Sin, are sent to Hell.
Another yet on tops of Houses crawls:
But his foot slips, and down at last he fals.
Another feeling all his clothes a-fire,
Thinking to quench them yer it should com nigher,
Leaps in a Lake: but all the Lake began
To boyl and bubble like a seething Pan,

Or

This inforces reply.

He offers those his own daughters to prostitute his guests.

Their monstrous impudency.

Turbulency in sinning, doubles the guilt of sin.

Before their fearfull destruction, the Angels bring Lot and his family safe out of the City.

Simile.

The manner of their punishment by fire and brimstone from heaven, and the reason thereof.

The same most lively represented.

Simile.

Or like a Caldron that top full of oyl,
Environ'd round with fume and flame doth boyl,
To boyl to death some cunning counterfeit
That with false stamp some Princes Coyn hath beat.
Another, seeing the City all in Cinders,
Himselfe for safety to the field he renders:
But flakes of fire, from Heav'n distilling thick,
There th' horror of a thousand deaths do strike.
Through *Adamah*'s and *Gomer*'s goodly Plains,
Sodom and *Seboim* not a foule remains:
Horse, Sheep, and Oxen, Cows and Kids partake
In this revenge, for their vile Masters sake.
Thus hath the hand of the Omnipotent
Inroll'd the *Deed* of their drad Punishment,
With Diamantin Pen, on Plates of Brasse,
With such an Ink as nothing can deface:
The moulten Marble of these cindred Hils,
Asphaltus Lake, and these poor mock-fruit Fields
Keep the *Record*; and cry through every Age,
How God detesteth such detested Rage.
O chastisement most dradly-wonderfull!
Th' Heav'n cindred Cities a broad standing Pool
O'r-flowes (yet flows not) whose infectious breath
Corrupts the Ayr and Earth dis-fertileth:
A Lake, whose back, whose belly, and whose shore,
Nor Bark, nor Fish, nor Fowl hath ever bore.
The pleasant Soyl that did (even) shame yer-while
The plenteous beauties of the banks of *Nile*,
Now scarr'd, and collow'd, with his face and head
Cover'd with ashes is all dry'd and dead;
Voyd of all force, vitall, or vegetive;
Upon whose brest nothing can live or thrive:
For, nought it bears save an abortive suit
Of seeming-fair, false, vain and fained fruit,
A fruit that feeds the eye, and fils the hand,
But to the stomack in no stead doth stand;
For, even before it touch the tender lips,
Or Ivorie teeth, in empty smoak it slips,
So vanishing: onely the nose receives
A noysome savour, that (behinde) it leaves.

Exhortation to Travailers that have seene, and to se, there-in that shall reade or heare these fearefull monuments of God's severe Justice, to make right use of this fearefull example.

Here, I adjure you vent'rous Travellours,
That visit th' horror of these cursed shores,
And taste the venom of these stinking streams,
And touch the vain fruit of these withered stems:
And also you that doe behold them thus,
In these sad Verses pourtray'd here by us,
To tremble all, and with your pearly tears
To showr another Sea; and that your hairs
Staring upright on your affrighted head
Heave up your Hats; and in your dismall dread,
To thinke, you hear like Sulph'ry Stormes to strike
On our new Monsters for offences like.
For, the Almighties drad all-danting arme
Not onely strikes such as with *Sodom* swarme
In these foul sins; but such as sigh or pity
Sodoms destruction, or so damn'd a Citie,
And cannot constant with dry eyes observe
God's judgements just on such as such deserve.

Lots wife Metamorphosed.

LOT hies to SEGOR: but his Wife behinde
Lagged in body, but much more in minde:
She weeps and wayls (O lamentable terror!
O impious Pietie! O kinde-cruell error!)
The dire destruction of the smoaking Cities,
Her Sons-in-Law (which should have bin) she pities,
Grieves so to leave her goods, and she laments
To lose her Jewels and habilliments:
And (contrary to th' Angels Words precise)
Towards the Town she turns her wofull eyes.
But instantly, turn'd to a whitely stone,
Her feet (alas!) fast to the ground be grown.
The more she stirs, she sticks the faster in:
As silly Bird caught in a subtill gin,
Set by some shepheard neer the Copses side,
The more it struggles is the faster ty'd.
And, as the venom of an eating Canker
From flesh to flesh runs every day the ranker,
And never rests, untill from foot to head
O'r all the body his fell poyson spread:
This Yce creeps-up, and ceaseth not to num,
Till ev'n the marrow hard as bones become,
The brain be like the scull, and bloud convert
To Alablaster over every part;
Her pulse doth cease to beat, and in the ayr
The windes no more can wave her scattered hair:
Her belly is no belly, but a Quar
Of *Cardon* Rocks, and all her bowels are
A precious Salt-mine, supernaturall;
Such, as (but Salt) I wot what to call;
A Salt, which (seeming to be fall'n from Heav'n)
To curious Spirits hath long this Lesson giv'n,
Not to presume in Divine things to pry,
Which sev'n-times seal'd, under nine Locks do ly.
She weeps (alas!) and as she weeps, her tears
Turn into Pearls fro'rn on her thinckling hairs;
Fain would she speak: but (forced to conceal)
In her cold throat her guilty words congeal;
Her mouth yet open, and her arms a-crosse,
Though dumb, declare both why, & how she was
Thus *Metamorphos'd*: for, Heav'n did not change
Her last sad gestures in her sudden *Change*.
No gorgeous Mausole, grac't with flatt'ring verse,
Eternizeth her Trunk, her House, and Herse;
But, to this Day (strange will it seem to some)
One and the same is both the Corps and Tomb.

Many professe to live without the support of God's glory our Saviour.

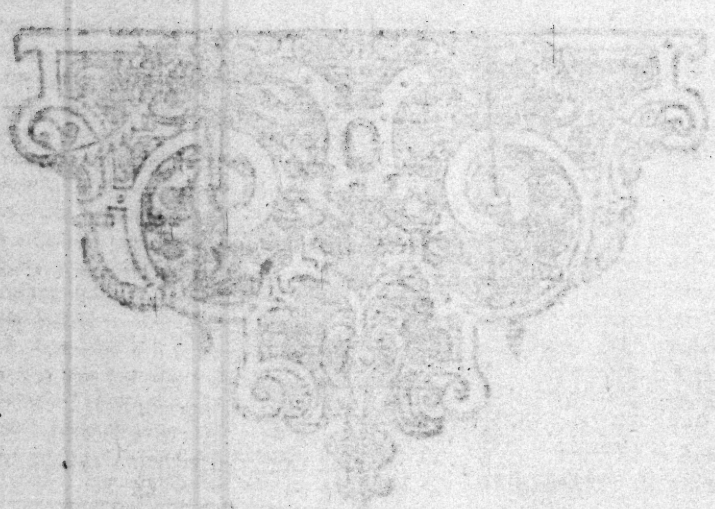
Almighty Father! Gracious God and Just!
O! what hard heartednesse, what brutish Lust,
Pursueth man, if thou but turn thy face,
And take but from us thy preventing grace;
And, if provoked for our past offences,
Thou give us up to our Concupisences?
O *Harran*'s Neeces, you (LOTS daughters) saw
SODOM consumed in that Sulph'ry flaw:
Their Hils and Forrests calcined (in fine)
Their liberall fields sow'n with a burning brine,
Their stately houses like a Coale-pit smoaking,
The Sun it selfe with their thick vapours choking:
So that within a yard for stinking smother
The Labourers cold hardly know each other;
Their flowring valley to a Fen exchang'd:
And your own Mother to a Salt-stone chang'd:
Yet all (alas!) these famous Monuments
Of the just rigour of God's Punishments
Cannot deterre you: but ev'n *Sodom*-like
Incestiously a holy-man you seeke:
Even your own Father, whom with wine you fill;
And then by turns intice him to your will
Conceiving so (O can Heav'n suffer it!)
Even of that seed which did your selves beget:

Lot drawn by his daughters in drunkennesse to commit incest with both of them.

Within

Within your wombs you bear for nine months time
Th' upbraiding burden of your ſhame-leſſe Crime;
And troub'ling Kindred's names and Nature quite,
You both become, even in one very night,
Wives to your Fathers, Siſters to your Sons,
And Mothers to your Brothers all at once;
All under colour that thus living ſole,
Sequeſtred thus in an unhaunted hole,
Heav'ns envie ſhould all ADAM's race have reſt,
And LOT alone ſhould in the World be left.
Had 't not been better, never to have bred,
Then t' have conceived in ſo foul a bed?
Had't not been better never t' have been Mothers,
Then by your Father, to have born your brothers?
Had't not been better to the death to hate,
Then thus t' have lov'd him that you both begate?
Him, ſo much yours, that yours he mought not be?
Sith of theſe Rocks God could immediately
Have rais'd LOT Son-in-lawes; or, ſtriking but
Th' Earths ſolid boſom with his brazen foot,
Out of the duſt have reared ſudden ſwarms
Of People, ſtay'd in Peace, and ſtout in Arms?

FINIS.



The Fathers.

A PART OF THE SECOND PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. VVEEKE.

The Argument.

The famous Father of the Faithfull, here
Limn'd to the life, in ſtrife of Faith *and* Feare:
His Son's *ſweet Nature, and his nurture ſuch,*
Endeer his Triall *with a neerer Touch:*
Reason's *beſt* Reaſons *are by* Faith *refell'd;*
With God, *th'* Affection, *for the* Action *held;*
So, counter-manding His Command (*atchiev'd*)
The Sire *'s approved, and the* Son *repriev'd.*
Here (had *our Author* liv'd to end his Works)
Should have enſu'd the other Patriarchs.

O! 'Tis a Heav'nly and a happy turn,
Of godly Parents to be timely born!
To be brought-up under the watchfull eyn
Of milde-ſharp Maſters awfull Diſcipline:
Chiefly, to be (even from the very firſt)
With the pure milk of true Religion nurſt.
Such hap had *Iſaac:* but his Inclination
Exceeds his Birth, excels his Education.
His Faith, his Wit, Knowledge, & Judgement ſage,
Out-ſtripping Time, anticipate his age.
For (yet a Childe) he fears th' Eternall Lord,
And wiſely waits all on his Fathers werd;
Whoſe ſteady ſteps ſo duly he obſerves,
That every look, him for a leſſon ſerves:
And every geſture, every wink and beck,
For a command, a warning, and a check:
So that, his toward Diligence out-went
His fathers hopes and holy document.
Now, though that *Abram* were a man diſcreet,
Sober and wiſe, well knowing what is meet;
Though his dear Son ſomtimes he ſeem to chide,
Yet hardly can he his affection hide:
For, evermore his love-betraying eye
On 's darling *Iſaac* glanceth tenderly:
Sweet *Iſaac* 's face ſeems as his Glaſs it were,
And *Iſaac* 's Name is muſick in his eare.
But God, perceiving this deep-ſettled Love,
Thence takes occaſion *Abrams* Faith to prove;
And tempteth him: but not as doth the Divell
His Vaſſals tempt (or man his Mate) to evill:
Satan ſtill draws us to Deaths diſmall Path;
But God directs where Death no entry hath;

Ay Satan aymes our constant Faith to foyl;
But God doth seal it, never to miscoyl:
Satan suggesteth ill; God moves to grace:
The Divell seeks our Baptisme to deface;
But God, to make our burning Zeal to beam
The brighter ay in his *Jerusalem*.
Simile. A Prince, that means effectuall proof to make
Of some Mans faith that he doth newly take,
Examins strictly, and with nimble doe,
His words and deeds, and every gesture too;
And, as without, within as well to spy-him,
Doth carefully by all means sift and try-him.
But God ne'r seeks by Triall of Temptation
To sound Mans heart and secret cogitation
(For, well he knowes Man, and his eye doth see
All thoughts of Men yer they conceived be);
But this is still his high and holy drift,
When through Temptation he his Saints doth sift,
To leave for pattern to his Churches seed
Their stedfast Faith, and never-daunted Creed.
Yet, out of season God doth never try
His new-converted Children, by and by;
Such novices would quickly faint and shrink,
Such ill-rigg'd ships would even in launching sink;
Their Faiths light blossoms would with every blast
Be blown away and bear no fruit at last;
Against so boystrous strokes they want a shield;
Under such weight their feeble strēgth would yield.
But when his Words dear seed, that he hath sow'n
Within their hearts, is rooted well and grow'n:
And when they have a broad thick Breast-plate on,
High peril-proof against affliction;
Such as our *Abram*: Who, now wexen strong
Through exercise of many trials long,
Of Faith, of Love, of Fortitude and right,
Who, by long weary wandrings day and night,
By often Terrors, *Lots* imprisonment,
His Wifes twice taking, *Ismaels* banishment,
Being made invincible for all assaults
Of Heav'n and Earth, and the infernall Vaults;
Is tempted by the voyce, which made all things,
Wch sceptereth Shepheards, and un-crowneth Kings.
Invocation. Give me a Voyce, now, O Voyce all divine!
With sacred Fire inflame this breast of mine;
Ah! ravish me, make all this Universe
Admire thine *Abram* pourtray'd in my Verse.
Mine *Abram*, said the Lord, dear *Abraham*,
Thy God, thy King, thy Fee, thy Fence *I am*:
Hie straight to *Salem*, and there quickly kill
Thine owne Son *Isaac*; on that sacred Hill
Heaw him in pieces, and commit the same
In sacrifice unto the ragefull Flame.
Simile. As he, that slumbring on his carefull Bed,
Seems to descern some Fancie full of dread,
Shrinks down himselfe, and fearfull hides his face,
And scant drawes breath in half an howers space:
So *Abraham*, at these sharp sounding words
(Wch wound him deeper then a thousand swords)
Seized at once with wonder, griefe, and fright,
Is well nigh sunk in Deaths eternall night;
Death's ash-pale Image in his eyes doth swim,
A chilling Yce shivers through every lim,
Flat on the ground himselfe he groveling throwes,
A hundred times his colour comes and goes,
From all his body a cold deaw doth drop,
His speech doth fail, and every sense doth stop.
But, self-return'd, two sounding sobs he cast,
Then two deep sighs, then these sad words at last;
Cruell command, quoth He, that I should kill
A tender Infant, innocent of ill;
That in cold bloud I (barbarously) should murder
My (fear-less, fault-less) faithful friend, nay (further)
Mine own dear Son: and what dear Son? Alas!
Mine onely *Isaac* (whose sweet Vertues passe
The lovely sweetnesse of his Angel-face)
Isaac, sole pattern of now-Vertue known,
Isaac, in years young, but in wisedome grown;
Isaac, whom good men love, the rest envie;
Isaac, my hearts heart, my lifes life, must dye.
That I should stain an execrable Shrine
With *Isaac*'s warm bloud, issued out of mine.
O! might mine serve 't were tolerable losse,
'T were little hurt; nay, 't were a welcom crosse.
I bear no longer fruit: the best of Mee
Is like a fruit-lesse, branch-lesse, sap-lesse Tree,
Or hollow Trunk, which onely serves for stayes
To crawling Ivie's weak and winding spraies.
But, losing *Isaac*, I not onely leese
My life withall (which Heavns have linkt to his)
But (O!) more millions of Babes yet un-bore,
Then there be sands upon the *Lybian* shore.

Canst thou mine Arm? O! canst thou, cruell arm,
In *Isaac*'s breast thy bloudy weapon warm?
Alas! I could not but even dye for griefe,
Should I but yeeld mine Ages sweet reliefe
(My blisse, my comfort, and mine eyes delight)
Into the hands of hang-mens spare-lesse spight:
But, that mine own selfe (O extremest Rigour!)
What my selfe formed, should, my selfe, disfigure:
That I (alas! I with bloudy hand, and knife,
Should rip his bosome, rend his heart and life:
That (odious Author of a Precedent
So rarely ruth-lesse) I should once present,
Upon a sacred Altar, an Oblation
So barbarous (O brute abomination!)
That I should broil his flesh, and in the flame
Behold his bowels crackling in the same;
'Tis horrible to think and hellish too,
Cruell to wish, impossible to doe.

Doe't he that lists, and that delights in bloud;
I neither will nor can become so wood,
T' obey in this: God, whom we take to be
Th' eternall Pillar of all verity,
And constant faith; will he be faith-lesse now?
Will he be false, and from his promise bow?
Will he (alas!) undoe what he hath done?
Mar what he makes, and lose what he hath won?
Sail with each winde? and shall his promise, then,
Serve but for shares t' intrap sincerest men?
Somtimes, by his eternall self he swears,
That my Son *Isaac*'s number-passing Heirs
Shall fill the Land, and that his fruitfull Race
Shall be the blessed leaven of his Grace;
Now he commands me his dear life to spill,
And in the Cradle my Health's Hope to kill,
To drown the whole World in the bloud of him;
And at one stroke, upon his fruitfull stem,

To

To ſtrike off all the heads of all the flock
That ſhould hereafter his drad Name invoke,
His ſacred noſtrils with ſweet ſmels delight,
His ears with prayſes, with good deeds his ſight.
Will God impugn himſelfe? and will he ſo
By his command his Cov'nant overthrow?
And ſhall my faith my faith's confounder be?
Then faith, or doubting, are both one to me.
Alas! what ſayſt thou, *Abram?* pawſe thou muſt.
He thas revives the *Phœnix* from her duſt, (Clews)
And from dead Silk-worms Tombs (their ſhining
A living Bird with painted wings renews;
Will he forget *Iſaac* the onely ſtock
Of his chaſte ſpouſe (his Church and choſen Flock)?
Will he forget *Iſaac* the onely Light
Of all the World, for Vertues luſtre bright?
Or, can he not (if 't pleaſe him) even in death
Reſtore him life, and re-inſpire him breath?
But mark, the while thou bringeſt for defence
The All-proof Towr of his Omnipotence,
Thou ſhak'ſt his Juſtice. This is certain (too)
God can do all, ſave that he will not doe.
He loves none ill: for when the wreakfull Waves
Were all return'd into their wonted Caves;
When all the Meads, and every fruitfull Plain,
Began with joy to ſee the Sun againe;
So ſoon as *Noah* (with a gladſome heart)
Forth of his floating Priſon did depart,
God did forbid Murder: and nothing more
Then Murder doth his *Majeſtie* abhor.
But (ſhallow man) ſound not the vaſte Abyſs (is:
Of Gods deep Judgements, where no ground there
Be ſober-wiſe: ſo, bound thy frail deſire:
And, what thou canſt not comprehend, admire.
God our Law-maker (juſt and righteous)
Maketh his Laws, not for himſelfe, but us.
He frees himſelfe; and flees with his Powrs wing,
No where, but where his holy will doth bring:
All that he doth is good: but not therefore
Muſt he needs doe it 'cauſe 't was good before:
But good is good, becauſe it doth (indeed)
From him (the Root of perfect good) proceed:
From him, the Fountain of pure righteouſneſſe:
From him, whoſe goodneſſe nothing can expreſſe.
Ah profane thoughts! O wretch! & think'ſt thou
That God delights to drink the bloud of men? (then
That he intends by ſuch a ſtrange impiety
To plant his ſervice? You, you forged deity
Of *Molech, Milchom, Camoſh, Aſtaroth,*
Your damned ſhrines with ſuch dire *Orgies* blot:
You Tyrants you delight in ſacrifice
Of ſlaughtred Children: 't is your bloudy guiſe
(You cruell Idols) with ſuch *Hecatombs*
To glut the rage of your outrageous dooms:
You hold no ſent ſo ſweet, no gift ſo good,
As ſtreaming Rivers of our luke-warm bloud:
Not *Abram's* God (ay gracious, holy, kinde)
Who made the World but onely for Mankinde:
Who hates the bloudy hands; his Creatures loves;
And contrite hearts for ſacrifice approves.
You, you, diſguis'd (as Angels of the light)
Would make my God Author of this deſpight,
Supplant my Faith on his ſure promiſe built,
And ſtain his Altars with this bloudy guilt.

No, no, my Joy, my Boy, thrice-happy borne
(Yea, more then ſo, if furious I, forlorn,
Hurt not thy Hap) a Father ſhalt thou bee
Of happy People that ſhall ſpring from thee.
Fear not (dear Childe) that I, unnaturall,
Should in thy bloud imbrue my hand at all:
Or by th' exploit of ſuch deteſted deed
Commend my name to them that ſhall ſucced.
I will, the Fame that of my name ſhall ring
In time to come ſhall flee with fairer wing.
The lofty Pine, that's ſhaken to and fro Simile.
With Counter-puffs of ſundry windes that blow,
Now, ſwaying Southwards, tears ſom root in twain,
Then bending North-wards, doth another ſtrain,
Reels up and down, toſt by two Tyrants fell,
Would fall, but cannot; neither yet can tell
(Inconſtant Neuter, that to both doth yeeld)
Which of the two is like to win the Field;
So *Abraham*, on each ſide ſet-upon
Betwixt his Faith and his Affection;
One while his Faith, anon Affection ſwaies;
Now wins Religion, anon Reaſon waighs;
Hee 's now a fond, and then a faithfull, Father:
Now reſolute, anon relenting rather;
One while the Fleſh hath got the upper hand:
Anon the Spirit the ſame doth countermand.
Hee 's loth (alas!) his tender Son to kill;
But much more loth to break his Fathers will.
For thus (at laſt) He ſaith, Now ſure I know,
'Tis God, t' is God; the God that loves me ſo,
Loves, keeps, ſuſtains: whom I ſo oft have ſeen:
Whoſe voyce ſo often hath my comfort been.
Illuding Sathan cannot ſhine ſo bright,
Though Angelliz'd: No, 't is my God of Might.
Now feel I in my Soule (to ſtrength and ſtir-it)
The ſacred Motions of his ſacred Spirit.
God, this ſad Sacrifice requires of me;
Hap what hap may, I muſt obedient be.
The ſable Night diſ-lodg'd and now began
Aurora's Uſher with his windy Fan
Gently to ſhake the Woods on every ſide,
While his fair *Miſtreſſe* (like a ſtately Bride) (gle
With Flowrs, and Gems, & *Indian* Gold, doth ſpan-
Her lovely locks, fier Lovers looks to tangle;
When gliding through the Ayre in Mantle blew,
With ſilver fring'd, ſhe drops the pearly deaw.
With her goes *Abram* out; and the third day,
Arrives on *Cedrons* Margents greenly gay,
Beholds the ſacred Hill, and with his Son
(Loaden with ſacred Wood) he mounts anon.
Anon, ſaid *Iſaac*; Father, here I ſee
Knife, fire and fagot, ready inſtantly:
But where's your *Hoſte?* Oh! let us mount, my Son,
Said *Abram*: God will ſoon provide us one.
But, ſcant had *Iſaac* turn'd his face from him
A little faſter the ſteep Mount to climbe,
Yet *Abram* changed cheer; and, as new Wine, Simile.
Working a-new, in the new Caſk (in fine)
For being ſtopt too-ſoon, and wanting vent,
Blows up the Bung, or doth the veſſell rent,
Spews out a purple ſtream, the ground doth ſtain
With *Bacchus* colour, where the Caſk hath lain:
So now the Tears (which manly fortitude
Did yerſt as captive in the Brain include)

At the dear names of Father and of Son,
On his pale cheeks in pearly drops did run:
His eyes full veſſels now began to leake;
And thus th' old *Hebrew* muttering 'gan to ſpeak
In ſubmiſſe voyce, that *Iſaac* might not hear
His bitter griefe, that he unfoldeth here.
Sad ſpectacle! O now my hap-leſſe hand,
Thou whetſt a ſword, and thou doſt teend a brand,
The brand ſhal burn my hart, the ſword's keen blade
Shall my blouds blond, and my lifes life, invade:
And thou poor *Iſaac*, beareſt on thy back
Wood that ſhall make thy tender fleſh to crack;
And yeeld'ſt thee (more for mine than thine amiſs)
Both Prieſt and Beaſt of one ſame Sacrifice.
O hap-leſſe Son! O more than hap-leſſe Sire!
Moſt wicked wretch! O what miſ-fortune dire
In-gulfs us here! where miſerable I,
To be true godly, muſt Gods Law deny:
To be true faithfull, muſt my faith tranſgreſſe;
To be Gods Son, I muſt be nothing leſſe
Than *Iſaac*'s Sire; and *Iſaac* (for my ſake)
Muſt Soile, and Sire, and Life, and all forſake.
Yet on he goes, and ſoon ſurmounts the Mount;
And, ſteel'd by Faith, he cheers his mournfull Front:
(Much like the *Delian Princeſſe*, when her Grace
In *Thetis* Waves hath lately waſht her face)
He builds his Altar, layes his Wood there-on,
And tenderly binds his dear Son anon.
Father ſaid *Iſaac*, Father, Father deare
(What? doe you turn away, as loth to heare?
O Father, tell me, tell me what you mean:
O cruelty unknown! Is this the mean
Whereby my loynes (as promiſed long ſince-is)
Shall make you Grandſire of ſo many Princes?
And ſhall I (glorious) if I here do dye,
Fill Earth with Kings, with ſhining ſtars the Skie?
Back, *Phœbus*: bluſh, go hide thy golden head;
Retire thy Coach to *Thetis* watery Bed:
See not this ſavage ſight. Shall *Abraham*'s minde
Be milde to all, and to his Son unkinde!
And ſhall great *Abram* doe the damned deed,
That Lions, Tigers, Boars and Bears would dread!
See how (inceniſt) he ſtops his ear to mee;
As dreaming ſtill on's bloudy Myſterie.
Lord, how preciſe! ſee how the Paricide
Seems to make conſcience in leſſe ſins to ſlide:
And he, that means to murder me (his Son)
Is ſcrupulous in ſmaller faults to run.
Yet (Father) heare me; not that I deſire
With fugred words to quench your Angers fire:
In Gods Name reap the Grain your ſelf have ſow'n,
Come take my life, extracted from your own,
Glut with my blond your blade, if you it pleaſe
That I muſt dye; welcome my death (mine eaſe):
But, tell me yet my fault (before I dy)
That hath deſerv'd a puniſhment ſo high.
Say (Father) have I not conſpir'd your death?
Or, with ſtrong poyſon ſought to ſtop your breath?
Have I devis'd to ſhort my Mothers life?
Or, with your Foes ta'en part in any ſtrife?
O thou Æthereall Palace Cryſtalline
(Gods higheſt Court) if in this heart of mine
So damned thoughts had ever any place,
Shut-up for ever all thy Gates of Grace
Againſt my Soule; and ſuffer not, that I
Among thy winged Meſſengers do fly.
If none of theſe, *Abram* (for I no more
Dare call thee Father) tell me furthermore
What reſts beſides, that damned I have done,
To make a Father butcher of his Son?
In memorie, that fault I fain would have,
That (after God's) I might your pardon crave
For ſuch offence; and ſo, th' Attonement driv'n,
You live content, that I may dye forgiv'n.
My Son, ſaid he, thou art not hither brought
By my fell furie, nor thine own foul fault;
God (our God) cals thee, and he will not let
A Pagan ſword in thy dear bloud be wet;
Nor burning plague, nor any pining pain
With langour turn thy fleſh to duſt again;
But ſacrific'd to him (for ſweet perfume)
Will have thee here within this fire conſume.
What? Fears my Love, my Life, my Gem, my Joy?
What God commands, his ſervants muſt obey,
Without conſulting with frail fleſh and bloud,
How he his promiſe will in time make good:
How he will make ſo many Scepters ſpring
From thy dead duſt: How He (All-wiſe) wil bring,
In his due ſeaſon, from thy ſenſe-leſſe Thighes,
The glorious Son of righteouſneſſe to riſe,
Who ſhall the Mountains bruiſe with yron Mace,
Rule Heav'n and Earth, and the Infernall place.
For he that (paſt the courſe of Natures Kinde)
Firſt gave thee birth, can with his ſacred Winde
Raiſe thee again out of the loweſt duſt,
Ten thouſand means he hath to ſave the Juſt:
His glorious wiſdome guides the Worlds ſocietie
With equall reans of Power and of Pietie.
Mine own ſweet *Iſaac*, deareſt of my ſeed
(Too-ſweet alas! the more my griefe doth bleed,
The more my loſs; the more with eaſe-leſs anguiſh
My vexed Bowels for thy lack ſhall languiſh)
Adieu, dear Son (no longer mine, but His
Who cals thee hence) let this unhappy kiſſe
Be the ſad ſeal of a more ſad Farewell
Than wit can paint, or words have powr to tell.
Sith God commands, and (Father) you require
To have it ſo, Come death (no longer dire,
But glorious now) come gentle death, diſpatch:
The Heav'ns are open, God his arms doth reach
T'imbrace my Soule: O! let me bravely fly
To meet my Lord, and deaths proud darts defie.
What, Father? weep you now? Ah! ceaſe thoſe
Weep not for me; for I no more am yours: (ſhowrs
I was the Lords yer I was born, you know;
And he but lent me for a while to you:
Will you recoil, and (Coward) loſe the Crown
So neer your head, to heap you with renown?
Shall we ſo dare to dally with the Lord?
To caſt his yoke, and to contemn his Word?
Where ſhall we fly his hand? Heav'n is his Throne:
The Earth his foot-ſtool: and dark *Acheron*
(The Dungeon where the damned ſoules be ſhut)
Is of his Anger evermore the Butt.
On him alone all our good hap depends:
And he alone from dangers us defends.
Ah! weep no more; This ſacred Turf doth crave
More bloud then tears: let 's ſo our ſelves behave,

That,

That, joyn'd in zeal, we yeeld us willingly
To make a vertue of neceſſity.
Let 's teſtifie, we have a time abod;
I, in your School; you, in the School of God:
Where we have learned, that his ſacred Word
(Which made of nothing all that ever ſtirr'd:
Which all ſuſtains, and all directeth ſtill)
To divers ends conducts the good and ill.
Who loves not God more then all Kinn's reſpect,
Deſerves no place among his dear Elect;
And who doth once God's Tillage under-take,
Muſt not look back neither his Plough forſake.
Here-with, th' old *Hebrew* cheerfuller became,
And (to himſelfe) cries, Courage *Abraham:*
The World, the Fleſh, *Adam*, are dead in thee;
God, Spirit, and Faith, alone ſubſiſting be.
Lord, by thy Spirit unto my ſpirit annex
So lively Faith, that ſtill mine eyes may fix
On thy true *Iſaac*, whoſe ſharp (ſin-leſſe) Suffering
Shall purge from Sin me and my ſinfull Offering.
Scarce had he drawn his Sword (in reſolution)
With heaved hand for inſtant execution,
When inſtantly the thundring Voyce of God
Staid heart, and hand, and thus the fact forbod;
Abram, enough; hold, hold thy hand (ſaid he)
Put-up thy ſword; thine *Iſaac* ſhall not dye;
Now, of thy Faith I have had perfect proof;
Thy Will for Deed I doe accept: Enough.
Glad *Abram*, then, to God gives thanks & praiſe,
Unbindes his Son, and in his room he layes
A Lamb (there ſtrangely hamp'red by the head)
And that to God devoutly offered.
Renowned *Abraham*, Thy noble Acts
Excell the Fictions of *Heroik* Facts:
And that pure law a Son of thine ſhould write,
Shall nothing elſe but thy brave deeds recite.
Extoll who liſt thy wiſdoms excellence,
Victorious Valour, frank Beneficence,
And Juſtice too (which even the *Gentiles* honor):
Ill dares my *Muſe* take ſuch a task upon-her.
Onely thy Faith (not all, with all th' effects)
Onely one fruit of thouſand ſhe ſelects,
For glorious ſubject: which (to ſay the right)
I rather love to wonder-at, then write.
Goe *Pagans*, turn, turn-over every Book;
Through all Memorials of your Martyrs look:
Collect a Scroule of all the Children ſlain
On th' Altars of your gods: dig-up again
Your lying *Legends*: Run through every Temple:
Among your Offerings chooſe the beſt example
(Among your Offerings which your fathers paſt
Have made, to make their names eternall laſt)
Among them all (fondlings) you ſhall not finde
Such an example, where (unkindly-kinde)
Father and Son ſo mutually agree
To ſhew themſelves, Father nor Son to be:
Where man's deep zeal, & God's dear favour ſtrove
For Counter-conqueſt in officious love.
One, by conſtraint his Son doth ſacrifice:
Another means his name t' immortalize
By ſuch a Fact: Another hopes to ſhun
Some diſmall Plague, or dire Affliction;
Another, onely that he may conform
To (Tyrant) Cuſtom's, aw-leſſe, law-leſſe Form,
Which blears our eyes, and blurs our ſenſes ſo,
That Lady *Reaſon* muſt her ſeat forgoe;
Yea, blindes the judgement of the World ſo far,
That *Vertue* 's oft arraign'd, at *Vice* 's Bar.
But, un-conſtrain'd, our *Abram*, all alone,
Upon a Mountain, to the guiſe of none
(For it was odious to the *Jews* to doe)
And in a time of Peace and Plenty too,
Fights againſt Nature (prickt with wondrous zeal)
And, ſlaying *Iſaac*, wars againſt his Weale.
O ſacred Muſe! that on the double Mount,
With withering Baies bind'ſt not thy Singers
But, on Mount *Sion* in the Angels Quire, (Front;
With Crowns of glory doſt their brows attire;
Tell (for, thou know'ſt) what ſacred myſtery
Under this ſhadow doth in ſecret lie?
O Death, Sin, Satan, tremble ye not all,
For hate and horror of your dreadfull Fall
So lively figur'd? To behold Gods Bow
So ready bent to cleave your heart in two?
To ſee young *Iſaac*, Pattern of that Prince
Who ſhall Sin, Satan, Death and Hell, convince?
Both onely Sons, both ſacred Potentates,
Both holy Founders of two mighty States,
Both ſanctifi'd, both Saints progenitors,
Both bear their Croſſe, both Lamb-like Sufferers,
Both bound, both blame-leſſe, both without reply,
Both by their Fathers are ordain'd to dye
Upon Mount *Sion*: which high glorious Mount
Serves us for Ladder to the Heav'ns to mount,
Reſtores us *Edens* key (the key of *Eden*,
Loſt through the eating of the fruit forbidden,
By wretched *Adam* and his weaker Wife)
And bleſſed bears the holy Tree of life.
Chriſt dies indeed: but *Iſaac* is repriv'd
(Becauſe Heav'ns Councell otherwiſe contriv'd)
For, *Iſaac*'s bloud was no ſufficient price
To ranſome ſoules from Hell to Paradiſe:
The Leproſie of our contagious ſin
More power-full Rivers muſt be purged in.

FINIS.

The Law.

THE THIRD PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

The Argument.

Envy *in* Pharao, *ſeeks to ſtop the Cauſe*
Of Jews *increaſe*: Moſes *eſcapes his claws*;
Out of a Burning (*unburnt*) Buſh, *a Voyce*
For Jacob's *Reſcue doth of Him make choice*;
Sends him (*with* Aaron) *toth'* Egyptian *King*:
His Hardning, PLAGUING, *finall Ruining*
In the Red Sea. Iſrael *ingrate for all*:
Chriſt-*Typing* Manna, Quails, Rock-waters *fall*:
The glorious LAW: *the* golden Calfe: ſtrange Fire:
Coré *in-gulft*: MOSES *prepar'd t' expire.*

ARm-Arming Trumpets, lofty Clarions, (Guns,
Rock-batt'ring Bumbards, Valour-murdering
Thinke you to drown with horror of your Noiſe
The choice ſweet accents of my ſacred Voyce?
Blow (till you burſt) roar, rend the Earth in ſunder;
Fill all with Fury, Tempeſt, War, and Thunder,
Dire Inſtruments of Death, in vain yee toyl:
For, the loud Cornet of my long-breath'd ſtile
Out-ſhrils yee ſtill; and my *Stentorian* Song,
With warbled Ecchoes of a ſilver Tongue,
Shall brim be heard from *India* even to *Spain*,
And then from thence even to the *Artick* Wain.
Yet, 'tis not I, not I in any ſort;
My ſide 's to weak, alas! my breath's too-ſhort:
It is the ſpirit-inſpiring Spirit, which yerſt
On th' eldeſt Waters mildely moved firſt,
That furniſhes and fils, with ſacred winde,
The weak, dull Organs of my *Muſe* and minde.
So ſtill good Lord, in theſe tumultuous times,
Give Peace unto my Soule, ſoule to my Rimes:
Let me not faint amid ſo faire a courſe;
Let the World's end be th' end of my Diſcourſe:
And while in FRANCE fell MARS doth all devour,
In lofty ſtile (Lord) let me ſing thy Power. (preſt
ALL-CHANGING Time had cancell'd and ſup-
JOSEPH's Deſerts: his Maſter was deceaſt,
His Sons were dead; when curriſh *Envie's ſtrife*
Layes each-where ambuſh for poor ISRAEL's life:
Who, notwithſtanding, doth far faſter ſpread
And thicker ſpring, then in a fruitfull Mead
Mored with Brooks, the many-leaved locks
Of thriving Charvel; which the bleating Flocks
Can

Compariſon

Can with their daily hunger hardly mow
So much as daily doth ſtill newly grow.
Deſcripcion of the Palace of Envie. This *Monſter* wuns not in the Cell ſhe wont,
Sh' hath rear'd her Palace on the ſteepeſt Mount,
Whoſe ſnowie ſhoulders with their ſtony pride
Eternally doe *Spain* from *France* divide;
It hath a thouſand loop-holes every-way,
Yet never enters there one ſunny ray;
Or if that any chance ſo fat to paſſe,
'Tis quickly quenched by her cloudy face;
At every Loop, the Work-man wittily
Hath plac't along, wide hollow Trunk, where-by
Prattling *Renowne* and *Fame* with painted wing,
News from all corners of the World do bring,
Buzzing there-in: as in a Summer Even,
Simile. From clefts of Medows that the Heat hath riven,
The Graſſe-hoppers, ſeeming to fain the voyces
Of little Birds, chirp-out ten thouſand noyſes.
To whom Fame reports Iſrael's proſperity. It fortun'd *now* that a ſwift-flying *Fame*,
Which (lately but) from ſtately *Memphis* came,
Sweating and duſty, and nigh breath-leſſe, fils
With this report one of her liſtening Quils:
O curious *Nymph* (lives there a Wit with us,
Acute and quick, that is not curious?)
Moſt wakefull Goddeſſe, Queen of mortall hearts,
Conſort of *Honour*, *Wealth*, and *High-deſerts*,
Do'ſt thou not know, that happy ISRAEL
(Which promiſeth the Conqueror of Hell,
That twice-born King, here-after to bring-forth,
Who dead ſhall live again; and by his worth
Wipe-out Man's Forfeit, and God's Law fulfill,
And on his Croſſe th' envie of *Envie* kill)
Doth (even in ſight) abundantly increaſe?
That Heav'n and Earth conſpire his happineſſe?
That ſeventy Exiles, with un-hallowed Frie
Cover the face of all the World well-nigh?
And, drunk with wealth, weigh not thy forcea jot?
Envie, thou ſeeſt it, but fore-ſeeſt it not.
Envie inforceth Pharao to oppreſs them. Swoln like a Toad, between her bleeding jawes
Her hiſſing Serpents wriggling tails ſhe chawes:
And, haſting hence, in ISIS form ſhe jets:
A golden veſſell in one hand ſhe gets,
In th' other a ſweet Inſtrument; her hood
Was Peacocks feathers mixt with Southernwood;
A ſilver creſcent on her front ſhe ſet,
And in her boſome many a foſt'ring teat;
And, thus diſguis'd, with pride and impudence
She preſſes-in to the *Bubaſtick* Prince;
Who, ſlumbring then on his un-quiet Couch,
With ISRAEL's greatneſſe was diſturbed much:
Then ſhe (the while, ſquinting upon the luſtre
Of the rich Rings which on his fingers gliſter;
And, ſnuffing with a wrythed noſe the Amber,
The Musk and Civet that perfum'd the Chamber)
'Gan thus to greet him: Sleep'ſt thou? ſleep'ſt thou,
And ſeeſt thou not thy ſelfe and thine undon, (ſon?
While cruell Snakes, wch thy kinde breſt did warm,
Sting thee to death, with their ungrateſull ſwarm?
Theſe Fugitives, theſe out-caſts doe conſpire
Againſt rich *Egypt*, and (ingrate) aſpire
With odious Yoke of bondage to debaſe
The noble PHARAOH'S, God's immortall Race.
With theſe laſt words, into his breſt ſhe blowes
A baneſull ayre, whoſe ſtrength unfeltly flowes
Through all his veins; and, having gain'd his heart,
Makes *Reaſon* ſtoope to *Senſe* in every part:
So th' Aſpick pale (with too-right ayme) doth ſpet
Simile. On his bare face that comes too-neer to it,
The froth that in her teeth to bane ſhe turns;
A drowzy bane, that inly creeps, and burns
So ſecretly, that without ſenſe of pain,
Scar, wound, or ſwelling, ſoon the Partie 's ſlain.
What ſhall I farther ſay? This Sorrow's-Forge,
This Rack of Kings, Care's fountain, Courtier's
Beſides her ſable poyſon, doth inſpire (ſcourge,
With *Hate* and *Fears* the Princes ſell deſire. (peace,
Envie turns Tyrant. Hence-forth therefore, poor ISRAEL hath no
Not one good day, no quiet nap, no eaſe;
Still, ſtill oppreſt, Tax upon Tax aroſe,
After Theſts, Threats, & after threats com blowes.
The ſilly wretches are compell'd ſom-while
Slaves to the Egyptians. To cut new chanels for the courſe of *Nile*;
Somtimes ſome Cities ruins to repaire,
Somtimes to build huge Caſtles in the ayre;
Somtimes to mount the *Parian* Mountains higher
In thoſe proud Towrs that after-worlds admire;
Thoſe Towrs, whoſe tops the Heav'ns have terrifi'd;
Thoſe Towrs, that ſcuſe th' audacious *Titan*'s pride
(Thoſe Towrs, vain Tokens of a vaſt expence,
Tropheis of Wealth, Ambition's Monuments) (ter;
To make with their own ſweat & bloud their mor-
To beat-once Brick-maker, Maſon, Porter;
They labour hard, eat little, ſleeping leſſe,
No ſooner layd, but thus their Task-Lords preſſe;
Villains, to work; what? are ye growne ſo ſtoth?
Wee 'll make yee yeeld us wax and hony both.
Pharao's cruell policy. In brieſe, this Tyrant, with ſuch ſervitude,
Thought ſoon to waſte the *ſacred multitude*;
Or at the leaſt, that overlayd with woe,
Weakned with watching, worn with toyling ſo;
They would in time become leſſe ſervice-able
In VENUS Battails, and for breed leſſe able
(Their ſpirits diſperſt, their bodies over-dri'd,
And *Cypris* ſap un-duly qualifi'd):
But, when he ſaw this not ſucceed ſo well,
But that the Lord ſtill proſper'd ISRAEL;
His cruell Edict againſt the male children. Inhumane, he commands (on bloudy Pain)
That all their male-babes in their birth be ſlain:
And that (becauſe that charge had done no good)
They ſhould be caſt, in CAIRO's ſilver Floud.
O Barbariſme, learned in Hell below!
Thoſe, that (alas!) nor ſteel nor ſtream do know,
Muſt die of ſteel or ſtream: cruell Edicts!
That, with the Infant's bloud, the Mother's mix;
That, Childe and Mother both at once cut-off;
Him with the ſtroke, her with the griefe thereof:
Wth two-fold tears *Jews* greet their Native Heav'n:
The day that brings them life their life hath reav'n.
But, JOCHEBED would fain (if ſhe had durſt)
Her deer ſon MOSES ſecretly have nourc't:
Yet thinking better, her ſweet Babe forgoe,
Then Childe and Parents both to hazzard ſo,
At length ſhe layes it forth, in Ruſh-boat weaves it,
And to God's Mercy and the Flood's ſhe leaves-it.
Though Rudder-leſſe, not Pilot-leſſe this Boat
Among the Reeds by the Flouds ſide did float,
And ſaves from wrack the future *Legiſlator*,
Lighting in hands of the Kings gracious Daughter:
Who

His Daughter finding Moſes expoſed, enquireth him to be privately brought up.

Who op'ning it, findes (which with ruth did ſtrike-
A lovely Babe (or little Angel, liker) (her)
Which with a ſmile ſeem'd to implore the ayde
And gentle pity of the Royall mayd.
Love, and the Graces, State and Majeſty,
Seem round about the Infants face to flie,
And on his head ſeem'd (as it were) to ſhine
Preſagefull rayes of ſom-what more divine.
She takes him up and rears him royall-like
And, his quick Spirit, train'd in good Arts, is like
A well breath'd Body, nimble, ſound, and ſtrong,
That in the Dance-ſchool needs not teaching long:
Or a good Tree ſet in as good a ſoyl,
Which growes a-pace without the Husband's toyl.
In time he puts in *Practiſe* what he *knowes*:
With curteous *Mildneſſe*, manly *Courage* ſhowes:
H' hath nothing vulgar: with great happineſſe,
In choyſe diſcourſe he doth his minde expreſſe;
And as his Soul's-type his ſweet tongue affords,
His graceſull Works confirm his gracious Words:
His Vertues make him even the Empire's heir:
So means the Prince; ſuch is the peoples pray'r.

Two Similes.

Thus, while o're-whelmed with the rapid courſe
Of Miſchiefe's Torrent (and ſtill fearing worſe)
ISRAEL ſeems help-leſſe, and even hope-leſſe too
Of any help that Mortall hand can doe:
And, while the then-Time's hideous face and form
Boads them (alas!) nothing but wrack and ſtorm,
Their *Caſtor* ſhines, their Saviour's ſav'd: and Hee
That with high hand ſhal them from bondage free,
Scourging with Plagues, ſcarring wth endleſs ſhame
Th' *Egyptian* Court, is raiſed by the ſame.

Gods providence in his perſeverance.

For, though him there they as a God adore,
He ſcorns not yet his friends and kindred poor:
He feels their Yoke, their mournings he laments:
His word and ſword are preſt in their defence;
And, as ordain'd for their Deliverance,
And ſent expreſſe by Heav'ns pre-ordinance,
Seeing a *Pagan* (a proud Infidell,
A *Patagon*, that taſted nought ſo well
As ISRAEL's bloud) to ill-intreat a *Jew*,
Him bold incounters, and him bravely ſlew.

Moſes affection and duty toward his Parents, and care of noſtriture.

But, fearing then leſt his inhumane Prince
Should hear of it, young MOSES flyes from thence:
And hard by *Horeb*, keeping JETHRO's ſheep,
He Faſts and Prayes; with Meditations deep
His vertuous zeal he kindles more and more,
And prudently he layes-up long before
Within his Soule (his ſpirituall Armory)
All ſacred Weapons of *Sobriety*,
Where-with t' incounter, conquer, and ſuppreſſe
All Inſurrections of Voluptuouſneſſe.

He flyes out of Egypt.

Alſo, not ſeldome ſome deep *Dream* or *Tranſe*
Him ſuddainly doth even to Heav'n advance;
And Hee, that whilom could not finde the Lord
On plenteous ſhores of the *Peluſian* Foord,
In walled Cities with their Towred Ports,
In learned Colledges, not ſumptuous Courts;
In *Deſart* meets him; greets him face to face
And on his brows bears tokens of his Grace.

God talketh to him in the Wilderneſſe.

For, while he paſt his ſacred Prentiſhip;
(In Wilderneſſe) of th' *Hebrews* Shepheardſhip;
In driving forth to kiſſe-cloud SINA's foot
His fleecy Flock, and there attending to 't,
He ſudden ſees a *Buſh* to flame and fume,
And all a-fire, yet not at all conſume;
It flames and burns not, cracks and breaks not in,
Kiſſes, but bites not, no not even the skin;
True figure of the *Church*, and ſpeaking Signe
Which ſeemeth thus to, of it ſelfe, deſine:
What (*Amram's* ſon!) Doth *Jacob's* bitter Teen
Diſmay thee ſo? Behold, this Haw-thorn green
Is even an Image of thine ISRAEL,
Who in the Fire of his Afflictions fell
Still flouriſhes, on each ſide hedged round
With prickly Thorns, his hateſull Foes to wound:
This Fire doth ſeem the Spirit Omnipotent,
Which burns the wicked, tries the Innocent:
Who alſo addeth to the ſacred Signe,
The more to move him, his owne Word Divine.

Moſes viſion of the ſhining Buſh.

The voyce of the Lord ſpeaking out of the Buſh.

I AM *that I am*, in me, for me, by me;
All Beings Be not (or elſe un-ſelfly be)
But, from my Being, all their Being gather;
Prince of the World, and of my Church the Father:
Onely Beginning, Midſt, and End of all;
Yet *ſans* Beginning, Midſt, and End at all:
All in my ſelfe compris'd and all compriſing
That in the World was, is, or ſhall be riſing:
Baſe of this Univerſe; th' uniting Chain
Of th' Elements; the Wiſedome Soveraigne:
Each-where, in Eſſence, Powr and Providence;
But in the Heav'ns, in my Magnificence:
Fountain of Goodneſſe; ever-ſhining Light;
Perfectly Bleſt; the One, the Good the Bright:
Self-ſimple Act, working in fraileſt matter;
Framer of Forms: of Subſtances Creator;
And (to ſpeak plainer) even that God I AM
Whom ſo long ſince religious *Abraham*,
Iſaac, and *Jacob*, and their Progenies
Have worſhipped and prays'd in humble wiſe.

God hath pity on his People afflicted in *Egypt*.

My ſacred ears are tyred with the noyſe
Of thy poor Brethren's juſt-complayning voyce;
I have beheld my peoples burdens there,
MOSES, no more, I will, nor can, forbear;
Th' have groan'd (alas!) and painted all too-long
Under that Tyrants un-relenting wrong.

He ordaineth *Moſes* for their Deliverer & gives him commiſſion to goe to *Pharao*.

Now their *Deliverer* I authorize thee,
And make thee Captain of their Colony;
A ſacred Colony, to whom (as mine)
I have ſo oft bequeath'd rich *Paleſtine*.
Therefore from me command thou PHARAO
That preſently he let my people goe
Into the *Dry-Arabian* Wilderneſſe,
Where far from ſight of all profane exceſſe
On a new Altar they may ſacrifice
To ME the LORD, in whom their ſuccour lies;
Haſte, ſtaſte (I ſay) and make me no excuſe
On thy Tongue's rudeneſſe (for the want of uſe)
Nor on thy weakneſſe, nor unworthineſſe.
To under-goe ſo great a Buſineſſe,
What? cannot He, that made the lips and tongue,
Prompt Eloquence and Art (as doth belong)
Unto his Legat? and, who every thing
Of Nothing made, and all to nought ſhall bring;
Th' Omnipotent, who doth confound (for his)
By weak the ſtrong; by what is not, what is,
(That in his wondrous Judgments, men may more
The Work-man then the Inſtruments adore)

Will

Will he forsake, or leave him un-assisted,
That in his service duly hath insisted?
Sith faithfull Servant, to do well affected,
Can by his Master never be rejected.
No sooner this, the *Divine Voyce* had ended,
And up to Heav'n the bushy Flame ascended,
But MOSES, with (his fellow in Commission)
His Brother AARON, wends with expedition
First to his People, and to PHARAO then,
The King of *Egypt* (cruellest of Men);
And inly filled with a zealous flame,
Thus, thus he greets him in th' Almighties name;
Great NILUS Lord, thus saith the Lord of Hoasts,
Let goe my people out of all the Coasts,
Mine ISRAEL (PHARAO) forth-with release,
Let them depart to HOREB's Wilderneſſe;
That unto me, without offence or fear,
Their Hearts and Heifers they may offer there.
Base Fugitive, proud slave (that art return'd
Not to be whipt but rather hang'd, or burn'd)
What Lord said PHARAO? ha: what Soveraigne?
O seaven-horn'd *Nile!* O hundred pointed Plain!
O Citie of the Sun! O *Thebes!* and Thou
Renowned *Pharos*, doe ye all not bow
To us alone? Are ye not onely Ours?
Ours at a beck? Then, to what other Powers
Owes your great PHARAO homage or respect?
Or by what *Lord* to be controul'd and checkt?
I see the Drift. These off-scums all at once
Too-idlely pampred, plot Rebellions:
Sloth marrs the slaves; and under fair pretence
Of *new Religion* (Traytours to their Prince)
They would Revolt. O Kings! how fond are we
To thinke by Favours and by Clemency,
To keep men in their duty! To be milde,
Makes them be mad, proud, insolent and wilde;
Too-much of Grace, our Scepters doth dis-grace,
And smooths the path to Treason's plots a-pace.
The dull Asse, numbers with his stripes his steps;
Th' Ox, over-fat, too-strong, and resty, leaps
About the Lands, casteth his yoke, and strikes;
And wexen wilde, ev'n at his keeper kicks.
Well; to enjoy a People, through their skin
With scourges slyc't, must their bare bones be seen;
We must still keep them short, & clip their wings,
Pare neer their nayles, and pull out all their stings;
Load them with Tribute, and new Toll, and Tax,
And Subsidies, untill we break their backs; (them,
Tire them with travell, slay-them, pole-them, pil-
Suck blood and fat, then eat their flesh, & kil-them.
'Tis good for Princes, to have all things fat,
Except their Subjects: but beware of that.
Ha, Miscreants! ha, rascall excrements,
That lift your heel against your gracious Prince;
Hence-forth you get of wood or straw no more,
To burn your Bricks as you have had before;
Your selves shall seek it out; yet shall you still
The number of your wonted task fulfill.
I have Commission from the King of kings,
Maker, Preserver, Ruler of all things,
Replies the *Hebrew*, that (to know the Lord)
Thou feel his hand, unlesse thou fear his word.
In th' instant, AARON on the slippery sand
Casts down his Rod; and boldly thus began:

Moses (accompanied with his brother *Aaron*) frees forward in his high Embassage.

Pharao's proud answer.

The true Anatomy of a Tyrant.

Moses reply.

Aaron casteth down his Rod.

So shall thy golden Scepter down be cast,
So shall the Judgements of the Lord at last
(Now deemed dead) revive, to daunt thy pow'r:
So ISRAEL shall *Egypts* wealth devoure,
If thou confesse not God to be the Lord;
If thou attend not, nor observe his Word:
And if his people thou doe not release,
To go and serve him in the Wilderneſſe.
Before that AARON this discourse had done,
A green-gold-azure had his Rod put-on,
It glist'red bright: and in a fashion strange,
Into a Serpent it did wholly change;
Crawling before the King, and all along
Spetting and hissing with his forked tongue.
The *Memphian* Sages then, and subtill Priests,
T' uphold the Kingdome of their OSIRIS,
Upbraid them thus: Alas! is this the most
Your God can doe, of whom so much you boast?
Are these his Wonders? Goe, base *Monte-banks*,
Go shew elf-where your sleights & juggling pranks.
Such tricks may blear some vulgar innocents,
But cannot blinde the Councell of a Prince;
Who, by the gods instructed, doth contain
All Arts perfection in his sacred brain.
And, as they spake, out of their cursed hands
They all let-fall their strange-inchanted Wands;
Which instantly turn into Serpents too,
Hissing and spetting, crawling to and-fro.
The King too much admires their cunning Charms:
The place with Aspicks, Snakes, & Serpents, swarms;
Creeping about: as an ill-Huswife sees
The Maggots creeping in a rotten Cheese.
You, you are Jugglers, th' *Hebrew* then repli'd;
You change not Nature, but the bare out-side:
And your Enchantments onely doe transform
The face of things, not the essentiall form.
You, Sorcerers, so mock the Princes eye,
And his Imagination damnifie,
That common Sense to his externall, brings
(By re-percussion) a false shape of things.
My Rod 's indeed a Serpent, not in show,
As here in sight your selves by proof shall know.
Immediately his *Dragon* rear'd his head,
Rowl'd on his breſt; his body wriggelled
Somtimes aloft in length; somtimes it sunk
Into it selfe, and altogether shrunk:
It slides, it sups the ayre, it hisses fell,
In stead of eyes two sparkling Rubies swell:
And all his deadly baens, intrenched strong
Within his trine Teeth and his triple Tongue,
Call for the Combat: and (as greedy) set
With sudden rage upon those counterfeit,
Those seeming-Serpents, and them all devour:
Even as a *Sturgeon*, or a *Pike*, doth scour
The Creeks and Pills in Rivers where they lie,
Of smaller Fishes and their feeble Fry.
But at high Noon, the Tyrant wilfull-blind,
And deaf to his own good, is more inclin'd
To Satans tools: the people, like the Prince,
Prefer the Night before Light's excellence.
Wherefore the Lord, such proud contempts to pay;
Ten sundry *plagues* upon their Land doth lay:
Redoubling so his dreadful strokes, that there, (fear.
Who would not love him milde, him rough should

Smiting

The first Plague: By turning their Waters into blood.

Smiting the Waves with his Snake-wanded
AARON anon converts the *Nile* to bloud; (wood,
So that the ſtream, from fruitfull MEROE,
Runs red and bitter even unto the Sea.
The Court re-courſt to Lakes, to Springs, & Brooks;
Brooks, Springs, & Lakes had the like taſte & looks:
Then to the Ditches; but, even to the brink
There flow'd (alas!) in ſtead of Water, Ink:
Then to the likelieſt of ſuch weeping ground
Where, with the Ruſh, pipe-opening Fern is found:
And there they dig for Water; but (alas!)
The wounded ſoyl ſpets bloud into their face.
O juſt-juſt Judgement! Thoſe proud Tyrants fell,
Thoſe bloudy Foes of mourning ISRAEL;
Thoſe that delighted, and had made their game
In ſhedding bloud, are forc't to drink the ſame;
And thoſe, that ruth-les had made *Nile* the ſlaughter
Of th' *Hebrew* Babes, now die for want of Water.

The ſecond: By covering their Land with Frogs.

Anon, their Fields, Streets, Hals & Courts he loads
With fou'e great Frogs and ugly croking Toads;
Which to the tops of higheſt Towrs do clamber
Even to the Preſence yea the privie Chamber;
As ſtarry Lezards in the Summer time
Upon the wals of broken houſes clime.
Yea, even the King meets them in every diſh
Of Privie-dyet, be it Fleſh or Fiſh:
As at his Boord, ſo on his royall Bed;
With ſtinking Frogs the ſilken quilts be ſpred.

The Magicians counterfeit the ſame, but cannot deceit: & are vain.

The Prieſts of PHARAOH ſeem to doe the ſame;
AARON alone in the Almighties Name,
By Faith almighty; They for Inſtruments
Uſe the black Legions of the *Stygian* Prince:
Hee by his Wonders labours to make known
The true Gods glory; onely they their own:
He ſeeks to teach; they to ſeduce awry:
Hee ſtudies to build up; they to deſtroy:
He, ſtriking Strangers, doth His People ſpare;
They ſpoyl their owne, but cannot hurt a hair
Of the leaſt *Hebrew*: they can onely wound,
He hurts, and heals: He breaks, and maketh ſound:
And ſo, when PHARAOH doth him humbly pray,
Re-cleers the Flouds, and ſends the Frogs away.

The King ſeiſed of his punishment is againe hardned.

But (as in Heav'n there did no Juſtice raign)
The Kings repentance endeth with his pain.
Hee is re-hardned: like a ſtubborn Boy
That plies his Leſſon (Hypocritely-coy)
While in his hand his Maſter ſhakes the Rod;
But if he turn his back, doth flout and nod.

The third: Therefore Egypt is plagued with Lice.

Therefore the Lord, this Day, with loathſom *Lice*
Plagues poor and rich, the naſtie and the nice,
Both Man and Beaſt; For, AARON with his wand
Turns into *Lice* the duſt of all the Land.

The fourth: With Flies &c.

The morrow after, with huge ſwarms of *Flies*,
Hornets & *Waſps*, hee hunts their Families (Flouds,
From place to place, through Meadows, Fens and
Hils, Dales, and Deſarts, hollow Caves and Woods.
Tremble therefore (O Tyrants) tremble aye,
Poor worms of Earth, Proud Aſhes, Duſt and Clay:
For, how (alas!) how will you make defence
'Gainſt the tri-pointed wrathfull violence
Of the drad dart, that flaming in his hand,
Shall paſh to powder all that him withſtand?
And 'gainſt the rage of flames eternall-frying,
Where damned ſoules lie ever-never-dying:
Sith the leaſt *Flies*, and *Lice*, and *Vermine* too
Out-brave your braves, and triumph over you.

Man cannot hide him from the hand of God, nor avoyd his vengeance.

Gallop to *Anian*, ſail to *Jucatan*,
Viſit *Botangas*, dive beyond the *Dane*;
Well may you fly, but not eſcape him there;
Wretches, your halters ſtill, about, you bear.
Th' Almighties hand is long, and buſie ſtill;
Having eſcap't his Rod, his Sword you feel:
He ſeems ſomtimes to ſleep and ſuffer all;
But cals at laſt for Uſe and Principall;
With hundred ſorts of ſhafts his Quiver 's full,
Some paſſing keen, ſome ſom-what ſharp, ſom dull,
Some killing dead, ſom wounding deep, ſom light,
But all of them doe alwayes hit the White,
Each after other. Now th' Omnipotence
At *Egypt* ſhoots his ſhafts of Peſtilence:
Th' Ox fals-down in 's yoke, Lambs bleating dye,
The Bullocks as they feed, Birds as they fly.

The fifth: With the Plague of Peſtilence.

Anon he covers Man and Beaſt with cores
Of angry Biles, Botches, and Scabs, and Sores;
Whoſe ulcerous venoms, all inflaming, ſpread
O'r all the body from the foot to head.

The ſixth: With Vlcers and grievous Scabs or Murrain.

Then, Rain, and Hail, and flaming Fire among
Spoyl all their fields: their Cattell great wth young
All brain'd wth hail-ſtones: Trees wth tempeſt cleft,
Rob'd of their boughs, their boughs of leaves bereft.
And, from Heav'ns rage, all, to ſeek ſhelter, glad;
The Face of *Egypt* is now dradly-ſad:
The *Soän* Virgins tear their Beauties honour;
Not for the waſte, ſo much as for the manner.

The ſeventh: With *Haile* and *Fire* from Heaven.

The *Egyptians* amazed at this extraordinary ſcourge.

For, in that Country never ſee they Cloud,
Wth weight of Snowes their trees are never bow'd,
They know no Yce: and though they have (as we)
The Yeare intire, their Seaſons are but three:
They neither Rain-bowe, nor fat Deaws expect,
Which from elſe-where *Sol's* thirſty rayes erect:
Rain-leſſe their ſoyl is wet, and Cloud-leſſe, fat;
It ſelf's moiſt boſome brings in this and that:
For, while elſe-where the River's roaring pride
Is dryed-up; and while that far and wide
The *Paleſtine* ſeeks (for his thirſty Flock)
Jordan in *Jordan*, *Jabboc* in *Jabboc*;
Their floud o'reflowes, and parched *Miſrám*
A ſeaſon ſeems in a rich Sea to ſwim,
Niles billows beat on the high dangling Date;
And Boats do ſlide, where Ploughs did ſlice of late.

The natural fruitfulness and proſperity of *Egypt* in it ſelf marvellous.

Steep ſnowy Mounts, bright Stars *Eteſian* gales,
You cauſe it not: no, thoſe are Dreams and Tales;
Th' Eternall-Trine who made all compaſsly,
Makes th' under waves, the upper's want ſupply;
And *Egypts* Womb to fill with Fruits and Flowrs,
Gives ſwelling *Nile* th' office of heav'nly Showrs.
Then the *Thrice-Sacred* with a ſable Cloud
Of horned *Locuſts* doth the Sun be-cloud,
And ſwarmeth down on the rebellious Coaſt
The *Graſſ-hoppers* lean, dam-devouring Hoaſt,
Which gleans what *Hail* had left, & (greedy) crops
Both night and day the Husband's whole-year's hopes.

The eight: They are vexed with *Graſſ-hoppers*.

Then, groſs thick *Darknes* over al he dight,
And three fair Dayes turns to one fearfull Night:
Wth Ink-like Rheum the dull Miſts drouzy vapours
Quench their home Fires, & Temple-ſacred Tapers.
If hunger drive the Pagans from their dens,
One, 'gainſt a ſettle breaketh both his ſhins;

The ninth: With palpable *Darkneſs*.

Another groaping up and down for bread,
Fals down the ſtayrs, and there he lies for dead.
But though theſe works ſurmount all Natures
Though his own Sages thē of guil acquight, (might,
Though th' are not caſuall (ſith the holy-man
Fore-tels prefixtly What, and Where, and When)
And though that (living in the midſt of His)
The *Iſraelites* be free from all of This,
Th' incenſed Tyrant (ſtrangely obſtinate)
Retracts the leave he granted them of late.
For, th' *Ever-One*, who with a mighty hand
Would bring his people to the plenteous Land
Of *Paleſtine*: Who providently-great,
Before the eyes of all the World would ſet
A Tragedy, where wicked Potentates
Might ſee a Mirrour of their owne eſtates:
And, who (moſt juſt) muſt have meet Arguments,
To ſhow the height of his Omnipotence;
Hardens the King, and blinding him (ſelfe-blinde)
Leaves him to Luſts of his own vicious minde.
For, God doth never (ever purely bent)
Cauſe ſin as ſin; but, as Sin's Puniſhment.
For, the laſt Charge, an Angel in one night
All the firſt born through all the Land doth ſmite;
So that from *Suez* Port to *Birdene* Plain,
There's not a Houſe, but hath ſome body ſlain,
Save th' *Iſraelites*, whoſe doors were markt before,
With ſacred *Paſſe-Lamb*'s ſacramentall gore.
And therefore ever-ſince on that ſame day,
Yearly, the *Jews* a Yearling Lamb muſt ſlay;
A token of that *Paſſage*, and a Type
Of th' *Holy-Lamb*, which ſhould (in ſeaſon ripe)
By powring-forth the pure and plenteous Floud
Of his moſt precious Water-mixed Bloud,
Preſerve his People from the drad *Deſtroyer*,
That fries the wicked in eternall fire.
Through all the Land, all in one inſtant crie,
All for one cauſe, though yet all know not why.
Night heaps their horrors: & the morning ſhowes
Their private griefs, and makes them publick woes.
Scarce did the glorious Governour of Day
O're *Memphis* yet his golden treſſe display,
When from all parts, the Maidens and the Mothers,
Wives, Husbands, Sons, & Sires, Sitters, & Brothers,
Flock to the Court, where one with common voice
They all cry-out, and make this mournfull noiſe:
O ſtubborn ſtomack! (cauſe of all our ſadneſſe)
Dull Conſtancy! or rather, deſp'rate Madneſſe!
A Floud of Miſchiefs all the Land doth fill;
The Heav'ns ſtill thunder: th' Air doth threaten ſtill:
Death, ghaſtly death, triumpheth every-where,
In every houſe; and yet, without all fear,
Without all feeling, we deſpiſe the Rod,
And ſcorn the Judgements of the mighty God.
Great King, no more bay with thy wilfullings
His Wrath's dread Torrent. He is King of kings;
And in his ſight, the greateſt of you all
Are but as Moats that in the Sun do fall;
Yeeld, yeeld (alas!) ſtoop to his powrfull threat;
He's warn'd enough that hath been ten-times beat.
Goe, get you gone: hence, hence, unlucky Race;
Your eyes bewitch our eyes, your feet this place,
Your breath this Ayre: why haſte you not away?
Hebrews, what lets you? wherefore doe you ſtay?
Step to our houſes (if that ought you lack)
Chooſe what you like, and what you like goe take,
Gold, Plate, or Jewels, Ear-rings, Chains, or Ouches,
Our Girdles, Bracelets, Carkaners, or Brouches,
Bear them unto your gods, not in the ſands (ſtands;
Where the Heav'n-kiſſing Cloud-brow'd *Sina*
But much, much farther; and ſo far, that here
We never more your odious news may hear;
Goe, *Hebrews*, goe, in God's Name thrive amain;
By loſing you, we ſhall ſufficient gain. (collects
With the Kings leave, then th' *Hebrews* Prince
His Legions all, and to the Sea directs.
Scarce were they gone, when *Pharaoh* doth retract,
And arms all *Egypt* to goe fetch them back;
And, camping neer them, execrably-rude,
Threatens them Death or end-leſſe Servitude.
Even as a Duck, that nigh ſome cryſtall brook
Hath twice or thrice by the ſame hawk bin ſtrook,
Hearing aloft her gingling ſilver bels
Quivers for fear, and looks for nothing elſe
But when the Falcon (ſtooping thunder-like)
With ſudden ſouſe her to the ground ſhall ſtrike;
And with the ſtroke, make on the ſenſe-leſs ground
The gut-leſſe Quar, once, twice, or thrice, rebound:
So *Iſrael*, fearing again to feel
Pharaoh's fell hands, who hunts them at the heel,
Quivers and ſhivers for deſpair and dread;
And ſpets his gall againſt his godly Head.
O baſe ambition! This falſe Politick,
Plotting to Great himſelfe, our deaths doth ſeek;
He mocks us all, and makes us (fortune-leſſe)
Change a rich Soyl for a dry Wilderneſſe;
Allur'd with luſtre of Religious ſhowes,
Poor ſoules, He ſels us to our hatefull Foes;
For, O! what ſtrength alas! what ſtratagem?
Or how (good God) ſhall we encounter them?
Or who is it? or what is it ſhall ſave-us
From their fell hands that ſeek to ſlay, or ſlave-us?
Shall we, diſarmed, with an Army fight?
Can we (like Birds) with ſtill-ſteep-riſing flight
Surmount theſe Mountains? have we ſhips at hand
To paſſe the Sea (this halfe a Sea, halfe ſand)?
Or, had we Ships, and Sails, and Owers, and Cable;
Who knowes theſe Waters to be navigable?
Alas! ſome of us ſhall with Scythes be ſlaſht;
Some, with their Horſe-feet all to peeces paſht;
Som, thrill'd wth Swords, or ſhafts, through hundred
Shall ghaſtly gaſp-out our untimely ſou'es. (holes
Sith dye we muſt, then dye we voluntary;
Let's run, our ſelves, where others would us carry;
Come, *Iſraelites*, come, let us dye together,
Both men and women: ſo we ſhall (in either)
Prevent their rage, content their avarice,
And yeeld (perhaps) to MOSES even his Wiſh.
Why, Brethren? know ye not (their Ruler ſaith)
That in his hand God holdeth life and death?
That he turns Hils to Dales, and Seas to Sands?
That he hath preſt a thouſand winged Bands
T' aſſiſt his Children, and his Foes t' affail?
And that he helps not, but when all helps fail?
See you this mighty Hoaſt, this dreadfull Camp,
Which dareth Heav'n, & ſeems the Earth to damp;
And all inrag'd already chargeth ours,
As thick or thicker then the Welkin pours

His

The Iſraelites in all theſe plagues untouche, yet *Pharaoh* ſtill hardned.

The tenth: Therefore all the firſt born of Egypt are ſlaine in one night by the Angel.

After ſo many grievous plagues the Egyptians cry out upon their King to let the Iſraelites goe.

They bitterly and importune them to be gone.

After ſix plagues *Pharaoh* immediately repents him.

Smith.

The Iſraelites ſet out with their ſpoil.

Mark his ſudden and to ſtrange relapſe into ſuch conſtancy in Goe

Smith.

His candi'd drops upon the ears of Corn,
Before that *Ceres* yellow locks be shorn?
It all shall vanish, and of all this Crew
(Which thinks already to have swallow'd you)
Of all this Army, that (in Armour bright)
Seems to out-shine the Sun, or shame his light;
There shall to-morrow not a man remaine:
Therefore be still; God shall your side sustaine.
Then (zealous) calling on th' immortall God,
He smote the Sea with his dead-living Rod;
The Sea obey'd, as bay'd: the Waves controul'd,
Each upon other up to Heav'n doe fold;
Between both sides a broad deep Trench is cast,
Dri'd to the bottom with an instant blast;
Or rather, 'tis a Valley paved (else)
With golden sands, with Pearle and Nacre-shels;
And on each side is flanked all a long
With wals of Crystall, beautifull and strong.
This flood-lesse Foord the Faithfull Legions passe,
And all the way their shoe scarce moisted was.
Dream we, said they? or is it true we try?
The Sea start at a stick? The Water dry?
The Deep a Path? Th'Ocean in th' Ayr suspending?
Bulwarks of Billows, and no drop descending?
Two Wals of Glasse, built with a word alone?
Afrik and *Asia* to conjoyn in one?
Th' all-seeing Sun new bottoms to behold?
Children to run where Tunnies lately roul'd?
The *Egyptian* Troups pursue them by the track;
Yet waits the patient Sea, and still stands back;
Till all the Hoast be marching in their ranks
Within the lane between his crystall banks.
But, as a wall, weakned with mining-under,
The Piles consum'd fall suddenly asunder,
O'r-whelmeth all that stand too neer the breach,
And with his Ruines fils-up all the ditch:
Even so God's finger, which, these Waters bay'd,
Being with-drawn, the Ocean swell'd and sway'd;
And, re-conjoyning his congealed Floud,
Swallows in th' instant all those Tyrants wood.
Here, one by swimming thinks himselfe to save:
But, with his scarfe tangled about a Nave,
He's strangled straight; and to the bottom sinking,
Dies; not of too-much drink, but for not drinking;
While that (in vain) another with loud lashes
Scours his proud Coursers through the scarlet *Washes:*
The streams (whereon more Deaths then Waves do
Bury his Chariot; and his Chariot, him: (swim)
Another, swallowed in a Whirl-Whales womb,
Is laid a-live within a living Toomb:
Another, seeing his Twin-brother drowning;
Out of his Coach, his hand (to help him) downing;
With both his hands grasping that hand, his Twin
Unto the bottom hales him head-long in:
And instantly the water covers either;
Right Twins indeed; born, bred and dead, together.
Nile's stubborn Monarch, stately drawn upon
A curious Chariot, chac't with pearle and stone,
By two proud Coursers, passing Snow for colour,
For strength, the Elephants; Lions for valour,
Curseth the Heav'ns, the Ayr, the Windes & Waves;
And, marching up-ward, still blasphemes & braves:
Here, a huge Billow on his Targe doth split;
Then comes a bigger, and a bigger yet,
To second those: The Sea grows ghastly great;
Yet stoutly still he thus doth dare and threat:
Base roguing Juggler, think'st thou with thy charms
Thou shalt prevail against our puissant arms?
Think'st thou, poor shifter, with thy Hel-spels thus
To crosse our Counsels, and discomfit Us?
And, O proud Sea! false trayterous Sea, dar'st thou,
Dar'st thou conspire 'gainst thine own *Neptune* now?
Dar'st thou presume 'gainst Us to rise and roar?
I charge thee cease: be still, I say: no more:
Or, I shall clip thine arms in marble stocks,
And yoke thy shoulders with a Bridge of Rocks:
Or banish thee from *Etham* far, for ay,
Through some new Chanell to goe seek thy way.
Here-at the Ocean, more then ever, frets,
All topsie-turvie up-side-down it sets;
And a black billow, that aloft doth float
With salt and sand, stops his blasphemous throat.
What now betides the Tyrant? Waters now
Have reft his neck, his chin, cheeks, eyes and brow,
His front, his fore-top: now there's nothing seen
But his proud arm, shaking his Fauchin keen:
Wherewith he seems, in spight of Heav'n and Hell,
To fight with Death, and menace *Israel*.
At last he sinks all under water quite,
Spurning the sand: again he springs upright;
But, from so deep a bottom to the top,
So clogg'd with arms, can cleave no passage up:
As the poor Partridge, cover'd with the net,
In vain doth strive, struggle, and bate, and beat;
For, the close meshes, and the Fowler's craft,
Suffer the same no more to whurre aloft.
I to your selves leave to conceive the joy
Of JACOB's heirs thus rescu'd from annoy;
Seeing the Sea to take their cause in hand,
And their dead Foes shuffled upon the sand;
Their shields, and staves, and chariots (all-to-tore)
Floating about, and flung upon the shore;
When thus th'Almighty (glorious God most high)
For them without them, got the Victory,
They skip and dance; and, marrying all their voices
To Timbrels, Hawboys, and loud Cornets noises,
Make all the shores resound, and all the coasts
With the shrill Praises of the Lord of Hostes.
Eternall issue of eternall Sire,
Deep Wisdome of the *Father*, now inspire
And shew the sequell that from hence befell,
And how he dealt with his dear *Israel*,
Amid the Desart, in their Pilgrimage
Towards the *Promis'd* plenteous *Heritage*;
Tell, for (I know) thou know'st: for, compast aye
With Fire by Night, & with a Cloud by Day, (Guard,
Thou (my soule's hope) wert their sole Guide and
Their Meat and Drink in all their Journey hard.
Marching amid the *Desart*, nought they lack;
Heav'n still distils an Ocean (for their sake)
Of end-lesse good: and every Morn doth send
Sufficient food for all the day to spend.
When the Sun riseth, and doth haste his Race
(Halfe ours, halfe theirs that underneath us pase)
To re-behold the beauty, number, order,
And prudent Rule (preventing all mis-order)
Of th' awfull Hoast lodg'd in the Wilderneſſe,
So favour'd by the Sun of Righteousnesse;

Offring, that God, here upon the Red Sea, to shake the proud, doth worke upon the Sea.

The Egyptians following them are swallowed in the Sea.

Simile.

Simile.

Pharaoh perfumely blaspheming and proudly braving Moſes and the Sun, is notwithstanding drowned with the rest.

The Second Part of this Tract: where is discussed of the estate of the people of Israel in the Wilderneſſe, untill the death of Moſes.

God gives them Manna

Each comes but forth his Tent, and at his doore
Findes his bread ready (without seeking more):
A pleasant bread, which from his plenteous cloud,
Like little Hail, Heav'ns wakefull Steward strow'd.
The yellow sands of *Elim*'s ample Plain
Were heaped all with a white sugred grain,
Sweet Corianders; Junkets, not to feed
This Hoast alone, but even a World (for need).
Each hath his part and every one is fed
With the sweet morsels of an un-bought bread.

It is given from day to day

It never rains for a whole year at-once,
But daily for a day's provisions:
To th' end, so great an Hoast, so curbed straight,
Still on the Lord's wide open hand should wait,
And every dawning have new cause to call
On him their Founder, and the Fount of all;
Each, for his portion hath an *Omer* full;
The sur-plus rots, moulds, knead it how they will.
The Holy-One (just Arbitrer of wrong)
Allowes no lesse unto the weak then strong:
On *Sabbath*'s Eve, he lets sufficient fall
To serve for that day, and the next withall:
That on his *Rest*, the sacred Folk may gather,
Not Bodie's meat, but spirituall *Manna* rather.
Thou, that from Heav'n thy daily White-bread
Thou, for whom Harvest all the year doth last, (hast
That in poor Desarts rich abundance heap'st,
That sweat-lesse eat'st, and without sowing reap'st,
That hast the Ayre for farm, and Heav'n for field
(Which, sugred Mel, or melled sugar yeeld)
That, for taste-changing dost not change thy cheer,
God's Pensioner, and Angel's Table-peer:

It is a lively figure of *Christ* the true bread of life.

O *Israel!* see in this Table-pure,
In this fair glasse, thy Saviour's portrayture,
The Son of God, MESSIAS promised,
The sacred seed, to bruise the Serpents head:
The glorious Prince, whose Scepter ever shines,
Whose Kingdom's scope the Heav'n of Heav'ns con-
And, when He shall (to light thy sin-ful load) (fines:
Put *Man-hood* on, dis-know him not for *God*.

The same demonstrated by particular confession.

This Grain is small, but full of substance though:
CHRIST strong in working, though but weak in
Manna is sweet: CHRIST as the hony-comb. (show.
Manna from high: & CHRIST from Heav'n doth
With that, there fals a pleasant pearly deaw: (come.
CHRIST coming down doth all the Earth be-strew
With spirituall gifts. That, unto great and small,
Tastes to their tastes: and CHRIST is all to all:
(Food to the hungry, to the needy wealth,
Joy to th' afflicted, to the sickly health,
Pardon to those Repent, Prop to the bow'd,
Life's savour to the Meek, *Death*'s to the Proud.)
That 's common good: and *Christ* communicate.
That 's purely white: and *Christ* immaculate.
That gluts the wanton *Hebrews* (at the last)
Christ and his *Word* the World doth soon distaste.
Of that, they eat no lesse that have one measure,
Then who have hundred: and in *Christ* his treasure
Of Divine *Grace*, the *faith*-full *Proselyte*
Hath no lesse part, then Doctors (deep of sight.)
That 's round: *Christ* simple, and sincerely-round.
That in the *Ark*: *Christ* in his *Church* is found.
That doth (with certain) stinking worms become:
Christ (th' *Ever-Word*) is scandall unto some.
That raineth not, but on the sacred Race:
Christ to his Chosen doth confine his Grace.
That 's broken, every Grain *Christ* (Lamb of God)
Upon his *Crosse*-presse is so torn and trod,
That of his *Blood* the pretious Floud hath purl'd
Down from Mount *Sion* over all the World.

The people lust for flesh.

Yet glutted now with this *ambrosiall* Food,
This Heav'nly bread, so holy and so good,
Th' *Hebrews* do lust for flesh: a fresh South-winde
Brings shoals of Fowls to satisfie their minde;

God feeds them Quails

A cloud of *Quails* on all the Camp is sent,
And every one may take to his content;
For, in the Hoast, and all the Country by,
For a day's-journey, Cubit-thick they lie.
But, though their Commons be thus delicate,
Although their eyes can scarce look out for fat,
Although their bellies strout with too-much meat,
Though (*Epicures*) they vomit as they eat,
Yet still they howl for hunger; & they long (strong:

They lust for the Garlick and Onions of Egypt. Sutcliffe.

For *Memphian* hotch-potch, Leeks, and Garlick
As Childe-great Women, or green Maids (that miss
Their Terms appointed for their flourishes)
Pine at a Princely feast, preferring far,
Red-Herrings, Rashers, and (some) sops in Tar;
Yea, coals, and clowts, sticks, stalks, & dirt, before
Quail, Pheasant, Partridge, and a hundred more;
So their fantastick wearisom disease (please.
Distastes their tastes, and makes them strange to
But, when the Bull, that lately toss his horn
In wanton Pride, hangs down his head, forlorn
For lack of Water, and the Souldier bleak (weak:
Grows (without Arms) for his own weight too-
When fiery Thirst through all their veins so fierce
Consumes their bloud, into their bones doth pierce,
Sups-up their vitall humour, and doth dry
Their whilom-beauties to *Anatomy*;
They weep and wail, and but their voyce (alas!)
Is choakt already that it cannot passe, (they would
Through the rough *Straights* of their dry throats
Roar-out their grief, that all men hear them should.

They murmur for want of water, with grievous imputation to their good guide.

O Duke! (no *Hebrew*, but a *Ethnick* rather)
Is this (alas! the guerdon that we gather
For all the service thou hast had of us?
What have we done, that thou betray'st us thus?
For our obedience, shall we evermore
With Fear and Want be haunted at our door?
O windy words! O perjur'd promises!
O gloze, to gull our honest simplenesse!
Escap't from Hunger, Thirst doth cut our throat:
Past the *Red-Sea*, here up and down we float
On firm-lesse sands of this vaste Desart here,
Where, to and fro we wander many a year:
Looking for Liberty, we finde not Life;
No, neither Death (the welcom end of strife.)
Envie not us dear Babes: we envie you,
You happy ones, whom *Egypt*'s Tyrant slew;
Your birth and death came hand in hand together,
Your end was quick, nay 't was an Entry rather
To end-lesse Life: wee wretches, with our age
Increase our Woes in this long Pilgrimage:
We hope to Harbour where we may take breath:
And life to us is a continuall Death.
You blessed live, and see the Almighties face;
Our Dayes begin in tears, in toyls they passe,

And

And end in dolours (this is all we doe);
But Death concludes teares, toyls, and dolours too.
Stiff-necked People, ſtubborn Generation,
Egypt doth witneſſe (in a wondrous faſhion)
God's goodneſſe (to thee): all the Elements
Expound unto thee his Omnipotence;
And doſt thou murmur ſtill? and dar'ſt thou yet
Blaſpheme his promiſe, and diſcredit it?
Said Moſes then; and gave a ſudden knock
With his dear Scepter on a mighty Rock;
From top to toe it ſhakes, and ſplits with-all,
And wel-nigh halfe unto the ground doth fall,
As ſmit with Light ning: then, with rapid ruſh,
Out of the ſtone a plenteous ſtream doth guſh,
Which murmurs through the Plain; proud, that his
Gliding ſo ſwift, ſo ſoon re-youngs the graſs; (glaſs,
And, to be gaz'd-on by the wanton Sun,
And through new paths ſo brave a courſe to run.
Who hath not ſeen (far up within the Land)
A ſhoal of Geeſe on the dry-Summer ſand
In their hoarſe language (ſomtimes lowly-loud)
Suing for ſuccour to ſome moiſt-full cloud; (beat,
How, when the Rain deſcends, their wings they
(With the firſt drops to cool their ſwelting heat)
Bib with their Bil, bouz with their throats, & ſuck,
And twenty times unto the bottom duck?
Such th' *Hebrews* glee: one, ſtooping down, doth ſup
The clear quick ſtream; another takes it up
In his bare hand; another in his hat;
This, in his buskin; in a bucket, that
(Well freſht himſelfe) bears ſome unto his Flock;
This fils his pitcher-full; and that, his Crock:
And other-ſome (whoſe Thirſt is more extreme)
Like Frogs lie paddling in the cryſtall ſtream.
From *Rephidim*, along the *Deſart* Coaſt,
Now to Mount *Sina* marcheth all the Hoaſt;
Where, th' everlaſting GOD, in glorious wonder,
With dreadfull voyce his fearfull LAW doth thun-
To ſhow, that His rev'rend, Divine *Decrees* (der;
(Whereto all hearts ſhould bow, & bend all knees)
Proceed not from a *Politick* Pretence,
A wretched Kingling, or a petty Prince
(Nymph-prompted NUMA, or the *Spartans* Lord,
Or him that did *Cecropian* ſtrifes accord)
Nor from the mouth of any mortall man;
But from that King, who at his pleaſure can
Shake Heav'n, and Earth, and Ayre, and all therein;
That ISRAEL ſhall finde him (if they ſin)
As terrible with Vengeance in his hand,
As dreadfull now in giving the COMMAND:
And, that the Text of that drad *Teſtament*,
Grav'n in two Tables for us impotent,
Hath in the ſame a ſadder load compriz'd,
And heavier yoke, then is the yoke of *Chriſt*. (kils:
That, that doth ſhow us Sin, threats, wounds and
This offers Grace, Balm in our ſores diſtils.
Redoubled Lightnings dazle th' *Hebrews* eyes;
Cloud-ſund'ring Thunder roars through Earth and
Louder and louder in careers and cracks, (Skies,
And ſtately SINA's maſſie centre ſhakes,
And turneth round, and on his ſacred top
A whirling flame round like a Ball doth wrap:
Under his rocky ribs, in Coombs below, (ſnow,
Rough-b'luſt'ring BOREAS, nurſt with *Riphean*
And blub-cheekt AUSTER, puft with fumes before,
Met in the midſt, juſtling, for room, do roar:
A cloak of clouds, all thorough-lin'd with thunder,
Muffles the Mountain both aloft and under:
On PHARAN now no ſhining PHARUS ſhoes.
A Heav'nly Trump, a ſhrill *Tantara* blowes,
The winged Windes, the Lightning's nimble flaſh,
The ſmoaking ſtorms, the whirl-fire's crackling
And deafning Thūders, with the ſame do ſing (claſh,
(O wondrous conſort!) th' everlaſting King
His glorious Wiſdome, who doth give the *Law*
To th' Heav'nly Troops, and keeps them all in awe.
But, as in Batell we can hear no more
Small Piſtol-ſhot, when once the Canons roar:
And as a Cornet ſoundeth cleer and riſe
Above the warbling of an *Almain* Fiſe;
A drader voyce (yet a diſtincter voyce) (noyſe,
Whoſe ſound doth drown all th' other former
Roars in the Vale, and on the ſacred Hill,
Which thrils the ears, but more the heart doth thrill
Of trembling *Jacob*: who, all pale for fear, (hear;
From God's own mouth theſe ſacred words doth
Hark, *Iſrael*: O *Jacob*, hear my *Law*:
Hear it, to keep it (and thy ſelfe in awe.)
I am JEHOVAH, I (with mighty hand)
Brought thee from bondage out of *Egypt* Land:
ADORE ME ONELY for thy God and Lord,
With all thy heart in every Deed and Word.
MAKE THEE NONE IMAGE (not of any ſort)
To thy own Works My Glory to tranſport.
USE NOT MY NAME without reſpect and fear,
Never Blaſpheme, neither thy ſelfe for-ſwear.
SIX DAYES, WORK for thy food: but then (as I)
REST ON THE SEVENTH, and to my Temple hye.
TO THOSE that gave thee life, due REVERENCE give,
If thou deſire long in the Land to live. (BLOOD.
IMBRUE *thou* NOT THY HAND IN HUMANE
STAIN NOT *anothers* BED. STEAL NO MANS GOOD.
BEAR NO FALSE WITNES. COVET NOT to have
Thy Neighbours Wife, his Oxe, his Aſſe, his Slave,
His Houſe, his Land, his Cattell, or his Coyn,
His Place, his Grace, or ought that is not Thine.
Eternall Tutor, O Rule truely-right
Of our frail life! our foot-ſteps Lanthorn bright:
O Soule's ſweet Reſt! O biting curb of Sin!
Which Bad deſpiſe, the Good take pleaſure in:
Reverend EDICTS upon Mount SINA giv'n,
How-much-fold ſenſe is in few words contriv'n!
How wonder-full, and how exceeding far!
How plain, how ſacred, how profound you are!
All Nations elſe, a thouſand times (for cauſe)
Have writ, & raz'd, & chopt, & chang'd their Laws;
Except the *Jews*: but they, although their State
With every Moon almoſt did innovate
(As ſomtimes having Kings, and ſomtimes none)
In all their changes kept their Law ſtill one.
What reſteth at this day of *Salaminian*?
Laconian LAWS, or of the *Carthaginian*?
Yea *Rome*, that made even all the World one City,
So ſtrong in Arms, and in States-Art ſo witty;
Hath in the Ruines of her Prides rich *Babels*,
Left but a Relique of her *Twice-Six-Tables*.
But, ſince in *Horeb* the High-Thundring ONE
Pronounc't This *Law*, three-thouſand times the Sun
Hath

Might recovere them, and ſeduce the Rash from others ſtumbling of ſtones.

Simile.

They March toward Mount Sina, where God delivereth them his LAW.

With what dreadfull Majeſty it was delivered.

Simile.

Simile.

The Decalogue.

The excellency of the *Law* of God.

The inconſtancy and vanity of Humane Lawes.

Stability & Authority of the Law of God.

Hath gallopt round Heav'ns golden Bandeleer,
Imboſt with Beaſts, ſtudded with ſtars ſo cleer:
And yet one tittle hath not Time bereft;
Although the People unto whom 'twas left,
Be now no People, but (expulſt from home)
Through all the corners of the World do roam:
And though their State, through every Age almoſt,
On a rough Sea of Miſchiefs hath been toſt.
A Butt, a Brook, a Torrent doth confine
All other Lawes: *Megarian* Diſcipline
Hath nought of th' *Attick*: nor the *Coroan*
Of *Theban* Rites: nor *Thebes* of *Cadmean*:
But, this ſet-LAW, given JACOB's Generations,
Is the true Law of Nature and of Nations,
Which (ſacred) ſounds where-ever (to deſcry)
Th' all-ſearching Sun doth caſt his flaming eye.
The *Turks* imbrace, the *Chriſtians* honour it,
And *Jewes* with fear do even adore it yet.
How all men tranſgreſs the ſame in every part. I onely, I (Great GOD) thy LAWS do ſpurn
With my foule feet, I do thy Statutes ſcorn:
Puſt in my Soule with extreme *Pride*, before,
Nay in thy ſtead, I do my ſelfe *Adore*.
I *Serve* no wooden gods, nor *Kneel* to Stones;
But *Covetous*, I worſhip golden ones.
I Name thee not, but in vain *Blaſphemie*,
Or (ACHAB-like) in ſad *Hypocriſie*.
I *Reſt* the Sabbath: yet I break thy LAW,
Serving (for thee) mine idle Mouth and Maw.
I *Reverence* Superiours, but in ſhow;
Not out of Love, but as compelled ſo.
I *Murther* none, yet doth my *Tongue* too-riſe
Wound others Fame, & my Hearts-hate their life.
I *Civilize*, leſt that I ſeem *Obſcene*:
But Lord (Thou know'ſt) I am *Unchaſte* unclean.
I ſeem no *Theef*: yet tempted with my *Want*,
I take too oft the Fruit I did not plant.
I ſpeak not much: yet in my little Talk,
Much *Vanity*, and many *Lies* do walk.
I *Wiſh* too-earneſt, and too-oft (in fine)
For others Fortunes, male-content with mine.
Remedie for all our ſinnes. Here lye I naked: loe th' *Anatomy*
Of my foule Heart, O *Humane-Deity!*
O *Chriſt!* th' Almightie 's like All-mighty *Word*,
O put-me-on Thy *Robe!* as whilom (Lord)
Thou put'ſt-on Mine: me in Thy Bloud be-lave;
And in my Soule thy ſacred *Lawes* ingrave.
While with the Duke, th' Eternall did deviſe,
And to his inward ſight did modulize
His *Tabernacle*'s admirable Form,
And prudently him (faithfull) did inform
In a new *Rubrick* of the *Rites Divine*,
To th' end the Heirs of promis'd *Paleſtine*
After their fancie ſhould not worſhip him,
Nor (Idol-prone) example leading them,
Into his ſacred TEMPLE introduce
The *Sacrifices* that the *Heathen* uſe;
But, by their *Rites* to guide their ſpirituall eye (lie;
To *Chriſt*, the Rock on whom their hopes ſhould
In Moſes abſence Aaron makes the golden Calfe. Behold (alas!) frail *Aaron*, Deputi'd
During his abſence, all the Flock to guide,
Dumb coward Curr, barks not againſt their ill;
But giving way to the mad Peoples will,
Caſteth a *Golden Calfe*, and ſets it up,
For them to worſhip, and unto it ſtoop:
Gold, Rings & Jewels, which the Lord of Heav'n
Had (as Love-tokens) lately to them given,
Are caſt into a Mould; and (which is worſe)
Jacob, to wed a *Calfe*, doth *God* divorce.
Thoſe Feet that dry-ſhod paſt the *Crimſin Gulfe*,
Now daunce (alas!) before a Molten *Calfe*:
That Voyce, which late on ETHAM ſands had rung
Th' Almightie 's glory, now to Satan ſung.
The zealous Prophet, with juſt fury mov'd,
'Fore all the Hoaſt, his Brother ſharp reprov'd:
Moſes ſharply reproves Aaron, breaks the Idol, and puniſhes the Idolaters. And pulveriz'd their Idol; and eft-ſoons,
Flankt by old LEVIE's moſt religious Sons,
Throngs through the Camp, & eachwhere ſtrows his
With blood and ſlaughter, horror & diſmay: (way
As halfe a ſcore of Reapers nimbly-neat,
With cheerfull eye chooſing a plot of Wheat,
Reap it at pleaſure, and of *Ceres* locks (ſhocks;
Make hand-fuls ſheaves, & of their ſheaves make
And through the Field from end to end do run
Working a-vie, till all be down and don.
Simile. Or, as ſo many Canons ſhot at-once (grones;
A-front a Camp; th' Earth with the Thunder
Here flies a broken arm, and breaks another;
There ſtands th' one halfe of a halv'd body, th'other
Fals-down a furlong thence: here flies a ſhield;
And deep-wide windowes make they in the field.
All theſe fure ſignes of God 's dear eſtimate
Cannot confirm the *Hebrew* Magiſtrate
In his Authority: even AARON ſpites-it,
Aaron and Mir. (or Miriam) murmurs againſt Moſes. And MIRIAM (his Siſter) too back-bites-it.
But ſuddenly, on her in his Defence,
Foul Leproſie did puniſh this Offence.
His Nephews, ſcorning his Command, aſpire
Before the Lord to offer forrain Fire:
Nadab and Abihu for offering of ſtrange Fire, are kild by Fire from Heaven. But on them ſoon a Heav'nly Flame down-falling
(As in the Summer ſome hot-dry *Exhaling*,
Or *Blazing-Star* with ſudden flaſh doth fall
At Palmers feet, and him affright with-all:)
Fires inſtantly their beards and oyled hair,
And all the ſacred veſtiments they wear;
Exhales their blood, their Bodies burns to aſhes,
Their *Cenſers* melts with heat of Lightning flaſhes,
Their coals are quenched all, and ſacred Flame
Th' unhallow'd Fire devour'd & overcame. (joyn'd,
His Kinſ-man CORE then (with DATHAN
And with ABIRAM) murmur'd and repin'd:
Core, Dathan and Abiram, their complaints. O ſee, ſaith he, how many a ſubtill ginne
The Tyrant ſets to ſnare our Freedoms in!
How we abus'd with *Oracles* moſt vain,
(Which MOSES and his brother AARON fain)
For idle hopes of promis'd *Signories*,
Do ſimply loſe our ſweeteſt Liberties!
See, how they do ingroſs between them two
Into one Houſe, SCEPTER and EPHOD too;
See, how they dally and with much delay
Prolong their Journey to prolong their *Sway*:
And (to conclude) ſee how ſlie Courſe they take,
To build their Greatneſs on our grievous wrack.
Hear'ſt thou me (MOSES) if thou chiefly joy
To ſee thy Brethren's torments and annoy,
'Twere good to walke us yet for ten years more
About theſe Mountains in theſe Deſarts poor:
Keep us ſtill Exiles; Let us (our Deſire)
Languiſh, wex-old, and in theſe Sands expire,

Where

Where cruell ſerpents haunt us ſtill at hand,
A Fruit-leſs, Flood-leſs, yea a Land-leſs Land.
If, rear'd from Youth in Honour, thine ambition
Cannot come down to private mens condition,
Be Captain, Duke & King: for, God approves-thee,
Thy vertues guard, the People fears & loves-thee.
But as for AARON, What is his deſert?
What High Exploit, what Excellence, what Art
Gain'd him th' *High-Prieſthood*? O good God, what
Alas! hath he for any thing got fame (ſhame?
But HOREBS Horn-God? for deſpiſing thee,
And thy Commands; and for conſpiracie?
The morrow-next, before the *Sacred Tent*
This Mutiner with ſacred Cenſer went
Adorn'd, ſelfe-gazing, with a lofty eye,
His faction preſent; AARON alſo by.
Lord ſhield thy cauſe, approve thee veritable,
Let not thy Name be to the lewd a Fable:
Oynt thine *Anointed* publikely: by Miracle,
Show whom thou haſt ſelected for thine *Oracle*,
Said MOSES then; and even as yet he ſpake,
The groaning Earth began to reel and ſhake,
A horrid Thunder in her bowels rumbles,
And in her boſom up and down it tumbles,
Tearing her rocks, untill ſhe *Yawn* away
To let it out, and to let-in the Day:
Heav'n ſees to Hell, and Hell beholdeth Heav'n,
And Divels dazled with the gliſtring leav'n
Of th' ancient Sun, yet lower fain would dive;
But chain'd to th' Centre all in vain they ſtrive.
CORE, round compaſt with his Rebel friends,
Offers to BELZEBUB and to the *Fiends*:
His bodie's batter'd with Rocks falling down:
And Arms of Trees there planted up-ſide-down:
He goes with Noyſe down to the *Silent* Coaſt,
Intoom'd alive, without all Art or coſt.
And all the reſt that his proud ſide aſſum'd,
Scaping the Gulf, with Lightning are conſum'd.
And AARON's Office is confirm'd by God,
With wondrous *Signes* of his oft-quickned Rod,
Which dead, re-buds, re-blooms, & Almonds bears:
When all his Fellows have no life in theirs.
Now, ſhall I ſing through MOSES prudent Sway,
How ISRAEL doth AMALEC diſmay,
ARAD and OG (that of huge Giants ſprings)
Proud HESSEBON, and the five *Madian* Kings,
With the falſe Prelat, who profanely made
Of *Prophets gifts* a ſacrilegious trade;
Who falſe, ſayes true; who ſtriving (paſt all ſhame)
To force the Spirit, is forced by the ſame:
Who, ſnaring th' *Hebrews* with frail beauties graces,
Defiles their bodies, more their ſoules defaces?
Doubtleſs his Deeds are ſuch, as would I ſing
But halfe of them, I under-take a thing
As hard almoſt, as in the *Gangic* Seas
To count the Waves, or Sands in *Euphrates*;
And, of ſo much, ſhould I a little ſay,
It were to wrong him, and his praiſe betray.
His Noble Acts we therfore here ſuſpend,
And ſkip unto his ſweet and happy End:
Sith, th' End is it whereby we judge the beſt
(For either life) how Man is Curſt or Bleſt.
Feeling his vigour by degrees to waſte,
And, one Fire quencht, another kindling faſt,
Which doth his Spirit re-ſound, his Soule refine,
And raiſe to Heav'n, whence it was ſent divine:
He doth not (*Now*) ſtudy to make his *Will*,
T' *Entail* his Land to his *Male-Iſſue* ſtill:
Wiſely and juſtly to divide his Good,
To Sons and Daughters, and his neereſt blood:
T' aſſigne his Wife a *Dowry* fair and fit,
A hundred times to adde, and alter it:
To quittance Friendſhips with frank Legacies:
To guerdon Service with *Annuities*,
To make *Executors*, to *Cancel* ſome,
T' appoint himſelf a Palace for a *Toomb*.
I praiſe a care to ſettle our eſtate:
But, when Death threats us, then it is too-late.
A ſeemly Buriall is a ſacred Rite:
But let the living take that charge of right.
He (lifting higher his laſt thoughts) beſides
The Cómon-Weale 's care, for the Church provides,
And graving his diſcourſe with voyce devout,
Bids thus farewell to all that ſtand about:
O JACOB's ſeed (I might ſay, my deer ſons)
Y' are ſenſe-leſs more then metals, ſtocks or ſtones,
If y' have forgot the many-many Miracles
Where-wth the Lord hath ſeal'd my ſacred *Oracles*;
And all the Favours (in this ſavage Place)
In forty yeares received of his grace.
Therefore (O ISRAEL) walk thou in his fear,
And in thy hearts-heart (not in Marble) beare
His ever-laſting LAW: before him ſtand,
And to his ſervice conſecrate thy hand.
If this thou doe, thy Heav'n-bleſt fleecie Flocks
Shall bound about thy Paſtures, Downs and Rocks;
As thick as skip in Summer, in a Mead,
The Graſſ-hoppers, that all with Deaw are fed:
Thy fruitfull Ewes, fat Twins ſhall bring thee ever,
And of their Milk ſhall make a plenteous River:
Th' old Tyrant loads not with ſo many loans,
Toules, Taxes, Succours, Impoſitions,
The panting Vaſſals to him Tributary,
As thy rich Fields ſhall pay thee voluntary:
Thy children, and thy childrens children, ſet
About thy Table ſide by ſide at meat,
Shall flouriſh like a long and goodly rowe
Of pale-green Olives that uprightly growe
About a ground, and (full of Fruit) preſage
Plenty of Oyle unto their Maſter ſage:
Sons of thy ſons ſhall ſerve thy reverend Eld:
Thou ſhalt dye quiet, thou ſhalt live unquell'd
Bleſſed at home, and bleſſed in the Plain:
The bleſſed God ſhall ſend thee timely Rain,
And wholſom windes, & with his keyes of grace
Open Heav'ns ſtore-houſe to thy happy Race:
Thy proud fell Foes with Troops of armed men
Shall charge thee one way, but ſhall fly thee ten;
The peace-plant Olive, or Triumphant Bay
Shall ſhade thy gates; Thy valour ſhall diſmay
And daunt the Earth; and with his ſacred aw
Thy Saviour-King ſhall give the World the Law.
If otherwiſe; the Megrim, Gowt, and Stone,
Shall plague thee fell with thouſand pangs in one;
Thy numbry Flocks in part ſhall barren be,
In part ſhall bring abortives unto thee;
Accurſt at home, accurſed in the Plain,
Thy labour boot-leſs, and thy care in vain:

Thy

Their deadfull puniſhment.

Aarons office is confirmed by miracle.

Sundry victories of the Iſraelites, under the conduct and direction of Moſes.

Referring the wars to another diſcourſe, our Poet haſtens to the death of Moſes.

By his example men are warned not to diſfer to make their Will till it be too late to be troubled with the buſineſſe of this World

He pronounceth the bleſſing and the curſes written in Levit. 26. & Deut. 28 whereunto the people ſay, Amen.

Bleſſings on thoſe that obey.

Curſes on the diſobedient.

Thy Field ſhall be of ſteel, thy Heav'n of braſs;
Thy Fountains dry: and God diſplear'd (alas!)
Inſtead of wholſom ſhowrs, ſhall ſend down flaſhes
Of Lightning, Fire, Hail, Sulphur, Salt, and Aſhes:
Thou ſhalt reap little where thou much haſt ſhed,
And with that little ſhall thy Foe be fed;
He ſhall the fatteſt of thy Heard devour
Before thy face, and yet thou muſt not lowr:
Thou ſhalt build fair, another have thy Place:
Thou wed a wife, another 'fore thy face
Shall loſe her *Bride-bed*: God with rage ſhall ſmite
Thy ſtubborn heart, with blindeneſs and affright;
So that a wagging leaf, a puff, a crack,
Yea, the leaſt crack ſhall make the turn thy back:
Thou never ſhalt thine adverſe Hoaſt ſurvay,
But to be beaten, or to run away.
A People ſtout, for ſtrength and number ample,
Which th' *Eagle* hath for *Enſigne* and Example,
With a new Wall thine ancient Wall ſhall dam,
And make thee (Famiſht) thy voyd bowels cram
With thine own bowels, and for want of meat
Thine own deer childrens trembling fleſh to eat.
And then, thy Remnant (far diſperſt from home)
O'r all the corners of the Earth ſhall roam:
To ſhew their Curſe, they ſhall no Country ow'ne,
And (which is worſe) they ſhall not be their Own.
AMEN, ſaid all the Hoaſt. Then (like the Swan)
This dying Song, the Man of GOD began:

The SONG OF MOSES.

SIth ISRAEL (O wil-full!) will not hear;
Hearken O Heav'ns, and O thou Earth give ear
Unto my voyce, and Witneſs (on my part)
Before the Lord, my zeal, and their hard heart.

O Heav'n and Earth attend unto my Song,
Hear my Diſcourſe, which ſweetly ſlides along;
As ſilver ſhowrs on the dry Meads do trill,
And honey Deaws, on tender graſs diſtill.

God grant (I pray) that in their hearts my Verſe
(As water on the wither'd Lawns) may pierce:
And that the honey dropping from my tongue
May ſerve the old for rain, for deaw the young.

I ſing th' Eternall: O let Heav'n and Earth
Come praiſe him with me, ſound his glory forth,
Extoll his Powr, his perfect Workes record,
Truth, Goodneſs, Greatneſs, Juſtice of the Lord.

But, though for ever He have ſhown him ſuch;
His children yet (no Children, rather much
A Baſtard Race) full of malicious ſin,
All kinde of vice have foulely wallowed in.

O fooliſh People! doſt thou thus requite
His Father-care, who fenc't thee day and night,
As with a Shield? Who choſe thee as his heir?
Who made thee, of ſo foule a maſs, ſo fair?

Un-winde the bottom of old Times again,
Of Ages paſt un-reel the ſnarled skain:
Ask of thy Parents, and they ſhall declare;
Thine Elders and they 'l tell the Wonders rare.

They 'l tell thee, how, when firſt the Lord had ſpred
Men on the Earth, and juſtly levelled
His ſtrait long Meaſure, th' All-Ball to divide,
He did for thee plenteous Land provide:

For his deer JACOB, whom his favour then
Seem'd t' have ſequeſtred from the reſt of men,
To th' end his *Bleſſed Seed* (in future age)
Should be his care, Love, Lot, and Heritage.

They 'l tell thee too, how through the ſandy hor-(ror
Of a vaſt *Deſart*, Den of ghaſtly terror,
Of Thirſt and Hunger, and of Serpents fell,
He by the hand conducted ISRAEL:

Yea, (of his goodneſs) to direct him ſtill,
By Word and Writ ſhow'd him his ſacred Will;
Under his wings ſhade hid him tenderly,
And held him deer, as apple of his eye.

As is the Royall *Eagle's* ſacred wont,
When ſhe would teach her tender Birds to mount,
To fly and cry about her Neſt, to cheer them;
And when they faint on her wing'd back to bear-(them:
God (without ayd of other gods or *Graces*)
Safe guide, hath made him mount the higheſt places,
Such Oyl and Honey from the Rocks diſtilling,
In plenteous Land wth pleaſant Fruits him filling.

He gave him Milk and Butter for his meat,
Kid, Lamb, and Mutton, with the flowr of Wheat;
And for his Drink, a moſt delicious Wine (Vine)
(The ſprightfull blood of the broad-ſpreading

But, wexen fat, he lifts his wanton heel
Againſt his God (to whom his ſoule ſhould kneel)
Forſakes his Maker, and contemns the Same
That ſaved him from danger, death, and ſhame.

Then, hee inflam'd the fury of the Lord,
With profane bowing to falſe Gods abhord:
With ſerving *Idols*, and with ſacrificing
To Fiends, and Phanſies of his own deviſing.

For vain falſe gods, gods un-renown'd, and new,
Gods that his Fathers nor he never knew,
He hath forgot the true eternall BEEING,
The God of whom he holds his bliſs and being.

God ſaw it well, and jealouſly a-fire
Againſt his Children, thus he threats his ire:
No; I will hide the brightneſſe of my face,
Ile take from them the treaſures of my grace.

Then let us ſee what will of them become,
But, what but miſchief can unto them come,
That ſo perverſe with every puff let fly
Their faith, ſole conſtant in inconſtancy?

Th' have made me jealous of a God, no god:
Ile make them jealous, I will Wed (abroad)
A People (yet) no people: And their breſt
Shall ſplit, for ſpight, to ſee the *Nations* bleſt.

Devouring

Devouring Fire, that from my heart doth fume,
Shall fiercely burn and in my wrath consume
The deep of Deeps, the middle Downs, and Fields,
And strong foundations of the steepest Hils.

Ile spend on them my store of punishments,
And all mine Arrows; Famine, Pestilence,
Wilde Beasts, and Worms that basely crawling are,
Without remorse shall make them end-lesse War.

Abroad, the Sword their strong men shal devour,
At home, through Fear, the Virgin in her flowr,
The fresh young Youth, the sucking children small,
And hoary head, dead to the ground shall fall.

Yea, even already would I quite deface
And clean destroy them, I would JACOB race,
Raze his memoriall from the Earth for ay,
But that I fear the *Heathen* thus would say:

We have prevail'd, we by our strength alone
Have quell'd this People, and them overthrown:
'T was not their God that did it for their Sins;
No, he himselfe is vanquisht with his Friends.

Ha! sottish blocks, voyd of all sense and sight;
Could one man put a thousand men to flight:
And two, ten thousand, if the God of Arms
Had not even sold their troups & bound their arms?

For God, our God, doth all their gods surpasse;
They know it well: but, their Wine springs (alas!)
From SODOM's Vine, and grew in GOMOR's fields,
Which Gall for Grapes, for Raysons Poyson yeelds.

It is no Wine: no, the black bane it is,
The killing vomit of the Cockatrice;
'Tis bitter venom, 'tis the same that coms
From the fell ASPIK's foul infecting gums.

Doe not I know it? keep not I account
(In mine Exchequer) how their sins do mount?
Vengeance is mine: I will (in fine) repay
In my due time: I will not long delay.

Their ruin posteth: then th' Omnipotent
Shall Judge for JACOB: then will I repent
To quite destroy mine own beloved people,
Seeing their strength all fail'd and wholly feeble.

'T will then be said, Where are their gods becom
(Their deaf, dull Idols, sent-lesse, sight-lesse, dumb)
To whom they lift their hearts, and hands, & eyes,
And (as their Guards) so oft did sacrifice?

Now let those trim Protectors them protect;
Let them rise quickly and defend their Sect,
Their *Fires* and *Altars*; and come stand before,
To shield the Fondlings that their *Fanes* adore.

Know therefore, Mortals, I th' IMMORTALL am:
There 's none like *Me*, in or above this *Frame*:
I wound, I heal; I kill, I fetch from Grave,
And from my hands none can the Sinner save.

Ile lift my hand tow'rd th'arched heav'ns on high
And swear with-all by mine Eternity
(Which onely *Beeing*, gives to all to *Been*)
That if I whet my Sword of Vengeance keen:

If once (I say) as Soverain King alone,
I sit me down on my high Justice Throne,
Ile venge me roughly on mine Enemies,
And guerdon justly their iniquities:

My hart-thril darts I wil make drunk with bloud,
Ile glut my sword with slaughter; all the brood
Of Rebell Nations I will raze (in fine)
To recompence the bloud and death of mine.

O Gentiles, then his People praise and fear,
Sith to the Lord it is so choicely dear:
Sith hee 'l avenge his Cause; and, beating down
His enemies, will mildly cheer his Own.

FINIS.

THE

The Captains.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Just-Duked JOSUAH *cheers the* Abramides
To CANAAN'S *Conquest*: Jordan *self-divides*:
Re-Circumcision, *what, and where, and why*:
Sackt Jericho: Hai *won* (*so* Achan *die*):
Gibeonites *guile*: strange Hail: *the* Sun stands still:
Nature *repines*. Jews (*Guide-lesse*) *prone to ill*.
Adoni-Bezec, Sangar, DEBORA,
Barac *and* Jahel *conquer* SISERA.
Samuel *succeeds*: Jews *crave a* KING: *a vie*
Of People-*Sway*: States-*Rule*: *and* MONARCHY.

Comes to Israel.

HAil *holy* JORDAN, and you *blessed* Torrents
Of the pure Waters, of whose crystall Currents
So many *Saints* have sipt: O *Walls*, that rest
Fair monuments of many a famous Guest:
O *Hills*, O *Dales*, O *Fields* so flowry sweet,
Where *Angels* oft have set their sacred feet:
And thou, O *sacred Place*, which wert the *Cradle*
Of th' onely MAN-God, and his happy *Swadle*:
And thou, O *Soil*, which drank'st the *crimson shower*
That (for our health) out of his veins did pour:
And you, fat *Phillocks* (which I take as giv'n
For a firm pledge of the full joyes of Heav'n)
Where Milk an Honey flow; I see you all,
Under the conduct of my Generall,
Nun's valiant *Son*: and under GEDEONS Sway,
SANGAR, and SAMSON, BARAC, DEBORA.

Argument of this Tract.

For, here (brave *Heroes*) your high Feats I sing;
Thrice sacred Spirit, thy speedy succour bring:
O Spirit, which wert their guide, guard strength & stay,
Let not my Verse their Vertue's praise betray.

Josuah his just authority over the people of Israel.

JOSUAH, by favour, nor by Bribes, obtains
A higher Rank then Royall Soveraigns
(Who buys in grosse, he by retail must sell:
And who gives Favour, Favour asks as well):
He gets it not by Fortune (she is sight-lesse):
Neither by force (for, whoso enters (Right-lesse)
By Force, is forced to go out with shame):
Nor sudden climbs he (raw) unto the same
For, to high Place, who mounts not step by step,
He coms not down, but headlong down doth leap):
But, even as that grave-gracefull Magistrate,
Which (now) *with* Conscience, Law *doth Moderate,*

Simile.

Was

VVas first a Student *(under others aw)*
Then Barister, *then* Counseller *at-Law*,
Then Queens Solicitor, *then* Roules-*Arbitrer*,
And then Lord-Keeper, *now* LORD CHANCELLOR;
He com's to't by degrees: and having first
Shown Himselfe wise in spying *Canaan* yerst,
Faithfull to MOSES in his Ministrings,
And *Stout* in fight against the Heathen Kings,
God makes him CAPTAIN, and the sacred Priests
Pronounce him so, the people pleased is.

His first Oration to the people.

But in his State yer he be stall'd (almost)
Set in the mid'st of Gods beloved Hoast,
He thus delates: O happy Legions dear,
Which sacred Arms under Heav'ns Ensigns bear.
Feare not that I, yet forty years again (train
Your wandring Troups in these vast sands shou'd
'Twixt Hope and Fear: th'unhallowed Offerings,
The proud revolts blasphemous Murmurings
Of your stiffe Fathers, have with-holden rather
Then whole with-drawn th'ayd of your heavenly
God tenders it in time, and (pacifi'd) (Father:
Nils the set Term without effect should slide.
Serve him therefore, now take him at his word
And now to *Canaan* march with one accord,
And bravely shew that th'Hoast of ISRAEL,
In valour, far doth his drad fame excell.

Courageous JACOB, ARAD's stoutest hearts
And strongest Holds have prov'd thy pikes & darts,
The *Madianites* have thine Arms thunder known,
Th'hast razed *Basan*, ransackt *Hezebon*,
Scap't scaly Serpents (in these Desarts vast)
Croft the *Red-Sea*, and Heav'n-prop SINA past,
And sent to Hell thy dradest Foes: Lo now
God offers thee the Crown, accept it thou.

He urgeth particularly Reuben, Gad and Manasses, to take part with their brethren, in prosecuting the Conquest of Canaan.

Then turning him to RUBEN and to GAD,
And to MANASSES, who their portion had
By MOSES grant on *Jordan*'s Eastern verge;
War-eloquent, he thus proceeds to urge:
Can you (my hearts) finde in your hearts to leave
Your Ranks, and us thus of your ayds bereave?
Will you lie wrapped in soft beds a-sleep,
While in cold Trenches your poor Brethren keep?
Will you sit washing (when your Feasts be done)
In sweet Rose-water, while that *Orion*
His cloudy store in storm-full furie pours,
And drowns your Brethren with continual showrs?
Will you goe dance and dally to and fro,
While in the Field they march to charge the Foe?
Will you expect a part with them in gain,
While they the blowes and all the brunt sustain?
God shield, you should dishonour so your Bloud:
Nay rather (leaving on this side the Floud
Your Wives, and Children, and (unfit for Battell)
Your aged Parents, and your Heards of Cattell)
Come arm your selves, t'advance our Victories,
And share with us in Perill, as in Prize.

The generall and joyfull answer of the people.

O noble Prince (then all the Hoast reply'd)
March-on a Gods Name; and good Hap betide:
Were *Canaan* turn'd another Wilderneſſe,
Were there before us yet more crimsin Seas,
Were *Horeb*, *Carmel*, and Mount *Seir* set
Each upon other (up to Heav'n to get)
We'l follow thee through all; and onely th'end
Of our own lives shall our brave Journey end.

After the *Ark*, then march they in array
Direct to *Jordan*, praising all the way
That living God, whose matchlesse mighty hand
Parted the Sea, that they might passe by Land.

A portrait and plaine description of the river *Jordan*.

Hoar-headed *Jordan* neatly lodged was
In a large Cave, built all of beaten Glasse;
Whose waved Seeling, with exceeding cost,
The *Nymphs* (his Daughters) rarely had imbost
With Pearls and Rubies, and in-layd the rest
With *Nacre cheeks*, and Corall of the best;
A thousand Streamlings that n'er saw the Sun,
With tribute silver to his service run;
There, IRIS, AUSTER, and Clouds blewly black
Continually their liquor leave and take;
There th'aged Floud layd on his mossie bed,
And pensive leaning his flag-shaggie head
Upon a Tuft, where th'eating waves incroach,
Did gladly wait for ISRAELS approach:
Each hair he had is a quick flowing stream,
His sweat the gushing of a storm extream,
Each sigh a Billow, and each sob he sounds
A swelling Sea that over-flowes his bounds:
His weak gray eyes are alwayes seen to weep,
About his loyns a rush-Belt wears he deep,
A Willow wreath about his wrinkled brows;
His Father NEREUS his complexion showes.

So soon as He their welcome rumour heard
His frosty head above the Waves he rear'd,
With both his hands strook back behinde his ears
The waving Tresses of his weeping hairs:
And then perceiving JACOB's Army stay'd
By his proud streams, he chid them thus, and said:
Presūptuous Brook dar'st thou (ingrateful Torrent) Prosopopeia.
Lift-up thy horn, lash-out thy swelling Current
Against the Lord, and over-flow thy bound
To stop his passage? Shall the Flouds profound
Of the proud *Ocean* to his Hoast give-way?
Shall *Egypt*'s honour, shall that Gulfe (I say)
That long large Sea, wch with his plenteous waves
A third or fourth part of the World be-laves;
Shall that yeeld humbly at his Servant's beck?
And thou, poor Rill, or gutter (in respect)
Resist himselfe (his glorious selfe) that Inns
Here in his *Ark*, between the Cherubins?
And saying so, he on his shoulder flung,
His deep wide Crock, that on his hip had hung,
And down his back pours back-ward all his course;
The stream returns towards his double source:
And leaving dry a large deep lane betwixt,
The fearfull waves in heaped Hils, were fixt,
To give God place and passage to his Hoast,
Towards their *Promis'd* and appointed Coast.

The Israelites passe dryshod through Jordan.

So, dry they passe (after the sacred *Oracle*)
And leave Memorials of that famous Miracle
Upon Mount *Gilgal*: and their flesh anon
They seal with *Signe* of their Adoption.
For, the All-guiding God, the Almighty Prince,
To give to His some speciall difference,
Will'd that all Males of *Abram*'s Progenies
With sacred Rasor should them *Circumcise*;
And ever-more, that *Isaac*'s blessed Race
Should in their *Fore-skin* bear his gage of Grace.

Circumcision.

But, why (sayst thou) should ancient ISRAEL
In such a secret place Record and Seal

Th'

A curious quaintness why it was appointed in such a place.

Th' *Act* of the *Covenant*: and with bloudy smart
Ingrave their glory in a shamefull part?
Who blushes at it, is a grace-lesse Beast;
Who shames to see the *Signe* of *Grace* impresst
In shamefull part, he is asham'd of CHRIST
Born of that Race, and selfly *Circumcis'd*.

A sharp and sober admo-nition.

A hundred subtill Reasons from the Writs
Of *Rabbins* could I bring: but, sober Wits
Rest satisfied, conceiving that th' incision
Of th' obscœne *Fore-skin*, signifies th' abscission,
Or sacred cutting-off of foul Affects,
Beseeming those whom God for His elects;
That God the Fruits of flesh, and bloud doth hate:
And that through CHRIST we must regenerate.

The right application and use thereof.

Now, th' *Hebrews* kept their *Passe-over*; and go
(By Heav'ns addresse) to mighty *Jericho*,
Beseiging so the City round about,
That fear got in, but nothing could get out.

The passe-over.

Souldiers (said then th' undaunted Generall)
Prepare no Mattocks, Ladders, nor Rams at all,
To mine, or scale, or batter-down these Towrs;
The great, the high, the mighty God of Powrs
Will fight himselfe alone; and then he bod
(As first himselfe had been inform'd by God)
That daily once they all should march the Round
About the City with horn-Trumpets sound;
Bearing about, for onely Banneret,
The light-full *Ark*, GOD's sacred Cabinet;
Their swords un-drawn, not making any noyse,
Threat-lesse their brows, and without braves their
No shaft to shoot, no sign of war, no glance, (voice,
And even their March doth rather seem a Dance.

The siege of Jericho after a strange manner.

The Citizens de-ride it.

What childre-spel? what may-game have we here?
What? dare you (Gallants) dare you come no neer?
Is this your brave assault? is this your fight?
Ween you to scar-crows us (like birds) to fright?
(Said the besieged) get you som-where else
(Poor sots) to shew your Bug-bears and your spels;
Cease your hoarse musick, leave the stage alone:
Fools draw the Curten, now your Play is done.

On the seventh day themselves fall down.

Six dayes together had the *Hebrews* thus't (must;
About the Town, seven-times the Seventh they
When sacred *Levites* sound more loud and high
Their horny Trumps: then all the People cry,
Come, come (great God) come batter, batter down
These odious wals, this Idol-wedded Town.

Simile.

It cracks in th' instant, the foundation shrinks,
The mortar crumbles from the yawning chinks,
Each stone is loose, and all the Wall doth quiver
And all at once unto the ground doth shiver
With hideous noise; and th' *Heathen* Garrison
Is but immur'd with Clouds of dust alone;
So shall you see a Cloud-crown'd Hill somtime,
Torn from a greater by the waste of Time;
Dreadly to shake, and boundling down to hop,
And roaring, here it roules tall Cedars up;
Their aged Oaks; it turns, it spurns, it hales
The lower Rocks into th' affrighted Vales,
There sadly sinks, or sudden stops the way
Of some swift Torrent hasting to the Sea.

Simile.

Boast you O Bombards, that you Thunder drown:
And vaunt you, Mines, that you turn up-side down
Rampires and Towrs, and Wals the massie-most;
Yet, your exploits require both time and cost:
You make but a small breach, but a rough way,
And (by mischance) oft your own side betray.
But, th' *Hebrews* with a sudden showt and cry,
A whole great Town dis-mantle instantly,
And (unresisted) entring every-where,
They exercise all hostile vengeance there.

Simile.

And, as a sort of lusty Bill-men, set
In Wood-sale time to fell a Cops, by great;
Be-stir them so, that soon with sweating pain,
They turn an Oak-grove to a field of grain:
So th' *Hebrew* Hoast, without remorse or pitty,
Through all sad corners of the open City,
Burn, break, destroy, bathe them in bloud, and toyl
To lay all levell with the trampled soyl;
The Idol's Temples, and the delicate
Prince-Palaces are quickly beaten flat;
The fire loud-crackling with the Clouds doth meet,
A bloudy Torrent runs through every street, (small;
Their venge-full sword spares neither great nor
Neither the Child that on his hands doth crawl,
Nor him that wears snow on his shaking head,
Yee in his heart; not the least Beast they bred.

Jericho sacked and consumed with fire, and all her inhabitants put to the sword without respect of State, Sex, or age.

Indeed (indeed) more worthy th' *Hefeline*,
Then th' holy *Hebrews*; had the voyce Divine
Not charg'd them so, and choicely armed them
'Gainst *Jericho* with his own * *Anathems*;
Reserving onely for his *Sacred place*,
The Gold and Silver, th' Iron and the Brasse.

* Curse.

Yet sacrilegious *Achan* dar'd to hoord
Some precious Pillage: which incenst the Lord
Against the Camp, so that he let them fly
(For this Offence before their enemy.

Achans Sacrilege.

For, when three thousand chosen *Israelites*
Were sent to *Hai* t' assault the *Canaanites*,
The Town all armies: their prince the forwardest
(No lesse-brave Souldier then proud Atheist)
Arms the broad Mountain of his hayrie breast,
With horrid scales of *Nilus* greedy beast;
His brawny arms and shoulders, with the skin
Of the dart-darting wily *Porcupin*;

Hai summoned, the Townes, men sally and put the Israelites to flight.

The antick armour of the King. His ostentation and blasphemous Oration.

He wears for Helm a Dragon's ghastly head,
Where-on for plume a huge Horse-tail doth spread;
Not much unlike a Birch-tree bare below
Which at the top in a thick tuft doth grow,
Waving with every winde and made to kisse
Th' Earth, now on that side, and anon on this:
In Quiver made of Lezard's skins he wears
His poysoned Arrows; and the Bow he bears,
Is of a mighty Tree, strung with a Cable,
His shaft a Lever, whose keen head is able
To pierce all proof, stone, steel, and Diamant.
Thus furnished, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt:
Sirs, shall we suffer this ignoble Race,
Thus shamefully tis from our Own to chase?
Shall they be Victors yet they overcome?
Shall our Possessions and our Plenty come
Among these Mongrels? Tush: let Children quake
At dreams of ABRAM: let faint Women shake
At their Drad God, at their Sea-drying Lord;
I know no Gods, above my glittering Sword.
This said, he sallies and assaults the Foe
With furious skirmish; and doth charge them so,
As stormy billows rush against a Rock:
As boystrous winds (that hath their prison broke)

p. Simile.

Roar on a Forreſt: as Heav'ns ſulph'ry Flaſh
Againſt proud Mountains ſurly brows doth daſh.
The ſacred Troups (to conquer alwayes wont)
Could not ſuſtain his firſt tempeſtuous brunt,
But turn their backs: and, as they fly amain,
Foure leſſe then forty of their band were ſlain.
The ſon of NUN then (with th' *Iſacian* Peers)
Before the *Ark* in proſtrate wiſe appears.
Sack on his back, duſt on his head, his eyes
Even great with tears, thus to the Lord he cryes:
O! what alas? what have we done, O Lord?
The People, deſtin'd to thy Peoples ſword,
Conquers thy People; and the *Canaanites*
(Againſt thy Promiſe) chaſe the *Iſraelites*.
O Lord, why did not *Jordans* rapid Tyde
Still ſtay our Hoaſt upon the other ſide?
Sith here, in hope to get the *Promis'd* more,
We hazzard all that we had won before.
Regard and guard us; nay, regard thy Name:
O! ſuffer not the ſeed of *Abraham*
(Almighty Father, O thou God moſt high!)
To be expoſ'd to *Heathens* Tyrannie!
Much leſſe thy ſacred *Ark*, for them to burn:
And leaſt of all, thy glorious Selfe to ſcorn.
JOSUAH (ſaid God) let th' Hoaſt be ſanctifi'd.
And let the Church-thief dye, that dar'd to hide
Th' unlawfull Pillage of that curſed Town
(The Mayden Conqueſt, prime of thy Renown):
Then ſhalt thou vanquiſh, and the lofty Towrs
Of HAI ſhall fall under thy war-like powrs.
The morrow next, after the great *Aſsiſe*,
ACHAN (convicted, not by bare ſurmize,
But by God's Spirit which undermines our minds,
And cleerly ſees our ſecreteſt deſignes;
To whom, Chance is no Chance, and Lot no Lot,
To whom the Dye uncertaine rouleth not)
Is brought without the Hoaſt, with all he hath,
And ſacrific'd unto th' Almighties wrath.
Now, between *Bethel* and HAI's weſtern wall,
There lies a Valley cloſe inviron'd all
Between the forking of a hill ſo high,
That it is hidden from all paſſers-by:
Whoſe horned clifts, below are hollowed,
And with two Forreſts arbour'd over head:
'Tis long and narrow; and a rapid Torrent,
Bounding from rock to rock with roaring Current,
Deafens the Shepheards: ſo that it ſhould ſeem:
Nature fore-caſt it for ſom ſtratagem.
Thither the Duke (ſoon after mid-night) guides
His choyceſt Bands, and them there war'ly hides;
Each keeps his place, none ſpeaks, none ſpets, none
But all as ſtill, as if they march on Moſs; (coughs,
So fallow Wolves, when they intend to ſet
On fearfull flocks that in their Folds do bleat,
Through ſilent darkneſſe ſecret wayes do groap;
Their feet are feather'd with the wings of hope,
They hold their breath, and ſo ſtill undiſcry'd,
They paſſe hard by the watchfull Maſtie's ſide.
Mean-while the howrs op'ned the doors of Day,
To let out *Titan* that muſt needs away:
Whoſe radiant treſſes, but with trailing on,
Began to gild the top of *Libanon*,
When, with the reſt of all his Hoaſt, the * GRAVE
Marcheth amain to give the Town a brave,

Joſuah and the Prince of Iſrael humbled before the Lord in prayer.

Achan executed.

An Ambuſh.

Simile.

* Signifieth but an Earle but beyond it

They ſtraight re-charge him: as in ſeaſon warm
The honey-makers buſie-buzzing ſwarm,
With hūming threats throngs from the little gates
Of their round Towr, and with their little hates
Fiercely aſſayl, and wound the naked skins
Of ſuch as come to rob their curious Inns,
Why (Cowards) dare you come again for blows?
Or, do you long your wretched lives to loſe?
Com, we are for you; wee 'l diſpatch you ſoon:
And for the many wrongs that you have done
Unto our Selves, our Neighbours, and our Friends,
This day our ſwords ſhall make us full amends
(Cry th' *Amorites*): and th' *Hebrew* Captain then
Flies as affraid, and with him all his men
Diſorderly retire; ſtill faining ſo,
Till (politick) he hath in-trayn'd the Foe
Right to his Ambuſh: then the Souldiers there,
Hid in the Vale, hearing their noyſe ſo neer,
Would fain be at them, were they not with-held
By threatning geſtures of Commanding Eld:
So have I ſeen on LAMBORN'S *pleaſant Downes*
When yelping Begles or ſome deeper Hounds
Have ſtart a Hare, how milk-white Minks *and* Lun
(Gray-bitches both, the beſt that ever run)
Held in one leaſh, have leapt, and ſtrain'd, and whin'd
To be reſtrain'd, till (to their Maſters minde)
They might be ſlipt, to purpoſe; that (for ſport)
Watt *might have law neither too-long nor ſhort.*
But, when the *Heathen* had the Ambuſh paſt,
The Duke thus cheers his ſacred Troups as faſt,
Sa, ſa, my Hearts; turn, turn again upon-them,
They are your own; now charge, and cheerly on-
His ready Souldiers at a beck obey, (them.
And on their Foes courageous load they lay: (kill
They ſhoot, they ſhock, they ſtrike, they ſtab, they
Th' unhallowed Currs, that yet reſiſted ſtill;
Untill behinde them a new ſtorm aroſe
With horrid noyſe, which daunts not onely thoſe
But with the furie of it 's force doth make
The Hils and Forreſts, and even Hell to quake.
Pagans, what will you doe? If here you fly,
You fall on *Caleb*, where y' are ſure to dy:
If there, on *Joſuah*: O unfortunate!
Your help-leſſe gods in vain you invocate.
Y' are (O forlorn!) like Rabbets round beſet
With wily Hunters, Dogs, and deadly Net:
With ſhrill *Sa-haw, here-here-ho, here-again*,
The Warren rings; th' amazed Game amain
Runs here and there: but if they ſcape away (Hay.
From Hounds, ſtaves kill them; if from ſtaves, the
Yeeld, yeeld, and dy then, ſtrive not to retire:
For, even in death behold your Town a-fire.
Then *Gibeon*, a mighty City neer,
That theſe Exploits of Heav'ns drad hand did hear,
Sent ſubtilly, to League with *Iſrael*,
No: y' are deceiv'd (ſaid then th' *Arch-Calonit!*)
The *Canaanites* are deſtin'd long ago
To Fire, and Sword, and utter overthrow; (ceed:
From Heav'ns high Judge the Sentence doth pro-
Man may not alter what God hath decreed.
Alas! my Lord (reply'd th' Embaſſadors)
You may perceive, we are no Borderers
Upon theſe Countries: For, our ſuits, our ſlops,
Our hoſe and ſhoos, were new cut of the ſhops

When

Stooped in the chaſe Captain Joſuah humble.

A ſtratagem.

Simile.

He conquered.

Simile.

The Gibeonites counſeling Policy, to make league with Iſrael.

When wee set forth from home; and even that day
This bread was baked when we came away;
But the long Journey, we have gone, hath wore
Our cloaths to rags, and turn'd our victuals hoar,
W' abjure thee therefore in the sacred Name
Of that drad GOD to whom your vows you frame,
By the sweet aire of this delightfull Coast,
By the good Angel that conducts your Hoast,
By deare Embraces of your dearer Wives,
And by your Babes (even) dearer then your lives;
By each of these, and all of these together, (ther,
And by your Arms, whose Fame hath drawn us hi-
T' have pity on us, and to swear unto-us,
To save our lives, and not so to undoe-us,
As these neer Nations, *Israel* accords,
And with an Oath confirms the solemn words.

A sacred application of their profane example.

So I (good Lord) perceiving all the Seed
Of *Sin-full Adam* unto Death decreed,
Doom'd to the Vengeance of thy Furie fell,
And damn'd for ever to the deepest Hell;
Would fain be free: but, if I should (alas!)
Come, as I am, before thy glorious face,
Thou (righteous God) wilt turn thine eyes away;
For, Flesh and Blood possesse not Heav'n for ay;
And the strict Rigour of thy *Justice* pure
Cannot (O Lord) the least of sins endure.
Oh then! what shall I doe? Ile similize
These *Gebeonites*: I will my selfe disguise
To gull thee, Lord (for, even a holy Guile
Findes with thee grace and favour often-while):
Ile put-on (crafty) not the cloak of *Pride*
(For, that was it whereby our Grand-sires di'd:
And *Lucifer*, with his associates, fell
From Joyes of Heav'n, into the pains of Hell):
But th' humble *Fleece* of that sweet sacred *Lamb*
Which (for our sakes) upon the *Crosse* becam
So torn and tatter'd; which the most refuse:
Scorn of the *Gentiles*, Scandall of the *Jews*.

Simile.

And, as a piece of Silver, Tin, or Lead,
By cunning hands with Gold is covered;
I, that am all but Lead (or drosse more base)
In fervent Crusible of thy free Grace,
Ile gild me all with his pure Beatrie's Gold;
Born a new man (by Faith) Ile kill mine old:
In Spirit and Life, *Christ* shall be mine Example,
His Spirit shall be my Spirit, and I his Temple.
I being thus in *Christ*, and *Christ* in mee,
O! wilt thou, canst thou, drive *Us* far from thee?
Deprive, from promis'd new-*Jerusalem*,
Christ thine owne *Likenesse*; and mee, *like* to him?
Banish from Heav'n (whose *Blisse* shall never vade)
Thy *Christ*, by whom; & me, for whom 'twas made?
But, O presumption! O too rash Designe!
Alas! to *Will* it onely, is not mine:
And, though I *Would*, my flesh (too-Winter-chill)
My spirit's small sparkles doth extinguish still.
O! therefore thou, thou that canst all alone;
All-sacred Father 's like all-sacred Son,
Through thy deep Mercy daign thou to transform
Into thy Self, mee sin-full silly worm;
That so, I may be welcom to my God,
And live in Peace, not where the *Jews* abode,
But in Heav'n-*Sion*: and that thou maist be
Th' uniting glew between my God and mee.

Now, *Eglon's*, *Hebron's*, *Jarmuth's*, *Salem's* Lords,
And *Lachis* Kingling (after these Accords)
Wroth, that their Neighbours had betrayed so
Their common Country to their common Foe,
Had made so great a breach, and by the hand
Led (as it were) th' *Hebrews* into their Land;
Set-upon *Gibeon*: but the th' *Isaacian* Prince,
As just as valiant, hastes to hunt them thence;
And, resolute to rescue his Allies,
He straight bids Battell to their Enemies.

The battell of the five Kings.

The fight grows fierce; and winged *Victory*,
Shaking her Laurels, rusht confusedly
Into the midst; she goes, and coms and goes,
And now she leans to these, and now to those.
Auster the while from neighbour Mountains arms
A hundred Winters, and a hundred storms
With huge great Hail-shot, driving fiercely fell
In the stern visage of the Infidel:

Extraordinary volley: of hail-shot from heaven upon the infidels.

The roaring Tempest violently retorts
Upon themselves the *Pagans* whirling darts,
And in their own breasts, their own Launces bore,
Wher-with they threatned th' Hoast of God before:
And (even) as if it envi'd the Renown
Of valiant *Josuah* (now by *Ganges* known)
With furious shock, the formost Ranks it whirr'd
Upon the next, the second on the third:
Even as a Bridge of Cards, which Play-full Childe
Doth in an evening on a Carpet build,
When some Wag by, upon his work doth blow,
If one Arch fall, the rest fall all a-row
Each upon other, and the Childe he cries
For his lost labour, and again hee tries.

Simile.

If any, resting on his knotty Spear,
'Gainst arms and storms, yet stand out stifly there,
Th' Hail, which the winde full in his face doth yerk,
Smarter then Racquets in a Court re-jerk
Balls 'gainst the Wals of the black-boorded house,
Beats out his eyes, batters his nose, and brows.
Then turn the *Pagans*, but without a vail:
For, instantly the stony storm of Hail
Which flew direct a-front, direct now fals
Plumb on their heads, & cleaves their sculs & cauls:
And ever, as they waver to and fro,
Over their Hoast the Haily Cloud doth go:
And never hits one *Hebrew*, though between,
But a Swords length (or not so much) be seen:
A buckler one, another a bright helm
Over his threatned or sick head doth whelm:
But, the shield broken, and helm beaten in,
Th' Hail makes the hurt bite on the bloudy green.
Those, that escape, betake them to their heels;
Josuah pursues, and, though his sweat distils
From every part, hee wounds, hee kils, hee cleaves.
Neither the Fight imperfect so he leaves:
But, full of faithfull zeal and zealous faith,
Thus (O strange language!) thus aloud he saith,

At the command of *Josuah* the Sun standeth still.

Beam of th' Eternall, dayes bright Champion,
Spiall of Nature, O all-seeing Sun,
Stay, stand thou still, stand still in *Gibeon*;
And thou O Moon i' th' vale of *Ajalon*,
That th' *Amorites* now by their Hare-like flight
Scape not my hands under all hiding Night.

Simile.

As a Caroche, drawn by four lusty Steeds,
In a smooth way whirling with all their speeds,

Stops ſuddenly, if't ſlip into a ſlough,
Or if it croſſe ſome Log or maſſie bough;
The Day-reducing Chariot of the Sun,
Which now began, towards his Weſt to run,
Stops inſtantly, and gives the *Hebrews* ſpace
To rid the Pagans that they have in chaſe.

Deſcripti-on of Nature, who offended therein, makes her complaint to God.

Nature, amaz'd, for very anger ſhakes:
And to th' Almightie her complaint ſhee makes:
Seemly ſhe marches with a meaſur'd paſe,
Choler puts colour in her lovely face,
From either nipple of her boſom-twins
A lively ſpring of pleaſant milke there ſpins,
Upon her ſhoulders (*Atlas*-like) ſhe bears
The frame of All, down by her ſide ſhe wears
A Golden Key, where-with ſhe letteth forth
And locketh up the Treaſures of the Earth:
A ſumptuous Mantle to her heels hangs down,
Where-in the *Heav'ns*, the *Earth*, and *Sea* is ſhown;
The Sea in *Silver* woven, the Earth in *Green*,
The Heav'ns in *Azure* with *Gold* threds between:
All-quickning *Love*, freſh *Beauty*, ſmiling *Youth*,
And *Fruitfulneſſe*, each for her favour ſu'th:
Grace ſtill attends ready to doe her honour,
Riches and *Plenty* alwayes wait upon her.

Proſo-popœa.

Accountred thus and thus accompani'd,
With thouſand ſighs thus to the Lord ſhe cri'd:
Shall it be ſaid a man doth Heav'n command?
Wilt thou permit a braving Souldiers hand
To wrong thine eldeſt Daughter? Ah! ſhall I
Have the bare Name, and He th' authority
To govern all, and all controul (O Lord)
With the bare winde of his ambitious word?
Shall I (the World's Law) then, receive the Law
At others hands? of others ſtand in aw?
If't be thy pleaſure, or thou think it fit,
To have it ſo or ſo to ſuffer it,
(Pardon me, Father, that I am ſo free)
I here ſurrender thy Lievtenancie:
Beſtow't on him, put all into his hand: (mand.
Who Heav'n commands, He well may Earth com-

Why (Daughter) knowſt thou not (God anſwers
That many times my Mercy doth tranſfer (her)
Into my Children mine own powr, where-by
They work (not ſeldom) mine own Wonders high?
That th' are my ſacred Vice-Royes? and that he,

The power of a ſtedfaſt Faith.

Who (ſtript of Fleſh) by *Faith* is joyn'd to me,
May remove Mountains, may dry-up the Seas,
May make an Ocean of a Wilderneſſe?
Th' haſt ſeen it, Daughter: therefore, but thou pine
In jealouſie of this drad arm of mine,
Grudge not at theirs: for they can nothing do,
But what my ſpirit inables them unto.

JOSUAH. his victories

O happy Prince; I wonder not at all,
If at thy feet the ſtout *Anachim* fall,
If th' *Amorrhite*, *Hevite*, and *Canaanite*,
The *Pherezite*, *Hethite*, and *Jebuſite*,
And huge *Baſanian*, by thy daunt-leſſe hoaſt
Were over-thrown: and if as ſwift (almoſt)
As my ſlow *Muſe* thy ſacred Conqueſt ſings, (kings;
Thou *Cam'ſt*, *Saw'ſt*, *Conquer'dſt* more then thirty
Subduing *Syria*, and dividing it
Unto twelve Kindreds in twelve portions fit;
Sith (O grand Vicar of th' Almighty Lord)
With onely ſummons of thy mighty Word,
Thou makeſt Rivers the moſt deafly-deep
To lobſtarize (back to their ſource to creep);
Wals give thee way: after thy Trumpets charge,
Rock-ruſhing Tempeſts do retreat, or charge:
Sol's at thy ſervice: and the ſtarry *Pole*
Is proud to paſſe under thy Muſter-Roule.

Simile.

As a blinde man, forſaken of his Guide
In ſome thick Forreſt, ſad and ſelf-beſide,
Takes now a broad, anon a narrow path,
His groaping hand his (late) eyes office hath;
Here at a ſtub he ſtumbles, there the buſhes
Rake off his cloak; here on a Tree he ruſhes,
Strayes in and out, turns, this and that way tries,
And at the laſt fals in a Pit, and dies:
Even ſo (alas!) having their Captain loſt,
So blindely wanders JACOB's wilfull Hoaſt,

Alſo as death ſeiz'd having ta'ne away his guide, falls from his God.

Contemns the Fountain of God's ſacred Law,
From Idoll-Puddles poyſoning drink to draw;
Forſakes th' old true God, and new falſe gods fains,
And with the *Heathen* friendſhip entertains.

God ſtirs ſore ſo-ſakes him.

Th' Almighty ſaw it (for, what ſees he not?)
And ſuddenly his furie wexed hot;
And on their neck, for his ſweet yoke, he layd
The ſtrangers yoke that hard and heavie weigh'd.
But, as an Infant which the Nurſe lets go
To goe alone, waves weakly to and fro,

Simile.

Feels his feet fail, cries out, and but (alas!)
For her quick hand, would fall and break his face:
So JACOB, juſtly made affliction thrall,
Is never ready in the Pit to fall
Of pale Deſpair, but (if he cry, and crave him)
God ſtill extends his gracious hand to ſave him;

Tyrus hiſtory: God againſt reaſon ſaves him to ſorrow.

Raiſing ſome *Worthy* that may break in ſunder
The Gyves and Fetters that he labours under.
So then aſſiſted by th' immortall hand,
Brave ISRAEL brings under his Command
JERUSALEM, LUS, BETHEL, ACCARON,
SEBAI, and THOLMAI, GAZA, and ASCALON,
And BEZEC too: whoſe bloudy Tyrant, fled,

The Tyrant Adonibezec taken and intreated as he had handled others.

Is caught again, and payd with Cake for Bread:
To ſelfe-taught Torture he himſelfe is put,
His ſacrilegious Thumbs and Toes be cut:
Whereby, more inly prickt, then outly pain'd,
God's Vengeance juſt he thus confeſt, and plain'd;

His complaint.

O hand, late Scepter-grac't! O hand, that late
EGYPT did dread, and EDOM tremble at!
O hand, that (armed) durſt even MARS defie,
And couldſt have pull'd proud JUPITER from high!
Now, wherto ſerv'ſt thou, but t'augment my moan?
Thou canſt not now buckle mine Armour on;
Nor wield my mighty Launce with brazen head:
Ah! no (alas!) thou canſt not cut my bread.
O feet (late) winged to purſue the flight
Of hundred Armies that I foyl'd in fight,
Now you have loſt your office, now (alas!)
You cannot march but limp about this place.

His ſatiſfa-ction.

But, 'tis the juſt God, the juſt hand of Heav'n
In mine own Coin hath me my painment given:
For, ſeventy kings, thus maim'd of Toes & Thumbs,
I, inſolent, have made to lick the crums
Under my boord (like Dogs) and drawn perforce
To ſerve for blocks when I ſhould mount my horſe.
Therefore (O Kings!) by mine example learn
To bound your rage, limit your furie ſtearn:

O Con-

His curse to all Tyrants and cruell minded men.

O Conquerers! be warned all by me;
Be to your Thrals, as God to you shall be:
Men, pity Man, wretched and overthrown;
And think his case may one-day be your own;
For, chance doth change: and none alive can say,
He happy is, untill his dying day:
The Foe that after Victory survives,
Not for himselfe, but for your glory lives:
Th' Olive 's above the Palm: and th' happiest King
His greatest Triumph, is Selfe-triumphing.

Israel again and again relapseth.

But *Israel*, wal'wing in his myre again,
Soon lost the glory former Arms did gain;
And goods and bodies easie booties bin
To *Aram*, *Moab*, and the *Philistin*.

Again banished.

What help (O *Jacob*)? th' hast nor arms, nor head:
Thy fields wth bones of thine own bands be spread,
And th' onely name of thy profaner Foe
Congeals thy blood, and chils thy heart for Wo.
Flee, flee, and hye thee quickly to recover
The all-proof Target of thine ancient Lover,
Thy gracious God, the glorious Tyrant-tamer,
Terror of terrors, *Heathen* 's dreadfull hammer.

Again and again restored.

Ah! see already how he rescues thee
From th' odious yoke of *Pagan* Tyrannie;
Breaking the fetters of thy bondage fell,
By *Ahod*, *Barac*, and *Othoniel*,
And Goad-man SANGAR, whose industrious hand
With Ox-teem tils his tributarie Land.

Sangar a slow-footed famous Champion of Israel.

When *Philistins*, with Sword and fierie Furie,
Slaughter the *Jews*, and over-run all *Jurie*,
Deflowr the Virgins, and with lust-full spight
Ravish chaste Matrons in their Husbands sight,
He leaves his Plough, he cals upon his God;
And, onely armed with his slender Goad,
Alone he sets on all the Heathen Camp.
A *Pagan* Captain weens him thus to damp;
What means this Fool (saith he)? go, silly Clown,
Get thee to Plough, go home, and till thy ground,
Goe prick thy Bullocks; leave the works of MARS
To my long-train'd, still-conquering Souldiers.
First, learn, thou Dog (replies the *Israelite*)
To know my strẽgth (rather th' Almighties might):
And on his head he layes him on such load
With two quick vennies of his knotty Goad,
And with the third thrusts him between the eyes,
That down he fals, shaking his heels, and dyes.
Then steps another forth more stout and grim,
Shaking his Pike, and fierce lets fly at him:
But SANGAR shuns the blow; &, with his stroak,
The *Pagans* leg short-off in sunder broak;
On th' other yet, a while he stands and fights:
But th' *Hebrew* Champion such a back-blow smites,
That flat he layes him; then, with fury born,
Forward he leaps; and, in a Martiall scorn,
Upon his panch sets his victorious foot,
And treads and tramples, and so stamps into't,
That bloud and bowels (mingled with the bruise)
Halfe at his mouth, halfe at his sides he spews:

Simile.

As on Wine-hurdles those that dance (for meed)
Make with sweet *Nectar* every wound to bleed,
Each grape to weep, and crimsin streams to spin
Into the Vate, set to receive them in.
Thence thirty steps, a chiefe Commander prest,
And proudly wags his feather-clouded Crest,
And cryes, Come hither (Cow-heard) com thou hither;
Come, let us cope, but I and thou together;
Ile teach the (Peasant) and that quickly too,
Thou hast not with thy fellow swains to doe,
That on Mount *Carmel*'s stormy top do feed.
No here (poor sot) thou other fence shalt need.
SANGAR runs at him: and he runs so fierce,
That on his staffe, him six steps back he bears;
Bears down another with him, and another,
That but with gesture stood directing other:

Simile.

As when 'tis dark, when 't rains and blusters rough,
A thund'ring tempest with a sulph'ry puff
Breaks down a mighty Gate, and that another,
And that a third, each opposite to other:
Smoak, dust, & door-fals, with storms roaring din,
Dismay the stoutest that command within;
The common sort (beside their little wits)
Scar'd from their beds, dare not abide the streets:
But, in their shirts over the wals they run,
And so their Town, yer it be ta'n, is wun;
The sudden Storm so inly-deep dismayes them,
That fear of Taking to despair betrayes them.
Amid their Hoast then bravely rushes SANGAR,
His sinnewy arm answers his sacred Anger:
Who flies or follows, he alike besteads:
On scattered heap of slaughtered Foes he treads.
This with his elbow here he over-turns,
That with his brow; this, with his foot he spurns;
Here, with his staff he makes in shivers fly
Both cask and scull; and there he breaks a thigh,
An arm, a leg, a rib, a chin a cheek;

Comparison

And th' hungry Shepheard hardly beats so thick
Nuts from a Tree, as SANGAR Foes beat down:
With swords, and shields, and shafts, the field is
Alone he foils a Camp: and on the Plain (sow'n:
There lye six hundred of the *Heathen* slain.
Almighty God, how thou to thine art good!
Thy peoples Foes are not alone subdu'd (fore
By a rude Clown, whose hard-wrought hands, be-
Nothing but spades, coulters and bils had bore;
But, by a silly Woman, to whose hand
Thou for a Time committest the Command
Of ISRAEL: for, of no other Head,
Nor Law, nor Lord, they for a time are sped,

DEBORA.

But prudent DEBORA: unto whose Throne
Fly those whose heads with age are hoary grown,
And those great Rabbies that do gravely sit
Revolving volumes of the highest Writ,
And He that in the Tabernacle serves,
Her sacred voyce as Oracles observes:
None from her presence ever coms confus'd:
And gotten skill, gives place to skill infus'd.
O JACOB's Lanthorn Load-star pure, wch lights
On these rough Seas the rest of *Abramites*
(Said then the People) what shall us befall?
JABINS fell yoke our weary necks doth gall:
Wee are the Buts unto all Pagan darts,
And cold Despair knocks at our doors (our hearts).
ISRAEL, saith shee, be of good cheer; for now
God wars upon your Foes, and leagues with you:
Therefore to Field now let your youth advance,
And in their rests couch the revenging Lance:
This said, on BARAC she a shield bestows,

Barac His shield given by DEBORA.

Indented on the brims, which plain fore-shows

In curious Bos-work (that doth neatly swell)
The (won and lost) Battails of *Israel*,
As an abridgement, where to life appear
The noblest acts of eight or nine score year.
Lo, here an army, stooping by the side
Of a deep River (with their Thirst halfe dry'd)
Sups, licks and laps the stream; of all which rout,
The Captain chuses but three hundred out;
And arming each but with a Trump and Torch,
About a mighty Pagan Hoast doth march,
Making the same through their drad sudden sound,
With their own Arms themselves to inter-wound;
A hellish rage of mutuall furie swels
The bloody hearts of barbarous Infidels,
So that the freinds that in one Couch did sleep,
Each others blade in eithers breast do steep:
And all the Camp with head-less dead is sown,
Cut off by Cozen-swords, kill'd by their own.
Lo there, another valiant Champion,
Who having late triumphant Lawrels won;
His heed-less Vow (in-humane) to ful-fill,
His onely Daughter doth unkindly kill:
The frantick Mother, all unbrac't (alas!)
With silver locks unkemb'd about her face;
Arming her rage with nails, with teeth and tongue,
Runs-in, and rushes through the thickest throng;
And, shee will save, and shee will have, (shee sayes)
Her Deer, her Daughter; and then hold shee layes
Upon the Maid: and rearing-off her Coat,
Away shee runs, thinking shee her had got. (full;
The Priest dissolves in tears, th' Offring is cheer-
The Murdred's valiant, and the Murderer fearfull;
The Father leads with slow and feeble pase,
The Daughter seems to run to death a-pace;
As if the Chaplet that her temples ties,
Were *Hymens* Flowrs, not Flowrs for Sacrifice;
Her grace and beauties still augment; (in fine)
Whoso beholds her sweet, love-darting Eyn,
Her Cheeks, Lips Brow's, fresh Lillies, Corall, Jet;
Hee sees (or seems to see) a Sun to set.
And (to conclude) the Graver, Maul, and Mould,
Have given such life to th' Iron, Brass, and Gold,
That here wants nothing but the Mothers screech,
The Father's sigh, and the sweet Daughters speech.
Loe here, another shakes his unshav'n tresses,
Triumphing on a Lyon torn in peeces:
O match-less Champion! Peard of men at-arms,
That emptiest not an Arcenall of Arms,
Nor needest shops of *Lemnian* Armourers,
To furnish weapons for thy glorious Wars:
An Asses Jaw-bone is the Club where-with
Thy mighty arm brains, beats, and batterers th
Th' uncircumcised Camp: all quickly scud;
And th' Hoast that slew in dust, now flows in bloud.
Here th' Iron Gates, whose hugeness wont to shake
The massie Towrs of *Gaza*, thou dost take
On thy broad shoulders: there (in seeming jest)
Crushing their Palace-pillars (at a feast)
Thou over-whelm'st the House, and with the fall
The *Philistine* blaspheming Princes all. (crush,
Here, from ones head, which two huge coins do
(As whay from Cheese) the battred brains do gush:
Here lies another in a deadly swoune;
Nail'd with a broken rafter to the ground:
Another, here past with a paine of Wall,
Hath lost his soule, and bodies shape withall:
Another, here o're-taken as he fled,
Lyes (Tortois-like) all hidden but the head:
Another, covered with a heap of lome,
Seems with his moving to re-move his Toomb:
Even as the soft, blinde, Mine-inventing Moule,
In velvet Robes under the Earth doth roule,
Refusing light, and little ayre receives,
And hunting Worms her moving hillocks heaves.
Lo, lower here, a beastly Multitude
On one poor Woman all their lusts intrude;
Whose Spouse (displeas'd with th' execrable Fact)
Into twelve Peeces her dead Body hackt;
And, to twelve Parts of ISRAEL them transfers,
As twelve quick tinders of intestin Wars.
And lower yet, behold (with hatefull scorn)
The ARK of God to DAGON's Temple born;
But th' Idol yeelds to GOD, and DAGON falls
Before the ARK, which *Heathens* pride appals.
BARAC thus arm'd, th' ASORIANS sets-upon,
That bright in Brass, steel, gold, and silver shone:
But his young Souldiers were much daunted tho,
To see the fearfull Engins of the Foe;
Nine hundred chariots, whirling swift and light,
Whose glistering Irons dazle even their sight;
Whose barbed Steeds bear in their heads a Blade
Of the right temper of DAMASCUS made
(As proud of it as Unicorns are wont
Of their rich Weapon that adorns their Front)
Amidst their Pectral stands another Pike:
On either side, long grapples (Sickle-like)
The like at either Nave: so that (in Wars)
'Tis present death t' approach these broaching Cars.
But DEBORA, her Troops incouraging,
Bestirs her quick, and leaps from wing to wing:
Courage (saith she) brave Souldiers, sacred Knights,
Strike, & strike home, lay on with all your mights:
Stand, fear them not (O Champions of the Faith)
God drives your Foes into the snares of Death.
Doubtless they are your own: their armed Charrets
They are but Buggs to daunt dejected spirits.
No, no (my Hearts) not Arms, nor Engins glorious,
But 'tis the heart that makes a Camp victorious:
Or rather, 'tis Gods Thunder-throwing hand,
Which onely doth all Warr's succes command:
And, VICTORIE his Daughter whom he now
(For his own sake) frankly bestowes on you.
Even as a sort of Shepheards, having spi'd
A Wolfe come stealing down a Mountains side,
Cry shrill, *Now now*, up-hill, *a Wolfe, a Wolfe*;
Now, now (sayes *Eccho*) up-hill, *a Wolfe, a Wolfe*;
And such a noyse between the Vales doth rise,
That th' hungry thief thence without hunting flies;
So th' *Hebrews*, heartned with her brave discourse
Gave such a shout that th' armed Cars and Horse
Turn sudden back, their drivers Art deceive;
And, changing side, through their own Army cleave.
Some, with the blades in every Coursers brow,
Were (as with Launces) bored through & through;
Some torn in peeces with the whirling wheels;
Some trod to death under the Horses heels;
As (in some Countries) when in season hot,
Under Horse feet (made with a whip to trot)

They

They uſe to threſh the ſheaves of Winter-Corn,
The grain ſpurts-out, the ſtraw is bruis'd and torn.
Some (not direct before the Horſe, nor under)
Were with the Scythes mow'n in the midſt a-lun-
As in a Mead the Graſs, yet in the flowr, (der:
Fals at the Foot of the wide ſtraddling Mower,
That with a ſtooping back, and ſtretched arm,
Cuts-croſs the ſwathes to winter-feed his Farm.
If there reſt any reſolute, and loth
To loſe ſo ſoon their Arms, and honors both
At firſt aſſault, but rather bravely bent
To ſee ſo fierce and bloudy Fight's event;
Both DEBORAH and BARAC thither pli'd:
But (as 'tis writ of the milde AMRAMIDE, (man,
And Nun's great Son, that Heav'n-deer MARS-like
Who did tranſplant the Tribes to CANAAN)
Shee (in the zeal of her religious ſprite)
Lifts-up her hands to pray, and he to fight.
Hee charges fierce, hee wounds, hee ſlaughters all
But SISERA, their Captain generall;
Who flies to JAHEL, and by her is ſlain,
Driving a nail into his ſleeping brain.
At laſt, the Helm of head-ſtrong ISRAEL
Coms to the hand of famous SAMUEL;
One rarely-wiſe, who weds his Policy,
To divine gifts of ſacred Prophecie:
But, his two greedy Sons, digreſſing quite
From his good ſteps, diſ-taſte the ISRAELITE
Of th' ancient RULE of th' Heav'nly Potentate:
So that all ſeek a ſudden *Change* of STATE.
Aſſembled then in ſacred PARLIAMENT,
Up ſtarts a Fellow of a mean Deſcent
(But of great ſpirit, well-ſpoken, full of wit,
And courage too, aſpiring high to ſit)
And having gain'd attention, thus he ſayes:
Divine Deſigne! O purpoſe worthy-praiſe,
To now-*Reform* the STATE, & ſoundly *heal* (weal:
With wholſome Lawes th' hurts of the *Common*-
But (prudent ISRAEL) take now heed or never;
Change not an Ague for a burning Fever;
In ſhaking-off confuſed *Anarchie*,
To be intic'd t' imbrace a *Monarchie*,
Admir'd of Fooles, ador'd of Flatterers,
Of Softlings, Wantons, Braves, and Loyterers:
The Freedome and Defence of the baſe Rabble;
But, to brave mindes a Yoke intolerable.
For, who can brook, millions of men to meaſure
Breath, Life, and Moving all at one man's pleaſure?
One, to keep all in awe? One at a beck
A whole great Kingdome to controule and check?
Is't not a goodly ſight, to ſee a Prince,
Void of all Vertue full of inſolence,
To play with Noble States, as with a ſtraw?
A Fool, to give ſo many Wiſe the Law?
A Beaſt, to govern Men? An infant Eld?
A Hare to lead fierce Lions to the field?
Who is't but knowes that ſuch a Court as this,
Is th' open Shop of ſelling Offices?
Th' harbour of Riot, ſtews of Ribaldry,
Th' haunt of Profuſion, th' Hell of Tyrannie:
That no-where ſhines the REGAL Diadem,
But (Comet-like) it boads all vice extrem?
That not a King among ten thouſand Kings,
But to his Luſt his Law in bondage brings?
But (ſhameleſs) triumphs in the ſhame of Wives?
But bad, prefers the bad, and good deprives?
But gildeth thoſe that glorifie his Folly?
That ſooth & ſmooth, & call his Hell-neſs holy?
But with the Torrent of continuall Taxes
(Pour'd every where) his meaneſt Subjects vexes?
As an ill-ſtated body doth diſtill
On's feebleſt parts his cold-raw humors ſtill.
That Form of RULE is a right *Common-weal*
Where all the *People* have an Enter-deal,
Where (without aw or Law) the Tyrants ſword
Is not made drunk with blood, for a Miſs-word:
Where, Each (by turn) doth *Bid* and doth *Obey*;
Where, ſtill the *Commons* (having Soveraign-*ſway*)
Share equally both Rigour and Reward
To each-man's merit: giving no regard
To ill-got Wealth, nor mouldy Monuments (cents:
From great-great-Grand-fires ſcutcheon'd in Deſ-
Where, *Learned* men, un-ſoule-clog'd (as it were)
With ſervile gyves of Kings imperious Fear,
Fly even to Heav'n; and by their Pens inſpire
Poſterity with Vertue's glorious Fire:
Where, Honors honeſt Combat never ceaſes,
Nor Vertue languiſhes, nor Valour leeſes
His ſpright full nerves through th' envy of a *Prince*,
That cannot brook another's excellence;
Or, pride of thoſe, who (from great Elders ſprung)
Have nothing but Their glory on their tongue;
And deeming Others Worth, enough for them,
Vertue and *Valour*, and all *Arts* contemn:
Or, baſe Deſpair, in thoſe of meaner Calling, (ling,
Who on the ground ſtill (worm-like) baſely craw-
Dare not attempt (nor ſcarcely thinke, preciſe)
Any great Act or glorious Enterpriſe;
Becauſe Ambition, Cuſtom, and the Law,
From high Eſtate hath bounded them with aw.
Where, hee that never rightly learn'd t' obey
Commandeth not, with hearie Sword of *Sway*:
Where, each i'th' Publick having equall part,
All to ſave all, will hazzard life and heart:
Where, *Liberty* (as dear as life and breath)
Born with us firſt, conforts us to our death.
Shall ſavage beaſts like-better Nuts and Maſt
In a free Forreſt, then our choyce Repaſt
In Iron Cages? and ſhall we (poor Sots)
Whom Nature Maſters of our ſelves allots,
And Lords of All beſides; ſhall wee go draw
On our own necks an eaſe-leſs Yoke of Aw?
Rather (O JACOB) chuſe wee all to die,
Then to betray our Native *Libertie*;
Then to become the ſporting Tennis-ball
Of a proud *Monarch*; or to yeeld us thrall
To ſerve or honour any other King
Then that drad LAW which did from SINA ring.
Another then, whom Age made venerable,
Knowledge admir'd, and Office honourable,
Stands up, and ſpeaks (majeſtically-milde)
On other Piles the COMMON-WEAL to build.
Doubt-leſs (ſaid he) with waſte of time & Soap,
Y' have labour'd long to waſh an ÆTHIOPE:
Y' have drawn us here a goodly form of STATE
(And well we have had proof of it of late):
Shall we again the Sword of JUSTICE put
In mad mens hands, ſoon their own throats to cut?

What

Similo.

Deborah prayes while Barac fights.

The Infidels put to rout, and ſlain their Captain ſlain by Jahel.

Samuel, Judge.

Iſrael asks a KING.

A Deſcription of a Plebeian for Demo-cracie. People-lover.

Theocratic-tion and Ariſtocracie of mild Princes Courts.

Similo.

Similo.

2. Another, of a reverend Senator for Ariſtocracie, or the rule of a choſen Synedr of the beſt men.

Comparison. What Tiger is more fierce? what Bear more fell?
What Chaff more light? what Sea more apt to swell
Then is th' unbridled Vulgar, passion tost?
In calms elated, in foul-weather lost?
What boot deep projects if to th' eyes of all
They must be publisht in the common Hall?
Sith known Designs are dangerous to act:
And, th' un-close Chief did never noble fact.
Simile. DEMOCRACY is as a tossed Ship,
Void both of *Pole* and Pilot in the deep:
Simile. A *Senate* fram'd of thousand Kinglings slight;
Where, voyces pass by number, not by weight;
Where, wise men do propound, and fools dispose:
Simile. A Fair, where all things they to sale expose:
A sink of Filth, where ay th' infamousest,
Most bold and busie are esteemed best:
Simile. A Park of savage Beasts, that each-man dreads:
A Head-lesse Monster with a thousand heads.
What shall wee then do? shall wee by and by
In Tyrants paws deject us servilely?
Nay, rather, shunning the extremities,
Let us make choise of men upright and wise;
Of such whose Vertue doth the Land adorn,
Of such whom Fortune hath made Noble-born,
Of such as Wealth hath rais'd above the pitch
Of th' abject vulgar; and to th' hands of such
(Such, as for Wisedome, Wealth, and Birth excell)
Let us commit the Reins of ISRAEL;
And ever from the sacred Helm exclude
The turbulent, base, moody *Multitude*.
Take away Choyce and where is Vertue's grace?
What? shall not Chance unto Desert give place?
And Lots, to Right? Shall not the blind be led
By those whose eyes are perfect in their head?
Chiefly, amid such baulks, and blocks and pits
As in best *State*-paths the best *States*-man meets?
Who may be better trusted with the key
Comparison. Of a great Chest of Gold and Gems then they
That got the same? And who more firm and fit
At *carefull* Stern of POLICIE to sit,
Then such as in the ship most venture bear: (fear:
Such as their owne wrack with the State's wrack
Such as, Content, and having much to lose, (choose?
Even Death it selfe, rather then Change, would
While he discourst thus on a Theam so grave,
3. The Oration of a Noble young Prince for *Monarchy*, or the sole Soveraintie of a KING. Up-rose a Gallant, noble, young, and brave,
Foe to the Vulgar, one that hop't (perchance)
One-day t' attain a Seepters governance,
And thus he speaks: Your RULE is yet too *Free*,
Y' have proin'd the leaves, not boughs of *Publick*-*Tree*:
Y' have qualifide but not *yet* cur'd our grief: (
Y' have in our Field still left the tares of Strife,
Of Leagues and Factions. For, plurality
Of Heads and Hands to sway an *Emperie*,
Simile. Is for the most part like untamed Buls;
One, this way hales; another, that way puls;
All every-way; hurried with passion's windes
Whither their Lust-storms do transport their minds
At length, the strongest bears the weakest down,
And to himselfe wholly usurps the Crown:
And so (in fine) your *Aristocracie*
He by degrees brings to a *Monarchie*.
In brief, the Scepter *Aristocratike*,
* A passion following any sick-nesse. And *People-sway*, have * *Symptomes* both alike:
And neither of them can be permanent
For want of *Union*; which of government
Is both the Life-bloud, and preservative, (thrive
Whereby a STATE young, strong and long doth,
But, MONARCHY is as a goodly Station,
Built skilfully, upon a sure Foundation:
A quiet House, wherein (as principall)
One Father is obey'd and serv'd of all:
A well-rig'd Ship, where (when the danger's neer)
A many Masters strive not who shall steer. (Sun:
The World hath but One God: Heav'n but One
Quails but One Chief: the Hony-birds but One,
One Master-Bee: and Nature (natively)
Graves in our hearts the Rule of MONARCHY.
At sound of whose Edicts, all joynt-proceed;
Under whose Sway, Seditions never breed:
Who, whiie consulting with Colleagues he stands,
Lets not the Victory escape his hands:
And, that same *Majesty*, which (as the Base
And Pedestall) supports the weight and grace,
Greatnesse and glory of a well-Rul'd *State*,
Is not extinguisht nor extenuate,
By being parcelliz'd to a plurality
Of petty Kinglings, of a mean Equality:
Simile. Like as a goodly River, deep and large,
Able to bear Ships of the greatest Charge, (ded,
If, through new Dikes, his trade-full Waters gui-
Be in a hundred little brooks divided; (same:
No Bridge more fears, nor Sea more weighs the
But soon it loses both his trade and name.
And (to conclude) a wise and worthy *Prince*,
A KING, compleat in Royall excellence,
Is even the Peoples prop, their powrfull nerves,
And lively Law, that all intire preserves:
His Countrie's life, and soule, sight and fore-sight;
And even th' Almightie's sacred Picture right.
While yet he spake, the People loudly cri'd,
A KING, a KING; wee'l have a KING for Guide,
Hee shall command: Hee shall conduct our Hosts
And make us Lords of the IDUMEAN Coasts.
Ingrate, said SAMUEL, will you then reject
Th' Almightie's Scepter? doe you more affect
New POLICY, then his old PROVIDENCE?
And change th' Immortall for a mortall Prince?
Well (Rebels) well, you shall, you shall have one:
A KINGS Prerogative But doe you know what follows thereupon?
Hee, from your Ploughs shall take your Horses out,
To serve his pomp, and draw his Train about
In gilden Coaches (a wilde wanton sort
Of Popinjayes and Peacocks of the Court):
Hee shall your choysest Sons and Daughters take
To be his servants (nay his slaves to make):
You shall plant Vineyards, hee the Wine shall sup:
You shall sow Fields, and hee shall reap the Crop:
You shall keep Flocks, & hee shall take the Fleece:
And PHARAOH's Yoke shall seem but light to his.
Saul is reproved King of Israel. But, ISRAEL doth wilfully persever,
And SAMUEL (prest and importuned ever)
Annoynteth SAUL the Son of CIS) a Man
Whose cursed end marr'd what he well began.
A check to busie, ambitious wits, controuls all any State. You, too-too-light, busie, ambitious wits,
That Heav'n and Earth confound with furious fits:
Fantastick Franticks, that would innovate.
And every moment change your form of STATE:

That

That weening high to fly, fall lower ſtill: (Ill:
That though you change your Bed change not your
See, ſee how much th'Almighty (the moſt High)
Here-in abhors your fond inconſtancie.
The PEOPLE-STATE, the ARISTOCRACY,
And ſacred KINGDOM, took authority
A-like from Heav'n: and theſe three Scepter-forms
Flouriſh a-vie, as well in Arts and Arms,
As prudent Lawes. Therefore, you ſtout *Helvetians*,
Griſons, *Genevians*, *Raguſins*, *Venetians*,
Maintain your Liberties, and change not now
Your ſacred Lawes rooted ſo deep with you.
On th' other ſide, we that are borne and bred
Under KINGS Awe, under one *Supreme Head*,
Let us ſtill honour their drad *Majeſties*,
Obey their Lawes, and pay them Subſidies.
Let's read, let's hear no more theſe factious Teachers,
Theſe ſhame-leſſe *Tribunes*, thoſe ſeditious Prea-
That in all places alwayes belch and bark (chers,
Aloud abroad, or whiſper in the dark,
Railing at Princes (whether good or bad)
The true Lievtenants of Almighty God.
And let not us, before a KING, prefer
A *Senate*-ſway, nor Scepter *Popular*.
'Tis better bear the *Youth-ſlips* of a KING,
I' th' *Law* ſome fault, i' th' *State* ſome blemiſhing,
Then to fill all with Bloud-flouds of *Debate*;
While, to *Reform*, you would *Deform* a STATE.
One cannot (with-out danger) ſtir a ſtone
In a great Building's old foundation:
And, a good Leach ſeeks rather to ſupport,
With ordered dyet, in a gentle ſort,
A feeble Body (though in ſickly plight)
Then with ſtrong Med'cines to deſtroy it quite.
And therefore, Curſed, *ever* Curſed *be*
Our * Hell-*ſpurr'd* PERCIE's *fell* Conſpiracie;
And every head, *and every* hand *and* heart,
That did Conceive *or but* Conſent *his part*:
POPE-*prompted* Atheiſts, *faining* Superſtition,
To cover Cruelty, *and cloak* Ambition:
Incarnate Divels, Enemies of Man,
Dam-Murdering Vipers, Monſters in-humane,
Diſ-natur'd NERO's, *impious* EROSTRATES,
That with one Puff *would* blow-up *all* Eſtates;
Prince's *and* Peer's, *and* Peoples *Government*
(*For, of all Three conſiſts our* PARLIAMENT)
Religion, Order, Honeſty, *and all*,
And more then all that Fear *can fear to fall.*
And therefore, Bleſſed, *ever* Bleſſed *be*
Our glorious GOD's *immortall Majeſtie*; (keeps,
ENGLAND's *Great* Watch-man, *hee that* Iſrael
Who never ſlumbers, *and who never* ſleeps:
Our gratious Father, *whoſe ſtill-firm affection*
Defend us ſtill with wings of his Protection:
Our loving Saviour, *that thou Saves us ſtill*
(Us ſo unworthy, us ſo prone to ill):
Our ſacred Comforter *(the Spirit of Light)*
Who ſteers us ſtill in the True FAITH *aright:*
The TRINITIE, *th' Eternall* THREE *in* ONE;
Who by his Pow'r and providence alone,
Hath from the Furnace of their Fiery *Zeal* (WEAL,
Preſerv'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERS, *our* PUBLICK-
Therefore, O PRINCE (*our noſtrils deareſt breath*)
Thou true Defender *of true Chriſtian* FAITH,
O! let the Zeal of GOD's *Houſe eat thee up:*
Fill BABYLON *her meaſure in her* Cup:
Maim the King-maiming Kinglings of Bezec:
Pittie not Agag, *ſpare not* Amalech:
Hunt, hunt *thoſe* Foxes, *that would under-mine*
Root, Body, Branches of the Sacred Vine:
O! ſpare them not. To ſpare Them, is to ſpoyl
Thy Selfe, thy Seed, thy Subjects, and thy Soyl.
Therefore, O PEERS, *Princely-loyall* Paladines,
True-noble Nobles, *lay-by by-Deſignes:*
And in God's quarrell and your Countries, bring
Counſell and Courage to aſſiſt your KING
To counter-mine againſt the Mines *of* ROME;
To conquer Hydra, *and to over-come*
And clean cut-off his Horns, and Heads, and all
Whoſe hearts doe Vow, *or knees doe* Bow *to* Baal:
Be Zealous for the LORD, *and Faith-full now,*
And honour Him, and he will honour you.
Fathers, *and* Brethren, *Miniſters of* CHRIST,
Ceaſe civill Warrs: war all on Anti-Chriſt;
Whoſe ſubtle Agents, *while you ſtrive for ſhels,*
Poyſon the kernel with Erroneous *Spels:*
Whoſe Envious Seed-men, *while you* Silent *Sleep,*
Sow Tares *of* Treaſon, *which take root too deep.*
Watch, watch your Fold: feed, feed your Lambs at home:
Muzzle *theſe* Sheep-clad *bloudy* Wolves *of* ROME.
Therefore, O PEOPLE, *let us Praiſe and Pray*
Th' Almighty-moſt (whoſe Mercy laſts for aye)
To give us grace, to ever-keep in minde
This MIRACLE *of his* Protection *kinde:*
*To true-*Repent *us of our hainous* Sin
(Pride, Luſt, *and* Looſeneſſe) *we have wallowed in:*
To ſtand ſtill conſtant *in the pure* Profeſſion
Of true RELIGION *(with a due diſcretion*
To try the Spirits, *and by peculiar choyce*
To know our Shepheards *from th'* Hyæna's *voyce):*
And, ever loyall to our PRINCE, *t' expoſe*
Goods, Lands, and Lives, againſt his hate-full Foes:
Among whom (Lord) if (yet) of Thine *be found,*
Convert them quickly; and the reſt Confound. (*too,*
And (to Conclude) PRINCE, PEERS, *and* PEOPLE
Praiſe all at once, and ſelfly each of you,
His Holy Hand, *that (like as long a-goe,*
His Sidrach, Miſach *and* Abednego)
From the hot Furnace *of* POPE Powder'd *Zeal (weal.*
Hath Sav'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERS, *our* PUBLICK-

The authority of every kinde of Government is from God.

Therefore every People is to perſiſt in the ſame diſpoſition.

* A juſt Execution of the Popiſh Powder-plot, on the fifth of November. 1605.

The end of the THIRD DAY *of the* SECOND WEEK.

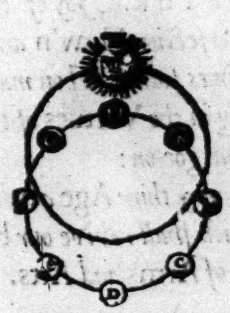
DAVID.

THE FOURTH DAY OF THE SECOND VVEEKE.

Containing

I. The Tropheis,
II. The Magnificence,
III. The Schism,
IV. The Decay.

Translated,
and
Dedicated
To Prince HENRY *his Highnesse.*



Acceptam refero.

TO PRINCE HENRY HIS HIGHNES.

A Sonnet.

HAving new-muſtred th' HOAST *of all this* ALL
Your Royall Father in our Fore-ward *ſtands;*
Where (Adam-*like*) *Himſelfe alone Commands*
A WORLD *of* Creatures, *ready at his Call.*
Our Middle-ward *doth not unfitly fall*
To famous Chiefs, *whoſe grave-brave heads and hands*
In Counſail'd Courage ſo conduct our Bands,
As (*at a brunt*) *affront the force of* Baal.
Our Reare-ward (*Sir*) *ſhall be your Princely* Charge,
Though laſt, not leaſt (*ſith it moſt Honour brings*)
Where Honour's Field before you lies more large:
For; Your Command *is of a* Camp *of* KINGS,
Some good, ſome bad: Your Glory *ſhall be, here*
To Chuſe and Uſe *the good, the bad* Caſhier.

A Stanza.

FEwell of NATURE, *Joy of* ALBION,
To whoſe perfection Heav'n *and* Earth *conſpire:*
That, in Times falneſs, Thou maiſt bleſs this Throne
(*Succeeding in the* Vertues *of thy Sire*)
As happily thou haſt begun, goe-on:
That, as thy Youth, *we may thine* Age *admire:*
Acting *our* Hopes (*which ſhall revive our hearts*)
Pattern and Patron both of Arms *and* Arts.

Joſuah Sylveſter.

The Tropheis.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. VVEEKE OF *BARTAS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Saul's *fall from* Favour, *into Gods* Disgrace.
David *design'd* Successor *in his Place*:
Braving Goliah, *and the* Philistins
Hee bravely foyles: *Hee flies his furious Prince.*
Seem-Samuel *rais'd*: Saul *routed*; *Selfly slain*:
Kind Davids TROPHEIS, *and triumphant* Reign
His heav'nly Harp-*skill* (*in King* JAMES *renew'd*):
His humane frailty, heavily pursu'd.
Bersabe *bathing*: Nathan *bold-reproving*:
David *repenting* (*Our* REPENTANCE *moving*).

HEroïk force, and Prince-fit forme withall,
Honour the Scepter of courageous *Saul*;
Successe confirmes it: for the pow'r Divine
Tames by his hand th' outrageous *Philistine*,
Edom, and *Moab*, and the *Ammonite*,
And th' ever-wicked, curst *Amalekite*:
O too-too-happy! if his arrogance
Had not transgrest Heav'ns sacred Ordinance:
But therefore, God in 's secret Counsell (just)
Him even already from his Throne hath thrust,
Degraded of his gifts; and in his stead
(Though privily) annoynted *Jesse*'s Seed,
Th' honour of *Jacob*, yea of th' Universe,
Heav'ns darling *DAVID*, *Subject* of my Verse.
Lord, sith I cannot (nor I may not once)
Aspire to *DAVID*'s Diadems and Thrones;
Nor lead behinde my bright *Triumphal-Car*
So many Nations Conquered in War:
Nor (*DAVID*-like) my trembling Aspes adorn
With bloudy *TROPHEIS* of my Foes forlorn:
Vouchsafe mee yet his *Verse*: and (Lord) I crave
Let me his Harp-strings, not his Bow-strings have;
His Lute, and not his Lance, to worthy-sing
Thy glory, and the honour of thy King.
For, none but *DAVID* can sing *DAVID*'s worth:
Angels in Heav'n thy glory sound; in Earth,
DAVID alone; whom (wth Heav'ns love surpriz'd)
To praise thee there, thou now hast Angeliz'd.
Give me the Laurell, not of War, but Peace;
Or rather give mee (if thy grace so please)
The *Civik Garland* of green Oaken boughs, (brows
Thrice-three times wreath'd about my glorious

To ever-witnesse to our after-friends
How I have rescu'd my con-Citizens, (move
Whom profane *Fames-Thirst* day and night did
To be beslav'd to th' yoke of wanton *Love*:
For (not to mee, but to thee, Lord, be praise)
Now by th' example of my sacred Layes,
To *Sacred Loves* our noblest spirits are bent
And thy rich Name's their onely argument.
HEE, WHOM in private wals, with privie sighe,
The great King-maker did for *King* assigne,
Begins to show himselfe. A fire so great
Could not live flame-less long: nor would God let
So noble a spirits nimble edge to rust
In Shepheards idle and ignoble dust.
My Son, how certain wee that saying prove,
That doubtfull Fear still waits on tender Love;
DAVID (saith *Jesse*) I am full of fears
For thy dear Brethren: Each assault, salt tears (stab
Draws from mine eyes; me thinks each point doth
Mine *Eliab*, *Samma*, and *Aminadab*.
Therefore go visit them, and with this Food
Beare them my blessing; say I wish them good;
Beseeching God to shield and them sustain,
And send them (soon) victorious home again.
Gladly goes *DAVID*, and anon doth spie,
Two steep high Hils where the two Armies lie,
A Vale divides them; where in raging mood
(*Colossus*-like) an armed Gyant stood:
His long black locks hung shagged (sloven-like)
A-down his sides: his bush-beard floated thick;
His hand and arms, and bosome bristled were
(Most Hedge-hog-like) with wyer in stead of hair.
His foule blasphemous mouth, a Caves mouth is;
His eyes two brands, his belly an Abysse:
His legs two Pillars; and to see him goe,
Hee seem'd some steeple reeling to and fro.
A Cypresse-Tree, of fifteen Summers old,
Pyramid-wise waves on his Helm of Gold,
Whose glistering brightnes doth (with rayes direct)
Against the Sun, the Sun it selfe reflect;
Much like a Comet blazing bloudy-bright
Over some City, with new threatfull light,
Presaging down-fall or some dismall fate,
Too-neer approaching to some ancient State.
His Lance a Loom-beam, or a Mast (as big)
Which yet he shaketh as an Osier twig;
Whose harmfull point is headed stifly-straight
With burnisht Brasse above an Anvils weight:
Upon whose top (in stead of Bannaret)
A hissing Serpent seems his foes to threat:
His brazen Cuirasse, not a Squire can carrie;
For 'tis the burthen of a Dromedarie:
His Shield (where *Cain* his brother *Abel* slaies, (raise;
Where *Chus* his son, Heav'n-climbing Towrs doth
Where th' *Ark* of God, to th' *Heathen* captivate,
To *Dagon*'s House is led with scorne and hate)
Is like a Curtain made of double planks
To save from shot some hard-besieged Ranks.
His threatfull voice is like the stormfull Thunder
When hot-cold Fumes teare sulph'ry clouds asun-
O Fugitives! this is the forti'th day (der.
(Thus barks the Dog) that I have stalked aye
About your fearfull Hoast: that I alone
Against your best and choycest Champion,
In single Combate might our Cause conclude,
To shun the slaughter of the multitude,
Come then, who dares; and to be slain by mee,
It shall thine honour and high Fortune be.
Why am I not lesse strong? my common strength
Might finde some Brave to cope with at the length.
But, fie for shame, when shall wee cease this geare:
I to defie, and you to flye for feare?
If your hearts serve not to defend your Lot,
Why are you arm'd? why rather yeeld you not?
Why rather doe you (sith you dare not fight)
Not prove my mildenes, then provoke my might?
What needed Coats of brasse and Caps of steel
For such as (Hare-like) trust but to their heel?
But, sith I see not one of you (alas!)
Alone dares meet, nor looke mee in the face,
Come ten, come twenty, nay come all of you.
And in your ayde let your great God come too:
Let him rake Hell, and shake the Earth in sunder,
Let him be arm'd with Lightning & with thunder:
Come, let him come and buckle with mee here:
Your goodly God, lesse then your selves, I feare.
Thus having spew'd, the dreadfull *Cyclop* stirr'd
His monstrous Limbes; beneath his feet he rear'd
A cloud of dust: and, whereso're hee wend,
Flight, Feare, and Death, his ghastly steps attend.
Even as a paire of busie chattering Pies,
Seeing some hardie Terceli from the skies
To stoop with rav'nous seres, feel a chill fear,
From bush to bush, wag-tayling here and there;
So that no noyse, nor stone, nor stick can make
The tim'rous Birds their Covert to forsake;
So th' *Hebrew* Troups this braving Monster shun;
And from his sight, some here, some there, do run.
In vain the King commands, intreats and threats;
And hardly three or foure together gets.
What shame (saith he) that our Victorious Hoast
Should all be daunted with one Pagans boast?
Brave *Jonathan*, how is thy courage quail'd?
Which, yerst at *Bozes*, all alone assail'd
Th' whole *Heathen* Hoast. O Worthy *Abner* too,
What chance hath cut thy Nerves of Valour now?
And thou thy selfe (O *Saul*) whose Conquering hand
Had yerst with *Tropheis* filled all the Land,
As far as *Tigris* from the *Japhean* Sea:
Where is thy heart? how is it fall'n away?
Saul is not *Saul*: O! then, what *Israelite*
Shall venge God's honour and Our shame acquire?
Who, spurr'd with anger, but more stir'd with zeal,
Shall foyle this Pagan, and free *Israel*?
O! who shall bring me this Wolf's howling head,
That Heav'n and Earth hath so un-hallowed?
What e're hee be, that (lavish of his soule)
Shall with his bloud wash-out this blot so foule,
I will innoble him, and all his House;
He shall enjoy my Daughter for his Spouse:
And ever shall a Deed so memorable
Be (with the Saints) sacred and honourable.
Yet for the *Duel* no man dares appear:
All wish the prize; but none will win't so dear:
Big-looking Minions, brave in vaunts and vows,
Lions in Court, now in the Camp be Cows:
But, even the blast that cools their courage so,
That makes my *DAVID*'s valiant rage to glow.

Jesse (or Ishai) sendeth David to see his brethren in the Campe.

Description of Goliah.

Simile.

His braving Defiance vnto the Hoast of Israel.

Saul.

My

My Lord (saith He) behold, this hand shall bring
Th' Heav'n-scorning head unto my Lord the King.
Alas, my Lad, sweet Shepheard (answers *Saul*)
Thy heart is great; although thy limbs be small:
High flie thy thoughts; but we have need of more,
More stronger Toyls to take so wilde a Boare:
To tame *Goliah*, needs some Demi-god,
Some *Nimrod*, rather then a Shepheard-Lad
Of slender growth, upon whose tender Chin
The budding doun doth scarcely yet begin.
Keep therefore thine own Rank, & draw not thus
Death on thy selfe, dis-honour upon us,
With shame and sorrow on all *Israel*,
Through end-lesse Thraldome to a Foe so fell.
The faintest Harts, God turns to Lions fierce,
To Eagles Doves, Vanquisht to Vanquishers:
God, by a Womans feeble hand subdues
Jabins Lievtenant, and a Judge of *Jewes*.
God is my strength: therefore (O King forbear,
For *Israel*, for thee, or mee, to fear:
No self-presumption makes me rashly brave;
Assured pledge of his proud head I have.
Seest thou these arms, my Lord? These very arms
(Steeld with the strength of the great God of Arms)
Have bath'd Mount *Bethlem* with a Lions bloud,
These very arms, beside a shady wood,
Have slain a Bear, which (greedy after prey)
Had torn and born my fattest sheep away.
My God is still the same: this savage Beast,
Which in his Fold would make a Slaughter-feast,
All-ready feels his furie and my force;
My foot al-ready tramples on his Corps:
With his own sword his cursed length I lop,
His head already on the ground doth hop.
The Prince beholds him, as amaz'd and mute
To see a minde so young, so resolute:
Then son (saith hee) sith so confirm'd thou art,
Goe, and Gods blessing on thy valiant heart;
God guide thy hand, and speed thy weapon so,
That thou return triumphant of thy Foe.
Hold, take my Corslet, and my Helm, and Lance,
And to the Heav'ns thy happy Prowes advance.
The faithfull Champion, being furnisht thus,
Is like the Knight, which 'twixt *Eridanus* (bright
And th Heav'nly *Star-Ship*, marching bravely-
(Having his Club, his Casque, and Belt bedight
With flaming studs of many a twinkling Ray)
Turns Winters night into a Summers day.
But, yet that he had haife a furlong gon,
The massie Lance and Armour he had on
Did load him so, he cold not freely move
His legs and arms, as might him best behoove.
Even so an *Irish* Hobby, light and quick
(Which on the spur over the bogs they prick
In highest speed) if on his back hee feel
Too-sad a Saddle, plated all with steel,
Too-hard a Bit with-in his mouth; behinde,
Crooper and Trappings him too-close to binde;
Hee seems as lame, hee flings and will not goe;
Or, if hee stir, it is but stiff and slow.
DAVID therefore layes by his heavy load;
And, on the grace of the great glorious *GOD*
(Who by the weakest can the strongest stoop)
Hee firmly founding his victorious hope,
No Arrows seeks, nor other Armour hath;
But, from the Brooke that runs amid the Vale,
Hee takes five Pebbles and his Sling, and so,
Couragiously encounters with his Foe.
What Combat's this? On the one side, I see
A moving Rock, whose looks doe terrifie (make
Even his own Hoast; whose march doth seem to
The Mountain tops of *Sweathe* even to shake:
On th' other side a slender tender Boy,
Where grace and beauty for the prize do play:
Shave but the doun that on his Chin doth peer,
And one would take him for *Anchises* Pheer:
Or, change but weapons with that wanton Elf,
And one would think he that it were *Cupids* selfe.
Gold on his head, scarlet on either Cheek,
Grace in each part, and in each gest, alike;
In all so lovely, both to Foe and Friend,
That very Envie cannot but commend
His match-lesse beauties: and though ardent zeale
Flush in his face against the Infidell,
Although his fiery fume, though up and down
Hee nimbly traverse, though hee fiercely frown,
Though in his breast boyling with manly heat,
His swelling heart do strongly pant and beat;
His Storm is calm, and from his modest eyes
Even gracious seems the grimmest flash that flies.
Am I a Dog, thou Dwarfe thou Dandiprat,
To be with stones repell'd and pelted at?
Or art thou weary of thy life so soone?
O foolish boy! fantasticall Baboone!
That never saw'st but sheep in all thy life;
Poore Sot, 'tis here another kinde of strife:
Wee wrastle not (after your Shepheards guise)
For painted sheep-hooks, or such pettie Prize,
Or for a Cape, a Lamb, or bread and cheese:
The Vanquisht Head must be the Victors Fees.
Where is thy sweaty dust? thy sun-burnt scars
(The glorious marks of Souldiers train'd in Wars)
That make thee dare so much? O Lady-Cow,
Thou shalt no more be-ffar thy wanton brow
With thine eyes rayes: Thy Mistress shall no more
Curle the quaint Tresses of thy Golden ore:
I'll trample on that Gold; and Crowes and Pyes
Shall peck the pride of those sweet smiling eyes:
Yet, no (my girl-boy) no, I will not 'file
My feared hands with bloud so faintly-vile:
Goe seek thy match, thou shalt not die by mee,
Thine honour shall not my dishonour be
No (silly Lad) no, wert thou of the Gods
I would not fight at so un-knightly oddes.
Com barking Curre (the *Hebrew* taunts him thus)
That hast blasphem'd the God of gods, and us;
The oddes is mine (villain, I scorn thy Boasts)
I have for Ayde th' Almighty Lord of Hoasts.
Th' *Ethnick's* a-fire, and from his goggle eyes
All drunk with rage and bloud, the Lightning flies:
Out of his bever like a Boare he fomes:
A hellish fury in his bosome roames:
As mad, he marcheth with a dreadfull pase,
Death and destruction muster in his face,
He would a-fresh blaspheme the Lord of lords
With new despights; but in the steed of words
He can but gnash his teeth. Then, as an Oxe
Straid 'twixt the hollow of steep Hils and Rocks,

Through craggie Coombs, through dark & ragged
Lowes hideouſly his ſolitary Mournings: (turnings,
The Tyrant ſo from his cloſe helmet blunders
With horrid noiſe, & this harſh voyce he thunders:
Thy God raigns in his Ark, and I on Earth:
I Challenge Him, Him (if He dare come forth)
Not Thee, baſe *Pigmee*. Villain (ſayes the *Jew*)
That blaſphemy thou inſtantly ſhalt rue.
If e'r you ſaw (at Sea) in Summer weather,
A Galley and a Caraque cope together
(How th'one ſteers quick, & th' other veers as ſlow
Lar-boord and ſtar-boord from the poop to prow:
This, on the winde; that, on her owres relies:
This daunteth moſt, and that moſt damnifies)
You may conceive this Fight: th' huge *Polypheme*
Stands, ſtifly ſhaking his ſteel-pointed beam:
David doth traverſe (round about him) light,
Forward and back, to th' left hand, and the right,
Steps in and out; now ſtoops, anon he ſtretches;
Then he recoyles, on either hand hee reaches;
And ſtoutly-active, watching th' adverſe blowes,
In every poſture doth himſelfe diſpoſe.
As, when (at Cock-pit) two old Cocks do fight,
(Briſtling their Plumes, & (red with rage) do ſmite
With ſpurs and beak, bounding at every blow,
With freſh aſſaults freſhing their fury ſo,
That, deſperate in their un-yeelding wrath,
Nothing can end their deadly fewd but death)
The Lords about, that on both ſides do bet
Look partially when th' one the Field ſhall get,
And, trampling on his gaudy plumed pride,
His proſtrate Foe with bloudy ſpurs beſtride,
With clanging Trumpet, and with clapping wing,
Triumphantly his Victory to ſing:
So th' *Hebrew* Hoaſt, and ſo the *Heathen* ſtranger
(Not free from fear, but from the preſent danger)
Behold with paſſion theſe two Knights, on whom
They both have wagerd both their Fortunes ſum:
And either ſide, with voyce and geſture too,
Heartens and cheers their Champion well to doe;
So earneſt all, that almoſt every one
Seems even an Actor, not a looker-on.
All feel the skirmiſh 'twixt their Hope and Fear:
All caſt their eyes on this ſad Theater:
All on theſe two depend, as very Founders
Of their good Fortune, or their Fates Confounders.
O Lord, ſaid DAVID (as he whirl'd his Sling)
Be bow and Bow-man of this ſhaft I fling.
With ſudden flerk the fatall hemp lets goe
The humming Flint, which with a deadly blow
Pierc't inſtantly the *Pagans* ghaſtly Front,
As deep as Piſtol-ſhot in boord is wont.
The villain 's ſped (cryes all the *Hebrew* band)
The Dog, the Atheiſt feels Gods heavie hand.
Th' *Iſraelian* Knight, ſeeing the blow, ſtands ſtill.
Fro th' Tyrants wounds his ruddy ſoule doth trill;
As from a crack in any pipe of Lead
(That conveyes Water from ſome Fountains head)
Hiſſing in th' Ayre, the captive Stream doth ſpin
In ſilver threds her cryſtall humour thin.
The Gyant wiping with his hand his wound,
Cries tuſh, 'tis nothing: but eftſoons the ground
Sunk under him, his face grew pale and wan,
And all his limbs to faint and fail began:
Thrice heaves hee up his head; it hangs as faſt,
And all a-long lies *Iſaac* 's dread at laſt,
Covering a rood of Land; and in his Fall,
Reſembles right a lofty Towr or Wall,
Which to lay levell with the humble ſoyl
A hundred Miners day and night do toyl;
Till at the length ruſhing with thundrous roar,
It ope a breach to th' hardy Conquerour.
Then, two loud cries, a glad and ſad, were heard:
Wherewith reviv'd, the vaunting Tyrant ſtird
Reſummoning under his weak Controule
The fainting Remnants of his flying Soule;
And (to be once more buckling yer hee dies,
With blow for blow) hee ſtrives in vain to riſe.
Such as in life, ſuch in his death hee ſeems;
For even in death hee curſes and blaſphemes:
And as a Curre, that cannot hurt the ſlinger,
Flies at the ſtone and biteth that for anger;
Goliah bites the ground, and his own hands
As Traytors, falſe to his fell hearts commands.
Then the *Hebrew* Champion heads the Infidell
With his own ſword, and ſends his ſoule to Hell.
Pagans diſperſe; and the *Philiſtian* ſwarms
Have Armes for burthen, & have flight for Armes;
Danger behinde, and ſhame before their face;
Rowting themſelves, although none give them chaſe.
Armi-potent, Omnipotent, my God,
O let thy Praiſe fill all the Earth abroad;
Let *Iſrael* (through Thee, victorious now)
Inceſſant ſongs unto thy glory vow:
And let me Lord (ſaid *DAVID*) ever chuſe
Thee ſole, for Subject of my ſacred *Muſe*.
O wondrous ſpectacle! unheard-of Sight!
The Monſter's beaten down before the Fight:
A Dwarfe, a Shepheard, conquers (even unarm'd)
A Gyant fell, a famous Captain arm'd.
From a frail Sling this Batt'ry never came,
But 'twas the Breach of a Tower-razing Ram:
This was no caſt of an uncertain Slinger,
'Twas Croſſe-bow-ſhot, rather it was the finger
Of the Al-mighty (not this hand of mine)
That wrought this work ſo wondrous in our eyne:
This hath Hee done and by a woman weak
Can likewiſe ſtone the ſtout *Abimelech*:
Therefore, for ever, ſinging ſacred Layes,
I will record his glorious Pow'r and Praiſe.
Then *Jacob*'s Prince him joyfully imbraces,
Prefers to honours, and with favours graces,
Imployes him farre and nigh; and farre and neer,
From all ſad cares he doth his Soveraign cleer.
In Camp he Curbs the *Pagans* arrogance;
In Court he cures the Melancholy Tranſe
That toyls his ſoule; and, with his tunefull Lyre,
Expels th' ill Spirit which doth the body tyre.
For, with her ſheath, the ſoul commerce frequents,
And acts her office by his inſtruments;
After his pipe ſhe dances; and (again)
The body ſhares her pleaſure and her pain;
And by exchange reciprocally borrowes
Som meaſure of her ſolace & her ſorrows. (pleas'd,
Th' Eare (door of knowledge) with ſweet warbles
Sends them eftſoones unto the ſoule diſeas'd,
With dark black rage, our ſpirits pacifies,
And calmly cools our inward flames that fries.

So

Examples of the Saints.

So, O *Tyrtéus*, changing Harmonie,
Thy Rowt thou changeſt into Victory.
So, O thrice-famous, Princely *Pellean*,
Holding thy heart's reanes in his Tune-full hand,
Thy *Timothie* with his melodious skill
Arms & diſ-arms thy Worlds-drad arme (at will),
And with his *Phrygian* Muſick, makes the ſame
As Lion fierce; with *Dorick*, milde as Lambe.
So, while in *Argos* the chaſte Violon
For's abſent Soveraign doth grave-ſweetly grone,
Queen *Clytemneſtra* doth reſiſt th' alarmes
Of lewd *Ægyſthus*, and his luſtfull Charmes.
So, at the ſound of the ſweet-warbling braſſe,
The Prophet rapting his ſoule 's ſoule a ſpace
Refines himſelfe, and in his phantaſie
Graves deep the ſeal of ſacred Prophecie.
For, if our Soule be Number (ſome ſo thought)
It muſt with Number be refreſhed oft;
Or, made by Number (ſo I yeeld to ſing) (bring
Wee muſt the ſame with ſome ſweet Numbers
To ſome good Tune: even as a voice (ſomtime)
Simile. That in its Part ſings out of Tune and Time,
Is by another Voice (whoſe meaſur'd ſtrain
Cuſtome and Art confirms) brought in again.
It may be too, that DAVID's ſacred Ditty
Quickned with *Holy-Writ*, and couched witty,
Exorciſt-like, chac't *Natures* cruell Foe,
Who the Kings ſoule did toſſe and torture ſo.
How e'r it were, Hee is (in every thing)
A profitable ſervant to the King:
Who envious yet of his high Feats and Fame,
His Faith, and Fortitude, diſtruſts to ſame:
And, the divine Torch of his Vertues bright
Brings him but ſooner to his lateſt Night:
Save that the Lord ſtill ſhields him from on hie,
And turns to triumph all his Tragedy.
O bitter ſweet! I burſt (thus raves the King)
Saul envies to David. To hear them all, in Camp and Court to ſing,
SAUL *hee hath ſlain a thouſand*, DAVID *ten*,
Ten thouſand DAVID. O faint ſcorn of men!
Loe how, with Luſtre of his glorious parts,
Hee ſteals-away the giddy peoples hearts;
Makes lying Prophets ſooth him at a beck,
Thou art but King in name, Hee in effect;
Yet thou indur'ſt it; haſte thee, haſte thee (Sot)
Choak in the Cradle his aſpiring Plot;
Prevent his hopes; and, wiſely-valiant,
Off with his head that would thy foot ſupplant.
Nay, but beware; his death (belov'd ſo well)
Will draw thee hatred of all *Iſrael*.
Sith then ſo high his heady valour flies;
Sith common glory can not him ſuffice,
Sith Danger upon Danger he purſues,
And Victorie on Victorie renews;
Let's put him to 't: Let's make him Generall,
Feed him with winde, and hazard him in all:
So ſhall his owne Ambitious Courage bring
For Crown a Coffin to our *Junior*-King:
Yea, had hee *Sangars* ſtrength, and *Sampſons* too,
Hee ſhould not ſcape the taske I'll put him to.
But yet, our DAVID more then all atchieves,
And more and more his grace and glory thrives:
The more hee does, the more hee dares adventure,
His reſt-leſſe Valour ſeeks ſtill new Adventure.
For, feeling him arm'd with th' Almightie's Spirit,
Hee recks no danger (at the leaſt to feare it).
Then, what does *Saul*? When as hee ſaw no ſpeed
By ſword of Foes ſo great a Foe to rid,
Hee tries his own: & one-while throwes his dart,
At un-awares to thrill him to the heart;
Or treacherouſly hee layes ſome ſubtill train,
At boord, or bed, to have him (harm-leſſe) ſlain;
On nothing elſe dreams the diſloyall wretch;
But *Davids* death; how *David* to diſpatch.
Which had been done, but for his Son the Prince
(Who deerly tenders *Davids* Innocence
And neerly marks and harks the Kings Deſignes,
And warns the *Jeſſean* by ſuſpect-leſſe ſignes)
But for the kinde Courageous *Jonathan*,
Who (but attended onely with his man)
Neer *Seneah* Rocks diſcomfited, alone,
The *Philiſtines* victorious Gariſon.
About his ears a Showr of Shafts doth fall;
His Shield 's too-narrow to receive them all:
His ſword is dull'd with ſlaughter of his Foes,
Wherefore the dead hee at the living throwes:
Head-lined helmes, heaw'n from their trunks hee
And thoſe his vollies of ſwift ſhot he makes. (takes,
The Heathen Hoaſt dares him no more affront,
Late number-leſſe but eaſie now to count.
David therefore, flying his Princes Furie,
From end to end flies all the Land of *Jurie*:
But now to *Nob*; t' *Adullam* then, anon
To Deſart *Zif*, to *Keilah*, *Maaon*,
Having for roof heav'ns arches ſtarry-ſeeld;
And, for repaſt, what waving woods doe yeeld.
The Tyrant (ſo) fruſtrate of his intent,
Wreakes his fell rage upon the innocent;
If any winke, as willing t' have not ſeen-him
Or if (unweeting what's the oddes between-him
And th' angry King) if any had but hid-him;
Hee dyes for it (if any had but ſpid-him):
Yea the High-Prieſt, that in Gods preſence ſtands,
Eſcapeth not his paricidiall hands:
Nor doth hee ſpare in his unbounded rage,
Cattell, nor Curre, nor State, nor Sex, nor Age.
Contrariwiſe, *David* doth good for ill,
Hee hates the haters of his Soveraign ſtill.
And though hee oft incounter *Saul* leſſe ſtrong
Then his own ſide; forgetting all his wrong,
He ſhews him, aye, loyall in deed and word
Unto his Liege, th' Annoynted of the Lord;
Reſpects and honours him, and mindes no more
The Kings unkindneſſe that had paſt before.
One day as *Saul* (to eaſe him) went aſide
Into a Cave, where *David* wont to hide,
David (un-ſeen) ſeeing his Foe ſo neer
And all alone, was ſtrook with ſudden fear,
As much amaz'd and muſing there-upon;
When, whiſp'ring, thus his Conſorts egge him on:
Who ſought thy life is fall'n into thy lap;
Do'ſt thou not ſee the Tyrant in thy Trap;
Now therefore pull this Thorn out of thy foot:
Now is the Time if ever thou wilt doe't;
Now by his death eſtabliſh thine eſtate;
Now hugge thy Fortune yer it be too-late;
For, hee (my Lord) that will not, when hee may,
Perhaps hee ſhall not, when hee would (they ſay).

Tenderneſſe of David to Saul.

Why tarriest thou? what dost thou trifle thus?
Wilt thou, for *Saul*, betray thy selfe and us?
Won with their words to kill him he resolves:
But, by the way thus with himselfe revolves:
Hee is a Tyrant. True: But now long since,
And still, hee bears the mark of lawfull Prince:
And th'Ever-King (to whom all Kings do bow)
On no pretext, did ever yet allow
That any Subject should his hand distain
In sacred bloud of his own Soverain.
He hunts me cause-less. True: but yet, Gods word
Bids me defend, but not offend my Lord.
I am annoynted King; but (at Gods pleasure)
Not publickly: therefore I wait thy leasure.
For, thou (O Lord) regardest Thine, and then
Reward'st, in fine, Tyrants and wicked men.
Thus having said hee stalks with noise-less foot
Behinde the King, and softly off doth cut
A skirt or lap of his then-upper clothing;
Then quick avoydes: and, *Saul*, suspecting nothing,
Comes forth anon: and *David* afterward
From a high Rock (to be the better heard)
Cries to the King (upon his humble knee)
Come neer (my Liege) come neer, & fear not mee,
Fear not thy servant *David*. Well I know,
Thy Flatterers, that mis-inform thee so,
With thousand slanders daily thee incense
Against thy Servants spot-les innocence: (sting
Those smooth-slie Aspicks, with their poysony
Murder mine honor, mee in hatred bring
With thee and with thy Court (against all reason)
As if Convicted of the Highest Treason:
But my notorious Loyalty (I hope)
The venom of their Vip'rous tongues shall stop;
And, with the splendor of mine actions bright,
Disperse the Mists of Malice and Despight.
Behold, my Lord (Truth needeth no excuse)
What better witnes can my soule produce
Of faithfull Love, and Loyall Vassalage,
To thee, my Liege, then this most certaine gage?
When I cut-off this lappet from thy Coat,
Could I not then as well have cut thy throat?
But rather (Soverain) thorow all my veins
Shall burning Gangrens (spreading deadly pains)
Benum my hand, then it shall lift a sword
Against my Liege, th'annoynted of the Lord;
Or violate, with any insolence,
Gods sacred Image in my Soverain Prince.
And yet (O King) thy wrath pursues me still;
Like silly Kid, I hop from hill to hill;
Like hated Wolves, I and my Souldiers starve:
But, judge thy selfe, if I thy wrath deserve.
No (my Son *David*) I have done thee wrong:
Good God requite thy good: there doth belong
A great Reward unto so gratious deed.
Ah, well I see it is above decreed
That thou shalt sit upon my Seat supreme,
And on thy head shalt wear my Diadem:
Then, O thou sacred and most noble Head
Remember Mee and Mine (when I am dead):
Be gratious to my Bloud, and raze not fell
My Name and Issue out of *Israel*.
Thus said the King; & tears out-went his words:
A pale despair his heavie heart still-girds;

Anti-Bellarmin, and his Disciples, Authors or Fautors of our Powder-mine.

His feeble spirit presaging his Mis-fortune,
Doth every-kinde of Oracles importune;
Suspicious, seeks how *Clotho*'s Clew doth swell;
And, cast off Heav'n, will needs consult with Hell.
In *Endor* dwelt a Beldam in those dayes,
Deep-skild in Charms (for, this weak sex alwayes
Hath in all Times been taxt for *Magick* Tricks,
As pronest Agents for the Prince of *Styx*:
Whether, because their soft, moist, supple brain,
Doth easie print of every seal retain:
Or, whether wanting Force and Fames desert,
Those Wizzards ween to win it by *Black-Art*).
This *Stygian* scum, the *Furies* fury fell,
This Shop of Poysons, hideous Type of Hell,
This sad *Erinnys*, *Milcom*'s Favourite,
Chamosh his Joy, and *Belzebubs* Delight,
Delights alonely for her excercise
In secret Murders, sudden Tragedies;
Her drink, the bloud of Babes; her dainty Feast
Mens Marrow, Brains, Guts, Livers (late deceast).
At Weddings aye (for Lamps) shee lights debates;
And quiet Love much more then Death shee hates:
Or if shee reak of Love, 'tis but to trap
Some severe *Cato* in incestuous Lap.
Somtimes (they say) shee dims the Heav'nly Lamps,
She haunts the graves, she talks wth ghost, she stamps
And cals-up Spirits, and with a wink controules
Th'infernall Tyrant, and the tortur'd Soules.
Art's admiration, *Israels* Ornament,
That (as a Queen) Command'st each Element,
And from the Toomb deceased Trunks canst raise,
(Th'unfaithfull King thus flatters her with praise)
On steepest Mountains stop the swiftest Currents,
From driest Rocks draw rapid-rowling Torrents,
And fitly hasten *Amphitrites* Flood,
Or stay her Ebbe (as to thy selfe seems good):
Turn day to night: hold windes within thy hand,
Make the Sphears move, and the Sun still to stand:
Enforce the Moon so with thy Charms som-times,
That for a stound in a deep Swoun shee seems:
O thou all-knowing Spirit! daign with thy spell
To raise-up here renowned *Samuel*,
To satisfie my doubtfull soule, in sum,
The issue of my Fortunes yet to-com.
Importun'd twice or thrice, shee, that before
Resembled one of those grim Ghosts (of yore)
Which she was wont wth her un-wholsom breath
To re-bring-back from the black gates of death,
Growes now more ghastly, and more Ghost-like
Right like to Satan in his Rage-full Trim. (grim,
The place about darker then Night shee darkes,
She yels, she roars, she houles, she brayes, she barks,
And, in un-heard, horrid, Barbarian termes,
Shee mutters strange and execrable Charms;
Of whose Hell-raking, Nature-shaking Spell,
These odious words could scarce be hearkned well:
Eternall Shades, infernall Deities,
Death, Horrors, Terror, Silence, Obsequies,
Demons, dispatch: If this dim stinking Taper
Be of mine owne Sons fat; if here, for paper,
I write (detested) on the tender skins
Of time-les Infants, and abortive Twins
(Torn from the wombe) these Figures figure-les:
If this black Sprinkle, tuft with Virgins tres,

Dipt,

The witch of Endor.

Dipt, at your Altar, in my Kinſmans bloud;
If well I ſmell of humane fleſh (my food):
Haſte, haſte, you Fiends: you ſubterranean Powrs:
If impiouſly (as fits theſe Rites of yours)
I have invok't your grizly Majeſties,
Hearken (O Furies) to my Blaſphemies,
Regard my Charms, and mine inchanting Spell,
Reward my ſins, and ſend up *Samuel*
From diſmall darkneſs of your deep Abiſs,
To anſwer me in what my pleaſure is:
Diſpatch, I ſay, (black Princes) quick, why when?
Have I not Art, for one, to ſend you ten?
When? ſtubborn Ghoſt! The Palfraies of the ſun
Doe fear my Spels; and when I ſpur, they run:
The Planets bow, the Plants give ear to me,
The Forreſts ſtoop, and even the ſtrongeſt Tree,
At drierie ſound of my ſad whiſperings,
Doth propheſie, foretelling future things,
Yea (maugre *Jove*) by mine Almightie Charms,
Through Heav'n I thunder with Imperious Arms:
And comſt not thou? O, ſo: I ſee the Sage,
I ſee th' aſcent of ſome great man: his age,
His ſacred habit, and ſweet grave aſpect
Some God-like rayes about him round reflect:
Hee 's ready now to ſpeak, and pliant too
To cleer thy doubtings, without more adoo.
Saul flat adores; and wickedly-devout,
The fained *Prophets* leaſt word leaves not out.

Againſt thoſe that reſort to Witches.

What doſt thou *Saul*? O *Iſra'ls* Soveraign,
Witches, of late, fear'd onely thy diſdain:
Now th' are thy ſtay. O wretch doſt thou not know
One cannot uſe th'ayde of the Powrs below
Without ſome Pact of Counter-Services,
By Prayers, Perfumes, Homage, and Sacrifice?
And that this Art (meer Diabolicall)
It hurteth all, but th' Author moſt of all?
And alſo, that the impious Atheiſt,
The Infidel, and damned Exorciſt,
Differ not much. Th' one Godhead quite denies:
Th' other, for God, foule Satan magnifies:
The other, Satan (by inchantment ſtrange)
Into an Angel of the Light doth change. (hear;
When as God would, his voyce thou wouldſt not
Now he forbids thee, thou conſult'ſt elſe-where:
Whom (living Prophet) thou neglect'ſt, abhorr'ſt,
Him (dead) thou ſeek'ſt, & his dead Trunk ador'ſt:
And yet not him, nor his; for th' ougly Fiend
Hath no ſuch powr upon a Saint t' extend,

Againſt the illuſion of Satans falſe Appa-ritions and Walking Spirits.

Who fears no force of the blaſphemous Charms
Of mumbling Beldams, or Hels damned Arms:
From all the Poyſons that thoſe powrs contrive,
Charm-charming Faith 's a full Preſervative.
In Soule and Bodie both, Hee cannot come;
For they re-joyne not till the day of Doom:
His Soule alone cannot appear; for why,
Soules are inviſible to mortall eye:
His bodie onely, neyther can it be;
For (duſt to duſt) that ſoon corrupts (wee ſee).
Beſides all this, if 't were true *Samuel*,
Should not (alas) thine eyes-ſight ſerve as well
To ſee and know him, as this Sorcereſſe,
This hateſull Hag, this old Enchantereſſe,
This Divel incarnate, whoſe drad Spell commands
The rebell-Furie of th' infernall Bands?
Hath *Lucifer* not Art enough to fain
A body fitting for his turn and train?
And (as the rigour of long Cold congeals
To harſh hard Wooll the running Water-Rils)
Cannot hee thicken thinneſt parts of Air,
Commixing Vapours? glew them? hue them fair?
Even as the Rain-bow, by the Suns reflection
Is painted fair in manifold complection:
A body which wee ſee all-readie formd;
But yet perceive not how it is performd:
A body perfect in apparent ſhow;
But in effect and ſubſtance nothing ſo:
A Body, heart-leſſe, lung-leſſe, tongue-leſſe too,
Where Satan lurks, not to give life thereto;
But to the end that from this Counter-mure,
More covertly hee may diſcharge more ſure
A hundred dangerous Engins, which he darts
Againſt the Bulwarks of the braveſt hearts:
That, in the Sugar (even) of ſacred Writ,
Hee may em-pill us with ſome bane-full bit:
And, that his counterfeit and fained lips,
Laying before us, all our hainous ſlips,
And Gods drad Judgments and juſt Indignation,
May under-mine our ſureſt Faiths Foundation.
But, let us heare now what he ſaith. O *Saul*,
What frantick furie art thou mov'd with-all,
To now re-knit my broken thred of life?
To interrupt my reſt? And 'mid the ſtrife
Of ſtruggling Mortals, in the Worlds affairs
(By powr-full Charms) to re-entoyl my Cares?
Inquir'ſt thou what 's to come? O wretched Prince!
Too much, too-ſoon (what I fore-told long ſince):
Death 's at thy door; to-morrow Thou and Thine
Even all ſhall fall before the Philiſtine;
And great-good *David* ſhall poſſeſſe thy Throne,
As God hath ſaid to be gain-ſaid by none.

Simile.

Simile.

How Satan comes to tell things to come.

Th' Author of Lies (againſt his guiſe) tels true;
Not that at-once hee Selfly all fore-knew,
Or had revolv'd the leaves of Deſtinie
(The Childe alonely of Eternitie);
But rather through his buſie obſervation
Of circumſtance, and often iteration
Of reading of our Fortunes and our Fals,
In the cloſe Book of clear Conjecturals,
With a far-ſeeing Spirit, hits often right;
Not much unlike a skilfull Galenite,
Who (when the *Criſis* comes) dares even foretell
Whether the Patient ſhall do ill or well.
Or, as the Star-wiſe ſometimes calculates
(By an Eclipſe) the death of Potentates;
And (by the ſtern aſpects of greateſt Stars)
Prognoſticates of Famine, Plague, and Wars.

Saul's death.

As hee foretold, in brief, ſo fell it out;
Brave *Jonathan* and his two brethren ſtout
Are ſlain in fight; and *Saul* himſelfe forlorn,
Leſt, Captive, hee be made the Pagan ſcorn,
Hee kils him-ſelf; and of his Fortune froward,
To ſeem not conquer'd, ſhews himſelfe a Coward.

Againſt ſelfe-killing

For, 'tis not courage (whatſoe'r men ſay)
But Cowardiſe, to make ones Self away.
'Tis even to turn our back at Fears alarms;
'Tis (baſely-faint) to yeeld up all our Arms.
O extreme Rage! O barbarous Cruelty,
All at one blow, t' offend Gods Majeſtie,

The

Why tarriest thou? what dost thou trifle thus?
Wilt thou, for *Saul*, betray thy selfe and us?
Won with their words, to kill him he resolves:
But, by the way thus with himselfe revolves:
Hee is a Tyrant. True: But now long since,
And still, hee bears the mark of lawfull Prince:
And th'Ever-King (to whom all Kings do bow)
On no pretext, did ever yet allow
That any Subject should his hand distain
In sacred blond of his own Soverain.
He hunts me cause-les. True: but yet, Gods word
Bids me defend, but not offend my Lord.
I am annoynted King; but (at Gods pleasure)
Not publickly: therefore I wait thy leasure.
For, thou (O Lord) regardest Thine, and then
Reward'st, in fine, Tyrants and wicked men.
Thus having said hee stalks with noise-les foot
Behinde the King, and softly off doth cut
A skirt or lap of his then-upper clothing;
Then quick avoydes: and *Saul*, suspecting nothing,
Comes forth anon: and *David* afterward
From a high Rock (to be the better heard)
Cries to the King (upon his humble knee)
Come neer (my Liege) come neer, & fear not mee,
Fear not thy servant *David*. Well I know,
Thy Flatterers, that mis-inform thee so,
With thousand slanders daily thee incense
Against thy Servants spot-les innocence: (sting
Those smooth-slie Aspicks, with their poysony
Murder mine honor, mee in hatred bring
With thee and with thy Court (against all reason)
As if Convicted of the Higheſt Treason:
But my notorious Loyalty (I hope)
The venom of their Vip'rous tongues shall stop;
And, with the splendor of mine actions bright,
Disperse the Mists of Malice and Despight.
Behold, my Lord (Truth needeth no excuse)
What better witnes can my soule produce
Of faithfull Love, and Loyall Vassalage,
To thee, my Liege, then this most certaine gage?
When I cut-off this lappet from thy Coat,
Could I not then as well have cut thy throat?
But rather (Soverain) thorow all my veins
Shall burning Gangrens (spreading deadly pains)
Benum my hand, then it shall lift a sword
Against my Liege, th'annoynted of the Lord;
Or violate, with any insolence,
Gods sacred Image in my Soverain Prince.
And yet (O King) thy wrath pursues me still;
Like silly Kid, I hop from hill to hill;
Like hated Wolves, I and my Souldiers starve:
But, judge thy selfe, if I thy wrath deserve.
No (my Son *David*) I have done thee wrong:
Good God requite thy good: there doth belong
A great Reward unto so gratious deed.
Ah, well I see it is above decreed
That thou shalt sit upon my Seat supreme,
And on thy head shalt wear my Diadem:
Then, O thou sacred and most noble Head
Remember Mee and Mine (when I am dead):
Be gratious to my Bloud, and raze not fell
My Name and Issue out of *Israel*.
Thus said the King; & tears out-went his words:
A pale despair his heavie heart still-girds;

Anti-Bellarmin, and his Disciples, Authors or Fosters of our Powder-paine.

His feeble spirit presaging his Mis-fortune,
Doth every-kinde of Oracles importune;
Suspicious, seeks how *Clotho's* Clew doth swell;
And, cast off Heav'n, will needs consult with Hell.
In *Endor* dwelt a Beldam in those dayes,
Deep-skild in Charms (for, this weak sex alwayes
Hath in all Times been taxt for *Magick* Tricks,
As proneſt Agents for the Prince of *Styx*:
Whether, because their soft, moist, supple brain,
Doth ease print of every seal retain:
Or, whether wanting Force and Fames desert,
Those Wizzards ween to win it by *Black-Art*).
This *Stygian* scum, the *Furies* fury fell,
This Shop of Poysons, hideous Type of Hell,
This sad *Erinnys*, *Milcom's* Favourite,
Chamosh his Joy, and *Belzebubs* Delight,
Delights alonely for her exercise
In secret Murders, sudden Tragedies;
Her drink, the blond of Babes; her dainty Feast
Mens Marrow, Brains, Guts, Livers (late deceast).
At Weddings aye (for Lamps) shee lights debates;
And quiet Love much more then Death shee hates:
Or if shee reak of Love, 'tis but to trap
Some severe *Cato* in incestuous Lap.
Somtimes (they say) shee dims the Heav'nly Lamps,
She haunts the graves, she talks wth ghost, she stamps
And cals-up Spirits, and with a wink controules
Th' infernall Tyrant, and the tortur'd Soules.
Art's admiration, *Israels* Ornament,
That (as a Queen) Command'st each Element,
And from the Toomb deceased Trunks canst raise,
(Th' unfaithfull King thus flatters her with praise)
On steepeſt Mountains stop the swifteſt Currents,
From driest Rocks draw rapid-rowling Torrents,
And fitly hasten *Amphitrites* Flood,
Or stay her Ebbe (as to thy selfe seems good):
Turn day to night: hold windes within thy hand,
Make the Sphears move, and the Sun still to stand:
Enforce the Moon so with thy Charms som-times,
That for a stound in a deep Swoun shee seems:
O thou all-knowing Spirit! daign with thy spell
To raise-up here renowned *Samuel*,
To satisfie my doubtfull soule, in sum,
The issue of my Fortunes yet to-com.
Importun'd twice or thrice, shee, that before
Resembled one of those grim Ghosts (of yore)
Which she was wont wth her un-wholsom breath
To re-bring-back from the black gates of death,
Growes now more ghastly, and more Ghost-like
Right like to Satan in his Rage-full Trim. (grim,
The place about darker then Night shee darkes,
She yels, she roars, she houles, she brayes, she barks,
And, in un-heard, horrid, Barbarian termes,
Shee mutters strange and execrable Charms;
Of whose Hell-raking, Nature-shaking Spell,
These odious words could scarce be hearkned well:
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Demons, dispatch: If this dim stinking Taper
Be of mine owne Sons fat; if here, for paper,
I write (detested) on the tender skins
Of time-les Infants, and abortive Twins
(Torn from the wombe) these Figures figure-les:
If this black Sprinkle, tuft with Virgins tress,

The woman with a Ghost.

Dipt,

Dipt, at your Altar, in my Kinſmans bloud;
If well I ſmell of humane fleſh (my food):
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(By an Eclipſe) the death of Potentates;
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Prognoſticates of Famine, Plague, and Wars.
As hee foretold, in brief, ſo fell it out;
Brave *Jonathan* and his two brethren ſtout
Are ſlain in fight; and *Saul* himſelfe forlorn,
Left, Captive, hee be made the Pagan ſcorn,
Hee kils him-ſelf; and of his Fortune froward,
To ſeem not conquer'd, ſhews himſelfe a Coward.
For, 'tis not courage (whatſoe't men ſay)
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O extreme Rage! O barbarous Cruelty,
All at one blow, t' offend Gods Majeſtie,

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Againſt thoſe that refort to Witches.
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How Satan comes to tell things to come.
Saul's death.
Againſt ſelfe-killing

The

The State, the Magistrate, Thy Selfe (in fine):
Th' one, in destroying the dear work divine
Of his almighty Hands; the next, in reaving
Thy needfull Service, it should be receiving;
The third, in rash-usurping his Commission;
And last Thy Selfe, in thine own Selfs perdition,
When (by two Deaths) one voluntary wound
Doth both thy body and thy soule confound.
But *Ishbosheth* (his dear Son) yet retains
His place a space, and *David* onely raigns
In happy *Juda*. Yet, yer long (discreet) (meet:
Hee makes th' whole Kingdoms wracked ribs to
And so Hee rules on th' holy Mount (a mirror)
His peoples Joy, the Pagans onely Terror.

Comparison

If ever, standing on the sandy shore, (roar
Y' have thought to count the rowling waves that
Each after other on the *British* Coast,
When *Eolus* sends forth his Northern Poast;
Wave upon wave, Surge upon surge doth fould,
Sea swallows sea, so thickly-quickly roul'd,
That (number-lesse) their number so doth mount,
That it confounds th' Accompter and th' Accompt:
So *David's* Vertues when I think to number,
Their multitude doth all my Wits incumber;
That Ocean swallows mee: and mazed so,
In the vast Forrest where his Praises grow,
I know not what high Fir, Oak, Chest-nut-Tree,
(Rather) what Brasil, Cedar, Ebonie
My *Muse* may chuse (*Amphion*-like) to build
With curious touch of Fingers Quaver-skild
(Durst shee presume to take so much upon-her)
A Temple sacred unto *Davids* honour.

Epitome of *Davids* vertues.

Others shall sing his minds true constancie,
In oft long exiles tri'd so thorowly:
His life compos'd after the life and likenesse
Of sacred Patterns: his milde gracious meeknesse
Tow'rds railing *Shimei*, and the * Churlish Gull:
His lovely eyes, and face so beautifull.
Some other shall his equity record,
And how the edge of his impartiall sword
Is ever ready for the Reprobate,
To hew them downe; and help the Desolate:
How hee no Law, but Gods drad Law enacts;
How he respects not persons, but their facts:
How brave a Triumph of Selfs-wrath he showes,
Killing the killers of his deadly Foes.
Some other shall unto th' Empereall Pole
The holy fervour of his zeal extoll:
How for the wandring Ark hee doth provide
A certain place for ever to abide:
And how for ever every his designe
Is ordered all by th' Oracle Divine.

* Nabal.

Upon the wings of mine (elf-tasked) Rime,
Through the cleer Welkin of our Western clime,
Ile onely bear his *Musick* and his *Mars*
(His holy *Songs*, and his triumphant *Wars*):
Loe there the sacred Mark whereat I aime;
And yet this Theam I shall but mince and maim,
So many Yarnes I still am fain to strike
Into this Web of mine intended WEEK.

Of his valour and victories.

The *Twelve* stout *Labours* of th' *Amphitrionide*
(Strongest of Men) are justly magnifi'd:
Yet, what were They but a rude Massacre
Of Birds, and Beasts, and Monsters here and there?
Not Hosts of Men and Armies overthrown;
But idle Conquests; Combats One to One:
Where boist'rous Limbs, and sinnews strongly knit,
Did much availe with little ayd of Wit.
Bears, Lions, Gyants, foyl'd in single fight,
Are but th' Essayes of our redoubted Knight:
Under his Arms sick *Aram* deadly droops;
Unto his pow'r the strength of *Edom* stoops;
Stout *Amalek* even trembles at his name;
Proud *Ammons* scorn he doth returne with shame;
Subdueth *Soba*; foyls the *Moabite*;
Wholly extirps the down-trod *Jebusite*;
And (still victorious) every month, almost,
Combats and Conquers the *Philistian* Hoast;
So that, *Alcides* massie Club scarce raught
So many blows, as *David* Battels fought.
Th' expert great *Captain, who the *Pontiks* quaild,
Won in strange Wars; in Civill fights he faild:
But *David* thrives in all; and fortunate,
Triumphs no lesse of *Sauls* inteftine hate,
Of *Ishbosheth's* and *Absalon's* designes,
Then of strong *Aram*, and stout *Philistines*.
Good-Fortune alwayes blows not in the Poop
Of valiant *Cesar*, shee defeats his Troup,
Slayes his Lievtenants; and (among his Friends)
Stabb'd full of Wounds, at length his Life she ends:
But *David* alwayes feels Heav'ns gracious hand;
Whether in person Hee himselfe command
His royall Hoast; or whether (in his stead)
By valiant *Joab* his brave Troups be led;
And happinesse, closing his aged eye,
Ev'n to his Toomb consorts him constantly.
Fair victory, with Him (even from the first)
Did pitch her Tent: his Infancy shee nurst
With noble Hopes, his stronger years she fed
With stately *Tropheis*, and his hoary head
She crowns & comforts with (her cheerfull Balms)
Triumphant *Laurels* and victorious *Palms*.
The Mountains stoop to make him easie way;
And *Euphrates*, before him, dryes away:
To Him great *Jordan* a small leap doth seem;
Without assault, strong Cities yeeld to Him:
Th' Engine alone of His far-fear'd Renown (down;
Beats (Thunder-like) Gates, Bars, and Bulwarks
Gads goodly Vales, in a gore Pond hee drenches;
Philistian Fires, with their own bloud he quenches:
And then in *Gob* (pursuing still his Foes)
His wrath's just Tempest on fell Giants throws.

* Pagn.

O strong, great *Worthies* (will some one day say,
When your huge Bones they plough-up in the clay)
But, stronger, greater, and more WORTHY Hee,
Whose Heav'n-lent Force & Fortune made you be
(Maugre your might, your massie spears & shields)
The fatt'ning dung-hill of those fruitfull Fields.
His enemies, scarcely so soon he threats
As overthrows, and utterly defeats.
On *Davids* head, God doth not spin good hap;
But pours it down abundant in his Lap:
And Hee (good Subject) with his Kingdom, ever
T' increase th' Immortall Kingdom doth endevour.
His swelling Standards never stir abroad,
Till hee have call'd upon th' Almighty God;
Hee never conquers but (in heav'nly Songs)
Hee yeelds the Honour where it right belongs:

And

And evermore th' Eternals ſacred praiſe (raiſe.
(With Harp and Voyce) to the bright Stars doth
Scarce was hee borne, when in his Cradle preſt
The Nightingale to build her tender neſt:
The Bee within his ſacred mouth ſeeks roome
To arch the Chambers of her Honey-comb:
And th' heav'nly *Muſe*, under his roof deſcending
(As in the Summer with a train down-bending,
Wee ſee ſome *Meteor*, winged brightly-fair (Aire,
With twinkling rayes, glide through the cryſtall
And ſuddenly, after long-ſeeming flight,
To ſeem amid the new-ſhav'n Fields to light)
Him ſoftly in her Ivory arms ſhee folds,
His ſmiling face ſhe ſmilingly beholds:
Shee kiſſes him, and with her *Nectar* kiſſes
Into his Soule ſhee breathes a Heav'n of Bliſſes;
Then laies him in her lap: and while ſhee brings
Her Babe a-ſleep, this *Lullabie* ſhe ſings.

Live, live (ſweet-Babe) the Miracle of Mine,
Live ever Saint, and grow thou all Divine:
With this Celeſtiall Winde, where-with I fill
Thy bleſſed boſom, all the World full-fill:
May thy ſweet Voyce, in Peace, reſound as far
And ſpeed as fair as thy drad Arm in War:
Bottom nor Bank, thy Fames Sea never bound:
With double Laurels be thy Temples crown'd.
See (Heav'n-ſprung ſpirit) ſee how th'allured North,
Of thy Childs-cry (ſhrill ſweetly warbling forth)
Al-ready taſtes the learned, dainty pleaſures.
See, ſee (young Father of all ſacred Meaſures)
See how, to hear thy ſweet harmonious ſound,
About thy Cradle here are thronging (round) (ping:
Woods, but with ears: Flouds, but their fury ſtop-
Tigres, but tame: Mountains, but alwayes hopping:
See how the Heav'ns, rapt with ſo ſweet a tongue,
To liſt to thine, leave their own Dance and Song.
O Idiot's ſhame, and Envie of the Learned!
O Verſe right-worthy to be ay eterned!
O richeſt Arras, artificiall wrought
With liveliеſt Colours of Conceipt-full Thought!
O royall Garden of the rareſt Flowrs
Sprung from an Aprill of ſpirituall Showers!
O Miracle! whoſe ſtar-bright beaming Head
When I behold, even mine own Crown I dread.

Never elſe-where did plenteous Eloquence,
In every part with ſuch magnificence
Set forth her Beauties, in ſo ſundry faſhions
Of Robes and Jewels (ſuting ſundry paſſions)
As in thy Songs: Now like a Queen (for Coſt)
In ſwelling Tiffues, rarely-rich imboſt
With precious Stones: neat, City-like, anon,
Fine Cloth, or ſilk, or Chamlet puts ſhee on:
Anon, more like ſome handſome Shepheardeſſe,
In courſer Clothes ſhee doth her cleanly dreſſe:
What-e're ſhe wear, Wooll, Silk, or Gold, or Gems,
Or Courſe, or Fine; ſtill like her Self ſhe ſeems;
Fair, modeſt, cheerfull, fitting time and place,
Illuſtring all even with a heav'n-like grace.
Like proud loud *Tigris* (ever-ſwiftly roul'd)
Now, through the Plains thou pour'ſt a Floud of
Now, like thy *Jordan*, (or *Meander*-like) (gold:
Round-winding nimbly with a many-Creek, (thee,
Thou run'ſt to meet thy ſelf's pure ſtreams behind
Mazing the Meads wher thou doſt turn & wind thee.

Anon, like *Cedron*, through a ſtraighter Quill,
Thou ſtraineſt out a little Brook or Rill,
But yet ſo ſweet, that it ſhall ever be
Th' immortall *Nectar* to Poſterity:
So cleer, that *Poëſie* (whoſe pleaſure is
To bathe in Seas of Heav'nly Myſteries)
Her chaſteſt feathers in the ſame ſhall dip,
And deaw withall her choyſeſt workmanſhip:
And ſo devout, that with no other Water
Devoureſt Souls ſhall quench their thirſt hereafter.
Of ſacred *Bards* Thou art the double Mount,
Of faith-full Spirits th' Interpreter profound:
Of contrite Hearts the cleer Anatomy:
Of every Sore the Shop for remedy;
Zeal's Tinder-box; a Learned Table, giving
To ſpirituall eyes, not painted *Chriſt*, but living.
O divine Volume, *Sions* cleer dear Voyce,
Saints rich exchequer, full of comforts choice:
O, ſooner ſhall ſad *Boreas* take his wing
At *Nilus* head, and boyſt'rous *Auſter* ſpring
From th' ycie flouds of *Izeland*, then thy Fame
Shall be forgot, or Honour fail thy Name:
Thou ſhalt ſurvive throughout all Generations,
And (plyant) learn the language of all Nations:
Nought but thine Airs through air & ſea ſhal ſound,
In high-built Temples ſhall thy Songs reſound,
Thy ſacred Verſe ſhall cleer Gods cloudy face,
And, in thy ſteps the nobleſt Wits ſhall trace.
Groſſe Vulgar, hence; with hands profanely vile,
So holy things preſume not to defile,
Touch not theſe ſacred ſtops, theſe ſilver ſtrings:
This Kingly Harp is onely meet for Kings.

And ſo behold, toward the fartheſt North,
Ah ſee, I ſee upon the Banks of *FORTH*
(Whoſe forceful ſtream runs ſmoothly ſerpenting)
A valiant, learned, and religious King,
Whoſe ſacred Art retuneth excellent
This rarely-ſweet celeſtiall Inſtrument:
And *Davids* Truchman, rightly doth reſound
(At the Worlds end) his eloquence renown'd.
Dombertans Clyde ſtands ſtill to hear his voyce:
Stone-rowling *Tay* ſeems thereat to rejoyce;
The trembling *Cyclads*, in great *Lummond*-Lake,
After his ſound their luſty gambols ſhake; (wave,
The (Trees-brood) Bar-geeſe, mid th' *Hebridian*
Unto his Tune their far-flown wings do wave;
And I my ſelfe in my pyde * *Pleid* a-ſlope,
With Tune-skild foot after his Harp do hop.

Thus, full of God, th'Heav'n *Sirene* (Prophet-wiſe)
Pours-forth a Torrent of *mel*-Melodies,
In DAVIDS praiſe. But DAVIDS foule defect
Was yet un-ſeen, un-cenſur'd, un-ſuſpect.
Oft in fair Flowrs the baneſull Serpent ſleeps:
Somtimes (we ſee) the braveſt Courſer trips;
And ſomtimes *David's* Deaf unto the Word
Of the Worlds Ruler, th' everlaſting Lord;
His Song ſweet-fervor ſlakes, his Souls pure Fire
Is dampt and dimm'd with ſmoak of foule deſire
His Harp is layd aſide, hee leaves his Layes,
And after his fair Neighbours Wife hee neighs.
Fair *Berſabé's* his Flame, even *Berſabé*
In whoſe chaſte boſom (to that very day)
Honour and Love had happy dwelt together,
In quiet life, without offence of either:

But

* A kind of light mantle made of a thin checkerd Cloth, worne by the Hil-men in *Scotland*: and now much uſed with us for Saddle clothes.

But, her proud Beauty now, and her Eyes force,
Began to draw the Bill of their Divorce;
Honour gives place to Love: and by degrees
Fear from her heart, shame from her fore-head flees.
The Presence-chamber, the High street, the Temple,
These Theaters are not sufficient ample
To shew her Beauties, if but Silk them hide:
She must have windows each-where open wide
Perfidie bathing. About her Garden-Baths, the while therein
She basks, & bathes her smooth Snow-whiter skin:
And one-while set in a black Jet-like Chair,
Perfumes, and combes, and curls her golden hair:
Another-while under the Crystall brinks,
Her Alabastrine well-shapt Limbs shee shrinks
Like to a Lilly sunk into a glasse:
Like soft loose *Venus* (as they paint the Lasse)
Born in the Seas, when with her eyes sweet-flames,
Tonnies and *Triton*, shee at once inflames:
Or like an Ivorie Image of a *Grace*,
Neatly inclos'd in a thin Crystall Case:
Another-while, unto the bottom dives,
And wantonly with th' under Fishes strives:
For, in the bottom of this liquid Yce,
Made of *Mandick* work, with quaint device
The cunning work-man had contrived trim
Carpes, Pikes, and Dolphins, seeming even to swim.
David gazing. *Isai's* great son, too-idly, walking hie
Upon a Tarras, this bright star doth spy;
And sudden dazled with the splendor bright,
Fares like a Prisoner, who new brought to light
From a *Cymmerian*, dark, deep dungeon,
Fees his sight smitten with a radiant Sun.
But too-too-soon re-cleer'd, he sees (alas)
Th' admired Tracts of a bewitching Face.
Her sparkling Eye is like the Morning Star;
Her lips two ships of crimsin Sattin are:
Her teeth as white as burnisht silver seem
(Or *Orient* Pearls, the rarest in esteem):
Her Cheeks and Chin, and all her flesh like Snows
Sweet intermixed with Vermilion Rose,
And all her sundry Treasures selfly swell,
Proud, so to see their naked selves excell.
What living Rance, what rapting Ivorie
Swims in these streams? O what new Victorie
Triumphs of all my TROPHEIS? O cleer Therms,
If so your Waves be cold; what is it warms,
Nay burns my heart? If hot (I pray) whence comes
This shivering winter that my soule benumms,
Freezes my Senses, and dis-selfs me so
With drouzy Poppey, not my self to know?.
O peer-lesse Beauty merely beautifull;
(Unknown) to me th' art most un-mercifull:
Alas! I dye, I dye (O dismall lot!)
Both for I see thee, and I see thee not
But a-far-off, and under water too:
O feeble Power, and O (what shall I doe?)
Weak Kingly-State! fith that a silly Woman (mon.
Stooping my Crown, can my soule's Homage sum-
But, O Imperiall power! Imperiall State!
Could (happy) I give Beautie's Check the Mate.
Simile. Thus spake the King: and, like a sparkle small
That by mischance doth into powder fall,
Hee 's all a-fire; and pensive, studies nought,
But how t' accomplish his lascivious thought:
Which soon he compast; sinks himself therein:
Forgetteth *David*; addeth Sin to Sin:
And, lustfull, playes like a young lusty Rider
(A wilfull Gallant not a skilfull Guider)
Simile. Who, proud of his Horse pride, still puts him to 't:
With wand and spur, layes on (with hand and foot)
The too-free Beast; which, but too-fast before
Ran to his ruine, stumbling evermore
At every stone, till at the last hee break
Against some Rock his and his Riders neck.
For, fearing, not Adulteries fact, but fame;
A jealous Husbands Fury for the same:
And lessening of a Pleasure shar'd to twain;
He (treach'rous) makes her valiant Spouse be slain.
The Lord is mov'd: and, just, begins to stretch
His Wraths keen dart at this disloyall wretch:
When *Nathan* (then bright Brand of Zeal & Faith)
Comes to the King, and modest-boldly saith:
Vouchsafe my Liege (that our cheif Justice art)
The Parable Nathan Propounds David. To lift a-while to a most hainous part.
First to the fault give ear: then give consent
To give the faulty his due punishment.
Of late a Subject of thine owne, whose flocks
Powl'd all Mount *Libanus* pleasant plenteous locks;
And to whose Heards could hardly full suffice
The flowry Verge that longst all *Jordan* lies;
Making a feast unto a stanger-Guest,
None of his own abundant Fatlings drest;
But (privy Thiefe) from a poor neighbour by
(His faithfull Friend) hee takes feloniously
A goodly Lamb: although he had no more
But even that one: whereby hee fet such store,
That every day of his own hand it fed,
And every night it couche upon his bed,
Supt of his Cup, his pleasant morsels pickt,
And even the moisture from his lips it lickt.
Nay more my Lord. No more (replyes the King,
Deeply incenst) 'Tis more then time this thing
Were seen into; and so outrageous Crimes,
So insolent, had need be curb'd betimes:
What ever Wretch hath done this Villany
Shall Dye the Death; and not alonely Dye,
But let the horror of so foul a Fact
A more then common punishment exact.
O painted Toomb (then answer'd sacred *Nathan*)
That hast God in thy Mouth, in thy Minde Sathan:
Thou blam'st in other thine own Fault denounc't
And unawares hast 'gainst thy selfe pronounc't
Sentence of Death, O King, no King (as then)
Of thy desires: Thou art the very man:
Yea thou art hee, that with a wanton Theft
Hast just *Uriah* 's onely Lamb bereft:
And him, O horror! (Sin with Sin is further'd)
Him with the sword of *Ammon* hast thou murther'd.
Bright beauties eye, like to a glorious Sun,
Hurts the sore eye that looks too-much there-on:
Thy wanton eye, gazing upon that eye,
Hath given an entrance too-too-foolishly
Unto that Dwarfe, that Divell (is it not?)
Which out of sloth, within us is begot;
Who entring first but Guest-wise in a room,
Doth shortly Master of the house become;
And makes a Saint (a sweet, milde minded man)
That 'gainst his Life 's Foe would not lift his hand,

To

To plot the death of his dear faith-full Friend,
That for his Love a thousand lives would spend.
Ah! shak'st thou not? is not thy Soule in trouble
(O brittle dust, vain shadow, empty bubble!)
At Gods drad wrath, which quick doth calcinize
The marble Mountains and the Ocean dries?
No, thou shalt know the weight of God's right hand
Thou, for example t' other Kings shalt stand.
Death, speedy death, of that adult'rous Fruit,
Which even al-ready makes his Mother rue 't,
Shall vex thy Soule, and make thee feele (indeed)
Forbidden pleasure doth repentance breed.
Ah shame-less beast! sith thy brute Lust (forlorn)
Hath not the Wife of thy best Friend forborn,
Thy Sons (dis-natur'd) shall defile thy bed
Incestiously; thy fair Wives (ravished)
Shall doubtely thy iust-full seed receive:
Thy Concubines (which thou behinde shalt leave)
The wanton Rapes of thine own Race shall be:
It shall befall that in thy Family,
With an un-kinsmans kisse (un-loving Lover)
The Brother shall his Sisters shame discover:
Thou shalt be both Father and Father-in-law
To thine own bloud. Thy Children (past all aw
Of God or Man) shall by their insolence
Even justifie thy bloudy foule offence.
Thou sinn'dst in secret: but *Sol*'s blushing eye
Shall be eye-witnesse of their villanie:
All *Israel* shall see the same: and then,
The Heav'n-sunk Cities in *Asphaltis* Fen,
Out of the stinking Lake their heads shall show,
Glad, by thy Sons, to be out-sinned so.
Thou, thou (inhumane) didst the Death conspire
Of good *Uriah* (worthy better Hire),
Thou cruell didst it: therefore, Homicide,
Cowardly treason, cursed Paricide,
Un-kinde Rebellion, ever shall remain (stain.
Thy house-hold Guests, thy house with bloud to
Thine own against thine own shall thrill their darts:
Thy Son from thee shall steal thy peoples hearts:
Against thy Self hee shall thy Subjects arm;
And give thine age many a fierce alarm,
Till hanged by th' hair 'twixt Earth and Sky (Eye)
(His Gallows pride, shame of the Worlds bright
Thine owne Leivtenant, at a crimsin spout,
His guilty Soule shall with his Lance let-out,
And (if I fail not) O what Tempest fell
Beats on the head of harm-lesse *Israel!*
Alas! how many a guiltlesse *Abramide*
Dyes in three daies, through thy too-curious Pride!
In hate of thee, th' Air (thick and sloathfull) breeds
No slow Disease; both young and old it speeds;
All are indifferent: For through all the Land
It spreads, almost in turning of a hand:
To the so-sick, hard seem the softest plumes; (fumes:
Flames from his eies, from's mouth coms Jakes-like
His head, his neck; his bulk, his legs doth tire;
Outward, all water: inward, all a-fire:
With a deep Cough his spungy Lungs he wastes:
Black Bloud and Choler both at once he casts:
His voyces passage is with Biles-belayd,
His Soul 's Interpreter, rough, fou', and frayd:
Thought of the Griefit 's rigor oft augments:
Twixt Hope and Fear it hath no long suspense:
With the Disease Death joyntly traverseth:
The infections stroke is even the stroke of Death.
Art yeelds to th' anguish: Reason stoops to rage:
Physicians skill, himselfe doth still engage.
The streets too still: the Town all out of Town:
All Dead or Fled: unto the hallowed ground
The howling Widow (though she lov'd him dear)
Yet dares not follow her dead Husbands Beer,
Each mourns his losse, each his own case complains
Pel-mel the living with the dead remains.
As a good natur'd and well nurtur'd Childe, Simile.
Found in a fault (by 's Master sharply milde)
Blushing and bleaking, betwixt shame and fear,
With down-cast eies laden with many a tear,
More with sad gesture, then with words, doth crave
An humble Pardon of his Censor grave:
So *David*, hearing th' holy Prophets Threat, *David* repentance.
Hee apprehends Gods Judgements dradly great;
And (thrill'd with fear) flies for his sole defence
To pearly Tears, Mournings, and sad Laments
Off goes his Gold; his glory treads hee down,
His Sword, his Scepter, and his precious Crown:
Hee fasts, he prayes, he weeps, he grieves, he grones,
His hainous sins he bitterly bemones:
And, in a Cave hard-by, he roareth out
A sigh-full Song, so dolefully devout,
That ev'n the Stone doth groan, and pierc't withall,
Lets it 's salt tears with his sad tears to fall.
Ay-gracious Lord (thus sings he night and day) Psal. 51.
Wash, wash my Soule in thy deep Mercies Sea:
O Mercy, Mercy Lord, aloud he cries;
(And Mercy, Mercy, still the Rock replies).
O God, my God, sith for our grievous Sin Application to Prayer.
(Which will-full wee so long have weltred in)
Thou powr'st the Torrents of thy Vengeance down
On th' *Azure* Field with *Golden Lillies* sow'n:
Sith every moment thy just Anger drad
Roars, thunders, lightens on our guilty head:
Sith Famine, Plague, and War (with bloudy hand)
Doe all at once make havock of this Land:
Make us make use of all these Rods aright;
That wee may quench with our Tears-water quite
Thine Ire-full Fire: our former Vices spurn;
And, true-reform'd, Justice to Mercy turn.

And so O Father, (*Fountain of all* Good The like to *England*, now for many years together grievously afflicted with the Plague.
Ocean of Justice,, Mercie's *bound-lesse* Floud)
Since, for Our Sins, *exceeding all the rest,*
As most ingrateful, though most rarely blest,
After so long Long-Sufferance *of* Thine:
So many Warnings *of thy Word divine:*
So many Threatnings *of thy dreadfull* Hand:
So many Dangers *scapt by* Sea *and* Land:
So many Blessings *in so good a* King:
So many Blossoms *of that fruit-full* Spring:
So many Foes *abroad*, *and* False *at home:*
So many Refuges *from the rage of* Rome;
So many Shields *against so many Shot:*
So many Mercies *in that* Powder-Plot
(*So light regarded and so soon forgot*).

Since, for Our Sins *so many and so great,*
So little mov'd with Promise *or with* Threat,
Thou, now at last (as a just jealous God)
Strik'st us thy Selfe with thine immediate Rod,

Thy

Thy Rod *of* PESTILENCE : *whose rage-full smart,*
With deadly pangs piercing the strongest heart,
Tokens *of* Terror *leaves us where it lights :*
And so infects us (or at least affrights,)
That Neighbour neighbour, Brother brother *shuns;*
The tendrest Mother *dares not see her* Sons ;
The neerest Friend *his dearest* Friend *doth flye ;*
Yea, scarce the Wife *dares close her* Husbands *eye.*
For, through th' Example *of our* Vicious *life,*
As Sin *breeds* Sin, *and* Husband *marr's the* Wife,
Sister *prouds* Sister, Brother *hardens* Brother,
And one Companion *doth corrupt another :*
So, through Contagion *of this dire* Disease,
It (justly) doth thy heav'nly Justice *please,*
To cause us thus each other to infect :
Though This we fly, and that too nigh affect.
Since, for our Sins, *which hang so fast upon us ;*
So dreadfully thy Furie *frowneth on us ;*
Sith still thou Strikest, *and still Threat'nest more,*
More grievous Wounds then we have felt before :
O gracious Father, give us grace (in fine)
To make our Profit *of these* Rods *of thine ;*
*That, true-*Converted *by thy milde* Correction,
Wee may abandon every foule Affection :
That Humblenesse *may staring* Pride *dis-plume :*
That Temperance *may* Surfeiting *consume :*
That Chastity *may chase our wanton* Lust :
That Diligence *may wear-off* Slothfull *rust :*
That Love *may leve, in* Wrath *and* Envies *place :*
That Bounties *hand may* Avarice *deface :*
That Truth *may put* Lying *and* Fraud *to flight :*
That Faith *and* Zeal *may keep thy* Sabbaths *right :*
That Reverence *of thy dread* Name *may banish*
Blasphemous Oaths; *and all* Profaneness *vanish.*
Since, for our sins (as well in Court as Cottage)
Of all Degrees, all Sexes, Youth and Dotage,
Of Clarks and Clowns ; Rich, Poor; and great and small,
Thy fearfull Vengeance *hangeth over all ;*
O Touch us all with Horror for our Crimes :
O Teach us all to turn to thee betimes :
O Turn us (Lord) and wee shall turned be :
Give what thou bidst, and bid what pleaseth thee :
Give us Repentance ; *that thou mayst* repent
Our present Plague, *and future* punishment.

Similes

FINIS.

THE

The Magnificence.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. VVEEKE. OF *BARTAS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Death-ſummon'd DAVID, *in his ſacred Throne*
Inſtals (*inſtructs*) *his young Son* SALOMON:
His (*pleaſe-God*) *Choice of* WISDOM, *wins him* Honor,
And Health, *and* Wealth (*at once*) *to wait upon her*:
His wondrous Doom, *quick* Babe's *Claim to decide*:
Miſ-Matches *taxt, in His with* PHARAONIDE:
Their pompous Nuptials: *Seav'n Heav'n*-Maſquers *there.*
The glorious TEMPLE, Builded *richly-rare.*
Salem's *Renown drawes* Saba *to his Court*:
King JAMES, *to His brings* BARTAS, *in like ſort.*

HAppy are you (O You delicious Wits)
That ſtint your Studies, as your *Fury* fits:
That in long Labours (full of pleaſing pain)
Exhauſt not wholly all your learned brain:
That changing Note, now light, and grave anon,
Handle the Theam that firſt you light upon:
That, here in *Sonnets*, there in *Epigrams*,
Evaporate your ſweet Soule-boyling Flames.
But my dear Honor, and my ſacred Vows,
And Heav'ns decree (made in that Higher-Houſe)
Hold mee faſt fetter'd (like a Gally-ſlave)
To this hard Taſk. No other care I have,
Nought elſe I dream of; neither (night nor day)
Ayme at ought elſe, or look I other way:
But (alwaies buſie) like a Mil-ſtone ſeem
Still turned round with the ſame rapid ſtream.
Thence is't that oft (maugre *Apollo*'s grace)
I humme ſo harſh; and in my Works inchaſe
Lame, crawling Lines, according to the Fire,
Which (more or leſſe) the whirling *Poles* inſpire:
And alſo mingle (Linſie-woolſie-wiſe)
This gold-ground Tiſſue with too-mean ſupplies.
You, all the year long, do not ſpend your wing;
But during onely your delightfull Spring
(Like Nightingales) from buſh to buſh you play,
From tune to tune, from Myrtle ſpray to ſpray;
But I, too-bold, and like the Swallow right,
Not finding where to reſt mee, at one flight
A bound-leſſe ground-leſſe Sea of Times I paſſe,
With *Auſter* now, anon with *Boreas*.
Your quick Career is pleaſant, ſhort, and eath;
At each Lands-end you ſit you down and breathe

On some green bank; or, to refresh you, finde
Some Rose-arbour, from the Sun and winde:
But end-lesse is my Course; for, now I glide
On Yce; then (dazled) head-long down I slyde:
Now up I climb: then through the Woods I crawl,
I stray, I stumble, somtimes down I fall.
Simile. And, as base Mortar serveth to unite
Red, white, gray Marble, Jasper, Galactite:
So, to connex my queint Discourse, somtimes
I mix loose, limping, and ill-polisht Rimes.
Yet will I not this Work of mine give o're:
The Labour 's great, my courage yet is more;
My heart 's not yet all voyd of sacred heat:
There 's nothing glorious but is hard to get.
Hils were not seen but for the Vales betwixt;
The deep indentings artificiall mixt
Amid *Musicks* (for more ornament)
Have prizes, sizes, and dyes different.
And O! God grant, the greatest spot you spy
In all my Frame, may be but as the Fly,
Which on her ruff (whiter then whitest snows)
To whiten white, the fairest Virgin sowes;
(Or like the Velvet on her brow; or, like
The dunker Mole in Venus *dainty Cheeke)*
And that a few faults may but lustre bring
To my high furies where I sweetest sing.
DAVID next old and cold; and 's vitall Lamp,
Lacking it 's oyle of Native moist, grew damp
(But by degrees); when with a dying voyce
(But lively vigour of Discretions choyce)
Hee thus instructs his young Son SALOMON,
And (as Heav'n cals) instals him in his Throne.
Davids instructions to his Son Salomon. Whom, with-out Force, Uproar, or Rivaling,
Nature and Law, and Fortune make a King;
Even hee (my Son) must be both *Just* and *Wise*,
If long hee look to *Rule* and *Royalize*:
But hee, whom onely Fortunes Favour rears
Unto a Kingdome, by some new-found stairs;
Hee must appeare more then a Man, and cast
By rarest Worth to make his Crown sit fast.
My SALOMON, thou knowst thou art my Yongest:
Thou knowst besides, out of what bed thou sprūgest:
Thou seest what love all *Israel* bears thy Brother;
To honour Thee, what wrong I do to other:
Yea, even to Nature and our Native Law;
'Tis thy part therefore in all points to draw
To full perfection; and with rare effect,
Of Noblest Vertues hide thy Births defect.
A King (first of all) ought to be Religious. Thou, *Israels* King, serve the great King of All,
And onely on his conducts pedestall
Found thine affaires: upon his *Sacred Lore*
Thine eyes and minde be fixed evermore:
The barking rage of bold Blasphemers hate;
Thy Soveraigns maners (Vice-Roy) imitate.
Nor think the thicknes of thy Palace wals,
Thine iron-gates, and high gold-seeled Hals,
Can let his eye to spy (in every part)
The darkest Closets of thy mazie Heart.
Valour. If Birth or Fate (my Son) had made thee Prince
Of *Idumeans* or of *Philistins*,
If *Pharaoh's* Title had befall'n to thee,
If the *Medes* Myter bowed at thy knee,
Wert thou a *Sophy*; yet with Vertues lustre
Thou ought'st (at least) thy Greatnesse to illustre:
But, to command the Seed of *Abraham*,
The *Holy Nation* to controule and tame,
To bear a *Josuahs* or a *Samsons* load,
To be Gods Vice-Roy, needs a *Demi-God*.
Before old Servants give not new the start Imperiall in behaving prudence. (Kings-Art consists in Action more then Art.)
Old Wine excelleth new: Nor (giddily)
Will a good Husband grub a goodly Tree
In his faire Orchards midst, whose fruitfull store
Hath grac't his Table twenty years and more;
To plant a graft, yer e'r hee taste the same,
Save with the teeth of a (perhaps) false Fame.
Simile. These Parasites are ev'n the Pearls and Rings Inpoison of perfidious flatterers. (Pearls, said I? Perils) in the ears of Kings:
For O, what Mischief but their Wiles can work?
Sith ev'n within us (to their ayd) doth lurk
A smoother Soother, ev'n our own *Selfs-Love*
(A malady that nothing can remove)
Which with these strangers, secretly combin'd)
In League offensive (to the firmest Minde)
Perswades the Coward, hee is *Wisely*-meek;
The Drunkard, *Stout*: the Perjure, *Politick*;
The cruell Tyrant, a *just* Prince they call;
Sober the Sott: the Lavish *Liberall*:
And, quick-nos'd Beagles, senting right his Lore
(Trans-form'd into him) ev'n his Faults adore.
To banish Atheists and all incorrigibly wicked persons from his presence. Flye then those Monsters: and give no accesse
To men infamous for their wickednesse:
Endure no Atheist, brook no Sorcerer
Within thy Court, nor Thief, nor Murderer:
Lest the contagion of their banefull breath
Poyson the publick fountain, and to death
Infect Thy manners (more of force then Law)
The spring, whence Subjects good or bad wil draw.
To overrule his own passions and affections. Rule thine affects, thy fury, and thy fear;
Hee 's no true King, who no self 's-sway doth bear:
Not what thou couldst, but what thou shouldst effect:
And, to thy lawes, first thine own self subject. (sect:
For, ay the Subject will (fear set a-side)
Through thick and thin, having his King for guide.
To be milde and gracious. Shew thy Self gracious, affable and meek;
And be not (proud) to those gay godlings like,
But once a year from their gilt Boxes ta'en,
To impetrate the Heav'ns long wisht-for rain.
To be faithfull in his promise. To fail his Word, a King doth ill beseem;
Who breaks his faith, no faith is held with him,
Deceipt 's deceiv'd: Injustice meets unjust:
Disloyall Prince armes Subjects with distrust;
And neighbour States will in their Leagues cōmend
A Lion, rather then a Fox, for Friend.
Take counsel, not counsel then punish. Be prodigall of Vertues just reward:
Of punishments be sparing (with regard)
Arm thou thy brest with rarest Fortitude;
Things eminent are ever most pursu'd:
On highest Places, most disgraces threat;
The roughest windes on widest gates do beat.
Not to be quarrelsome, yet quick and courageous in a just cause. Toyl not the World with wars ambitious spite:
But if thine Honour must maintain thy Right,
Then shew thee DAVID's Son; and, wisely-bold,
Follow't as hot, as thou began'st it cold:
His exercise in warre. Watch, Work, Devise, and with unweary limb,
Wade thorough Foords, and over Chanels swim.
Let tufted Planes for pleasant shades suffice
In heat; in Cold, thy Fire be exercise:

A Targe thy Table, and a Turf thy Bed;
Let not thy Mouth be over-dainty fed:
Let labour be thy Sauce, thy Cask thy Cup;
Whence for thy Nectar some ditch-water sup:
Let Drums, and Trumpets, and shrill Fifes, & Flutes
Serve thee for Citterns, Virginals, and Lutes:
Trot up a Hill; Runa whole Field for Race;
Leap a large Dike; Tosse a long Pike, a space:
Perfume thy head with dust and sweat; appear
Captain and Souldier. Souldiers are on fire,
Having their King (before them marching forth)
Fellow in fortune, witnesse of their Worth.
I should inflame thy heart with learnings love;
Save that I know what divine habits move
Thy profound Spirit: onely, let th' ornament
Of Letters wait on th' Art of *Regiment*:
And take good heed, lest as excesse of humour
In Plants, becomes their Flowring Lifes consumer;
So too-much Study, and delight in Arts,
Quench the quick vigour of thy Spirituall parts,
Make thee too-pensive, over-dull thy Senses,
And draw thy Mind from Publick cares of Princes.
With a swift-winged soule, the Course survay
Of Nights dim Taper and the Torch of Day:
Sound round the Cels of the Ocean dradly-deep;
Measure the Mountains snowie tops and steep:
Ferret all Corners of this neather Ball;
But to admire the Makers Art in all,
His Power and Prudence: and, resemble not
Some simple Courtier, or the silly Sot
That in the base-Court all his time hath spent,
In gazing on the goodly Battlement,
The chamfred Pillers, Plinths, and Antique Bosses,
Medals, Ascents, Statues, and strange Colosses;
Amaz'd and musing upon every piece
Of th' uniforme, fair stately Frontispice;
Too-too-self-rapt (through too-self-humouring)
Losing himselfe, while others finde the King. (eyes,
Hold even the ballance, with clean hands, clos'd
Revenge severely Publike Injuries:
Remit thine Own. Hear the Cries, see the Tears
Of all distressed poor Petitioners.
Sit (oft) thy self in Open Audience:
Who would not be a Judge, should be no Prince.
For, *Justice* Scepter and the Martiall Sword
Ought never sever, by the sacred Word.
Spare not the Great; neither despise the Small:
Let not thy Lawes be like the Spiders Caul,
Where little Flies are caught and kild; but great
Passe at their Pleasure, and pull down their Net.
Away with Shepheards that their Flocks deface;
Chuse Magistrates that may adorn their Place;
Such as fear God, such as will judge uprightly:
Men by the servants judge the Master lightly.
Give to the vertuous; but thy Crown-demain
Diminish not: give still to give again;
For there too-deep to dip, is Prodigalitie;
And to dry-up the Springs of Liberalitie.
But above all (for Gods sake) Son, beware,
Be not intrapt in Womens wily snare.
I fear, alas (good Lord, supremely sage,
Avert from mine th' effect of this Presage)
Alas! I fear that this sweet Poyson will
My house here-after with all Idols fill.
But, if that neither vertuus sacred love,
Nor fear of Shame thy wanton Minde can move
To watch in Armes against the Charms of those;
At least, be warned by thy Fathers Woes.
Fare-well my Son: th' Almighty cals me hence:
I passe, by Death, to Lifes most excellence;
And, to go Raign in Heav'n (from world-cares free)
The Crown of *Israel* I resign to thee.
O thou that often (for a Princes Sin)
Transport'st the Scepter, even from Kin to Kin,
From Land to Land; let it remain with Mine:
And, of my Sons Sons (in successive Line)
Let that All-Powerfull dear-drad Prince descend,
Whose glorious Kingdome never shall have end:
Whose yron Rod shall Satans Rule undoe;
Whom *Jacob* trusts in: whom I thirst for too.
DAVID deceast: His Son (him tracking right)
With heart and voyce worships the God of might;
Enters his Kingdome by the Gate of Piety;
Makes Hymns and Psalms in laud of the true Deity:
Offers in *Gibeon*; where, in Spirit he sees
(While his Sense sleeps) the God of Majesties,
The Lord of Hoasts: who crown'd with radiant
Offers him choyce of these 4. lovely Dames: (flames,
First, *Glory*, shaking in her hand a pike
(Not Maid-like Marching, but brave Souldier-like)
Among the Stars her stately head shee bears,
A silver Trumpet shril a-slope shee wears,
Whose Winde is praise, and whose *Stentorian* sound
Doth far and wide o'r all the world rebound.
Her wide-side Robes of Tissue passing price,
All Story-wrought with bloudy Victories,
Triumphs & Tropheis, Arches, Crowns and Rings:
And, at her feet, there sigh a thousand Kings.
Not far from her, comes *Wealth*, all rich-bedight
In *Rhea's*, *Thetis*, *Pluto's* Treasures bright:
The glittering stuff which doth about her fold
Is rough with Rubies, stiffe with beaten gold.
With either hand from hollow Hearns shee pours
Pactolian surges and *Argolian* showrs.
Fortune and Thrift, and Wakefulnesse and Care,
And Diligence, her daily Servants are. (bears,
Then cheerfull *Health*, whose brow no wrinkle
Whose cheek no paleness, in whose eye no tears;
But like a childe, shee 's pleasant, quick, and plump,
Shee seems to fly, to skip, to daunce, & jump: (shine:
And Life 's bright Brand in her white hand doth
Th' *Arabian* Birds rare plumage (platted fine)
Serves her for Sur-coat: and her seemly train,
Mirth, Exercise and Temperance sustain.
Last, *Wisdom* coms, with sober countenance:
To th' ever-Bow'rs her oft a-loft t' advance,
The light Mamuques wing-lesse wings she has:
Her gesture cool, as comely-grave her pase:
Where e'r shee go, she never goes without
Compasse and Rule, Measure and Weights about:
And by her side (at a rich Belt of hers)
The Glasse of Nature and her-Self shee wears.
Having beheld their Beauties bright, the Prince
Seems rapt al-ready even to Heav'n from hence:
Sees a whole *Eden* round about him shine;
And 'mid so many Benefits divine,
Doubts which to chuse. At length hee thus begun:
O Lord (saith hee) what hath thy Servant done,

That

That so great blessings I should take or touch,
Or thou shouldst daign to honour me so much?
Thou dost prevent my Merit; or (dear Father)
Delights to Conquer even my malice rather.
Fair *Victorie*'s a noble Gift: and nought
Is more desired, or is sweetest thought,
Then even to quench our Furie's thirst with bloud,
In just Revenge on those that wrong our Good:
But oft (alas) foul *insolence* comes after;
And, the long Custome of inhumane Slaughter,
Transforms in time the mildest Conquerors
To Tygres, Panthers, Lions, Bears, and Boars. (sture
Happy seems He, whose count-less Heards for pa-
Dis-robe (alone) mount *Carmels* moatly Vesture:
For whom alone a whole rich Country, torn
With timely Tools, brings forth both wine & corn:
That hath soft *Sereans* yellow Spoyls, the Gems,
And precious stones of the *Arabian* streams,
The Mines of *Ophir*, th' *Entidorian* Fruits,
The *Saban* odours, and the *Tyrian* Suites.
But yet wee see, where Plenty chiefly swayes,
There Pride increases, Industry decayes:
Rich men adore their Gold: whoso aspires
To lift to Heav'n his sight and Soules Desires,
Hee must be poor (at least-wise like the Poor)
Riches and Fear are fellows evermore.
I would live long, and I would gladly see
My Nephews Nephews, and their Progenie:
But the long Cares I fear, and cumbers rife,
Which commonly accompany long-Life.
Who well lives, long lives: for this Age of ours
Should not be numbred by years, daies and hours;
But by our brave Exploits: and this Mortality
Is not a moment, to that Immortality.
But in respect of Lady *Wisdoms* grace
(Even at their best) the rest are all but base.
Honour is but a puffe; *Life* but a vapour;
Wealth but a Wish; *Health* but a sconce of paper:
A glistring *Scepter* but a Maple twig;
Gold, drosse; *Pearls*, dust; how-ever bright and big.
She's Gods own Mirror, she's a Light, whose glance
Springs from the Lightning of his Countenance:
She's mildest Heav'ns most sacred influence;
Never decayes her beauties excellence;
Aye like her-Self: and shee doth alwayes trace
Not onely the same path, but the same pace. (prove
Without her, *Honour*, *Health*, and *Wealth* would
Three Poysons to mee. *Wisedom* (from above)
Is th' onely *Moderatrix*, spring, and guide,
Organ and Honour of all Gifts beside.
Her, her I like, her onely (Lord) I crave,
Her company for ever let mee have:
Let mee for ever from her sacred lip,
The *Ambrosiall* Nard, and Rosiall *Nectar* sip:
In every Cause, let mee consult with her:
And, when I Judge, be shee my Counsellour.
Let, with her staffe, my yet-Youth govern well
In Pastures fair the Flock of *Israel*,
A compt-lesse Flock, a Flock so great (indeed)
As of a Shepheard sent from Heav'n had need.
Lord, give her mee, alas! I pine, I die;
Or if I live, I live her * *Flame-bred-Flie*:
And (new *Farfalla*) in her radiant shine,
Too-bold, I burn these tender wings of mine.

Hold, take her to thee, said the Lord: and sith
No beauty else thy soule enamoureth;
For ready hand-maids to attend upon her,
Ile give thee also *Health*, and *Wealth*, and *Honour*;
(For 't is not meet, so High-descended Queen,
So great a Lady, should alone be seen)
The rather, that my Bounty may invite
Thee, serving Her, to serve Mee day and night.
King SALOMON, awaked, plainly knew
That this divine strange *Vision* never grew
From the sweet Temper of his sound Complexion:
But that it was some Peece of more Perfection,
Some sacred Picture admirably drawn
With Heav'nly pencill, by an Angels hand.
For (happy) Hee had (without Art) the Arts,
And Learning (without learning) in all parts:
A more then humane Knowledge beautifies
His princely actions; up to Heav'n he flies,
Hee dyves to Hel, hee founds the Deep, hee enters
To th' inmost Cels of the Worlds lowest Centers.
The secret Riddles of the sacred Writ
Are plain to him; and his deep piercing Wit,
Upon few Words of the Heav'n-prompted stile,
In a few Dayes, large Volumes can compile.
Hee (learned) sees the Sun's Eclipse, *sans* terror;
Hee knowes the Planets never erring Error:
And whether Nature, or some Angel move
Their Sphears, at once with triple Dance above:
Whether the Sun self-shine; his Sister, not;
Whether Spring, Winter, Autumn, Summer hot,
Be the Suns Sons: what kinde of mounting vapor
Kindles the Comet, and the long-tail'd Taper:
What boystrous lungs the roaring whirlers blown:
What burning wings the Lightning rides upon;
What Curb the Ocean in his bounds doth keep:
What pow'r nights Princesse pours upon the Deep:
Whether the Heav'ns sweet-sweating Kisse appear
To be Pearls parent, and the Oysters Pheer;
And whether, dusk, it makes them dim v ithall;
Cleer, breeds the cleer; and stormy, brings the pale:
Whether from Sea the Amber-greece be sent;
Or be some Fishes pleasant excrement.
He knows, why th' Earth's immoveable & round,
The lees of Nature, Center of the Mound:
Hee knows her measure. And hee knows beside,
How *Coloquintida* (duely apply'd)
Within the darknesse of the Conduit-Pipes,
Amid the winding of our in-ward Tripes,
Can so discreetly the *White humour* take;
Rhenbarb, the *Yellow*; *Hellebore*, the *Black*:
And, whether That in our weak Bulks be wrought,
By drawing 't to them; or by driving 't out.
In brief, from th' Hysop to the Cedar-Tree,
Hee knows the Vertue of all Plants that be.
Hee knows the Reason why the Wolfs fell tooth
Gives a horse swiftnesse; and his footing, sloth:
Why the Sex-changing, fierce *Hyena's* eye
Puts curstest Curs to silence suddenly:
Why th' irefull Elephant becommeth tame
At the approaching of the fleecie Lamb:
Why th' eye-bold Eagle never fears the flash
Or force of Lightning, nor the Thunder-clash: (egs
Why the wilde Fen-Goose (wch keeps warme her
With her broad feet under her heatfull legs,

And,

Salomons choyse.

His excellent Wisdome and Understanding in all things.

* Pyrausta.

And tongue-leſſe,cries)as wing-lim'd,cannot fly,
Except ſhee(glad)Seas briny glaſſe deſcry.
Hee knoweth alſo, whether that our ſtone
Be caked Earth, or exhalation;
Whether the Metals(that we daily ſee)
Be made of Sulphur and of Mercury;
Or, of ſome Liquor by long Cold condenſt,
And by the Heat well purified and cleans'd;
Or, of a certaine ſharp and cindrous humor,
Or whether hee that made the Waving Tumor;
The motly Earth;and th'Heav'nly Sphears refi'nd;
All-mighty, made them ſuch as now we finde.
Hee comprehends from whence it is proceeding,
That ſpotted *Jaſper*-ſtones can ſtaunch our bleeding:
Saphires, cure eyes, the *Topaz* to reſiſt
The rage of Luſt; of drink the *Amethiſt*:
And alſo, why the cleareſt *Diamant*
(*Jealous*)impugns the theſts of th' *Adamant*.
Tunes, Meaſures, Numbers, and Proportions
Of Bodies with their Shadows,als' hee kons;
And(fill'd with *Nectar*-deaws,which Heaven drips)
The Bees have made honey within his lips.
But he imbraceth much more earneſtly
The gainfull Practice then cold Theory:
Nor reaks hee ſo of a Sophiſtick pride
Of prattling knowledge (too-ſelf-magnifi'd)
As of that goodly Art to govern well
The ſacred Helms of *Church* and *Common-weal*,
And happily to entertain in either,
A harmony of Great and Small together.
Eſpecially Hee's a good *Juſticer*,
And to the Laws doth life and ſtrength confer.
And, as the higheſt of *Bigaurian* Hils
Aye bears his head up-right, and never yeelds
To either ſide,ſcorns Winde and Rain and Snow,
Abides all weathers with a cheerfull brow;
Laughs at a Storm, and bravely tramples under
His ſteddy knees,the proud,loud rowling Thunder:
So hee's a Judge inflexibly-upright,
No Love, nor Hatred of the guilty wight
(What e'r hee wear for Calling, ſmall or great)
His Venging blade can either blunt or whet;
Hee ſpurneth Favours, and he ſcorneth Fears,
And under foot hee treadeth private tears:
Gold's radiant Luſtre never blears his Eye;
Nor is hee led through Ignorance a-wry.
His Voyce is held an Oracle of all;
The ſoule of Laws hee wiſely can exhale:
In doubtfull Caſes he can ſubtilize,
And wylieſt pleaders hearts anatomize.
Scarce fifteen times had *Ceres*(ſince his Birth)
With her gilt Treſſes glorifi'd the Earth;
When hee decides, by happy Wiſdoms meanes
The famous quarrell of two crafty Queans.

The contraverſie between the two Strumpets for the true Child.

Is't poſſible, O Earth(thus cries the firſt)
But that(alas)thou ſhouldſt for anger burſt,
And ſwallow quick this execrable Quean!
Is't poſſible(O gracious Soveraign)
That comming new from doing ſuch a deed
So horrible, ſhe ſhameleſſe dares proceed
T' approach thy ſight, thy ſacred Throne t' abuſe,
Not begging pardon, but even bent t' accuſe?
Laſt night, with ſurfeit and with ſleep ſur-cloyd,
This care-leſſe Step-dam her own Child o'r-layd:
And ſoftly then(finding it cold and dead)
Layes it by mee, and takes mine in the ſtead.
Here, old, bold ſtrumpet, take thy baſtard brat,
Hence with thy Carion, and reſtore me that,
Reſtore mee mine, my lovely living Boy,
My hope, my hap, my love, my life, my joy.
O cruell chance! O ſacrilegious!
Shall thy foule lips my little Angell buſſe?
At thy fond prattling, ſhall hee prett'ly ſmile?
And tug, and touze thy greazie locks the-while?
And all his Child-hood fill thy ſoule with glee?
And, grown a man, ſuſtaine thine age and thee?
While wretched I have onely, for my ſhare,
His Births hard Travell, and my burthens Care,
His reſt-leſſe rocking, wiping, waſhing, wringing;
And to appeaſe his wayward Cries with ſinging?
O moſt unhappy of all Women-kinde!
O Child-leſſe Mother! O 'why is my Minde
More paſſion-ſtirred, then my hand is ſtrong?
But rather then Ile pocket up this wrong,
To be reveng'd, Ile venture two for one,
Ile have thy life although it coſt mine owne.
O filthy Bitch! Vile Witch (ſayes th' other tho)
O!who would think that Wine could mad one ſo?
O impudent!though God thou fearſt not,fear(bear.
The Kings cleer judgement, who Gods place doth
Art not content t' have call'd(or rather cry'd)
Mee Whore, and Thief, Drunkard,and Paricide:
But thou wilt alſo have my Childe, my dear
(Whom with ſo ſtrong a knot Love links ſo neer)
My Babe,my Bliſſe? Yea marry(Minks)and ſhall:
Who takes my Childe, ſhall take my life with-all.
Juſt *Davids* juſt Son, for thy Fathers ſake,
For his dear love, for all that he did make
Of thee a Child,when hee(re-childing)ſought
With childiſh ſport to ſtill thy cryes, and taught
(Or 'gan to teach)with language ſoft and weak,
Thy tender tongue ſome eaſie tearme to ſpeak:
Or, when(all bloudy, breath-leſſe, hot hee came
Laden with ſpoyles of Kings hee overcame,
Hee ran t' imbrace thee, rockt the in his Targe,
And when thou cry'dſt, upon his ſhoulder large
Did ſet thee up, while thou his beard didſt tug,
Playd'ſt with his noſe, about his neck didſt hug,
Gap'ſt on his glittering Helm, and ſmil'dſt to ſee
Another SALOMON there ſmile on thee:
And underneath his dancing Plume didſt play
Like Bird in buſh; ſporting from ſpray to ſpray;
I doe adjure thee to attend my Plea:
By the ſweet name of thy dear *Berſabé*,
Who, in the night, ſhivering for cold, ſo oft,
Hath bow'd her ſelf over thy Cradle ſoft;
Who both the bottles of her *Nectar* white
Hath ſpent upon thee, hundred times a night;
Who on thy head hath ſet her pearly Crown,
And in Thy life liv'd more then in her Owne;
I doe adjure thee(O great King)by all
That in the World wee ſacred count or call,
To doe me Right: and if, too-milde, alas,
Too mercifull thou wilt not Sentence paſſe
Of juſt revenge for my received wrong;
Yet, reave mee not what doth to mee belong,
What liberall Nature hath beſtow'd on mee,
What I am ſeis'd-of(without thank to thee);

For pitty do not my heart blood deprive,
Make me not Childleſs; having Child a-live.
While both at once, thus to the King they cry,
'Tis mine, 'tis mine: thou ly'ſt; and thou doſt lye:
The partiall People divers Verdict ſpend;
Some favour th' one, others the other friend:
Simile. As when two Gameſters hazzard (in a trice)
Fields, Vine-yards, Caſtles, on the Chance of Dice,
The Standers-by, diverſly ſtirrd with-in,
Wiſh, ſome that This, & ſome that That may win:
Waver twixt Hope and Feat: and every one 's
Mov'd, with the moving of the guileſull Bones.
Onely, the King demurrs: his prudent ears
Finde, like, both reaſons, both cõplaints, both tears:
The infants face could not diſcipher whether
Of both ſhould be the very Mother: neither
Could calculation of their ages, cleer
The Judges doubt, nor any proof appear.
Then, thus He weighs (but as in dreaming wiſe);
Th' induſtrious Judge, when all proofs fail him, flies
Unto Conjectures drawn (the probableſt)
Out of the Book of Natur's learned breſt;
Or to the Rack: Now, Mothers love (thinks hee)
Is Natures own unchangeable Decree:
And there 's no Torture that exceeds the pains
Which a kinde Mother in her Childe ſuſtains.
The doubt admirably decided. Then (as awake) Come, Come, no more a-doo,
Diſpatch (ſaith he) Cleave the quick Childe in two,
Look that the Sword be ſharp; in ſuch a caſe,
Needs muſt our Pitty give our Juſtice place:
Juſtice (ye ſee) can judge him whole to neither:
Divide him therefore, and give half to either.
O difficult! but thus the King deſcries
Their hearts deep ſecrets: all diſcovered lies,
The vizor 's off; their Tongues, ſincerely preſt
With true inſtinct, their very Thoughts expreſt;
Be 't (ſaid the Stepdam) ſo, ſith 't muſt be ſo;
Divide him juſtly from the top to toe.
No (ſaid the other) rather, I renounce
My right in him, take thou him all at once,
Enjoy him all; Ile rather have him thine
A-live, and whole, then dead and mangled, mine.
Simile. Thine (quoth the King) he 's thine by Birth (I ſee)
Thine by thy Love, and thine by my Decree.
Now, as with Gold grows in the ſelf-ſame Mine
Much *Chryſochelle*, and alſo Silver fine;
The wonderfull Proſperity of *Salomon* & his people. So ſupreme *Honour*, and *Wealth* (matcht by none)
Second the *Wiſdom* of great SALOMON.
He far and neer commands by Land and Seas;
A hundred Crowns do homage unto His;
His neereſt Bounds, *Nile* 's Sea and *Sidon* ſeem,
And *Euphrates* bows his moyſt horns to Him;
Peru, they ſay (ſuppoſing *Ophir* ſo)
By yeerly Fleets into his *Fisk* doth flow;
In *Sion* Gold 's as common as the Sand;
As Pebles, Pearles; Through-out all *Jury* Land,
There ſeems an Ocean of all happineſſe
To over-flow; and all do all poſſeſſe;
Each under his own Vine and his own Tree,
His Grapes and Figs may gather quietly.
Thus hee abounds in Bliſs; not ſo to change-ill
Man into Beaſt, but make of Man an Angel;
To praiſe th' Immortall, who to him hath given
Even here a Taſte of the delights of Heav'n.

This great, wiſe, wealthy, and well-ſpoken King
His ſweet renown o'r all the World doth ring;
The *Tyrian*, for Confederate deſires him;
Pharaoh for Son; th' Alien no leſſe admires him
Than his own Subjects, and his eyes ſweet flames,
As far as *Nilus*, fire the flower of Dames.
O SALOMON, ſeeſt thou not (O miſ-hap!) Miſ-Marriage juſtly cauſd.
This Marriage is no Marriage, but a Trap?
That ſuch a mongrell Match of differing Creed,
Of mortall quarrels is th' immortall ſeed;
That Ox and Aſſe can never well be broke
To draw one Plough together in one yoke?
Who-ever weds a Miſcreant, forth-with
Divorceth God: our Faith ſtill wavereth;
It needs an Aide and not a Tempter nigh,
Not th' inſtrument of th' old Deceiver ſlie,
Not deadly poyſon in our Coach to couch,
Sleep in our boſome, and our breaſt to touch,
And breathe into us (in a kinde of kiſſing)
An Ir-religion of the Serpents hiſſing.
She that from *Egypt* comes (O King) is none
Fleſh of thy Fleſh, nor yet Bone of thy Bone:
But a ſtrange Bone, a barbarous Rib, a Peece
Impoyſoned all with *Memphian* Leproſies.
But, thou wilt ſay, thy Love hath ſtript yer-while
Her ſpotted ſuit of Idol-ſerving *Nile*:
And clad her all, in Innocence, in white;
Becomn by Faith a true born *Abramite*.
It might be ſo: and to that ſide I take,
The rather, for that *ſacred Beauties* ſake,
Where-of ſhee is a figure. Yet, I fear
Her Train will ſtain thy Kingdome every-where,
Corrupt thy Court: and God will be offended
To have his People with ſtrange People blended;
The mighty Lord, who hath preciſely ſaid,
You ſhall not theirs, nor they your daughters wed.
Under the gentle *Equinoctiall Line*, A pleaſant deſcription of Love's fruitfull Grove.
Faire amorous Nature waters freſhly-fine
A little *Grove* clad in eternall green,
Where all the year long luſty *May* is ſeen,
Suiting the Lawns in all her pomp and pride
Of lively Colours, lovely variſi'd: (one,
There ſmiles the ground, the ſtarry-flowers each
There mount the more, the more th'are trod upon:
There all grows toyl-leſs; or if tild it were,
Sweet *Zephyrus* is th' onely Husband there.
There *Auſter* never roars, nor Hail diſ-leaves
Th' immortall Grove, nor any branch bereaves.
There the ſtraight Palm-Tree ſtoopeth in the Calm
To kiſs his Spouſe, his loyall Female Palm:
There with ſoft whiſpers whiſtling all the yeer
The broad-leav'd Plane-tree Courts the Plane his Peer;
The Poplar wooes the Poplar, & the Vine (Pheer;
About the Elme her ſlender armes doth twine;
Th' Ivie about the Oak: there all doth prove,
That there all ſprings all grows, all lives in *Love*
Opinions Porter, and the Gate ſhee bars
'Gainſt *Covetize*, cold *Age*, and ſullen *Cares*,
Except they leave-off and lay down before
Their troublous load of *Reaſon* at the doore;
But opens wide, to let-in Bathfull-Boldneſs, (neſs,
Dumb-ſpeaking Signs, Chill-Heat, & Kindled-cold-
Smooth ſoothing vows, deep ſorrows ſoon appeas'd,
Tears ſudden dry'd, fell Angers quickly pleas'd,

Smiles,

Smiles, Wylie-Guiles, queint witty-pretty Toyes,
Soft *Idleneſſe*, and ground-leſs bound-leſs Joyes,
Sweet *Pleaſure* plunged over head and ears
In fagred *Nectar*, immateriall Fears, (cruell,
Hoarſe Wakes, late Walks, Pain-pleaſing kindly
Aſpiring *Hope* (*Deſire*'s immortall fuell)
Licentious Looſneſs, Prodigall Expence,
Inchanting Songs, deep Sighs, and ſweet Laments.
These frolick *Lovelings* fraighted Neſts do make
The balmy Trees o'r-laden Boughs to crack;
Beauty layes, *Fancie* ſits, th' inflamed heat
Of *Love* doth hatch their Couvies nicely-neat:
Some are but kindled yet, ſome quick appeare,
Some on their backs carrie their Cradles dear,
Some douny-clad, ſome (fledger) take a twig
To pearch upon, ſome hop from ſprig to ſprig:
One, in the freſh ſhade of an Apple-Tree
Lets hang its Quiver, while ſoft-pantingly
T'exhales hot Vapour: one, againſt a Sparrow
Tries his ſtiff Bow and Gyant-ſtooping Arrow:
Another ſlie ſets lime-twigs for the Wren,
Finch, Linot, Tit-mouſe, Wag-Tail (Cock & Hen):
See, ſee how ſome their idle wings forſake,
And (turn'd, of Flyers, Riders) one doth take
A Thruſh, another on a Parret rides,
This mounts a Peacock, that a Swan beſtrides,
That manageth a Pheaſant: this doth make
The Ring-Dove turn: that brings the Culver back:
See how a number of this wanton Frie
Do fondly chaſe the gawdie Butter-flie,
Som with their flowrie Hat, ſom with their hands
Som wth ſweet Roſe-boughs, ſom wth Myrtle wands:
But, th' horned Bird, with nimble turns, beguiles
And ſcapes the ſnares of all theſe Loves a-whiles.
Leave wags (Cries *Venus*) leave this wanton Play:
For ſo, in ſtead of Butter-Flyes, you may,
You may (my Chicks) a Childe of *Venus* ſtrike:
For, ſome of mine have Horns and all alike. (darts
This ſaid, eſtſoones two twins whoſe gold-head
Are never ſteeped but in Royall hearts;
Come, Brother dear (ſaid either) come let 's to 't,
Let 's each a ſhaft at yon two boſoms ſhoot.
Their winged words th' effect enſues as wight,
Two or three ſteps they make to take their flight,
And quick-thick ſhaking on their ſinnewie ſide
Their long ſtrong ſarcels, richly triple-di'd
Gold-Azure-Crimſin; th' one aloft doth ſoar
To *Paleſtine*, th' other to *Nilus* ſhore.
Pharo's fair daughter (wonder of her Time)
Then in the blooming of her beauties Prime,
Was queintly dreſſing of her Treſſ-full head
Which round about her to the ground did ſpread:
And, in a rich gold-feeled Cabinet,
Three Noble Maids attend her in the feat.
One with a piece of double dented Box
Combs out at length her goodly golden locks:
Another 'noynts them with Perfumes of price:
Th' other with bodkin, or with fingers nice,
Frizzles and Furls in Curls and Rings a-part;
The reſt, looſe dangling without ſeeming Art,
Wave too and fro, with cunning negligence
Gracing the more her Beauties excellence:
When, arm'd with Arrows burning, brightly keen,
Swift Swallow-like, one of theſe Twins comes in;
And, with his left wing hiding ſtill his Bow,
Into her boſom ſhot, I wot not how.
My ſide! my heart (the Royall Maid cries out)
O! I am ſlain: But, ſearching all about,
When ſhee perceiv'd no bloud, nor bruiſe; alas
It is no wound; but, ſleeping on the graſſe,
Some ſnake (ſaith ſhee) hath crept into mee quick,
It gnawes my heart: ah, help mee, I am ſick:
Have mee to bed: eigh mee, a friezing-frying,
A burning cold torments mee living-dying.
O cruell Boy, alas, how mickle Gall
Thy baenfull ſhaft mingles thy Mell withall!
The Royall Maid, which with her Mates was wont
Smile, skip and dance on Fields inammeld front,
Loves ſoleneſſe, ſadneſſe, and Self-privacie;
Sighes, ſobs & throbs, & yet ſhee knows not why:
The ſumptuous pride of maſſie *Piramides*
Preſents her eyes with Towrs of *Jebuſides*;
In *Niles* cleer Cryſtall ſhee doth *Jordan* ſee;
In *Memphis*, *Salem*; and un-warily
Her hand (unbidden) in her Samplar ſets
The King of *Juda*'s Name and Counterfeits:
Who, medi'ting the Sacred TEMPL'S plot,
By th' other Twin at the ſame time is ſhot:
The ſhaft ſticks faſt, the wound 's within his veins:
Sleep cannot bring a-ſleep his pleaſing pains;
PHARONIDA's his heart, PHARONIDA
Is all his Theam to talk-of, night and day;
With-in his ſoule a civill War hee feeds:
Th' all-ſeeing Sun now early backs his Steeds,
Now mounts his Mid-day, and then ſetteth ſoon:
But ſtill his Love ſtands at the hot high Noon.
He rides not his brave Courſers (as hee wont)
Nor reads, nor writes, nor in his Throne doth moût
To hear the Widow 's Cauſe; neglects his Court,
Neglects his Rule; Love rules him in ſuch ſort.
You prudent Legats, Agents for this Marriage,
Of Rings and Tablets you may ſpare the Carriage:
For, witty Love hath with his lovely ſhaft
In eithers heart grav'n others lively Draught;
Each lives in other, and they have (O ſtrange!)
Made of their burning hearts a happy Change.
Better abroad, then home, their hearts delight;
Yet long their bodies to their hoaſts t' unite.
Which ſoon enſues: the Virgin 's ſhortly had
From Mothers armes imbracing gladly-ſad;
And th' aged Father, weeping as he ſpake,
Bids thus adieu when ſhee her leave doth take;
Sweet Daughter dear, *Oſiris* be thy guide,
And loving *Iſis* bleſſe thee and thy Bride
With golden fruit; and dayly without ceaſe
Your mutuall Loves may as your years increaſe.
Wives, Maids & Children, youg & old each-wher,
With looks & vows from Turrets follow her;
Calm *Nilus* calmer then it wont is grow'n,
Her Ships have merry windes, the Seas have none;
Her footing makes the ground all fragrant-freſh;
Her ſight re-flowres th' *Arabian* Wilderneſs;
Jury rejoyces, and in all the way
Nothing but Trumpets, Fifes and Timbrels play;
The flowr-crown'd People, ſwarming on the Green,
Crie ſtill, *God ſave*, *God ſave*, *God ſave the Queen*;
May ſhee be like a ſcion, pale and ſick
Through th' over-ſhading of a Sire too thick;

Which

PHARONIDA.

Loves firſt Feaver.

Which being transplanted, free, sweet aire doth sup,
To th' sweating Clouds her grovie top sends up,
And prospers so in the strange soyl, that (till'd)
Her golden Apples all the Orchard gild.
No streets are seen in rich JERUSALEM:
For, under-foot fine scarlet paveth them,
Silks hang the sides, and over-head they hold
Archt Canapies of glistring Cloth of gold.
They throng, they thrust, an ebbing-flowing Tide,
A Sea of Folk follows th' adored Bride:
The joyfull Ladies from their windows shed
Sweet showrs of flowrs upon her radiant head;
Yet jealous, lest (dy'd in their native grain)
Her Rosie Cheeks should Natur's Roses stain.
But loe, at last, th' honour of Majestie,
Glory of Kings, King SALOMON draws nigh:
Loe, now both Lovers enter-glancing sweet
(Like Sun and Moon, when at full view they meet
In the mid-month) with amorous rayes reflection
Send mutuall Welcoms from their deep affection:
Both a-like young, like beautifull, like brave,
Both grac't a-like; so like, that whoso have
Not neer observ'd their heads unlikenesses,
Think them two *Adons*, or two *Venusses*.
These novice Lovers at their first arrive
Are bashfull both; their passions strangely strive:
The soules sweet Fire his ruby flames doth flush
Into their Faces in a modest blush: (vail'd
Their tongues are ti'd, their star-bright eye seems
With shame-fac't Cipres; all their senses fail'd.
But, pompous *Hymen*, whither am I brought?
Am not I (heathen) under th' happy Vault
Where all the Gods, with glorious mirth enhanc't,
At *Thetis* Nuptials ate, and drank, and danc't?
Here, th' *Idumeans* mighty *Jove* treads under
His tripping feet, his bright-light burning Thunder.
A-while he layes his Majesty aside,
To court, and sport, and revell with his Bride;
King, playes the Courtier; Soveraign, Suter'coms;
And seems but equall with his Chamber-Grooms:
But yet, what e'r hee doe, or can devise,
Disguised glory shineth in his eyes.
Here, many a *Phœbus*, and here many a *Muse*
On Heav'nly Layes so rarely-sweet doe use
Their golden bowes, that with the rapting sound
Th' Arches & Columns wel-nigh dance the Round.
Here many a *Juno*, many a *Pallas* here,
Here many a *Venus* and *Diana* cleer
Catch many a gallant Lord, according as
Wealth, Beauty, Honour, their affection drawes.
Here, many a *Hebê* fair, here more then one
Quick-serving *Chiron* neatly waits upon
The Beds and Boords, and pliant bears about
The bowles of *Nectar* quickly turned out;
And th' over-burdned Tables bend with weight
Of their *Ambrosiall* over-filled fraight.
Here, many a *Mars* un-bloudy Combats fights;
Here, many a *Hermes* findes out new delights;
Here, many a horned *Satyr*, many a *Pan*, (Fawn
Here, *Wood-Nymphs*, *Flood-Nymphs*, many a *Faiery*
With lusty frisks and lively bounds bring-in
Th' Antike, *Morisko*, and the *Mattachine*: (supt
For, even God's Servants (God knows how) have
The surgred baen of *Pagan* Rites corrupt.

Salomons nuptials.

But, with so many lively Types, at will,
His rich rare Arras shall some other fill:
Of all the sports, Ile onely chuse one *Measure*,
One stately *Mask* compos'd of sage-sweet pleasure;
A *Dance* so chaste, so sacred, and so grave
(And yet so gracefull, and so lofty-brave)
As may beseem (except I mee abuse)
Great SALOMON, and my celestiall *Muse*.
The Tables voided of their various Cates,
They rise at once: and, suiting their Estates,
Each takes a Dame, and then to Dance they come
Into a stately, rich, round-arched Room,
So large and lightsom, that it right they call
The Universall, or *the Worlds great Hall*.
O what delight, to see so rich a show
Of Lords and Ladies dancing in a row
All in a Round, reaching so far and wide
O'r all the Hall to foot-it side by side!
Their eyes sweet splendor seems a *Pharos* bright,
With clinquant Rayes their Body 's clothed light:
'Tis not a Dance, but rather a smooth sliding,
All move alike, after the Musicks guiding:
Their Tune-skill'd feet in so true Time doe fall,
That one would swear one Spirit doth bear them all:
They poste un-moving; and, though swift the passe,
'Tis not perceiv'd: of hundred thousand pase,
One single back they: Round on Round they dance,
And, as they traverse, cast a fruitfull glance.
Just in the middle of the Hall, *a-sloap* The Mask of Plants.
(Even from the floor unto the very top)
A broad rich *Baldrick* there extendeth round,
In-laid with gold upon an azure ground;
Where (cover'd all with Flames) in wondrous art
Five *Lords*, two *Ladies* dance; but each a-part.
Here trips an Old-man in a Mantle dy'd Saturn.
Deep Leaden-hue, and round about him ty'd
With a Snake-girdle biting off her tail.
Within his Robes stuff (in a winding trail)
Creeps Mandrake, Comin, Rue and Hellebore;
With lively figures of the Bear and Boar,
Camell, and Asse (about to bray well-nigh):
There the *Strimonian* Fowl seems ev'n to cry;
The Peacock, even to prank. For Tablet fine
About his neck hangs a great Cornaline,
Where some rare Artist (curiousing upon 't)
Hath deeply cut Times triple-formed Front:
His pase is heavie, and his face severe;
His Body here, but yet his Minde else-where.
There the Lord *Zedec* him more spritely bears, Jupiter.
Milde, fair and pleasant: on his back he wears
Tin-colour'd Tissue, figur'd all with Oaks,
Ears, Violets, Lillies, Olives, Apricocks;
Bordred with Pheasants, Eagles winged-black,
And Elephants with Turrets on their back;
Pointed with Diamonds, powdred and imbost
With Emeralds, perfum'd with wondrous Cost.
The third leads quicker on the selfesame Arch Mars.
His *Pyrrhik* Galiard, like a star-like March:
His face is fiery; Many an Amethist,
And many a Jasper of the perfectest
Doth brightly glister in the double gilt
Of the rich Pommell, and the precious Hilt
Of his huge Fanchin, bow'd from hand to heel;
His boystrous body shines in burnisht Steel:

His

His Shield flames bright with gold, imboſſed high
With Wolves and Horſe ſeem-running ſwiftly by,
And frieng'd about with ſprigs of Scammony,
And of *Euphorbium*, forged cunningly.
But, O fair Faëry, who art thou, whoſe eyes
Inflame the Seas, the Ayre, the Earth, and Skies?
Tell us, what art thou, O thou faireſt Fair,
That trimm'ſt the Trammels of thy golden hair
With Myrtle, Thyme and Roſes; and thy Breſt
Gird'ſt with a rich and odoriferous * *Ceſt*,
Where all the wanton brood of ſweeteſt Loves
Doe neſtle cloſe; on whom the Turtle-Doves,
Pigeons, and Sparrows day and night attend,
Cooing and wooing whereſoe'r thou wend:
Whoſe Robe's imbroidered wth Pomgranat boughs,
Button'd with Saphires, edg'd with Beryll rowes:
Whoſe capering foot, about the ſtarry floor, (fore?
The Dance-guide Prince now follows, now 's be-
Art thou not Shee, that with a chaſte-ſweet flame
Did'ſt both our Brides hearts into one heart frame?
And, was not Hee, that with ſo curious ſteps,
Next after thee, ſo nimbly turns and leaps;
Say, was not Hee the witty Meſſenger,
Their eloquent and quick Interpreter?
How ſtrange a ſuit! His medly Mantle ſeems
Scarlet, Wave-laced with Quick-ſilver ſtreams;
And th' end of every Lace, for tuft, hath on
A precious Porphyre, or an Agate ſtone:
A crie of Hounds have here a Deer in Chaſe;
There a falſe Fox, here a ſwift Kid they trace:
There Larks and Linots, and ſweet Nightingals
(Pain'd upon fained Trees) with wings and tails
Looſe hanging, ſeem to ſwell their little throats,
And with their warbling, ſhame the Cornets notes.
Light Fumitory, Parſly, Burners blade,
And winding leafe his criſpy Locks beſhade:
Hee 's light and lively, all in Turns and Tricks;
In his great Round, hee many ſmall doth mix:
His giddy courſe ſeems wandring in diſorder;
And yet there 's found, in this diſorder, order.
Avoyd baſe Vulgar, back Profane, ſtand-by;
Theſe ſacred Revels are not for your eye:
Come gentle Gentles, Noble Spirits, draw neer,
Preaſſe through the Preaſſe, come take your places
To ſee at full the Bride-groom and the Bride, (here,
A lovely Pair, exactly beautifi'd
With rare perfections, paſſing all the reſt,
Sole-happy Cauſes of this ſumptuous Feaſt.
Loe where thy come: O what a ſplendor bright!
Mine eyes do dazle. O thou primer Light!
Sun of the Sun, thy Rayes keen point rebate,
Thy dread-ſpread Fire a little temperate;
O, dart (direct) on thy fair Spouſe a-ſpace
Thine eyes pure light, the luſtre of thy Face;
For, I no longer can endure it, I
Am burnt to aſhes: O, I faint, I dye.
But, bleſſed Couple, ſith (alas) I may-not
Behold you both unmasked (nay, I can-not)
Yet in theſe Verſes let mee tell (I pray)
Your Dance, your Courting, and your rich array.
The Queen's adorn'd down to her very heels
In her fair hair (whence ſtill ſweet deaw diſtils)
Halfe hanging down; the reſt in rings and curls,
Platted with ſtrings of great, round, orient Pearls:
Her gown is Damask of a Silver-ground,
With Silver Seas all deeply-frienged round;
With Gourds & Moon-wort branched richly-fair,
Flouriſht with beaſts that onely eat the Ayre.
But why, my *Muſe*, with pencill ſo preciſe,
Seek'ſt thou to paint all her rich Rarities?
Of all the Beauties, Graces, Honours, Riches,
Wherewith rich Heav'n theſe Maskers all inriches,
Shee 's even the Mother; and then, as a Glaſſe,
On the Beholders their effects ſhee caſts.
A Garland, braided with the Flowry foulds
Of yellow Citrons, Turn-Sols, Mary-Golds,
Beſet with Bal'nites, Rubites, Chryſolites,
The royall Bride-groom's radiant brows be-dights:
His ſaffron'd Ruffe is edged richly-neat
With burning Carbuncles, and every ſet
Wrought rarely-fine with branches (draw'n upon)
Of Laurell, Cedar, Balm, and Cinnamon:
On his Gold-grounded Robe the Swan ſo white
Seems to his honour ſome new Song t' indite.
The Phenix there builds both her neſt and tomb;
The Crocodile out of the waves doth come;
Th' amazed Reaper down his ſickle flings;
And ſudden Fear grafts to his Ancles wings.
There the fierce Lion, from his furious eye,
His mouth and noſtrils, fiery Flames lets-flie;
Seems with his whisking train his rage to whet;
And, wrath-full ramping, ready even to ſet
Upon a Heard of fragrant Leopards;
When loe, the Cock (that light his rage regards)
A purple Plume timbers his ſtately Creſt,
On his high Gorget and broad hardy Breſt
A rich Coat-Armour (*Or* and *Azure*) ſhines,
A friendge of raveld gold about his Loins,
In lieu of Baſes. Beard as red as bloud,
A ſhort Beak bending like the Eagles brood;
Green-yellow Eyes, where Terrours Tent is pight,
A Martiall gait, and ſpurred as a Knight;
Into two arches his proud Train divides,
With painted wings hee claps his cheerfull ſides,
Sounds his ſhrill Trumpet, and ſeems with his ſight
The Lions courage to have daunted quite.
Theſe happy Lovers, with a practiz'd paſe,
Forward and backward and a-ſide doe trace;
They ſeem to dance the *Spaniſh Pavane* right:
And yet their Dance, ſo quick and lively-light,
Doth never paſs the Baldricks bounds (at all) (Hall.
Which grav'n with Star-beaſts over-thwarts the
When the brave Bride-groom tow'rds Mount *Silo*
A 1000 Flowrs ſpring in his ſpriteſull paſes: (traces,
When towards Mount *Olivet* he ſlides, there grows
Under his feet a thouſand Froſty Snowes:
For, the Floor, beaten with his Meaſures ever,
Seems like the Footing of the nimble Weaver.
This lovely Couple now hiſſe, now recoil:
Now with a lowring eye, now with a ſmile:
Now Face to Face they Dance, now ſide by ſide,
With Courſe un-equall; and the tender Bride,
Receives ſtrange Changes in her Countenance,
After her Lovers divers-ſeeming glance.
If unawares ſome Envious come between
Her and her Love, then is ſhee ſad be-ſeen,
Shee ſhuts her eye, ſhee ſeems ev'n to depart;
Such force hath true Love in a noble heart.

But

But all that's nothing to their Muſick choyce;
Tuning the warbles of their Angell-Voyce
To Foot and Violl, and Care-charming Lute,
In amorous Ditty thus doe they diſpute;

The Epithalamy.

O "Bright-ey'd Virgin! O how fair thou art!
"O how I love thee, My Snow-winged Dove!
"O how I love thee! Thou haſt rapt my heart.
"For thee I Die: For thee I Live, my Love.

"How fair art thou, my Dear! How dear to mee!
"Dear Soule (awake) I faint, I ſink, I ſwoun
"At thy dear Sight: and when I ſleep, for Thee
"Within my breſt ſtil wakes my ſharp-ſweet woūd.

"My Love, what Odours thy ſweet Treſs it yeelds!
"What Amber-greece, what Incenſe breath'ſt thou
"From purple fillets! and what Myrrh diſtils (out
"Still from thy Fingers ring'd with gold about!

"Sweet-heart, how ſweet is th'odour of thy praiſe!
"O what ſweet airs doth thy ſweet air deliver
"Unto my Burning Soule! What hony Layes (ver.
"Flow from thy throat! thy throat a golden Ri-

"Among the Flowrs, my Flowr's a Roſe, a Lilly:
"A Roſe, a Lilly; this a Bud, that blow'n:
"This fragrant Flowr firſt of all gather will-I,
"Smell to it, kiſſe it, wear it as mine owne.

"Among the Trees, my Love's an Apple-Tree,
"Thy fruitfull Stem bears Flowr & Fruit together:
"I'll ſmell thy Flowr, thy Fruit ſhall nourith mee,
"And in thy ſhadow will I reſt forever.

While *Heſperus* in Azure Waggon brought
Millions of Tapers over all the Vault;
Theſe gorgeous Revels to ſweet Reſt give place,
And the Earths *Venus* doth Heav'ns *Venus* trace.
Theſe Spouſals paſt the King doth nothing minde
But *The Lords Houſe*; there is his care confin'd:
His Checker 's open, hee no coſt reſpects;
But ſets a-worke the wittieſt Architects.
Millions of hands be buſie labouring,

The building of the TEMPLE.

Through all the Woods, wedges, and beetles ring:
The tufted tops of ſacred *Lebanon*,
To climb Mount *Sion*, down the ſtream are gone:
Forreſts are ſaw'd in Tranſoms, Beams and Somers,
Great Rocks made little, what wth Saws & Hāmers:
The ſturdy Quar-man with ſteel headed Cones
And maſſie Sledges ſtenteth out the ſtones,
Digs through the bowels of th' Earth baked ſtiff,
Cuts a wide Window through a horned Cliff
Of ruddy Porphyre, or white Alabaſter,
And maſters Marble, which no time can maſter.
One melts the White-ſtone with the force of Fire;
Another, leveld by the *Lesbian* Squire,
Deep under ground (for the Foundation) joyns
Well-poliſht Marble, in long maſſie Coins;
Such, both for ſtuff, and for rare artifice,
As might beſeem ſome royall Frontiſpice.
This heaws a Chapter; that a Frize doth frame:
This carves a Cornich; that prepares a Jambe:
This forms a Plynth; that fits an Archi-trave:
This planes a Plank; and that the ſame doth grave:
Gi ves life to Cedars dead, and cunningly
Makes Wood to move, to ſigh and ſpeak well-nigh:
And others, rearing high the ſacred Wall,
By their bold Labours Heav'n it ſelfe appall:
Cheerly they work, and plie it in ſuch ſort
As if they thought long Summer-dayes too-ſhort.
As in Grape-Harveſt, with unweary pains,
A willing Troup of merry-ſinging Swains
With crooked hooks the ſtrouting Cluſters cut,
In Frails and Flaskets them as quickly put,
Run bow'd with burdens to the fragrant Fat,
Tumble them in, and after pit-a-pat
Up to the Waſte; and, dancing in the Muſt,
To th' under-Tub a flowry ſhowr doe thruſt;
They work a-vie, to th' eie their Work doth grow,
Who ſaw 't i'th' Morning, ſcarce at Night can know
It for the ſame: and God himſelfe doth ſeem
T' have ta'en to task this Work, and work for them
While in the Night ſweet Sleep reſtores with reſt
The weary limbs of Work-men over-preſt. (like,
Great King, whence came this Courage, *Titan*-
So many Hils to heap upon a rick?
What mighty Rowlers, and what maſſie Cars
Could bring ſo far ſo many monſtrous Quars?
And what huge ſtrength of hanging vaults embow'd
Bears ſuch a weight above the winged Cloud?
If on the Out-ſide I doe caſt mine eye,
The Stones are joyn'd ſo artificially,
That if the Maſon had not checker'd fine
Syrt's Alabaſter with hard Serpentine, *Syrtes
And hundred Marbles no leſſe fair then firm:
The whole, a whole Quar one might rightly tearm.
If I look In, then ſcorn I all with-out;
Surpaſſing Riches ſhineth all about:
Floor, Sides and Seeling cover'd triple-fold,
Stone lin'd with Cedar, Cedar limn'd with Gold:
And all the Parget carv'd and branched trim
With Flowrs and Fruits, and winged Cherubim.
I over-paſſe the ſacred Implements,
In worth far paſſing all theſe Ornaments;
The Art anſwers to the ſtuff, the ſtuff to th' uſe.
O perfect Artiſt! thou for Mould did'ſt chuſe
The Worlds *Idea*: For, as firſt the ſame
Was fever'd in a Three-fould divers Frame,
And God Almighty rightly did Ordain
One all Divine, one Heav'nly, one Terrene;
Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another,
With Flowrs, & Fruits, & Beaſts, & Birds, the other:
And plaid the Painter, when he did ſo gild
The turning globes, blew'd ſeas, & green'd the field,
Gave precious Stones ſo many coloured luſter,
Enameld Flowrs, made Metals beam and gliſter;
The Carver, when he cut in leaves and ſtems
Of plants, ſuch veins, ſuch figures, files and hems:
The Founder, when hee caſt ſo many Forms
Of winged Fowls, of Fiſh, of Beaſts, of Worms.
Thou doſt divide this *Sacred Houſe* in Three;
Th' HOLY OF HOLIES, wherein none may bee
But God, the Cherubins, and (once a year)
The *Sacred Figure* of Perfection dear,
Of God's eternall ſon (Sins ſin-leſſe check)
The everlaſting true MELCHISEDEC:
The fair mid-TEMPLE, which is ope alone
To Suñ-bright *Levits*, who on *Iſraël* ſhone

With

With Rayes of Doctrine; and who, feeding well
On the *Lawes* Hony, seem in Heav'n to dwell;
And th'utter PORCH, the Peoples residence,
The Vulgars Ile, the World of Elements;
And various Artist honour'st all the Parts
With *Myron's*, *Phidias*, and *Apelles* Arts.
This Pattern pleas'd thee so, th'hast fram'd by it
Th'eternall Watch-births of thy sacred Wit:
Thy pithy Book of *Proverbs*, richly-grave,
Unto the PORCH may right relation have;
For that it gives us Oeconomick Lawes,
Rules Politick, and private civill Sawes;
And (for the most) those Lessons generall
At Humane matters ayme the most of all.
Ecclesiastes the *Mid*-TEMPLE seems:
It treadeth down what ever Flesh esteems
Fair, pleasant, precious, glorious, good or great;
Drawes us from earth, and us in Heav'n doth seat:
And, all the World proclaiming *Vain of Vains*,
Mans happinesse in Gods true Fear maintains.
SANCTUM-SANCTORUM is thy *Song of Songs*,
Where, in *Mysterious* Verse (as meet belongs)
Thou marriest *Jacob* to Heav'ns glorious King;
Where thou (devoted) dost divinely sing
CHRIST's and his CHURCHES *Epithalamy*:
Where (sweetly rapt in sacred Extasie)
The faithfull Soule talks with her God immense,
Hears his sweet Voyce, her selfe doth quintessence
In the pure flames of his sweet-piercing eyes
(The Cabinets where Grace and glory lies),
Enjoyes her Joy, in her chaste bed doth kisse
His holy lips (the Love of loves) her Blisse.
When hee had finisht and had furnisht full
The *House of God*, so rich, so beautifull;
O God, said *Salomon*, great *Onely-Trine!*
Which of this *Mystick* sacred House of Thine
Hast made mee Builder; build mee in the same
A living Stone. For thy dear DAVID's name,
On DAVID's branches DAVID's blisse revive;
That on his Throne his Issue still may thrive.
O All-comprising, None-comprised Prince,
Which art in Heav'n by thy Magnificence,
In Hell by Justice, each-where by thy Powr's,
Dwell here, dear Father, by thy Grace (to Ours).
If, in a doubtfull Case, one needs must swear,
Loose thou the Knot, and punish thou severe
Th'audacious Perjure; that hence-forth none chance
Tax thee of Malice, or of Ignorance.
If our dis-flowred Trees, our Fields Hail-torn,
Our empty Ears, our light and blasted Corn,
Presage us Famine; If, with ten-fold chain,
Thy hand hath lockt the Water-gates of Rain;
And, tow'rds this House wee, humbled, cast our eie,
Hear us, O Lord, hear our complaint and crie:
If, Captives, wee in a strange-Land bewail,
If in the Wars our Force and Fortune fail;
And, tow'rds this House we, humbled, cast our eye,
Hear us, O Lord, hear our complaint and crie.
If Strangers, mov'd with rumour of thy Miracles,
Come here to Offer, to consult thine Oracles,
And in this House do kneel religiously;
Hear them, O Lord, hear their complaint and crie:
Hear them from Heav'n; and, by thy Favours prest,
Draw to thy TEMPLE, North, South, East, & West.

Dedication of the Temple

The passe-Man *Wisedome* of th' *Isaacian* Prince,
A light so bright, set in such eminence
(Un-hideable by envious Arrogance,
Under the Bushell of black Ignorance)
Shines every where, illusters every place:
Among the rest it Lightens in the Face
Of the fair Princesse, that with prudent hand
The soft *Arabian* Scepter doth command,
The Queen of *Saba*, where continuall Spring
Red Cinnamon, Incense and Myrrhe doth bring;
Where private men do Prince-like Treasures hold,
Where Pots be Silver, Bedsteads beaten Gold;
Where Wals are rough-cast w^th the richest Stones,
Cast in Devices, Emblems, Scutchions.
Yet leaving all this Greatnesse of her owne,
Shee comes to view the State of SALOMON,
To hear his Wisedome, and to see his Citie,
Refuge of Vertues, School of Faith and Pitie.

The Queen of Saba.

You that do shut your eyes against the rayes
Of glorious Light, which shineth in our dayes;
Whose spirits, self-obstin'd in old musty Error,
Repulse the *Truth* (*th' Almightie's sacred Mirror*)
Which day & night at your deaf Doors doth knock;
Whose stubbornnesse will not at all un-lock
The sacred *Bible*, nor so much as look
(To talk with God) into his holy Book:
O, fear you not, that this great Princesse shall
Of thank-less Sloth one day condemne you all?
Who (both a Woman, Queen, and Pagan born)
Ease, Pleasures, Treasures, doth despise and scorn;
To passe with great pains, and with great expence,
Long weary Journeys full of diffidence,
And nobly travels to another Land
To hear the words but of a (mortall) Man? (temple
Her Time's not lost: there (rapt) shee doth con-
The sumptuous beauties of a stately TEMPLE,
The lofty Towrs of hundred Towns in one,
A pompous Palace, and a Peer-lesse Throne,
Wals rich without; furnisht in richer sort:
Number of Servants doth adorne the Court,
But more their Order. There, no noise is heard,
Each his owne Office onely doth regard:
And (in one instant) as the quaverings
Of a quick Thumb move all the divers strings
Of a sweet Guittern; and, its skill to grace,
Causeth a Treble sound, a Mean, a Base:
So SALOMON, discreetly with a beck,
A wink, a word, doth all the Troups direct:
Each of his Servants hath his proper Lesson,
And (after his Degree) each hath his fashion.

A just reproof of all effeminate Ritcasts.

This Queen, yer parting from her fragrant Iles,
Arm'd her with Riddles and with witty Wiles;
T'appose the King; and shee resolves shee will
With curious Questions sift and sound his Skill.
But loe what *Oedipus!* The Law-learn'd Sage,
Which at the Bar hath almost spent his age,
Cannot so soon a common Doubt decide,
Where Statures, Customs, and Book-Cases guide,
As hee dissolves her *Gordian*-knots, and sees
Through all her nights, and ev'n at pleasure frees
Such doubts, as doubt-less might have taskt, t'un-
The *Brachman*, *Druïde*, and *Gymnosophist*: (twist,
And knowing, Good becoms more Good, the more
It is en-common'd, hee applies therefore
T'instruct

T' instruct her in the Faith; and (envious-idle)
His brains rich Talent buries not in Idle.
Alas, I pity you: alas (quoth Hee)
Poor Soules besotted in Idolatry,
Who worship Gold and Silver, Stocks and Stones,
Mens Workmanship, and Fiends Illusions;
And, who (by your sage *Magies* Lore mis-led)
So-many Godlings have imagined;
Madame, there is but one sole God, most-High,
The Eternall King; nay, self-Eternitie.
Infinite, All in all, yet out of all,
Of Ends the End, of Firsts Originall,
Of Lights the Light, Essence surpassing Essence,
Of Pow'rs pure Act, of Acts the very Puissance;
Cause of all Causes, Ocean of all Good,
The Life of Life, and of all Beauty Floud;
None-seen All-Seer, Starr's-guide, Sight of Seeing,
The Uni-form, which gives all forms their Beeing.
God, and One, is all One; whoso the Unitie
Denies, hee (Atheist) disannuls Divinity:
Th' Unity dwels in God, i'th' Fiend the Twine;
The greater World hath but one Sun to shine,
The lesser but one Soule, both but one God,
In Essence One, in Person *Trinely*-odde.
Of this great Frame, the parts so due-devis'd,
This Bodie, tun'd so, measur'd, sympathiz'd,
This TEMPLE, where such Wealth and Order meet,
This Art in every part cannot proceed
But from one Pattern; and that but from one
Anchor of all, who all preserves alone.
Else should wee see in set Batalions
A hundred thousand furious Partizans,
The World would nurse civill intestine Wars,
And wrack it selfe in it selfs factious Jars.
Besides, God is an infinite Divinity:
And who can think of more then one Infinity?
Seeing the one restrains the others might,
Or rather leaves its name and beeing quite.
Therefore (O Pagans) why doe you confine
The infinite in narrow Walls of Lime?
Why shut you him in a base Trunk or Tree;
Why paint you Whom no mortall eye can see?
Why offer you your carnall services
Unto the Lord, who a meer Spirit is?
Why then doe you (said shee) by our example,
Inclose th' Immortall in this earthly TEMPLE?
Lock him within an *Arke*? and, worse then wee,
Feed him with Fumes, and bloudy Butchery?
This *Sacred House* so fair (reply'd hee then)
Is not to contain God, but godly men
Which worship him: and we doe not suppose
That Hee, whose Arms do Heav'n & Earth inclose,
Is closed in a *Chest*; but th' ancient Pact,
The solemne Cov'nant, and the sure Contract,
Which leagues us with our God, & each with other,
And (holy Bond) holds Heav'n and Earth together,
As for our *Incense*, *Offrings*, *Sacrifices*,
They are not (as is thought) Our vain Devices;
But, God's their Author, and himselfe Ordains
These Elements, whereby hee entertains
And feeds our understanding in the hope
Of his dear Son (of all these Things the Scope);
Setting before us th' Onely Sacrifice, (vice.
Which in CHRIST's Blood shall wash-out all our
Come then, O Lord, Come thou Lawes finisher,
Great King, great Prophet, great Selfs Offerer:
Come, come thou thrice Great Refuge of our State
Come, thou our Ransome, Judge and Advocate:
Milde Lamb, Salve-Serpent, Lion generous,
Un-challeng'd Umpire betwixt Heav'n and Us,
Come thou the Truth, the Substance and the End
Of all our Offrings (whither all doth tend):
Come O MESSIAS, and doe now begin
To Reign in *Sion*, to triumph o'r Sin;
And, worshipped in Spirit and Truth, restore
Upon the Earth the Golden age of yore:
Accept this Queen, as of all Heathen Princes
The dear First-Fruits; take on thee our Offences,
That, stript of *Adam*'s sinfull fate, in fine
With sacred Angels wee in Heav'n may shine.
The Queen, nigh sunk in an amazefull Swoun,
Bespake him thus; My Lord, prattling renown
Is wont in flying to increase so far,
That shee proclaims things greater then they are;
And, rarest Spirits resemble Pictures right,
Whereof the rarest seem more exquisite
Far-off, then neer; but, so far as thy Fame
Excels all Kings, thy Vertues passe the same:
Thy peer-less Praise stoops to thy Learned tongue,
And envious bruit hath done thy Wisdome wrong.
So may I say, even so (O SCOTTISH King)
Thy winged Fame, which far and wide doth ring,
From th' edge of *Spaine* hath made mee ventrously
To crosse the Seas, thy *Britain* 's end to see:
Where (Lord!) what saw I? nay, what saw I not?
O King (Heav'n-chosen, for some speciall Plot)
World's Miracle, O Oracle of Princes?
I saw so much, my Soule mistrusts my Senses.
A gray-beards Wisdome in an amber-bush,
A *Mars*-like Courage in a Maid-like blush,
A settled Judgement with a supple Wit,
A quick Discourse, profound and pleasing yet;
Virgil and *Tully*, in one spirit infus'd,
And all Heav'ns Gifts into one Head diffus'd.
Persist, O King, glory on glory mount;
And as thy Vertues thine owne Fame surmount,
So let thy future passe thy former more,
And goe-before those that have gone-before:
Excell thy selfe; and, brave, grave, godly Prince,
Confirm my Songs eternall Evidence.

FINIS.

THE

The Schiſme.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. VVEEKE. OF *BARTAS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Rejecting Old, Young-Counſail'd raſh ROBOAM
Loſeth Ten Tribes, *which fall to* JEROBOAM.
Hee, Godding Calves, *makes* Iſrael *to Sin:*
His Scepter therefore ſhortly fails his Kin.
BA'Z', ZIMRI, OMRI, ACHAB (*worſt of all*)
With JEZABEL. Elias *conquers* Ba'l:
Commands the Clouds: rapt-up *to Heav'n, alive,*
Eliſha's Works: his bones *the dead revive.*
SAMARIA'S *tragick* Siege. *A Storm at Sea,*
For Jonas *ſake: repentant* NINIVE.

The miſery of a State diſtracted by ſedicious into Civill Wars.

HEre ſing I ISAAC 's civill Brawls and Broils;
Jacobs Revolt: their Cities ſack, their Spoils;
Their curſed Wrack, their *Godded Calves*: the *rent*
Of th' *Hebrew Tribes* from th' *Iſheans* Regiment.
Ah! ſee we not, ſome ſeek the like in *France*?
With rage-full ſwords of civill Variance,
To ſhare the ſacred *Gaulian* Diadem?
To ſtrip the *Lillies* from their native ſtem?
And (as it were) to *Cantonize* the State
Whoſe Law did aw Imperiall *Rhine* (of late)
Tiber and *Iber* too; and under whom
Even ſilver *Jordan* 's captive flouds did foam.

Application.

But, let not us, good Lord, O let not us
Serve ſervilely a hundred Kinglings thus,
In ſtead of one great Monarch: never let
The lawfull Heir from his owne Throne be beat;
This Scepter yearly to be new poſſeſt;
Nor every Town to be a Tyrants neſt:
Keep all intire, re-ſtabliſh prudent Reign,
Reſtore the Sword to *Juſtice* hand again;
That, bleſt with Peace, thy bleſſed Praiſe (O Lord)
My thankfull Layes may more and more record.

Deprecation.

THE GENERALL *States of Iſrael*, gathered all,
By thouſands now, within ſtrong *Sichem* 's Wall;
All joyntly name ROBOAM for their King,
But (ſtrictly ſtout) his Pow'r thus limiting:
Command (ſay they) and Rule in *Abram* 's Fold,
Not as a Wolf, but as Shepheard ſhould:
Slacken the reans of our late Servitude:
Lighten our gall'd backs of thoſe Burthens rude,
Thoſe heavie Impoſts of thy Father (fierce);
Repreſſe the rapin of thine Officers:

A Parliament or Aſſembly of the Eſtates of Iſrael.

The People capitulate with their new King.

So, wee will ſerve thee, life and goods at-once:
If other-wiſe; thy ſervice wee renounce.
Here-with amaz'd, the moody Prince, in poſt
Sends for thoſe Ancients which had ſwayed moſt
His Fathers Counſails: and hee *ſeems* to crave
Their ſage Advices, in a caſe ſo grave.
The Counſell of the ancient Nobles. God hath not made, ſay they (jumping together)
Subjects for Kings, but Kings for Subjects rather:
Then, let not thine (already in diſtreſſe)
Be gnaw'n by others; by thy ſelf much leſſe.
What boots a Head, with-out the Hand and Foot?
What is a Scepter, and no Subjects to 't?
The greater Milt, the Body pines the more:
The Checker's fatting makes the People poor:
A Princes Wealth in Subjects Wealth is ſet:
The Bank of Thrift, where gold doth gold beget:
Where the good Prince comes never but at need:
For, he is prais'd for a good Heard (indeed)
Whoſe Flock is fat and fair, with frolick bounds
Friſking and skipping up and down the Downs.
Among the Beaſts fulleſt of furious gall,
The Vulgar 's fierceſt, wildeſt, worſt of all;
Hydra with thouſand heads, and thouſand ſtings,
Yet ſoon agreed to war againſt their Kings.
If then you wiſh, their barking rage to ceaſe
Caſt them a bone; by an abatement, ceaſe
Their wringing Yoke, thy pitty let them prove:
And ground thy Greatneſſe on thy Peoples love.
Or, if thou (fell) wilt needs feed on their yce,
Yet uſe no threats, nor give them flat Denies:
But, to eſtabliſh thy yet-new eſtate,
Give them ſome hope, and let them feed on that:
And (wiſely) minde thy Fathers *Saying* ſage,
That *A ſoft anſwer* (ſoon) *appeaſeth rage.*
Roboam, leaving their ſound advice, leaneth rather to the young fury of his Minions & Flatterers. ROBOAM, ſcorning theſe old Senators,
Leans to his Yonglings, Minions, Flatterers
(Birds-of a feather) that with one accord
Cry-out, importune, and perſwade their Lord,
Not ſillily to be by ſuch diſturb'd,
Nor let him-ſelfe ſo ſimply to be curb'd;
But, to repreſſe, preſſe, and oppreſſe the more
Theſe Male-contents, but too-well us'd before;
With yron teeth to bruiſe their idle bones,
To ſuck their Marrow out; and (for the nonce)
Their rebell Pride to fetter (as it were)
And lock their Fury in the ſtocks of Fear,
And to ſhake-off (on th' other ſide) and ſhun
Thoſe Gray-beards old and cold direction,
Their ſawcy cenſures, ſnibbing his Minority;
Where-by (too-proud) they trip at his Authority,
Uſurp his place; and (too-too-malapert)
Would teach a wiſer then themſelves his part:
To know that hee 's a King; and that hee took
Even in the womb, as th' outwards limbs and look,
So th' inward graces, the Diſcretion
And deep fore-ſight of prudent SALOMON;
And, in the ſhop of Nature, learn'd (long ſince)
The Art of *State*, the Office of a Prince.
Wiſdome (fond King) her ſacred Seat erects
In hoary brains; and Day the Day directs:
Th' Old-man-fore-ſees a-far; by *paſt* events
Hee (prudent) ponders *future* accidents;
The Young-man knowes not (new-com, as it were)
This wily World, but as a Paſſenger;
And, more with Courage then with Counſail's
Barely beholds things on the outer ſide. (guide,
Yet, to the laſt thou lean'ſt; and, frowning fell,
Check'ſt thus the Sons of noble *Iſrael*:
The King ruſhandy threatning rigour. Ah! rebell Slaves! you, you will Rule your King:
You'l be his Carvers: you will clip his wing:
You'l hold the ſacred Helm, controule the Crown:
You'l rate his State, and turn all up-ſide-down.
But, know you (varlets) whom you dally-with?
My little finger over-balanceth
My Father's loynes: hee did but rub you light,
I'l flay your backs; hee bow'd, I'l break yee quite.
Hee threatned Rods (or gentle Whips of cord)
But I will have your carrion ſhoulders goar'd
With ſcourges tang'd with rowels: and my Name
Shall make you quake, if you but hear the ſame.
Simile. As rapid ſtreams, incountring in their way
With cloſe-drh'n piles of ſome new bank or bay,
Or ſteady pillers of a Bridge built new,
Which laſt-paſt Summer never ſaw, nor knew;
Swell, roar, and rage far fiercer then they wont,
And with their foam defile the Welkins front:
So yerſt griev'd *Iſaac*, now grown deſperate,
With loud proud tearms doth thus expoſtulate;
The Revolt of the ten Tribes. Why? what have wee to doe (what part? what
With *Bobzian Iſhay* 's avaricious race? (place?)
Goe, Reign (proud *Juda*) where thou wilt; for wee
Nill bear the burthen of thy Tyranny;
Goe, uſe elſe-where thy cruell threats and braves;
Wee are thy Brethren, wee, and not thy Slaves.
Thus cry the People, and th' ill-counſail'd *King*
Un-kingly yeelds to their rude mutining:
And flies eft-ſoons with ſome few *Benjamites*,
The zealous *Levites*, and the *Judaites*:
The reſt revolt, and chuſe for Soveraign
A ſhame-leſſe, faith-leſſe, bold and buſie-brain,
An *Ephraimite*, who (double-falſe) doth fall
Both from his King and from his God withall. Jeroboam.
For, hee fore-ſees, that if th' *Iſacians* ſtill
(As Law injoyn'd) ſhould mount on *Sion* Hill
To ſacrifice; with beauty of that *Temple*,
Their Princes ſight, the Doctrine and example
Of ſacred *Levites*, they would ſoon be taken,
And drawn aboord the Bark they had forſaken.
To rent the Church therefore hee doth deviſe,
And God's true Spouſe doth Harlot-like diſguiſe;
Will have them henceforth worſhip God the Lord
Under the Form of Hay-fed *Calves* (abhor'd)
In *Dan* and *Bethel*: brings up Service new:
Profane, uſurping ſacred *Aaron* 's Dew.
But, how (ingrate) requit'ſt thou God, in this?
Hee, of a Servant, made thee King of His;
Thou, of a God, mak'ſt him a horned Steer:
Sett'ſt Altar againſt Altar; and, the deer,
Cleer Star of *Truth* beclonding with the vail
Of thine Ambition, mak'ſt all *Iſrael* fail,
And fall with-all into the Gulfe of Death.
So deep (alas!) that from thence-forth, un-eath
Could th' operation of ſo many Miracles,
In their hard hearts reprint the *Sacred Oracles*.
One-day (the while this Prieſt-King ſacrifiz'd)
To 's clov'n-foot God in *Bethel* (ſelf-devis'd)
A zealous Prophet from the Lord there came,
Who boldly thus his brutiſh rage doth blame:

O odious Houſe, O execrable Cell,
O Satans Forge, O impious Shop of Hell!
Accurſed Altar, that ſo braves and boaſts
Againſt the Altar of the Lord of Hoaſts!
Behold, from *David* ſhall a King return (burn,
That on thy ſtones thy own Prieſts bones ſhall
Thus ſaith the Lord: and this ſhall be the Signe
(Prodigiouſly to ſeal his Word in mine)
Thou now in th' inſtant ſhalt in ſunder ſhatter,
And in the Ayre ſhall thy vile cinders ſcatter.
Take, take the Sot, ſaid then th' ungodly Prince,
And (as hee ſpake in rage-full vehemence)
Reacht-out his arm: but, inſtantly the ſame
So ſtrangely with'red and ſo numb became,
And God ſo ruſtied every joynt, that there
(But as the Body ſtird) it could not ſtir:
Th' unſacred Altar ſudden ſlent in twain;
And th' aſhes flying through th' un-hallowed Fane,
Blinde the blinde Prieſts; as in the Summer (oft)
The light, white Duſt (driv'n by the Winde aloft)
Whirling about, offends the tendreſt eye,
And makes the Shepheards (with-out cauſe) to cry.
O holy Prophet (prayes the Tyrant then)
Dear man of God, reſtore my hand again:
His hand is heal'd. But (obſtinate in ill)
In His Calf-ſervice Hee perſevers ſtill,
Still runs his race, ſtill every day impairs,
And of his Sins makes all his Sons his heirs.
The King of *Juda* little better proves,
His Fathers by-paths ſo *Abijam* loves;
The People, pliant to their Princes guiſe,
Forget their God, and his drad Law deſpiſe.
God, notwithſtanding (of his ſpeciall grace)
Entails the *Scepter* to the ſacred race
Of his dear *David*: and hee bindes with boughs
Of glorious Laurels their victorious brows;
And evermore (how-ever Tyrants rave)
Some form of Church in *Sion* hee will have.
Aza, *Abijam*'s Son, *Jehoſophat*
The ſon of *Aza* (rightly zealous) hate
All Idol-gods: and, warring with ſucceſſe,
Dung *Iſaac*'s Fields with Forrain carcaſes.
In *Aza*'s ayd fights th' arm armi-potent,
Which ſhakes the Heav'ns, rakes Hils, and Rocks
Againſt black *Zerah*'s overdaring boaſt, (doth rent,
That with drad deluge of a Million-Hoaſt
O'r-flow'd all *Juda*; and, all ſacking (fell)
Tranſported *Africk* into *Iſrael*:
Hee fights for his; who, ſeeing th' *Ammonite*,
The *Idumean*, and proud *Moabite*,
In battell 'ray, caus'd all his Hoaſt to ſing
This Song aloud, them thus encouraging:
Sa, ſa (my hearts) let 's cheerly to the charge;
Having for Captain, for Defence and Targe,
That glorious Prince to whom the raging Sea
Hath heretofore, in foaming pride, giv'n way:
Who, with a ſigh (or with a whiſtle, rather)
Can call the North, South, Eaſt, and Weſt together:
Who, at a beck, or with a wink, commands
Millions of millions of bright-winged-bands:
Who with a breath, brings (in an inſtant) under) der.
The proudeſt Pow'rs: whoſe arrows are the Thun-
While yet they ſang, fell *Diſcord* reaching-far,
His to the *Heathen* that encamped are:
Clean through her mantle (tatterd all in flakes)
Appears her breſt all-over gnaw'n with Snakes,
Her skin is ſcarr'd, her teeth (for rage) doe gnaſh.
The Baſilisk with-in her eyes doth flaſh;
And, one by one, ſhee plucks-off (in deſpight)
Her hairs (no hairs, but hiſſing Serpents right)
And, one by one ſhee ſeverally beſtowes 'em
Through all the Camp, in every Captains boſom,
Blowes every vein full of her furious mood,
Burns every Souldier with the thirſt of bloud:
And, with the ſame blade that ſhe died once
In valiant *Gedeon*'s (Brother-ſlaught'red) Sons,
Shee ſets the Brother to aſſail the Brother,
The Son the Sire, and deareſt friends each-other.
The ſwords, new draw'n againſt their Enemies,
Now (new revolted) hack their owne Allies:
And *Mars* ſo mads them in their mutuall Jar,
That ſtrange, turns civill; civill, houſhold War:
Proud *Edom* heaws *Moab* and the *Ammonite*;
Ammon hunts *Edom* and the *Moabite*;
Moab aſſaults *Ammon* and *Edom* too;
And each of them wars firſt with th' other two,
Then with themſelves: then *Ammon Ammon* thrils,
Moab wounds *Moab*, *Edom Edom* kils.
From Hoaſt to Hoaſt, blind-fold Deſpair, in each,
Diſports her ſelfe; thoſe that are one in ſpeech,
Under one Colours, of one very coat,
Combat each other, cut each others throat.
Rage-full confuſion every-where commands,
Againſt his Captain the Lievtenant ſtands,
The Corporall upon his Serjant flies,
And baſeſt Boyes againſt their Maſters riſe.
Nay, drad *Bellona* paſſeth fiercely further, (ther,
Th' own Uncle doth his owne dear Nephew mur-
The Nephew th' Uncle with the like repayes,
Coſen thrils Coſen, Kinſ-man Kinſ-man ſlayes:
Yea, even the Father kils his Son moſt cruell,
And from one belly ſprings a bloudy Duell; (ther,
Twins fiercely fight: and while each woundeth o-
And drawes the life-bloud of his half-ſelfe Brother,
Feels not his owne to fail, till in the place
Both fall; as like in fury as in face:
But, ſtrength at length (not ſtomack) fals in either;
And, as together born, they dye together.
The faithfull Hoaſt draws neer, and gladly goes
Viewing the bodies of their breath-leſſe Foes.
Men, Camels, Horſe (ſome ſaddled, ſome with-out)
Pikes, Quivers, Darts, lye mingled all about
The bloudy Field; and from the Mountains nigh
The Rav'ns begin with their pork-porking cry:
Here ſeems an arm, a Gyant late did ow,
As if it would to a Dwarf's ſhoulder grow:
A Princes hand there (known by precious ſignes)
Unto the arm of a baſe Porter joyns;
And Old-man's head here to a Stripling's neck;
And there lean buttocks to a brawny back:
Here of a body juſtly cloven in two,
The bloudy tripes are trailing to and fro;
There, five red fingers of a hand cut-off
Gripe ſtill the truncheon of a ſteeled ſtaff;
And, there (at once, all broached on one Lance)
Lye three brave Horſe-men in a deadly Tranſe.
Chariots, unfurniſht and unharneſt, ſtood,
Over the ſpoaks, up to the naves in bloud:

Miraculous ſlaughter of the Heathen by their mutuall ſwords divided among themſelves.

The conſtitution of ſuch a Camp ſo together by the ears.

Th' *Engaddian* Snowes melt in vermilion ſtreams,
And (now no marvell) *Jarvel* warmly ſteams
Stopt with dead bodies; ſo, that never-more
It ſhould have ſeen the Ocean (as before)
Nor paid the Tribute that his Duty craves,
Save that the crimſin holp the cryſtall waves.
Prayſed be God (ſaid *Juda*) prayſed be
The Lord of Hoaſts, the King of Majeſty,
That moawes his Foes; that doth his own protect,
That holds ſo dear the bloud of his Elect;
That fights for us, and teacheth us to fight,
Conquer, and triumph o'r the *Pagans* 's might;
And (finally) doth puniſh Tyrants fell,
With their owne ſwords, to ſave his *Iſrael*.
Wicked generation of the wicked. But, notwithſtanding *Jeroboam* 's Plot,
His third Succeſſor yet ſucceeds him not;
A barbarous Fury reigneth in his Race,
His bloudy Scepter ſhifteth hands apace;
Nadab his ſon, and all his ſeed beſide,
Feels curſed *Baaſha* 's cruell Parricide;
And *Baaſha* 's iſſue is by *Zimri* ſlain,
Zimri by *Zimri*: then doth *Omri* reign;
Omri, accurſed for his owne tranſgreſſion,
But more accurſed for the foule ſucceſſion
Of ſuch a Son as *Achab* (ſold to Sin)
That boldly brings *Sidonian* Idols in,
Builds unto *Baal*; and, of all Kings the worſt,
Weds *Jezebal*, addes Drunkenneſſe to Thirſt.
2. Simile. Blinde Superſtition 's like a drop of Oyle
Still ſpreading, till it all a Garment ſpoyl:
Or, like a ſpark, fall'n in a floor of Mat,
Which ſoon inflameth all the Chamber; that,
Fires the whole Houſe; the Houſe, the Town about;
Conſuming all, and never going-out,
Till Goods, and Bodies, Towrs and Temples high,
All in a Toomb of their own aſhes lie:
When one begins (how little be 't) to ſtray
From the divine Law 's little-beaten way,
Wee curſed fall into the black Abyſſe
Of all foule Errors: Every Sin that is
Donns ſacred Mask; and, monſters moſt abhord,
Killing the Saints we think to pleaſe the Lord,
As *Achab* did; who vanquiſht with the ſpel,
Speech, grace, and face of painted *Jezabel*,
Preſumes to lay his ſacrilegious hand
On th' Oyled Prieſts that in Gods preſence ſtand,
Of honeſt Men his Towns depopulates,
Leſſens the Number of his Noble States,
T' augment his Lands; and, with the bloud of His,
Writes th' Inſtruments of his new purchaſes.
But ſlain (at laſt) by th' Hoaſt of *Benhadad*,
* Ahaziah. His Son * ſucceeds him, (and almoſt as bad)
Hee breaks his neck, and leaves his fatall place,
To 's brother *Joram*, laſt of *Achab* 's race;
An odious race, th' alliance of whoſe bloud
Corrupts the Heirs of *Joſaphat* the good.
Cauſing his Son (charm'd with *Athalia* 's wile)
In 's Brother's bloud his armed arms to file,
And *Ahaziah* 's giddy brain t' infect
With the damn'd Error of *Samarian* Sect.
But though theſe Kings did openly oppugn,
And ſtubbornly the King of Heav'n impugn;
Though *Abrah'ms* iſſue (now degenerate)
Did but too-neer their Princes imitate;
Though over all, a *Chaos* of confuſion,
A Hell of Horror, Murder, and Deluſion,
A Sea of Sins (contempt of God and Good)
Cover'd theſe Kingdoms (as another Floud):
God left not yet that Age without his Oracles:
A hundred Prophets, ſtrong in word and miracles
Reſiſt their rage, and from ſad drowning keep
The wracked planks on th' Idol-Ocean deep.
Cleer Summer Noons need not a candle-light;
Nor ſound, Phyſician; but, clean oppoſite:
Simile. So, in our Soules, the more Sin 's Floods doe flow,
The more God makes his Mercie's Gulfe to grow.
Elijah the Prophet. For his Embaſſage in ſad *Achab* 's dayes,
Thesbite Elijah did th' Almighty raiſe;
Who, burning-bold in ſpirit and ſpeech, cryes-out,
In *Achab* 's ears, and all his Court about;
O impious *Achab*, fear'ſt thou not (quoth hee)
The ſulph'ry flames and Thunder-bolts that be
Already roaring in the dreadfull fiſt
Of God the Lord, that doth the proud reſiſt, (mer,
Revengeth wrongs, th' outrageous *Heathens* Ham-
Terror of Terrors, and all Tyrants Tamer;
Doſt thou not know, He threats to *Iſrael*
A Heav'n of Braſſe, if they his grace repel',
Reject his Love, and get them other Loves,
Whoring about with forrain Gods, in Groves?
God cannot lie: his dreadfull Threatnings ever
Draw dreadfull Judgements (if our Sin perſever):
As the Lord lives, this Thirſty yawning Plain
In ſeav'n fix month's drinks not a drop of Rain.
Deſcription of the extreme Drought in Iſrael for three years and a halfe. No ſooner ſpoken, but a preſent view,
The Heav'ns begin to change their wonted hew;
Th' Ayre deadly thick, doth quickly vaniſh quite;
To a ſad Day ſucceeds a ſadder Night:
A bloudy vapour and a burning cloud,
By day, begirt the Sun, (all coaly-brow'd):
By night, the Moon denies to fading Flowrs
Her ſilver ſweat, and pearly-purled ſhowrs:
The Welkin 's ſtudded with new Blazing-Stars,
Flame-darting Lances, fiery Crowns and Cars,
Kids, Lions, Bears, wrapt in prodigious Beams,
Dreadfull to ſee: and *Phœbus* (as it ſeems)
Weary of travell in ſo hot a time,
Reſts all the while in boyling *Cancer* 's clime.
Hils, lately hid with ſnow, now burn amain:
May hath no Deaw, nor February Rain:
Sad *Atlas* Nieces, and the *Hunter* 's Star
Have like effect as the *Canicular*:
Zephire is mute, and not a breath is felt,
But hectick *Auſter* 's, which doth all things ſwelt,
And (panting-ſhort) puffs every-where upon
The with'red Plains of wicked *Shomeron*,
Th' unſavory breath of Serpents crawling o're
The *Lybians* peſt-full and un-bleſt-full ſhore.
The effects of the ſaid Drought. Now Herbs to fail, and Flowrs to fall began;
Myrtles and Bays for want of moiſt grew wan:
With open mouth the Earth the aide doth crave
Of black-blew Clouds: cleer *Kiſhon* 's rapid wave
Wars now no more with Bridges arched round;
Soreck, for ſhame, now hides him under ground:
Mokmur, whoſe murmur troubled with the noiſe
The ſleeping Shepheards, hath nor ſtream, nor voice
Cedron 's not *Cedron*, but (late) *Cedron* 's bed,
And *Jordan* 's Current is as dry, as dead,

The

The beam-brow'd Stag, & ſtrong-neckt Bull do lie
On pale-fac't banks of *Arnon* (alſo drie)
But, neither ſup, nor ſee the Cryſtall Wave,
Over the which ſo often ſwom they have:
The luſty Courſer, that late ſcorn'd the ground,
Now lank and lean, with creſt and courage down'd,
With rugged tongue out of his chained mouth,
With hollow-flanks panting for inward drouth,
Rouling his Bit, but with a feeble rumor,
Would ſweat for faintneſs, but he wanteth humour:
The Towr-back't Camel, that beſt brooketh Thirſt,
And on his bunch could have tranſported yerſt
Neer a whole Houſhold, now is able ſcant
To bear himſelfe, hee is ſo feebly-faint.
Both young and old, both of the baſe and beſt,
Feel a fell *Ætna* in their thirſtie breſt:
To temper which, they breathe, but to their woe:
For, for pure ayre, they ſup into them, ſo,
A putride, thick, and peſtilentiall ſume, (ſume.
Which ſtuffs their Lights, and doth their lives con-
There's not a Puddle (though it ſtrangely ſtink)
But dry the draw't, Sea-Water's dainty Drink:
And fuſty-Bottles, from beyond-Sea, (South)
Bring *Nile* to *Somer*, for the Kings own mouth.
For, though the Lord th' whole Land of *Syria*
Th' heat of his anger on *Samaria* lights (ſmites,
With greateſt force; whoſe furious Prince implies
The Prophet Cauſe of all theſe miſeries.
Therefore, hee fearing *Achab*'s ragefull hate,
Down to Brook *Cherith*'s hollow banks him gate;
Where, for his Cooks, Caters, and Wayters tho
From the foure windes the winged people goe.
Thence, to *Sareptha*; where hee craves the ayde
Of a poor Widow: who thus mildely ſaid,
Alas! fain would I, but (God wot) my ſtore
Is but of bread for one meal, and no more:
Yet, give mee (ſaith hee) give mee ſome (I pray);
Who ſoweth ſparing, ſparing reapeth aye:
Sure, a good turn ſhall never guerdon want;
A Gift to Needlings is not given, but lent:
'Tis a Well of Wealth, which doth perpetuall run:
A fruitfull Field which thouſand yeelds for one.
While thus he ſaid, and ſtaid; the Widow glad,
Gives to him frankly all the bread ſhee had:
Shee loſt not by't: for, all the *Famin*-while,
That rag'd in *Tyre*, her little Flowr and Oyle
Decreaſed not, yet had ſhee plenty ſtill,
For her and hers to feed in time their fill.
At length befell fell Death to take-away
Her onely Son, and with her Son her Joy:
Shee prayes her Gueſt, and hee implores his God,
And ſtretching him upon the breath-leſs Lad,
Thus cries aloud: Vouchſafe mee, Lord, this boon,
Reſtore this child's ſoule, which (it ſeems) too-ſoon
Thou haſt bereft: O! let it not be ſaid,
That here for nought I have ſo oft been fed:
Let not my preſence be each-where abhorr'd;
Nor Charity with thee to want Reward.
As a ſmall ſeedling of that fruitfull Worm,
Which (of it ſelfe) fine ſhining Sleaves doth form,
By the warm comfort of a Virgin breſt,
Begins to quicken, creepeth (as the reſt)
Re-ſpins a-freſh, and, in her witty loom,
Makes of her corps her corps a precious Toomb:
This Childe (no Man, but Man's pale Module now)
With death i' th' boſom, horror on the brow,
The bait of Worms, the booty of the Beer,
At ſacred words begins his eye to rear;
Swimming in Death, his pow'rs do re-aſſemble,
His ſpirits (rewarm'd) with-in his artir's tremble;
Hee fetcht a ſigh; then lively riſing too,
Talks, walks, and eats, as hee was wont to do.
Fain would the Mother have beſought the Seer
T' have paſt the reſt of his cold Old-age here:
But th' holy Spirit him ſudden hence doth bring
Unto *Samaria* to th' incenſed King;
Who rates him thus: O Baſilisk! O Bane!
Art not thou hee that ſow'ſt th' *Iſaacian* Plain
With Trouble-Tares? Seditious, haſt not thou
Profan'd the Lawes of our Fore-fathers now?
Broken all Orders, and the Altars bann'd
Of th' holy Gods, Protectors of our Land?
Since thy fond Preaching did here firſt begin,
More and more heavie hath Heav'ns anger bin
Upon us all; and *Ba'l*, blaſphem'd by thee,
Hath ſince that ſeaſon never left us free
From grievous Plagues: it is a Hell wee feel,
Our Heav'n is Braſs, our Earth is all of Steel.
No, no, O King (if I the Truth ſhall tell)
Thou, thou art hee that troubleſt *Iſrael*.
Thou (give mee leave) thou & thy Grand-ſires, mad
After ſtrange Gods in every Grove to gad,
Have left the true, wiſe, wondrous (all-abroad)
Omnipotent, victorious, glorious God:
Such ſhall you prove him; if you dare oppone
All your *Ba'l*-Prophets againſt mee but one.
Content, quoth *Achab*. Then to *Carmel*'s top
The Schiſmick Prieſts were quickly called up:
Unto their *Ba'l* an Altar build they there;
To God, the Prophet doth another rear: (prove
Both have their Beaſt; and by their prayer muſt
Whoſe God is GOD, by Fire from Heav'n above.
The People's eyes, and ears, and mindes are bent
Upon theſe Marvails, to obſerve th' event
(Marvails, which might well cleer the difference
That had ſo long depended in ſuſpence
'Twixt *Iſrael* and *Juda*; and direct
Th' Earth how to ſerve Heav'ns ſacred Architect)
As when two Buls, inflamed fiercely-fell,
Met front to front, their forked arms do mell,
The feeble Heards of Heifers in a maze,
'Twixt hope and fear, unfeeding, ſtand at gaze,
To ſee the fight, and cenſure which do prove
The valianteſt, that hee may be their Love.
Ba'l's bawling Prieſts call and cry out for life,
They gaſh their fleſh, with Launcet and with knife;
They, cruell, make their bloud to ſpin about
(As Claret wine from a pierc't Piece doth ſpout)
And, madly ſhaking heads, leggs, ſides and arms,
They howling chaunt theſe *Dithyrambik* charms;
Help, Help, O *Ba'l*, O *Ba'l*, attend our cryes,
Ba'l, heare us *Ba'l*, O *Ba'l*, bow down thine eyes:
O Stratian, Clarian, Eleutherian Pow'rs,
Panamphæan God, approve us thine, thee ours:
O *Epicarpian!* O *Epiſtatirian*,
Phyxian, Feretrian, O *Exateſirian*,
Xenian, Meſſapian, O *Lebradean* BA'L,
O *Aſſabine*, BA'L-SAMEN hear our Call.

The like Impertinencies, in our dayes the blinde Popelings and Profane Worldlings have laid upon the Goſpel and the Preachers thereof.

Simile.

Baal's Prieſts.

Elijah, that their bloudy Rites abhord,
And knowes aright the ſervice of the Lord,
T' appeaſe his wrath hee doth not ſcarre his skin;
Nor with ſelf-wounds preſume his grace to win,
Nor makes himſelfe unfitting for his function,
By ſelfly ſtripes (as cauſing more compunction)
Nor, thrild with bodkins, raves in frantick-wiſe,
And in a furie ſeems to prophetize;
But offers God his heart, in ſtead of bloud:
His ſpeech is ſober, and as milde his mood.
Ironia. Cry loud, quoth hee: your God is yet perchance
In a deep ſleep, or doth in Arms advance
Againſt his Foes (th' *Egyptian* Deities)
Or is conſulting how to keep the Flies
From off his Altar. But, O *Iſrael!*
Alas! why yoak'ſt thou God with *Ba'l* (or *Bell*)?
Alas! how long thus wilt thou halt 'twixt either,
And fondly mix Darnell and Wheat together
In thy Faith's Field? If *Ba'l* be God indeed,
Then boldly ſerve him, ſeek him ſole at need:
But, if blew Sea, and winged Firmament,
Th'all-bearing Earth, and Storm-breed Element,
Be but the leaſt works of th' Almighty hand
Of *Jacob*'s God: If Heav'n, Ayre, Sea, and Land,
And all in all, and all in every one,
By his owne finger be ſuſtain'd alone:
If hee have caſt thoſe curſed Nations out,
Which yerſt defil'd this fair, fat Land about;
To give it thee, to plant thee in their place,
Why him alone do'ſt thou not aye imbrace,
And ſerve him onely in thy Soule and Heart,
Who in his Love brooks none to ſhare a part?
The cord un-twiſted weakens: and who ſerves
Two Lords at-once, to loſe them both deſerves.
Ba'l dead (thou ſeeſt) hears not his Servants call,
Much leſs can grant them their Deſires at all:
But, *Jacob*'s God, JEHOVA, ELOHIM,
Never deceives their hope that truſt in him.
Hear me therefore, O Lord, and from above
With Sacred Fire (thy Soveraign pow'r to prove)
Conſume this Bullock, and ſhew by the ſame
That thou art GOD, and I thy Servant am:
And to thy Fold (thy *Churches* Lap) repeal
Thy wandring Flock, thy choſen *Iſrael*.
Simile. As fals a Meteor in a Summer Even,
A ſudden Flaſh comes flaming down from Heav'n,
Licks drie the Dikes, and inſtantly, at-once,
Burns all to Aſhes, both the Altar-ſtones,
And th' Offred Bullock: and the People fall
In zealous furie on the Prieſts of *Ba'l*;
And, by *Elijah*'s prayer, ſoon obtain
Rain, which ſo often they had askt in vain.
For, what is it *Elijah* cannot doe?
If he be hungry, Fowls, and Angels too,
Become his Stewards. Fears hee th' armed Bands
Of a fell Tyrant? from their bloudy hands
To reſcue him, Heav'n (his confederate)
Conſumes with Fire them and their fierie hate.
Or, would hee paſſe a Brook that brooks no Bay,
Nor Bridge, nor Bank? The Water gives him way.
Or, irks him Earth? To Heav'n alive hee hies,
And (ſaving *Henoch*) onely hee not-dies.
This Man of God, diſcourſing with his heir
Of th' upper Kingdome, and of Gods Affair,
A ſudden whirl-winde, with a whiffing Fire,
And flaming Chariot rapts him up intire,
Elijah taken up alive into Heaven. Burns not, but 'fines; and doth (in faſhion ſtrange)
By death-leſs Death, mortall immortall change.
A long-tail'd ſquib, a flaming ridge, for rut (cut.
Seems ſeen a while, where the bright Coach hath
This ſacred Rape, nigh rapt *Eliſha* too:
Who, taking up his Tutors Mantle, though,
Follows as far as well hee could with eye
The fire-ſnort Palfreys, through the ſparkling Sky;
Crying, my father, father mine fare-well,
The Chariots and the Horſe of *Iſrael*.
The *Thisbian* Prophet hangs not in the Air,
Amid the Meteors to be toſſed there,
As Miſts, and Rains, and Hail, and hoarie Plumes,
And other Fierie many-formed Fumes:
Amid the Air tumultuous Satan roules;
And not the Saints, the happy, Heav'nly Soules.
Nor is he nailed to ſome ſhining Wheel,
Ixion-like continually to reel;
For CHRIST his fleſh, transfigur'd, and divine,
Mounted above the Arches *Cryſtalline*:
And where CHRIST is, from pain and paſſion free,
There (after death) ſhall all his Choſen be.
Elijah therefore climbs th' *Emperiall Pole*;
Where, ever-bleſt in body and in ſoule,
Contemns this World, becoms an Angel bright,
And doth him firm to the TRINE-ONE unite.
But how, or why ſhould Hee this vantage have
Yer CHRIST (right call'd the *firſt-fruits* of the
O happy paſſage! O ſweet, ſacred Flight! (Grave)?
O bleſſed Rape! thou rapteſt ſo my ſprite
In this Diſpute, and mak'ſt my weaker wit
So many wayes to caſt-about for it,
That (I confeſs) the more I doe contend,
I more admire, and leſs I comprehend.
For lack of wings, then, biding here below
With his Succeſſor, I proceed to ſhow,
How, ſoon as hee took-up his Cloak (to bear it)
Within *Eliſha* ſhin'd *Elijah*'s Spirit;
By pow'r whereof, immediatly hee cleaves Elisæus & Eliphi.
An un-couth way through *Jordan*'s rapid waves:
Paſt hope hee gives to the *Sunamites* Wife
A Son; and ſoon reſtores him dead to life:
With ſudden blindneſs ſmites the *Syrian* Troup,
The which in *Dothan* did him round incoup:
Increaſeth bread, and of a pound of Oyle
Fils all the Veſſels in a town that while:
His hoary head (in *Bethel*) laught to ſcorn,
Is veng'd by Bears, on forty children torn:
Naaman's cleans'd; and for foule *Simonie*,
Gehazi's puniſht with his Leproſie:
Mends bitter Broath, hee maketh Iron ſwim
As porie Cork, upon the Water's brim.
Rich *Jericho*'s (ſometimes) *ſal*-peetry ſoyl,
Through brinie ſprings that did about it boyl,
Brought forth no fruit, & her un-wholſom Brooks
Voyded the Town of Folk, the Fields of Flocks:
The Towns-men, therefore, thus beſought the Seer,
Thou ſeeſt our Citie's ſituation here
Is paſſing pleaſant; but the ground is naught,
The Water worſe: we pray thee mend the fault,
Sweeten our Rivers: make them pleaſanter,
Our Hils more green, our Plains more fertiler.

The

The Prophet cals but for a Cruſe of Salt
(O ſtrangeſt cure!), to cure the tynie fault
Of all their Floods: and, caſting that in one
Foul ſtinking Spring, heals all their ſtreams anon:
Not for an hour, or for a day, or twain,
But to this Day they ſweet and found remain.
Their Valley, walled with bald Hils before,
But even a horror to behold, of-yore;
Is now an *Eden*, and th' All circling Sun,
For fruitfull Beauty; ſees no Paragon.
There (labour-leſs) mounts the victorious Palm,
There (and but there) grows the all-healing Balm,
There ripes the rare cheer-cheek Myrobalan,
Minde-gladding Fruit, that can un-old a Man.
O skilfull Husbands, give your fatteſt Plains
Five or ſix earths; ſpare neither coſt nor pains,
To water them; rid them of weeds and ſtones,
With Muck and Marle batten and baſte their bones;
Unleſſe God bleſſe your Labour and your Land,
You plough the Sea, and ſow upon the ſand.
This, *Jury* knows; a Soyl ſometimes (at leaſt)
Sole Paradiſe of all the proudeſt Eaſt:
But now the bruteſt and moſt barren place,
The curſe of God, and all the Worlds diſgrace;
And alſo *Graces*, on whom Heav'ns (yerſt ſo good)
Rain nothing now but their drad Furie 's Floud.
The grace of God is a moſt ſure Revenue,
A Sea of Wealth, that ever ſhall continue,
A never-failing Field, which needs not ay
The cool of Night, nor comfort of the Day.
What ſhall I ſay? This ſacred Perſonage
Not onely profits to his proper Age;
But, after life, life in his bones hee leaves,
And dead, the dead hee raiſeth from their graves.
Nor is *Eliſha* famous more for Miracles,
Then for the Truth of his ſo often Oracles:
Hee ſhows the Palms and Foils of *Iſrael*,
Benhadad's death, the Reign of *Hazael*:
Beyond all hope, and paſſing all appearance,
Dejected *Joram*'s neer relief hee warrants.
The Siege and Famine of Samaria. For, now the *Syrian*, with inſulting Powrs,
So ſtrict beſiegeth the *Samarian* Towrs,
That even al-ready in each nook agriſing,
Fell, wall-break (all-break) *Famine* ill-adviſing
Howls hideouſly: even the bare bones are ſeen
(As ſharp as knives) thorow the empty skin
Of the beſt bred: and each-man ſeems (almoſt)
No man indeed but a pale ghaſtly Ghoſt. (pine;
Some ſnatch the bread from their own Babes, that
Some eat the Draff that was ordain'd for Swine,
Some do defile them with forbidden fleſh,
Som bite the gras their hunger to refreſh; (change:
Some, gold for Birds-dung (weight for weight) ex-
Some, of their Boots make them a Banquet ſtrange,
Some fry the Hay-duſt, and it ſavory finde:
Some, Almond-ſhels and Nut-ſhels gladly grinde,
Some mince their Fathers Wils, in Parchment writ,
And ſo devoure their birth-right at a bit.
The King, when (weary) hee would reſt awhile,
Dreams of the dainties he hath had yer-while, (jaws;
Smacks, ſwallows, grindes both with his teeth and
But, onely winde his beguil'd belly draws:
And, then awaking, of his own ſpare Dyet
Robs his own breaſt, to keep his Captains quiet,
Hee is importun'd here and there about;
Above the reſt, a Woman ſkrieketh out
In mournfull manner, with diſ-ſheveled haire;
Her face deſpight, her faſhion ſhews deſpaire.
O! ſtay my Liege, hear, hear a grievous thing; Mothers eat their own Children.
Juſtice, great *Joram*, Juſtice, gentle King.
O no, not Juſtice: (did I Juſtice crave?)
Fondling in Juſtice, thou canſt nothing have
But a juſt death; nay, but a Torture fell;
Nay, but a Torment like the pains of Hell.
Yet, even this Plea is worſe then death to me:
Then grant mee Juſtice, Juſtice let it be.
For (O!) what horror can reſtrain deſire
Of juſt revenge, when it is once a-fire?
My Lord, I bargain'd, and (to binde the Pact)
By ſolemne Oath I ſealed the Contract;
Contract, indeed cruell, yet could not be
Infring'd, or broken, without cruelty.
(Tell it, O Tongue: why ſtayſt thou ſo upon-it?
Dar'ſt thou not ſay-it, having dar'd, and don-it?
Not having fear'd heav'ns King, how canſt thou fear
An earthly King? (Then, thus) my liege) while-yer
I, and my Neighbour deſp'rately agreed,
Joyntly to eat, ſucceſſively our ſeed;
Our own dear Children: and (O luck-leſſe Lot!)
Mine firſt of all, is deſtin'd to the Pot;
Forth-with I catch him, and I ſnatch him to mee
Up in my arms: hee ſtraight begins to woe-mee,
Stroaks, colls, and hugs me, with his arms & thighs;
And, ſmiling ſweet Mam-mam, mam-mam, he cries,
Then kiſſes mee: and with a thouſand toyes,
Thinks to delight mee with his wonted joyes.
I look away; and, with my hand addreſt,
Bury my knife within his tender breſt:
And, as a Tygreſſe, or the Dam of Bears,
A Fawn, or Kid in hundred gobbets tears,
I tear him quick, dreſſe him, and on our Table
I ſet him: Oh! ('t is now no time to fable)
I taſte him firſt, I firſt the feaſt begin,
His bloud (my bloud) runs round about my Chin,
My Childe returns, re-breeding in my Womb;
And of my Fleſh my Fleſh is ſhamefull Tomb:
Soon cloyd (alas!) but little could I eat:
And up again that little ſtrives to get.
But ſhee, ſhee layes it in, ſhee greedy pyles it;
And all night long ſhee ſits to gourmandize-it:
Not for her fill ſo much of ſuch (think I)
As to prolong the more my miſery:
O God, ſaid ſhee (and ſmiles in eating it)
What a ſweet morſell! what a dainty bit!
Bleſt be the breſt that nurc't ſuch meat for mee;
But more the Womb that bare it, ſo to be.
So (to be brief) my Son is eat: But hers
Alive and luſty in her armes ſhee bears.
Why ſhould her pity, rather her deſpite,
Doe both her Faith, Mee, and my Son, un-right?
Ah! for her belly, rather then her Boy,
Shee playd this prank (and robd mee of my Joy).
Shee did it not of tender heart to ſave him;
But, greedy-gut, that ſhe alone might have him.
Therefore, O King, doe Juſtice in this caſe:
Nor crave I pardon of thy Princely grace
For mine Offence; (ſuch an Offence, I know,
As yet grim *Minos* never judg'd below)

For

For if I ſhould, how ſhould I do, for meat;
Not having now another Childe to eat?
No: this is all I crave before I dye,
That I may taſte but of Her ſons ſweet thigh:
Or, that (at leaſt) mine eye, more juſt then cruell,
May ſee him ſlain by her, my Horrors fuell.
But, if you weigh not mine unfained tears
(Indeed un-worthy): yet vouchſafe your ears
To the loud Plaints of my lamenting Son;
Who, with ſtrange murmurs rumbling up & down,
Seems in my bowels as reviv'd to groan,
And to your Highneſſe, thus to make his moan;
Sir, will you ſuffer, without all revenge,
Mens curſed Malice boldly to infringe
Law, Faith, and Juſtice, Vows, and Oaths, and all;
As buzzing Flies tear Cob-webs on a wall?
Ah! ſhall I then deſcend alone below?
Dye un-reveng'd? foſter my cruell Foe?
And then, caſt-forth in fouleſt Excrement,
Infect the Aire, offend the Element;
The while her Darling, on his Hobby-horſe
About the Hall ſhall ride, and prance, and courſe;
And imitate mens actions (as an Ape)
Build paper-Towrs, make Puppets, ſit in Lap?
No: let him die, let him (as I) be cut,
Let him (as I) be in two Bellies put:
Full-fill the Pact; that ſo our wretched mothers
Their guilt & grief, may either's match wth others.
The King, leſs mov'd with pity then with horror,
Thunders theſe words, raging in threat-full terror;
Vengeance and miſchief on mine own head light,
If curſt *Eliſha* keep his head this night:
And, as he ſpake, forth in a rage hee flings,
To execute his bloudy Threatenings.
Sir, ſaid the Prophet, you have ſeen the ſcathe
Devouring Famine here performed hath;
But, by to-morrow this time (God hath ſaid)
Samaria's Gates ſhall even abound with bread.
Tuſh, ſaid a Minion of the Court, hard by
(Of ſurly ſpeech, proud gait, and lofty eye) (wide,
Though God ſhould open all Heav'ns windows
It cannot be: Yes, Infidell (reply'd
The zealous Prophet) Thou thy Selfe (in ſum)
Shalt ſee it then: but ſhalt not taſte a crum.
Thus ſaid *Eliſha*, and th' Almighty Powr
Perform'd his ſayings in that very howr.
Her ſcarlet Robe *Aurora* had not donn'd,
Nor had ſhee yet limn'd the *Euphratean* ſtrond
With trembling ſhine, neither was *Phœbus* yet
Willing to wake out of a drouzy Fit,
When pallid FEAR, flyes to the *Pagan* Hoaſt,
Wilde-ſtaring Hag, ſhiv'ring, and wav'ring moſt;
Shee, that her voyce and viſage ſhifts ſo oft:
Shee that in Counſails ſtrives to lift aloft
Irreſolution, to be Preſident
(Canker of Honour, curſe of Government):
Shee that even trembles in her ſureſt Arms,
Starts at a leaf, ſwouns at report of harms:
Beleeves all, ſees all; and ſo ſwayeth all,
That, if ſhee ſay, The Firmament doth fall:
There be three Suns: This, or that Mountain ſinks:
Pauls *Church doth reel, or the foundation ſhrinks*:
It is beleev'd, 't is ſeen: and, ſeiz'd by Her,
The other Senſes are as apt to erre.

Deſcription and effects of FEAR.

Claſhing of Arms, rattling of yron Cars,
Murmur of Men (a World of Souldiers)
Neighing of Horſe, noiſe of a thouſand Drums
With dreadful ſound from the next Vale there coms
The *Syrian* Camp, conceiving that the Troups
Of *Nabathites*, *Hethites*, and *Ethiops*,
Hyr'd by th' *Iſaacians*, came from every ſide,
To raiſe their Siege, and to repell their pride;
Fly for their lives, diſordered and diſperſt
(Amid the Mountains) ſo well ordered yerſt.
One, in his Cap-caſe leaves behinde his Treaſure:
To bridle 's horſe another hath not leaſure;
Another, hungry on the graſſe hath ſet
His break-faſt out, but dares not ſtay to eat.
One thinks him far, that yet hath little gone:
Another wins him in plain ground, anon
Hee breaks his neck into a Pit: another
Hearing the Boughs that bruſh againſt each other,
And doubting it to be the Conquerer,
Hee, wretched, dies of th' onely wound of FEAR.
As after tedious and continuall rain,
The honey-Flies haſte from their Hives again,
Suck here and there, and bear into their bowr
The ſweeteſt ſap of every fragrant flowr:
So from befieg'd *Samaria* each man hies,
Unto the Tents of fear-fled Enemies:
Wherein, ſuch ſtore of corn and wine they pill,
That in one day their hungry Town they fill:
And in the Gate, the Croud, that iſſueth,
Treads th' unbeleeving Courtier down to death;
So that (at once) even both effects agree
Juſt with *Eliſha's* holy Prophecie.
From this School comes the Prophet *Amethite*,
The twice-born Preacher to the *Ninivite*.
Jonas, begon: hie, hie thee (ſaid th' Almighty)
To *Ninivé*, that great and wanton City:
Cry day and night, cry out unto them all;
Yet forty dayes, and Ninivé *ſhall fall.*
But, 'gainſt th' Eternall, *Jonas* ſhuts his ear,
And ſhips himſelf to ſail another-where:
Wherefore, the Lord (incenſed) ſtretcht his arm,
To wrack the wretch in ſudden fearfull ſtorm.
Now, *Nereus* foams, and now the furious waves
All topſie-turned by th' *Æolian* ſlaves,
Do mount & roule: Heav'n wars againſt the waters,
And angry *Thetis* Earth 's green bulwarks batters:
A ſable ayr ſo muffles-up the Sky,
That the ſad Saylers can no light deſcry:
Or, if ſome beam break through their pitchy night,
'Tis but drad flaſhing of the Lightnings light.
Strike, ſtrike our ſaile (the Maſter cryes) amain,
Vaile miſne and ſprit-ſail: but hee cryes in vain;
For, in his face the blaſts ſo bluſter ay,
That his Sea-gibb'riſh is ſtraight born away.
Confuſed cryes of men diſmay'd in minde,
Seas angry noiſe, loud bellowing of the Winde,
Heav'ns Thunder-claps, the tackles whiſteling
(As ſtrange Muſicians) dreadfull deſcant ſing.
The Eaſtern winde drives on the roaring train
Of white-blew billows, and the clouds again
With freſh Seas croſſe the Sea, and ſhee doth ſend
(In counter-change) a rain with ſalty-blend.
Heav'ns (head-long) ſeem in *Thetis* lap to fall,
Seas ſcale the skies, and God to arm this All

The Ship-wrack of Jonas.

A lively deſcription of the Storm at Sea.

Againſt

Againſt one ſhip, that skips from ſtars to ground,
From wave to wave (like *Balloons* windy bound)
While the ſad Pilot, on a foamy Mount,
Thinks from the Pole to ſee Hels pit profound;
And, then, caſt down unto the ſandy ſhole,
Seems from low Hell to ſee the lofty Pole;
And feeling foes within, and eke without,
As many waves, ſo many deaths doth doubt.
The billows, beating round about the ſhip,
Unchauk her keel, and all her ſeams unrip;
Whereby the waters entring uncontroul'd,
Ebbing abroad, yet flow apace in hold:
For every Tun the plied Pump doth rid,
A floud breaks in; the Maſter maſtered
With dread and danger (threatning every-way)
Doubts where to turn him, what to doe, or ſay,
Which wave to meet, or which ſalt ſurge to flye;
So yeelds his charge, in Sea to live or dye.
Simile. As, many Canons, 'gainſt a Caſtle bent,
Make many holes, and much the rampire rent,
And ſhake the wall, but yet the lateſt ſhock
Of fire-wing'd Bullets batters down the Rock:
So, many mounts, that muſter 'gainſt this Sail,
With roaring rage doe this poor ſhip aſſail:
But yet the laſt (with foaming fury ſwoln,
With boyſtrous blaſts of angry tempeſts boln)
Springs the main-maſt: the maſt with boyſtrous fall
Breaks down the deck, and ſore affrights them all.
Pale Idol-like, one ſtands with arms a-croſſe:
One moans himſelf; one mourns his childrens loſs:
One, more then death, this form of death affrights:
Another cals on Heav'ns un-viewed Lights:
One, 'fore his eyes his Ladies looks beholds:
Another, thus his deadly fear unfolds:
Curſt thirſt of gold! O how thou cauſeſt care!
My bed of Doun I change for hatches bare:
Rather then reſt, this ſtormy war I choſe:
T' inlarge my fields, both land and life I loſe:
Like peizleſſe plume, born-up by *Boreas* breath,
With all theſe wings I ſoar, to ſeek my death,
To Heav'n and Hell, by angry *Neptune* led,
Where leſt I ſcape it, all theſe ſails I ſpread.
Then thus another; Sure no winde (quoth hee)
Could raiſe this Storm; ſome rarer Prodigie
Hath caus'd this *Chaos* (cauſe of all our griefe)
Some *Atheiſt* dog, ſome Altar-ſpoyling thief
Lurks in this ſhip: come (Mates) by lot let's try
(To ſave the reſt) the man that ought to dy.
'T is I, quoth *Jonas*, I indeed am cauſe
Of this black night, and all the fearfull flawes
Of this rough Winter; I muſt ſole appeaſe
(By my juſt death) theſe wrathfull wrack-full Seas.
Then up they heave him ſtraight, & from the waſte
Him ſuddenly into the Sea they caſt.
The King of Winds cals home his churliſh train,
And *Amphitrite* ſmooths her front again:
Th' ayrs cloudy Robe returns to Cryſtall clear,
And ſmiling Heav'ns bright Torches re-appear
So ſoon as *Jonas* (to them all appeaſe)
O'r head and ears was ſouſed in the Seas.
Thrice coms hee up, and thrice again goes down
Under the waves (yer hee do wholly drown),
But then hee ſinks; and, wretched rould along
The ſands, and Oaſe, and rocks, and mud among,
Thus, thus hee cries with lips of zealous faith;
Mercy, my God, ſhew mercy, Lord (hee ſaith).
Then God (who ever hears his childrens wiſh)
Provided ſtraight a great and mighty Fiſh,
That ſwilling ſwallow'd *Jonas* in her womb;
A living Corps layd in a living Toomb.
Like as a Roach, or Ruff, or Gudgeon, born Simile.
By ſome ſwift ſtream into a Weer (forlorn)
Friſks to and fro, aloft and under dives,
Fed with falſe hope to free their Captive lives:
The Prophet ſo (amazed) walks about
This wondrous Fiſh, to finde an iſſue out,
This mighty Fiſh, of Whale-like hugeneſſe,
Or bigger-bellied, though in body leſſe.
Where am I, Lord? (alas!) within what vaults?
In what new Hell doſt thou correct my faults?
Strange puniſhment! my body thou bereav'ſt
Of mother-earth, which to the dead thou leav'ſt:
Whither thy wrath drives mee, I doe not know;
I am depriv'd of air yet breath and blow;
My ſight is good, yet can I ſee no sky;
Wretch, nor in Sea, nor yet a-ſhore am I;
Reſting, I run; for, moving is my Cave:
And, quick, I couch within a living Grave.
While thus hee plain'd; the third day on the ſand
The friendly Fiſh did caſt him ſafe a-land.
And then, as if his weary limbs had been
So long refreſht, and reſted at an Inne,
Hee ſeems to flee; and comn to *Ninivè*,
Your ſins have reached up to Heav'n (quoth hee):
Wo and alas, woe, woe unto you all:
Yet forty dayes and Ninivè *ſhall fall.*
Thus *Jonas* preacht: but, ſoon the Citizens,
Sincerely toucht with ſenſe of their foul ſins,
Diſpatch (in haſte) to Heav'n, *Repentance* ſad,
Sweet-charming *Prayer*, *Faſting* hairy-clad.
Repentance makes two Torrents of her eyes,
Her humble brow dares ſcant behold the skies:
Her ſobbing breaſt is beaten blew and black:
Her tender fleſh is rent with rugged ſack:
Her head (all hoar'd with hearty ſorrows paſt)
With duſt and aſhes is all over-caſt.
Prayer's head, and ſides, and feet are ſet about
With gawdy wings (like *Joves Arcadian* Scout):
Her body flaming, from her lips there fumes
Nard, *Incenſe*, *Mummy*, and all rich perfumes.
Faſting (though faint) her face with joy ſhe cheers,
Strong in her weakneſſe, yong in aged years;
Quick health's preſerver, curbing *Cupid's* fits,
Watchfull, purge-humors, and refining wits.
Then *Faith* (Grand-Uſher of th' Emperial Court)
Uſhers theſe Legats by a golden Port
Into the *Preſence*, and them face to face (place;
Before th' All-Monarch's glorious Throne doth
Where (zealous) proſtrate on her humble knee,
Thus *Prayer* ſpeaks in Name of all the Three:
God, ſlow to wrath! O Father, prone to grace!
Lord, ſheath again thy vengeance-ſword a ſpace.
If at thy beam of Juſtice thou wilt weigh
The works of men that wander every day:
If thou their metall by that touch-ſtone try
Which fearfull-ſounding from thy mouth doth fly:
If thou ſhalt ſumm their ſins (which paſſe the ſand)
Before thee, Lord, who ſhall endure to ſtand?

Not

Not *Ninive* alone ſhall periſh then
But all this All be burnt to aſhes clean:
And even this day ſhall thy juſt wrath prevent
The dreadfull Day of thy laſt Dooms event.
This world to *Chaos* ſhall again return;
And on thine Altars none ſhall incenſe burn.
O therefore ſpare (Lord) ſpare the *Ninivites*,
Forgive their ſins; and, in their humbled ſprites,
From this time forth thy ſacred Laws ingrave;
Deſtroy them not, but daign them Lord to ſave:
Look not (alas!) what they have been before;
But us regard, or thine owne mercy more.
Then, God reacht out his hand, unfolds his frowns,
Diſarms his arm of Thunder bruiſing-Crowns,
Bows graciouſly his glorious flaming Creſt,
And mildely grants, in th' inſtant, their requeſt.

FINIS.

THE

The Decay.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. VVEEKE. OF *BARTAS.*

THE ARGHMENT.

Ambitious bitter fruit, fell Achab *'s Stock,*
With his proud Queen (a painted Beauty-mock)
Extirpt by JEHU: JEHU *'s line likewiſe*
Shallum *ſupplants. King-killing Treacheries*
Succeed a-row, with Wrack of ISRAEL,
Time-ſuiting Batts : Athalia *Tygreſſe fell.*
JOASH *well nurtur'd, natur'd-ill, doth run*
After his kinde : hee kils his Tutors Son.
ZENACHERIB : *life-lengthned* EZECHIAH :
NABUCHADNEZAR : *Captive* ZEDECHIAH.

Ambition pourtrayed to the life.

HUff-puft AMBITION, Tinder-box of WAR,
Down-fall of Angels, *Adam* 's murderer,
Parent of Treaſons, Reaſon 's Contradiction,
Earth 's Enemy, and the Heav'ns Malediction,
O ! how much Bloud hath thy reſpect-leſſe Age
Shed in the World ! ſhowred on every Age !
O Scepter's, Throne's, and Crown's inſatiate Thirſt,
How many Treaſons haſt thou hatched yerſt !
For, O ! what is it that hee dares not doe,
Who th' Helm of Empire doth aſpire unto ?
Hee (to beguile the ſimple) makes no bone
To ſwear by God (for, hee beleeves there's none) ;
His Sword's his Title ; and who ſcapes the ſame,
Shall have a Piſtoll, or a poyſony Dram :
Hee, fear'd of all, fears all ; hee breaks at once
The chains of Nature and of Nations :
Sick of the Father, his kinde heart is woe
The good old man travels to Heav'n ſo ſlow :
His own dear Babes (yet Cradled, yet in Clouts)
Haſte but too faſt ; are at his heels hee doubts :
Hee paſſeth to his promis'd Happineſſe
Upon a Bridge of his Friends Carcaſes ;
And mounts (in fine) the golden Throne by ſtairs
Built of the Sculs of his owne Countries heirs.
Yet thou permitt'ſt it, Lord ; nay, with thy wings
Cover'ſt ſuch Tyrants (even the ſhame of Kings)
But, not for nothing doſt thou them forbear ;
Their cruell ſcalps a cruell end ſhall tear :
And, when the Meaſure of their Sin is full,
Thy hands are yron, though thy feet be wooll.
The Throne of Tyrants totters to and fro ;
The bloud-gain'd Scepter laſts not long (we know) :

Nail

Nail driveth Nail: by Tragick deaths device,
Ambitious hearts do play at * *Level fice*;
Prov'd but to plain in both the houses Royall
Of Jacobs Issue, but too-too disloyall;
As, if thou further with thy grace divine
My Verse and Vows, shall here appear in time.
GOD NOW no longer could support th' excesse
Of *Achab*'s House, whose cursed wickedness
Was now top-full: and, Dogs already stood
Fawning and yawning for their promis'd bloud.
Heav'ns haste their work. Now in tumultuous wise
'Gainst *Achab*'s Son doe his own Souldiers rise;
Jehu's their Captain: who foresees, afar,
How-much, dispatch advantageth in War;
And, politick, doubles his Armies speed
To get before; yea, before *Fame*, indeed.
Joram, surpriz'd in feeble Bulwarks then
(Unfurnished of Victuals and of Men)
And, chiefly wanting royall fortitude)
Un-kingly yeelds unto the Multitude.
Bold *Nimshai*'s Son, Sir *Jehu*, what 's this Thing?
What mean these Troups? what would you of the King?
Where shal the bolt of this black thunder fal (King?
Say, bringst thou Peace? or bringst thou war withall?
Said *Joram*, loud: but, *Jehu* louder saith,
No (wretch) no Peace, but bloudy wars and death.
Then fled the King: and (as a Ship at Sea,
Hearing the Heav'ns to threaten every way,
And Winter-Storms with absent Stars compack,
With th' angry Waters to conspire her wrack,
Strives not to ride it out, or shift abroad,
But plies her Oars, and flies into the Road)
Hee jerks his Jades, and makes them scour amain
Through thick and thin, both over Hill and Plain.
Which, *Jehu* spying, and well eying too,
As quick resolveth what he hath to doe;
Cries, Boy, my Bow: then nocks an arrow right,
His left hand meets the head, his breast the right.
As bends his Bow, he bends; lets goe the string:
Through the thin air the winged shaft doth sing
King *Joram*'s *Dirge*; and, to speed the more,
Pierces behinde him, and peeps-out before.
The Prince now hurt (that had before no heart)
Fals present dead, and with his Courtly-Cart
Bruiz'd in the Fall (as had the *Thisbite* said)
The Field of *Naboth* with his bloud beraid:
And *Salem*'s King had also there his due,
For joyning hands with so profane a Crew.
Then the proud Victor leads his loyall Troups
Towards the Court (that all in silence droops);
And more for Self-love, then for Gods pure zeale,
Means to dispatch, th' Earths burden, *Jezabel*.
The Queen had inkling: instantly she sped
To curl the Cockles of her new-bought head:
The Saphyr, Onyx, Garnet, Diamond,
In various forms cut by a curious hand,
Hang nimbly dancing in her hair, as spangles:
Or as the fresh red-yellow Apple dangles
(In Autumn) on the Tree, when to and fro
The Boughs are waved with the winds that blow.
The upper garment of the stately Queen,
Is rich gold Tissue, on a ground of green;
Where th' art-full shuttle rarely did encheck
The * cangeant colour of a Mallards neck:
'T is figur'd o'r with sundry Flowrs and Fruits,
Birds, Beasts & Insects, creeping Worms, & Neuts,
Of Gold-Smiths Work: a fringe of Gold about,
With Pearls and Rubies richly-rare set-out,
Borders her Robe: and every part descries
Cunning and Cost, contending for the prize.
Her neat, fit, Startups of green Velvet bee,
Flourisht with silver; and beneath the knee,
Moon-like, indented; butt'ned down the side
With *Orient* Pearls as big as Filberd 's pride.
But, besides all her sumptuous equipage
(Much fitter for her State then for her age)
Close in her Closet, with her best complexions,
Shee mends her Faces wrinkle-full defections,
Her cheek shee cherries, and her Eye shee cheers,
And fains her (fond) a Wench of fifteen yeers;
Wherben she thought to snare the Dukes affection;
Or dazle, with her pompous Prides reflection,
His daring eyes (as Fowlers with a Glasse,
Make mounting Larks com down to death apace):
Or, were it, that in death shee would be seen
(As 't were) interr'd in *Tyrian* Pomp, a Queen.
Chaste Ladie-Maids, here must I speak to you,
That with vile *Painting* spoyl your native hue
(Not to inflame younglings, with wanton thirst,
But to keep fashion with these times accurst)
When one new ta'en in your seem-beauties snare,
That day and night to *Hymen* makes his prayer,
At length espies (as who is it but spies?)
Your painted brests, your painted cheeks and eyes,
His Cake is dough; God dild you, hee will none;
Hee leaves his sute, and thus he saith anon:
What shall I doe with such a wanton Wife,
Which night and day would cruciate my life
With jealous pangs? sith every-way shee sets
Her borrow'd snares (not her own hairs) for Nets
To catch her Cuckoos; with loose, light Attires,
Opens the doore unto all lewd Desires:
And, with vile Drugs adultering her Face,
Closely allures th' Adulterers imbrace.
But, judge the best: suppose (saith hee) I finde
My Lady chaste in body and in minde
(As sure I think): yet, will shee mee respect,
That dares disgrace th' eternall Architect?
That (in her pride) presumes his Work to tax
Of imperfection; to amend his tracts,
To help the Colours which his hand hath laid,
With her frail fingers with foul dirt beraid?
Shall I take her that will spend all I have,
And all her time, in pranking proudly-brave?
How did I dote! the Gold upon her head,
The Lillies of her brests, the Rosie-red
In either cheek, and all her other Riches,
Wherewith she bleareth sight, & sense bewitches,
Is none of hers: it is but borrow'd stuff,
Or stoln, or bought, plain Counterfeit in proof:
My glorious Idol I did so adore,
Is but a Visard, newly varnisht o'r
With spauling Rheums, hot Fumes, and Ceruses:
Fo, phy; such poysons one would loath to kisse:
I wed (at least, I ween to wed) a Lasse
Yong, fresh, and fair: but in a year (alas!)
Or two, at most; my lovely lively Bride
Is turn'd a Hag, a Fury by my side;

With

* A kinde of Christmas play: wherein each hunteth other from his seat. The name seems derived from the French *Jouer sur*, in English, A tilt-up.

Jehu.

Simile.

Simile.

Jezabel.

Her pride.

* Changeable.

Her Habit.

A jest to write against bad painted women. Courtesies.

With hollow, yellow teeth (or none perhaps) (chaps;
With ſtinking breath, ſwart cheeks, and hanging
With wrinkled neck; and ſtooping as ſhe goes,
With driveling mouth, and with a ſnive'ling noſe.
The Queen thus pranked, proudly gets her up
(But ſadly though) to her guilt Palace top;
And, ſpying *Jehu*, from the window cride:
Art thou there *Zimri*, curſed Paricide?
Fell maſter-killer, canſt thou chuſe but fear
For like offence, like puniſhment ſevere?
Bitch, cryes the *Duke*, art thou there barking ſtill?
Thou Strumpet, Thou art Cauſe of all this Ill:
Thou brought'ſt *Samaria* to Thine Idol-Sin:
Painting and pois'ning firſt thou brought'ſt in
To Court and Country, with a thouſand mo
Looſe *Syrian* vices, which I ſhame to ſhow.
Thou brought'ſt-in Wrong, with Rapine and Op-
By Perjury ſupplanting Mens poſſeſſion (preſſion,
And life withall: yea, Thou haſt been the Baen
Of Peers and Seers (at thy proud pleaſure ſlain):
Thou life of ſtrife, thou Horſe-leach ſent from hell,
Thou Drouth, thou Dearth, thou Plague of *Iſrael*,
Now ſhalt thou dy: Grooms (is there none for me?)
Quick, caſt her down, down with her inſtantly,
O tickle Faith! O fickle truſt of Court!
The preſumption of Court-ſhip. Theſe Palace-mice, this buſie-idle ſort
Of fawning Minions, full of ſooths and ſmiles,
Theſe Carpet-Knights had vow'd and ſworn yer-
Promis'd, proteſted unto *Jezabel*, (whiles,
Rav'd, brav'd and bann'd (like *Rodomont* in Hell)
That in her cauſe they every Man would dy,
And all the World, and Hell and Heav'n defie;
Now, ycy Fear (ſhiv'ring in all their bones)
Makes them with Fortune turn their backs at once.
They take their Queen betwixt their traitrous hands,
And hurl her headlong, as the *Duke* commands;
Whoſe courſer, ſnorting, ſtamps in ſtately ſcorn)
Upon the Corps that whilom Kings had born:
And, to fulfill from point to point the Word
Elijah ſpake (as Legat of the Lord)
The Dogs about doe greedy feed upon
The rich-perfumed, royall Carrion;
And Folk by thouſands iſſuing at the Gate,
To ſee the ſight, cry thus (as glad thereat)
Ses, ſes here Dogs, here Bitches, doe not ſpare
This Bitch that gnaw'd her ſubjects bones ſo bare;
This cruell Cur, that made you oft becom
Saints Torturers, and many a Prophets Tomb;
This Whore of *Baal*, tear her ſo ſmall, that well
No man may ſay, Here lyeth *Jezabel*.
Jehu's drad Vengeance doth yet farther flow;
Curſt *Achab*'s iſſue hee doth wholly mow:
Hee ſlayes (moreover) two and forty men
Of *Ahaziah*'s hap-leſſe bretheren:
Baal's Idol-Clergy hee doth bring to nought,
And his proud Temple turns into a Draught:
Good proofs of zeal. But yet a Diadem,
Deſire of Reign, keeps from *Jeruſalem*
His ſervice due; content (at home) by halves
To worſhip God under the form of Calves.
His Son and Nephews track too-neer his trace;
And therefore *Shallum* doth un-horſe his race:
The murd'rer *Shallum* (after one Months Reign)
By *Manahem* as murd'rouſly is ſlain:
The traytor *Manahem*'s wicked-walking Son
By trait'rous *Pekah* unto death is don:
And ſo on *Pekah*, for *Pekaiah*'s death,
Hoſheah's treaſon, treaſon quittanceth;
A proud, ingrate, perfidious, troublous King,
That to Confuſion did *Samaria* bring. (ported
Their Towns tranſ-villag'd, the *Ten Tribes*, tranſ-
To a far Clime (whence never they reverted)
Sojourn in forreign ſoyl, where *Chobar*'s ſtreams
Serve them for *Jordan*; *Baſan*, *Chiſon* ſeems:
While *Aſſur*'s ſcorn, and ſcum of *Enphrates*
Dance up and down th' *Iſraelian* Palaces,
Drink their beſt *Nectars*, anchor in their Ports,
And lodge profanely in their ſtrongeſt Forts.
But, changing air, theſe change not mind (in *Jury*).
For, though fierce Lions homicidiall fury
Make them retire under th' Almighties wing,
Their Country-gods with the true God they ming:
They mix his Service, plow with Aſſe and Oxe,
Diſguiſe his Church in ſuits of Flax and Flocks,
Caſt (in one wedge) Yron and Gold together:
Jew-Gentiles, both at once: but, both is neither.
There is a Tale, that once the Hoaſt of Birds, Tale of the Bat.
And all the Legions of Grove-haunting Heards,
Before the Earth ambitiouſly did ſtrive,
And counter-plead for the Prerogative:
Now, while the Judge was giving audience,
And either ſide in their ſeem-Right's defence
Was hot and earneſt at the noiſe-full Bar,
The neuter *Bat* ſtood fluttering ſtill afar:
But ſhee no ſooner hears the Sentence paſt
On the Beaſts ſide; but, ſhuffling her in haſte
Into their Troup, ſhee them accompanieth,
Shows her large forehead, her long ears, and teeth.
The Cauſe was (after) by Appeal remov'd
To *Nature*'s Court; who by her Doom approv'd
The others Plea: then flies the ſhame-leſſe *Bat*
Among the Birds, and with her Chit-chit-chat
Shee ſeems to ſing: and proud of wings, ſhee playes
With nimble turns, & flies a thouſand waies. (cride,
Hence, beak-leſs-Bird; hence, winged-Beaſt, they
Hence, plume-leſs wings (thus, ſcorn her either ſide)
Hence, Harlot, hence; this ever be thy Dole;
Be ſtill Day's Priſoner in thy ſhame-full hole:
May never Sun (vile Monſter) ſhine on thee;
But th' hate of all, for ever, mayſt thou be.
Application Such is this People: for, in plenteous ſhow'rs
When God his bleſſings upon *Iſaak* pow'rs
Then are they *Iſaak*'s Sons: but, if with thunder
Hee, wrath-full, tear the *Hebrew* Tree in ſunder,
Theſe Traytors rake the boughs, and take the fruit;
And (*Pagans* then) the *Jews* they perſecute.
And ſuch are thoſe, whoſe wily, waxen minde
Takes every Seal, and ſails with every Winde;
Not out of Conſcience, but of Carnall Motion,
Of Fear, or Favour, Profit or Promotion:
Thoſe that, to eaſe their Purſe, or pleaſe their Prince,
Pern *their Profeſſion, their Religion mince:*
Prince-Proteſtants, *Prince*-Catholiks; Preciſe,
With Such *a Prince; with other, otherwiſe:*
Yea, oldeſt Gangrens *of blinde-burning Zeal*
(*As the* Kings Evill) *a new* KING *can heal.*
And thoſe Scene-ſervets *that ſo loud have cride*
'Gainſt Prelats *ſweeping in their ſilken* Pride,

Their wilfull Dumbneſſe, *forcing others dumb*
(To Sion*'s grievous Loſſe, and gain of* Rome*)*
Their Courting, Sporting, *and* Non-reſidence,
Their Avarice, *their* Sloth *and* Negligence:
Till ſome fat Morſels in their mouths doe fall;
And then, as choakt, *and ſudden* chang'd *with-all,*
Themſelves exceed in all of theſe, much more
Then the Right-Reverend *whom they taxt before.*
And thoſe Chamæleons *that conſort their* Crew;
In Turky, *Turks: among the* Jews, *a Jew:*
In Spain, *as Spain: as* Luther, *on the* Rhine:
With Calvin *here: and there with* Bellarmine:
Looſe, with the Lewd: *among the gracious, grave:*
With Saints, a Saint: and among Knaves, a Knave.
But all ſuch Neuters, *neither hot nor cold,*
Such double Halters *between* GOD *and* GOLD,
Such Luke-warm *Lovers will the* Bride-groom *ſpue*
Out of his mouth: his mouth hath ſpoke it true.
O ISRAEL, I pity much thy caſe:
This Sea of Miſchiefs, which in every place
So over-flowes thee, and ſo domineers;
It drowns my ſoule in griefs, mine eyes in tears:
My heart 's through-thrilled with your miſeries
Already paſt; your Fathers Tragedies.
But (O!) I dy; when in the ſacred ſtem
Of royall JUDA, in *Jeruſalem*,
I ſee fell Diſcord, from her loathſom Cage,
To blow her poyſon with ambitious rage;
Sion to ſwim in blond; and *Achab*'s Daughter
Make *David*'s Houſe the Shambles of her ſlaughter.
Athaliah. Curſed *Athâliah* (ſhee was called ſo)
Knowing her Son, by *Nimſhi*'s Son, his foe
(For *Joram*'s ſake) to be diſpatcht; diſloyall,
On th' holy Mount uſurps the Scepter Royall;
And, fearing leſt the Princes of the Blond
Would one-day rank her where of right ſhe ſhould,
Shee cuts their throats, hangs, drowns, deſtroyes
Not ſparing any, either great or ſmall; (them all,
No, not the infant in the Cradle lying
Help-leſſe (alas!) and lamentably crying
(As if bewailing of his wrongs unknown);
No (O extreme!) ſhee ſpareth not her own.
Simile. Like as a Lion, that hath tatter'd here
A goodly Heifer, there a luſty Steer,
There a ſtrong Bull (too-weak for him by halfe)
There a fair Cow, and there a tender Calf;
Strouts in his Rage, and wallows in his Prey,
And proudly doth his Victory ſurvey;
The graſſe all goary, and the Heard-groom up
Shiv'ring for fear upon a-pine-Trees top:
So ſwelleth ſhee, ſo growes her proud Deſpight;
Nor Aw, now Law, nor Faith ſhee reaks, nor Right.
Her Cities are ſo many Groves of Thieves;
Her Court a Stew, where not a chaſte-one lives;
Her greateſt Lords (giv'n all, to all exceſſe)
In ſtead of Prophets, in their Palaces
Have Lectures read of Luſt and Surfeting,
Of Murder, Magick, and Impoiſoning.
While thus ſhe builds her tott'ring Throne upon
Her childrens bones, *Jehoſheba* ſaves one,
One Royall Imp, yong *Ioaſh*, from the pile
Simile. (As when a Fire hath fiercely rag'd awhile
In ſome fair Houſe, the avaricious Dame
Saves ſom choice Caſquet from the furious flame)
Hides him, provides him; and, when as the Sun
Six times about his Larger Ring hath run,
Jehoiada, her husband, brings him forth
To the chief Captains and the Men of worth;
Saying; Behold, O Chiefs of *Juda*, ſee,
See here your Prince, great *Davids* Progeny,
Your rightfull King: if mee you credit light,
Beleeve this Face, his Fathers Picture right;
Beleeve theſe Prieſts, which ſaw him from the firſt,
Brought to my houſe, there bred, and fed, and nurs't.
In ſo juſt Quarrell, holy Men-at-arms,
Imploy (I pray) your anger and your Arms:
Plant, in the Royall Plot, this Royall Bud;
Venge *Obed*'s bloud on ſtrangers guilty bloud:
Shake-off, with ſhouts, with fire & ſword together,
This Womans yoke, this Furie 's bondage rather.
Then ſhout the People with a common cry,
Long live King Joaſh; *long, and happily:*
God ſave the King: God ſave the noble ſeed
Of our true King; and ay may They ſucceed.
This news now bruited in the wanton Court,
Quickly the Queen coms in a braving ſort
Towards the Troup; and ſpying there anon
The ſweet young *Prince* ſet on a royall Throne,
With Peers attending him on either hand,
And ſtrongly guarded by a gallant Band;
Ah! Treaſon, Treaſon, then ſhee cryes aloud:
Falſe *Joiada*, diſloyall Prieſt, and proud,
Thou ſhalt abide it: O thou Houſe profane!
I'll lay thee levell with the ground again:
And thou, yong Princox, Puppet as thou art,
Shalt play no longer thy proud Kinglings Part
On ſuch a Kixey ſtage; but, quickly ſtript,
With wiery Rods thou ſhalt to death be whipt;
And ſo, goe ſee thy Brethren, which in Hell
Will welcom thee, that badſt not them Farewell.
But ſuddenly the Guard layes hold on her,
And drags her forth, as 't were a furious Cur,
Out of the ſacred Temple; and, with ſcorn,
Her wretched corps is mangled, tugg'd and torn.
Th' High-Prieſt, inſpired with a holy zeal,
In a new League authentikly doth ſeal
Th' obedient People to their bounteous Prince;
And both, to God; by joynt obedience.
Simile. Now, as a Bear-whelp, taken from the Dam,
Is in a while made gentle, meek and tame
By witty uſage; but if once it hap
Hee get ſom Grove, or thorny Mountains top,
Then playes hee *Rex*: tears, kils, and all conſumes,
And ſoon again his ſavage kind aſſumes:
So *Joaſh*, while good *Joiada* ſurvives,
For Piety with holy *David* ſtrives;
But, hee once dead, walking his Fathers wayes,
(Ingrately-falſe) his Tutors * ſon hee ſlayes.
Him therefore ſhortly his own ſervants ſlay;
His Son, ſoon after, doth them like repay;
His People, him again: then *Amaziah*
Uzziah follows, *Joatham Uzziah*.
Simile. As one ſame ground indifferently doth breed
Both food-fit Wheat and dizzie Darnell ſeed;
Baen-baening Mug-wort, and cold Hemlock too;
The fragrant Roſe, and the ſtrong-ſenting Rue:
So, from the Nobleſt Houſes oft there ſprings
Some monſtrous Princes, and ſome vertuous Kings;

Jeh. mali preſervus Joaſh.
Joaſh.
* *Zacharie.*
Simile.
* *Amaziah.*

And

And all-fore-seeing God in the same Line
Doth oft the god-lesse with the godly twine,
The more to grace his Saints, and to disgrace
Tyrants the more, by their own proper Race.
Ahaz, betwixt his Son and *Joathan*
(Hee bad, they good) seems a swart *Mauritan*
Betwixt two *Adons*: *Ezechiah*, plac't
Between his Father and his Son, is grac't
(Hee good, they bad) as 'twixt two Thorns a Rose,
Whereby his Vertue the more vertuous showes.
For, in this Prince, great DAVID, the divine,
Devout, just, valiant, seems again to shine.
And, as wee see from out the sev'rall Seat
Of th' ASIAN Princes, self-surnamed *Great*
(As the *great Cham*, *great Turk*, *great Russian*,
And if lesse *Great*, more glorious *Persian*)
Araxis, *Chesel*, *Volga*, and many moe
Renowned Rivers, Brooks, and Flouds, doe flow,
Falling at once into the *Caspian* Lake (make:
With all their streams his streams so proud to
So, all the Vertues of the most and best
Of Patriarchs, meet in this Princes brest:
Pure in Religion, Wise in Counselling,
Stout in Exploiting, Just in Governing;
Un-puft in Sun-shine, un-appall'd in Storms
(Not, as not feeling, but not fearing Harms)
And therefore bravely hee repels the rage
Of proudest Tyrants (living in his Age)
And (ay un-daunted) in his Gods behalf
Hazzards at once his Scepter and himself. reigne
For, though (for Neighbours) round about him
Idolaters (that would him gladly gain)
Though Godlings, here of wood, and there of stone,
A Brazen here and there a Golden one,
With Lamps and Tapers, even as bright as Day,
On every side would draw his mind astray:
Though *Assur*'s Prince had with his Legions fell
Forrag'd *Samaria*, and in *Israel*
Quencht the small Faith that was; and utterly
Dragg'd the Ten Tribes into Captivity,
So far, that ev'n the tallest Cedar-Tree
In *Libanon* they never since could see:
Yet, EZECHIAH serves not Time; nor Fears
The Tyrants fury: neither roars with Bears,
Nor howls with Wolves, nor ever turns away;
But, godly-wise, well-knowing that Delay
Gives leave to Ill; and Danger still doth wait
On lingering, in Matters of such waight;
Hee first of all sets-up th' Almightie's Throne:
And under that, then, hee erects his own.
Th' establishing of Gods pure *Law* again,
Is as the Preface of his happy Reigne. (passhes,
The *Temple* purg'd, th' High-places down hee
Fels th' hallow'd groves, burns th' Idol-gods to ashes
Which his own Father serv'd; and, *Zeal*-full, brake
The *Brazen Serpent*, *Moses* yerst did make.
For, though it were a very Type of CHRIST,
Though first it were by th' *Holy-Ghost* devis'd,
And not by Man (whose bold blinde fancie's pride
Deforms God's Service, strayes on either side,
Flatters it self in his Inventions vain,
Presumes to schoole the *Sacred Spirit* again,
Controuls the Word, and (in a word) is hot
In his own fashion to serve God, or not)
Though the Prescript of *Ancient use* defend it,
Though *Multitude*, though *Miracles* commend it
(True Miracles, approved in conclusion,
Without all guile of Mens or Fiends illusion)
The King yet spares not to destroy the same,
When to occasion of Offence it came;
But, for th' Abuse of a fond Peoples will,
Takes that away which was not selfly ill;
Much lesse permits hee (thorough all his Land)
One rag, one relique, or one sign to stand
Of *Idolism*, or idle Superstition
Blindly brought-in, without the *Word's Commission*.
This zealous Hate of all Abhomination,
This royall Work of thorough-*Reformation*,
This worthy Action wants not recompence:
God, who his grace by measure doth dispense,
Who honours them that truly honour him,
To EZECHIAH not so much doth seem
His sure Defence, as his Confederate:
His Quarrel's His, Hee hates who him doe hate,
His fame Hee bears about (both far and nigh)
On the wide wings of Immortality:
To *Gath* Hee guideth his victorious Troup,
Hee makes proud *Gaza* to his Standards stoup,
Strong *Ascalon* Hee razeth to the ground:
And punishing a People wholly drown'd
In Idolism, and all rebellious Sins,
Addes to his Land the Land of *Philistins*.
Yea, furthermore, 'tis Hee that him with-draws
From out the bloudy and ambitious paws
Of a fell Tyrant, whose proud bounds extend (end;
Past bounds for breadth, and for their length past
Whose swarms of Arms, insulting every-where,
Made all to quake (ev'n at his name) for fear.
Already were the *Cœlo-Syrian* Towr's
All sackt, and seized by th' *Assyrian* Powr's:
And, of all Cities where th' *Isaacians* reign'd,
Onely the great *Jerusalem* remain'd;
When *Rabsakeh*, with railing insolence,
Thus braves the *Hebrews* and upbraids their Prince
(Weening, them all with vaunt-full threats to snib)
Thus saith th' Almighty, great *Zenacherib*:
O *Salem*'s Kingling wherefore art thou shut
In these weak walls? is thine affiance put
In th' ayd of *Egypt*? O deceit full prop!
O feeble stay! O hollow-grounded hope!
Egypt's a staffe of Reed; which, broken soon,
Runs through the hand of him that leans there-on.
Perhaps thou trustest in the Lord thy God:
What! whom so bold thou hast abus'd so broad,
Whom to his face thou daily hast defi'd,
Depriv'd of Altars, robb'd on every side
Of his High-places, hallow'd-Groves, and all
(Where yerst thy Fathers wont on him to call)
Whom (to conclude) thou hast exiled quite
From every place, and with profane despight
(As if condemned to perpetuall dark)
Keep'st him close-Prisoner in a certain Ark?
Will Hee (can Hee) take *Sion*'s part and Thine;
And with his Foes will Hee unjustly joyn?
No (wretched) know, I have His Warrant too
(Expresse Commission) what I have to doe:
I am the Scourge of God: 'tis vain to stand
Against the pow'r of my victorious hand:

Apelles.

Simile.

The true powrs of an excellent Prince.

His confidence in the favour of God, and zealous reformation of all abuses in the same.

Railing *Rabsakeh* in the name of his Master *Zenacherib* braving and blaspheming against God and good king *Ezechias*.

I execute the counsails of the Lord:
I prosecute his vengeance on th' abhorr'd
Profaners of his Temples: and, if Hee
Have any Pow'r, 'tis all conferr'd to mee.
Yeeld therefore, *Ezechia*, yeeld; and waigh
Who I am; who thou art: and by delay
Blow not the Fire which shall consume the quite,
And utterly confound the *Israelite*.
Alas! poor People, I lament your hap:
This lewd Impostor doth but puff you up
With addle hope, and idle confidence
(In a delusion) of your God's Defence.
Which of the Gods, against my pow'r could stand,
Or save their cities from my mightier hand? (com?
Where's *Hamath*'s God? where's *Arpad*'s God be-
Where *Sephervaim*'s God? and where (in summ)
Where are the Gods of *Heva*, and *Iva* too?
Have I not Conquer'd all? So will I doe
You and your God; and I will lead you all
Into *Assyria*, in perpetuall Thrall:
I'll have your *Manna*, and your *Aron*'s *Rod*,
I'll have the *Ark* of your Almighty God,
All richly furnisht, and new furbisht o'r,
To hang among a hundred Tropheis more:
And your great God shall in the Roule be read
Among the Gods that I have Conquered;
I'll have it so, it must, it shall be thus,
And worse then so, except you yeeld to us.
Scarce had hee done, when *Ezechias*, gor'd
With blasphemies so spewd against the Lord,
Hies to the Temple, tears his purple weed,
And fals to Prayer, as sure hold at need.
Prayer, the Refuge of the godly.
O King of All, but Ours, especially;
Ah! sleep'st thou Lord? What boots it, that thine ey
Pierceth to Hell, and even from Heav'n beholds
The dumbest Thoughts in our hearts in-most folds,
If thou perceiv'st not this proud Chalenger,
Nor hear'st the barking of this foul-mouth'd Cur?
Not against us so much his threats are meant,
As against Thee: his Blasphemies are bent
Against Thy Greatnesse; whom hee (proudly-rude)
Yokes with the Godlings which hee hath subdu'd.
'Tis true indeed hee is a mighty Prince,
Whose numbrous Arms, with furious insolence,
Have over-born as many as with-stood,
Made many a Province even to swim in bloud,
Burnt many a Temple; and (insatiate still)
Of neighbour Gods have wholly had their will.
But, O! What Gods are those? Gods void of Seeing
(Save, by their hands that serve them) Gods un-see-
New, up-start Gods, of yester-dayes device; (ing,
To Men indebted, for their Deities:
Gods made with hands, gods without life, or breath;
Gods, which the Rust, Fire, Hammer conquereth.
But, thou art Lord, th' invincible alone,
Th' All-seeing GOD, the Everlasting ONE:
And, whoso dares him 'gainst thy Pow'r oppose,
Seems as a Puff which roaring *Boreas* blows,
Weening to tear the *Alps* off at the Foot,
Or Clowds-prop *Athos* from his massie Root:
Who but mis-speaks of thee, hee spets at Heav'n,
And his owne spettle in his face is driven.
Lord, shew thee such: take on thee the Defence
Of thine owne glory, and our innocence:
Cleer thine own name of blame: let him not thus
Triumph of Thee, in triumphing of us:
But, let there (Lord) unto thy Church appear
Just Cause of Joy, and to thy Foes of fear.
God hears his Cry, and (from th' Emperial Round)
Hee wrathfull sends a winged Champion down; Miraculous Slaughter of the Assyrians.
Who, richly arm'd in more then humane Arms
Mowes in one night of Heathen men at Arms,
Thrice-three-score thousand, & five thousand more;
Feld round about; beside, behinde, before.
Here, his two eyes, which Sun-like brightly turn, Simile.
Two armed Squadrons in a moment burn:
Not much unlike unto a fire in stubble,
Which, sodain spreading, stil the flame doth double,
And with quick succour of some Southern blasts
Crick-crakling quickly all the Country wastes.
Here the stiff storm, that from his mouth he blows
Thousands of Souldiers each on other throwes;
Even as a Winde, a Rock, a sodain Floud Simile.
Bears down the Trees in a side-hanging Wood;
Th' Yew over-turns the Pine, the Pine the Elm,
The Elm the Oak, th' Oak doth the Ash o'r-whelm;
And from the top, down to the vale below,
The Mount 's dis-mantled and even shamed, so.
Here, with a Sword (such as that sacred blade
For the Bright Guard of *Eden*'s entry made)
Hee hacks, he heaws; and sometimes with one blow
A Regiment hee all at once doth mow:
And, as a Cannon 's thundry roaring Ball, Simile.
Batt'ring one Turret shakes the next withall,
And oft in Armies (as by proof they finde)
Kils oldest Souldiers with his very winde:
The whiffing flashes of this Sword so quick,
Strikes dead a many, which it did not strike.
Here, with his hands hee strangles all at-once
Legions of Foes. O Arm that Kings dis-thrones!
O Army-shaving Sword! Rock-razing Hands!
World-tossing Tempest! All-consuming Brands!
O, let some other (with more sacred fire,
Then I, inflam'd) into my Muse inspire
The wondrous manner of this Overthrow,
The which (alas!) God knowes, I little know:
I but admire it in confused sort;
Conceive I cannot; and, much lesse report.
Come-on, *Zenacherib*: where's now thine Hoast?
Where are thy Champions? Thou didst lately boast,
Th' hadst in thy Camp as many Souldiers,
As Sea hath Fishes, or the Heav'ns have Stars:
Now, th' art alone: and yet, not all alone:
Fear and Despair, and Fury wait upon
Thy shame-full Flight: but, bloudy Butcher, stay:
Stay, noysom Plague, fly not so fast away,
Fear not Heav'ns Fauchin: that foul brest of thine
Shall not be honor'd with such wounds divine:
Nor shalt thou yet in timely bed decease;
No: Tyrants use not to Depart in Peace:
As bloud they thirsted, they are drown'd in bloud;
Their cruell Life a cruell Death makes good.
For (O just Judgement!) lo, thy Sons (yer-long) *Sencherib* slain by his own Sons.
At *Nisroch*'s Shrine revenge the *Hebrews* wrong:
Yea, thine owne Sons (foul eggs of fouler Bird)
Kill their own Father, sheath their either sword
In thine owne throat; and, heirs of all thy vices,
Mix thine own bloud among thy Sacrifices.

This

This Miracle is ſhortly ſeconded
By one as famous, and as ſtrange, indeed.
It pleas'd the Lord with heavie hand to ſmite
King *Ezechiah*; who, in dolefull plight,
Upon his bed lies vexed grievouſly,
Sick of an Ulcer paſt all remedy.
Art fails the Leach, and iſſue faileth Art,
Each of the Courtiers ſadly wails a-part
His loſſe and Lord: Death, in a mourn-full ſort,
Through every Chamber daunteth all the Court;
And, in the City, ſeems in every Hall
T'have light a Taper for his Funerall.
Then *Amos'* Son, his bed approaching, pours
From plentious lips theſe ſweet & golden ſhow'rs;
But that I know, you know the Lawes Divine,
But that your Faith ſo every-where doth ſhine,
But that your Courage ſo confirm'd I ſee;
I ſhould, my Liege, I ſhould not ſpeake ſo free;
I would not tell you, that incontinent
You muſt prepare to make your Teſtament:
That your Deſeaſe ſhall have the upper hand:
And Death already at your Door doth ſtand.
What? fears my Lord? Know you not here beneath
Wee alwayes ſail towards the Port of Death;
Where, who firſt anch'reth, firſt is glorified?
That 't is decreed, confirm'd, and ratified,
That (of neceſſity) the fatall Cup,
Once, all of us muſt (in our turn) drink up?
That Death 's no pain, but of all pains the end,
The Gate of Heav'n, and Ladder to aſcend?
That Death's the death of all our ſtorms and ſtrife,
And ſweet beginning of immortall Life?
For, by one death a thouſand deaths wee ſlay:
There-by, we riſe from body-Toomb of Clay,
There-by, our Soules feaſt with celeſtiall food,
There-by, we come to th' Heav'nly Brother-hood,
There-by, w' are chang'd to Angels of the Light,
And, face to face, behold Gods beauties bright.
The Prophet ceaſt: and ſoon th' *Iſaacian* Prince,
Deep apprehending Death's drad form and ſenſe,
Unto the Wall-ward turns his weeping eyes:
And, ſorrow-torn, thus (to himſelfe) he cries:
Lord, I appeal, Lord (as thine humble childe)
From thy juſt *Juſtice* to thy *Mercy* milde:
Why will thy ſtrength deſtroy a ſilly-one,
Weakned and waſted even to skin and bone;
One that adores thee with ſincere affection,
The wrack of Idols, and the Saints protection?
O! ſhall the good thy ſervant had begun
For *Sion*, reſt now by his death undon?
O! ſhall a Pagan After-king reſtore
The Groves and Idols I have raz'd before?
Shall I dye Childeleſs? ſhall thine Heritage
In vain expect that glorious golden Age
Under thy CHRIST? O! mercy, mercy, Lord:
O Father milde, to thy dear Childe accord
Some ſpace of life: O! let not, Lord, the voice
Of Infidels at my poor death rejoyce.
Then ſaid the Seer; Be of good cheer, my Liege:
Thy ſighes and tears and prayers ſo beſiege
The throne of pitty, that, as pierc't with-all,
Thy ſmiling Health God yeeldeth to re-call,
Wils, to his Temple (three daies hence) thou mount,
Retracts his Sentence, and corrects his count,
Makes Death go back, for fifteen yeers: as lo,
This *Dial*'s ſhadow ſhall here back-ward go.
His Word's confirm'd with wonderfull effect:
For, lo, the *Dial*, which doth houres direct
(Life's-guider, Day's-divider, Sun's-conſorter,
Shadow's dull ſhifter, and Time's dumb reporter)
Puts-up-again his paſſed hours (perforce)
And back-ward goes againſt his wonted courſe.
'Tis Noon at Mid-night; and a triple morn
Seems that long day to brandiſh and adorn:
Sol goes, and comes; and, yet that in the Deep
Of *Atlas* ſhade hee lay him down to ſleep,
His bright, light-winged, gold-ſhod wheels do cut
Three times together in the ſelf-ſame rut.
Lord! what are we? or, what is our deſerving!
That, to confirm our Faith (ſo prone to ſwerving)
Thou daign'ſt to ſhake heav'ns ſolid Orbs ſo bright;
Th' Order of Nature to diſ-order quite?
To make the Sun's Teem with a ſwift ſlow paſe,
Back, back to trot; and not their wonted Race?
That, to diſpell the Night ſo blindely-black,
Which fiels our ſouls, thou mak'ſt the ſhade go back
On *Ahaz Dial*? And, as ſelf-un-ſtable,
Seem'ſt to revoke thine *Acts* irrevocable,
Raze thine own Dooms (toſt in unſteddy ſtorm)
And, to reform us, thine own ſpeech reform;
To give thy Self the Lie: and (in a word)
As Self-blam'd, ſoftly to put-up thy Sword? (cious
Thrice glorious God! thrice great! thrice gra-
Here-in (O Lord) thou ſeem'ſt to deal with us,
As a wiſe Father, who with tender hand
Severely ſhaking the correcting Wand,
With voyce and geſture ſeems his Son to threat:
Whom yet indeed hee doth not mean to beat;
But, by his curb of fained Rigour, aims
To awe his Son: and ſo him oft reclaims.
This Prince no ſooner home to Heav'n returns,
But *Iſrael* back to his vomit turns;
Him re-bemires: and, like a head-ſtrong Colt,
Runs headlong down into a ſtrange Revolt.
And, though *Joſias*, Heav'n-dear Prince (who young
Coms wiſely-old, to live the older long)
Had re-advanc't the ſacred Lawes divine,
Propt *Sion* 's Wall (all ready to decline)
With his own back; and, in his happy Reign,
The Truth re-flowr'n, as in her Prime again:
Yet *Jacob* 's Heirs ſtrive to reſemble ſtill
A ſtiff-throw'n Bowl, which running down a Hill,
Meets in the way ſome ſtub, for rub, that ſtops
The ſpeed a ſpace; but inſtantly it hops,
It over-jumps; and ſtayes not, though it ſtumble,
Till to the botom up-ſide-down it tumble.
With puiſſant Hoaſt proud *Nebuchadnezzar*
Now threatned *Juda* with the worſt of War:
His Camp comes marching to *Jeruſalem*,
And her old Wals in a new Wall doth hem.
The buſie-Builders of this newer Fold,
In one hand, Swords, in th' other, Trowels hold:
Nor ſelder ſtrikes with blades then hammers there;
With firmer foot the Sieged 's ſhock to bear,
Who ſeem a ſwarm of Hornets buzzing out
Among their Foes, and humming round about,
To ſpet their ſpight againſt their Enemies,
With poyſonie Darts, in noſes, brows, and eyes.

Epiſtle's Gloſſe.

* The purport of both.

A confirmation of the Viſion of the ſick.

Argues for a ſick Perſon, mortall ſentence.

The Kings Prayer heard and his life prolonged 15. years.

The Sun goes back.

Simile.

Simile.

Nebuchadnezzar beſiegeth Jeruſalem.

Cold *Capricorn* hath pav'd all *Juda* twice
With brittle plates of cryſtall-cruſted Ice,
Twice glaſed *Jordan*; and the Sappy-bloud
Of Trees hath twice re-perriwig'd the Wood,
Since the firſt ſiege: What? ſaid the younger ſort,
Shall wee grow old about a feeble Fort?
Shall wee (not Martial, but more Maſon-skild)
Shall wee not batter Towrs, but rather build?
And while the *Hebrew* in his ſumptuous Chamber
Diſports himſelfe, perfum'd with Nard and Amber,
Shall wee, ſwelting for Heat, ſhiv'ring for Cold,
Here, far from home, lie in a ſtinking Hold?
Shall time deſtroy us? ſhall our proper ſloath
Annoy us more then th' *Hebrews* valour doth?
No, no, my Lord: let not our Fervour fault,
Through length of Siege; but let us to th' Aſſault.
Let 's win 't and wear it: tut (Sir) nothing is
Impoſſible to *Chaldean* courages.
Contented, ſaid the King: brave Bloods away,
Go ſeek Renown, 'mid wounds and death, to-day.
Now, in their breſts, brave *Honor's* Thirſt began:
Nabuzaradan. Mee thinks, I ſee ſtout *Nabuzaradan*
Already trouping the moſt reſolute
Of every Band, this plot to proſecute.
Each hath his Ladder; and, the Town to take,
Bears to the Wall his Way upon his back:
But, the brave Prince cleaves quicker then the reſt
His ſlender Firr-poles, as more prow's-full preſt.
Alike they mount, affronting Death together;
But, not alike in face, nor fortune neither:
A Scalade. This Ladder, ſlippery plac't, doth ſlide from under:
That, over-ſloap, ſnaps in the midſt aſunder;
And ſouldiers, falling, one another kill
Simile. (As with his weight, a hollow Rocky-Hill,
Torn with ſome Torrent, or Tempeſtuous windes,
Shivers it ſelfe on ſtones it under-grindes):
Some, raſhly climb'd (not wont to climb ſo high)
With giddy brains ſwim headlong down the Sky:
Some over-whelm'd under a Mil-ſtone-ſtorm,
Loſe, with their life, their living bodies form.
Yet mounts the Captain, and his ſpacious Targe
Bears off a Mountain and a Forreſt large
Of Stones and Darts, that flie about his ears;
His teeth do gnaſh, he threats, he ſweats, & ſwears:
As ſteady there, as on the ground hee goes;
And there, though weary, hee affronts his Foes,
Alone; and halfly-hanging in the ayr,
Againſt whole Squadrons ſtanding firmly fair:
Upright he rears him, and his Helmet brave
(Where, not a Plume, but a huge Tree doth wave)
Reflecting bright, above the Paripet,
Affrights th' whole Citie with the ſhade of it.
Then, as halfe Victor, and about to venter
Over the Wall, and ready even to enter;
With his bright Ganlet's ſcaly fingers bent
Graſping the coping of the battlement,
His hold doth fail, the ſtones un-faſtned, fall
Down in the Ditch, and (headlong) hee with-all:
Yet, hee eſcapes, and gets again to ſhoar;
Nergal. Thanks to his ſtrength: but, to his courage more.
Now here (mee thinks) I hear proud *Nergal* rave:
In War (quoth hee) Maſter or Match to have,
By *Mars* I ſcorn; yea, *Mars* himſelfe in Arms;
And all the Gods with all their braving ſtorms.
O wrathfull Heav'ns, roar, lighten, thunder threat;
Gods, do your worſt; with all your batt'ries beat:
If I begin, in ſpight of all your powrs
I'll ſcale your Wals, I'll take your Cryſtall Towrs.
Thus ſpewd the Curre; and (as hee ſpake) withall
Climbs up the ſteepeſt of a dreadfull Wall,
With his bare-feet on rougheſt places ſprawling,
With hook-crookt hãds upon the ſmootheſt craw-
As a fell Serpent, which ſom Shepheard-lad (ling.
Simile. On a ſteep Rock encounters gladly-ſad,
Turning and winding nimbly to and fro,
With wriggling paſe doth ſtill approach his Foe,
And with a Hiſs, a friſk, and flaſhing eye,
Makes ſuddenly his faint Aſſailer flie:
Even ſo the Duke, with his fierce countenance,
His thundring-voice, his Helms bright radiance,
Drives *Paſhur* from the Wals and *Jucal* too
(A jolly Prater, but a Jade to doe;
Braver in Counſail then in Combat, far)
With *Sephatiah*, tinder of this War;
And *Malchy*, hee that doth in Priſon keep
Under the ground (a hundred cubits deep)
Good *Jeremy*, an inſtrument, alone
Inſpir'd with breath of th' everliving ONE.
Let's fly, cryes *Paſhur*: fly this Infidell,
Rather this Fiend, the which no weight can fell.
What force can front, or who encounter can
An armed Faulcon, or a flying Man?
While *Nergal* ſpeeds his Victory too-faſt,
His hooks diſ-pointed, diſappoint his haſte;
Prevent him, not of praiſe, but of the Prize
Which (out of doubt) hee did his own ſurmize.
Hee ſwears & tears: (what ſhould? what could hee
He cannot up, nor will he down, therefore. (more?)
Unfortunate! and vainly-valiant!
Simile. Hee 's fain to ſtand like the *Funambulant*
Who ſeems to tread the air, and fall hee muſt,
Save his Self's weight him counter-poyſeth juſt;
And ſave the Lead, that in each hand hee bears,
Doth make him light: the gaping Vulgar fears,
Amaz'd to ſee him; weening nothing ſtranger
Then Art to maſter Nature, lucre danger.
At laſt, though loath (full of deſpight and rage)
Hee ſlideth down into a horrid hedge,
Curſing and banning all the Gods; more mad
For the diſgrace, then for the hurt hee had.
Els-where the while (as imitating right
Mines and Counter-mines. The Kinde-blinde Beaſt, in ruſſet Velvet dight)
Covertly marching in the Dark by day,
Samgarnebo ſeeks under ground his way.
But *Ebedmelech*, warn'd of his Deſignes,
With-in the Town againſt him counter-mines
Courageouſly, and ſtill proceedeth on,
Till (reſolute) hee bring both Works to one;
Till one ſtrict Berrie, till one winding Cave
Become the Fight-Field of two Armies brave.
As the ſelfe-ſwelling Badgerd, at the bay
Simile. With boldeſt Hounds (inured to that Fray)
Firſt at the entry of his Burrow fights,
Then in his Earth; and either other bites:
The eager Dogs are cheer'd with claps and cryes:
The Angry Beaſt to his beſt chamber flies,
And (angled there) ſits grimly inter-gerning;
And all the Earth rings with the Terryes yearning:

So

So fare theſe Miners; whom I pittie muſt,
That their bright valour ſhould ſo darkly jouſt.
While hotly thus they skirmiſh in the vault,
Quick *Shedmelech* cloſely hither brought
A Dry-fat, ſheath'd in latton plates with-out,
With-in with feathers fill'd, and round about
Bor'd full of holes (with hollow pipes of braſs)
Save at one end, where nothing our ſhould paſs;
Which (having firſt his *Jewiſh* Troups retir'd;
Juſt in the mouth of th' enter-Mine hee fir'd:
The ſmoak whereof with odious ſtink doth make
The *Pagans* ſoon their hollow Fort forſake:
Smile. As from the Berries in the Winter's night
The Keeper draws his Ferret (fleſht to bite).
Now *Rabſhakeh* (as buſie) other-where
A rowling Towr againſt the Town doth rear,
And on the top (or higheſt ſtage) of it
A flying Bridge to reach the Courtin fit,
With Pullies, poles; and planked Battlements
On every ſtory, for his Mens defence.
On th' other ſide, the Townſ-men are not ſlow
With counter-plots to counter-puſh their Foe:
Now, at the wooden ſide, then at the front,
Then at the Engins of the *Perſian* Mount,
Inſtruments of Warre in a ſiege. With Brakes and Slings, and * *Phalariks* they play,
To fire their Fortreſſe, and their Men to ſlay:
But yet, a Cord-Mat (ſtifly ſtretcht about)
Defends the Towr, and keeps their Tempeſts out.
While thus they deale; *Sephtiah*, deſperate,
Him ſecretly out of the City gat,
And with a Pole of rozen-weeping Fir,
So furiouſly hee doth himſelfe beſtir,
That with the ſame the walking Fort hee fires:
The cruell flame ſo to the top aſpires,
That (maugre bloud, ſhed from above in ſlaughter,
And, from below, continuall ſpouting Water)
It parts the fray: ſtage after ſtage it catches, (ches.
And th' half-broild Souldiers headlong down it fet-
The King (ſtill conſtant againſt all extremes)
To preſs them neerer yet, with mighty beams
Rears a new Plat-form, neerer to the Wall,
And covers it, with three-fold ſhelter all;
The Timber (firſt) with Mud, the Mud with Hides,
The Hides with Wool-ſacks (wch all Shot derides).
Smile. As th' Aire exhaled by the fiery breath
Of th' Heav'nly Lion, on an open Heath,
Or on the treſſes of a tufted Plain,
Pours-down at-once both Fire, and Hail, and Rain:
So all at once the *Iſaacian* Souldiers threw
Flouds, Flames and Mountains on theſe Engins new:
But th' hungry Flames the Muddy-damp repels;
The Mounts, the Wooll; the drowning Flouds the
There-under (ſafe) the Ram with yron horn, (Fels.
The brazen-headed clov'n-foot Capricorn,
The broiſtrous Trepane, and ſteel Pick-ax play
Their parts apace, not idle night nor day.
Here, thorough-riv'n from top to toe, the Wall
On reeling props hangs ready ev'n to fall:
There a vaſt-Engine thundreth upſide-down
The feeble Courtin of the ſacred Town.
Smile. If you have bin, where, you have ſeen ſomwhiles,
How with the Ram they drive-in mighty Piles
In *Dover* Peer, to bridle with a Bay
The Sand-caſt Current of the raging Sea;
Swift-ebbing ſtreams bear to the Sea the ſound,
Eccho aſſiſteth, and with ſhrill rebound
Fils all the Town, and (as at Heav'nly Thunder)
The Coaſt about trembles for fear and wonder;
Then have you heard and ſeen the Engins beating
On Sion's Wals, and her foundations threatning.
In fine, the *Chaldees* take *Jeruſalem*,
And reave for ever *Juries* Diadem.
The ſmoaky burning of her Turrets ſteep
Seems ev'n to make the Sun's bright eye to weep:
And wretched *Salem*, buri'd (as it were)
Under a heap of her own Children dear,
For lack of friends to keep her Obſequies,
Conſtraineth ſighs (even) from her Enemies:
Her maſſie Ruines, and her Cinders ſhow
Her Wealth and Greatneſſe yer her over-throw.
A ſudden horror ſeizeth every eye
That views the ſame: and every Paſſer-by
(Yea, were hee *Gete*, or *Turk*, or *Troglodite*)
Muſt needs, for pitty of ſo ſad a Sight,
Beſtow ſome tears, ſome ſwelling ſighs, or groanes
Upon theſe batter'd ſculs, theſe ſcatter'd ſtones.
In Palaces, where lately (gilded rich) (ſcreech:
Sweet Lutes were heard, now huck-leſſe Owles doe
The ſacred TEMPLE, held (of late) alone
Wonder of wonders, now a heap of ſtone:
The Houſe of God (*the holi'ſt-holy-Place*)
Is now the houſe of Vermin vile and baſe:
The Veſſels, deſtin'd unto ſacred uſe,
Are now profan'd in Riot and Abuſe:
None ſcapeth wounds, if any ſcape with life:
The Father's reft of Son, the Man of Wife:
Jacob's exil'd: *Juda*'s no more in *Jury*,
But (wretched) ſighs under the *Chaldean* fury.
Their King in chains, wth ſhame & ſorrow thrill'd, Hoſea.
Before his face ſees all the faireſt pill'd;
Yea, his own Daughters, and his Wives (alas!)
(Rich Vines and Olives of his lawfull Race)
Whoſe love and beautie did his age delight,
Shar'd to the Souldiers, raviſht in his ſight.
O Father, Father, thus the Daughters cry
(About his neck ſtill hanging tenderly)
Whither (alas!) O, whither hale they us?
O, muſt wee ſerve their baſe and beaſtly Luſts?
Shall they diſſolve our Virgin-zones? Shall they
(Ignoble Grooms) gather our *Maiden-May*,
Our ſpot-leſſe Flowr, ſo carefully preſerv'd
For ſom great Prince, that mought have us deſerv'd?
O Hony-dropping Hils wee yerſt frequented,
O Milk-full Vales, with hundred Brooks indented,
Delicious Gardens of dear *Iſrael*;
Hils, Gardens, Vales, wee bid you all fare-well:
Wee (will-wee-nill-wee) hurried hence, as ſlaves,
Muſt now, for *Cedron*, ſip of *Tygris* waves;
And (weaned from our native Earth and Air)
For Hackney-Jades be ſold in every Fayr;
And (O hearts horror!) ſee the ſhame-leſſe Foe
Forcing our Honours, triumph in our woe.
All-ſundring Sword! and (O!) all-cindring Fire!
Which (mercy-leſs) do SION's Wrack conſpire,
Why ſpare you us, more cruell (cry'd the Wives)
In leaving ours, then reaving others lives?
Your pity's pity-leſſe, your Pardon Torture:
For, quick diſpatch had made our ſorrows ſhorter;

But

But your seem-Favour, that prolongs our breaths,
Makes us, alive, to dye a thousand deaths.
For, O dear Husband, dearest Lord, can wee,
Can wee survive, absented quite from Thee,
And slaves to those whose talk is nothing else
But thy Disgrace, thy Gyves, and *Israels*?
Can wee (alas!) exchange thy Royall bed
(With cunning-cost rare-richly furnished)
For th' ugly Cabbin and the lourie Couch
Of some base Ruffon, or some beastly Slouch?
Can wee, alas! can wretched wee (I say)
Wee whose commands whole kingdoms did obay,
Wee at whose beck even Princes knees did bend,
Wee on whose Train there dayly did attend
Hundreds of Eunuchs, and of *Maids* of *Honour*
(Kneeling about us in the humblest manner)
To dresse us neat, and duly every Morn
In silk and gold our Bodies to adorn;
Dresse others now? work, on disgrace-full frame
(Weeping the while) our SION's wofull flame?
Dragging like Moyls? drudge in their Mils? & hold
Brooms in our hands, for Scepter-Rods of gold?
Come, Parrats come, y' have prated now enough
(The Pagans cry in their insulting ruff)
On *Chaldé* shoars you shall goe sigh your fill,
You must with us to *Babel*: there at will
You may bewail: there, this shall be your plight,
Our Maids by day, our Bed-fellows by night.
And as they spake, the shame-less lust-full crew
With furious force the tendet Ladies drew
Even from between th' arms of the wofull King,
Them haling rough, and rudely hurrying;
And little lackt the act of most despight,
Even in their Father's and their Husbands sight,
Who, his hard Fortune doth in vain accuse,
In vain hee raves, in vain hee roars and rews:
Even as a Lion pris'ned in his grate,
Whose ready dinner is bereft of late,
Roars hideously; but his fell furie-storm
May well breed horror, but it brings no harm.
The proud fell *Pagans* do yet farther pass:
They kill, they tear, before the Father's face
(The more to gore: what Marble but would bleed?)
They massacre his miserable seed.
O! said the Prince, can you less pitcous be
To these Self-yeelders (prostrate at your knee)
Than sternly-valiant to the stubborn-stout
That 'gainst your rage courageously stood-out?
Alas! what have they done? what could they doe
To urge revenge and kindle wrath in you?
Poore silly Babes, under the Nurses wing,
Have they conspir'd against the *Chaldean* King?
Have they sweet Infants, that yet cannot speake,
Broke faith with you? Have these so young & weak,
Yet in their Cradle in their Clouts, bewayling
Their woes to-com (to all Man-kinde, unfailing)
Dis-ray'd your Ranks? Have these that yet do craul
Upon all foure, and cannot stand, at all,
With-stood your Fury, and repulst your Powrs,
Frust'red your Rams, fired your flying Towrs?
And, bravely sallying in your face (almost)
Hew'n-out their passage thorough all your Hoast?
O! no *Chaldeans*, onely I did all:
I did complot the King of *Babels* fall:
I foyld your Troups: I fill'd your sacred Flood
With *Chaldean* bodies, dy'd it with your bloud.
Turn therefore, turn your bloudy Blades on-me;
O! let these harm-less Little-ones go free;
And stain not with the bloud of Innocents
Th' immortall *Trophees* of your high Attents.
So, ever may the *Riphean* Mountains quake
Under your feet: so ever may you make
South, East, and West your own: on every Coast
So, ay victorious march your glorious Hoast:
So, to your Wives be you thrice welcom home,
And so God bless your lawfull-loved womb
With Self-like Babes, your substance with increase,
Your selves (at home) with hoary haires in Peace.
But as a Rock, 'gainst wch the Heav'ns do thũder,
Th' Aire roars about, the Ocean rageth under,
Yeelds not a jot: no more this savage Crew;
But rather, muse to finde-out Torrures new.
Here, in (his sight) these cruell *Lestrigons*
Between them take the eldest of his Sons,
Wch keenest swords his trembling flesh they heaw,
One gobbet here, another there they streaw.
And from the veins of dead-live limbs (alas!)
The spirit-full bloud spins in his Father's face.
There, by the heels his second Son they take,
And dash his head against a Chimneys back;
The scull is pasht in pieces, like a Crock,
Or earthen Stean, against a stony Rock:
The scatter'd batter'd brains about besmeard,
Some hang (O horror!) in the Fathers beard.
Last, on himselfe their savage furie flies,
And with sharp bodkins bore they out his eyes:
The Sun hee loses, and an end-less night
Be-clouds for ever his twin-balled sight:
Hee sees no more, but feels the woes hee bears;
And now for cryttall, weeps hee crimsin tears,
For, so God would (and justly too, no doubt)
That hee which had in *Juda* clean put-out
Th' immortall Lamp of all religious light,
Should have his eyes put-out, should lose his sight;
And that his body should be outward blinde,
As inwardly (in holy things) his minde.
O Butchers (said hee) satiate your Thirst,
Swill, swill your fill of bloud, untill you burst:
O! broach mee not with Bodkin but with Knife;
O! reave mee not my bodie's light, but life:
Give mee the sight not of the Earth, but Skies:
Pull-out my heart: O! poach not out mine eyes.
Why did you not this barb'rous deed dispatch,
Yer I had seen me an unsceptred Wretch,
My Cities sackt, my wealthy subjects pill'd,
My Daughters ravisht, and my Sons all kill'd?
Or else, why stayd you not till I had seen
Your (beast-like) Master grazing on the Green:
The *Medes* conspiring to supplant your Throne:
And *Babel*'s glory utter overthrowne?
Then had my soule with Fellow-Fals been eas'd:
And then your pain, my pain had part appeas'd.
O ragefull Tyrants! moody Monsters, see,
See here my Case; and see your selves in mee.
Beware contempt: tempt not the Heav'nly Powrs,
Who thunder-down the high-aspiring Towrs
(But mildely pardon, and permit secure
Poor Cottages that lye below obscure)

Who

Who Pride abhor; who lift us up so high,
To let us fall with greater infamie.
Th' Almighty sports him with our Crowns and us;
Our glory stands so fickle-founded thus
On slippery wheels, already rowling down:
He gives us not, but onely shews the Crown:
Our Wealth, our Pleasure, and our Honour too
(Whereat the Vulgar make so much adoe)
Our Pomp, our State, our All that can be spoken,
Seems as a glasse bright-shining, but soon broken.
Thrice-happy Hee, whom with his sacred arm,
Th' Eternall props against all Haps of Harm;
Who hangs upon his providence alone,
And more prefers GOD'S Kingdom then his own.
So happy be great BRITAINE Kings (I pray)
Our Soveraigne JAMES, *and all his Seed for ay;*
Our hope-full HENRY, *and a hundred mo*
Good, faithfull STUARTS *(in succesive row)*
Religious, righteous, learned, valiant, wise,
Sincere to Vertue, *and severe to* Vice;
That not alone These Dayes *of Ours may shine*
In Zeal-*full* Knowledge *of the* TRUTH divine,
And Wee (illightned with her sacred rayes)
May walk directly in the Saving wayes
Of faith-full Service to the ONE *true Deitie,*
And mutuall Practise of all Christian Pietie;
But, that our Nephews, and their Nephews (till
Time be no more) may be conducted *still*
By the same Cloud *by day, and* Fire *by night*
(Through this vast Desart *of the World's despight)*
Towards their Home *the heav'nly* CANAAN,
Prepared *for us yer the World began:*
That they with us, and wee (complete) *with them*
May meet triumphant *in* JERUSALEM;
With-in whose Pearly Gates and Jasper Wals
(Where th' Holy LAMB *keeps his high* Nuptials,
Where needs no shining of the Sun or Moon;
For, Gods own face makes there perpetuall Noon:
Where shall no more be Wailings, Woes, nor Cryes;
For God shall wipe all tears from weeping eyes)
Shall enter nothing filthy or unclean,
No Hog, no Dog, no Sodomite obscene,
No Witch, no Wanton, no Idolater,
No Thief, no Drunkard, no Adulterer,
No wicked-liver, neither wilfull Lyer:
These are without, *in* Tophet *'s end-lesse Fire.*
Yet such as these (or some of these, at least)
Wee all have been: in som-what all have miss't
(And, had wee broken but one Precept *sole,*
The Law *reputes us guilty of the whole):*
But, wee are washed, *in the* Sacred-Floud;
But, wee are purged, *with the* Sprinkled-Bloud;
But, by the Spirit, *wee now are* sanctifi'd;
And, through the Faith *in* JESUS, justifi'd.
Therefore no more let us our selves defile,
No more returne unto our vomit vile,
No more profane us with Concupiscence,
Nor spot the garment of our Innocence:
But, constant in our Hope, *fervent in* Love
(As even al-ready conversant Above)
Proceed wee cheerly in our Pilgrimage
Towards our happy promis'd Heritage,
Towards That City *of heart-bound-lesse* Blisse
Which CHRIST *hath purchast with his bloud for his:*
To whom, with FATHER, *and the* SPIRIT, *therefore*
Be Glory, Praise, and Thanks, for evermore.

Amen Amen
Amen.

FINIS.

PIBRAC. *Quad.* 5.

Say not, My hand This Work to END hath brought:
Nor, This my Vertue hath attained to:
Say rather thus; This GOD by mee hath wrought:
GOD's Author of the little Good I doe.

D.O.M.S.

GUILIELMO SALUSTIO
POETARUM FACILE PRINCIPI,
SCRIPTORI MIRABILI, PIO
MIRABILIUM ASSERTORI,
PRÆCONI VIRTUTIS DULCI

DOCTOQ.

CUJUS MONUMENTA DOCUMENTA
POSTERIS FUTURA SUNT:
QUI MUSAS EREPTAS PROFANÆ
LASCIVIÆ SACRIS MONTIBUS
REDDIDIT, SACRIS FONTIBUS
ASPERSIT, SACRIS CANTIBUS

IMBUIT,

VIRO VERE NOBILI, MORTALI-
BUS EXUVIIS SPOLIATO,
IMMORTALITATIS
COMPOTI.

A. MM. PP.

His, fateor, nemo exuviis inscribere honorem,
Aut Puter Aonii debuit ipse chori:
Gratia sed quoniam taciti propè nulla doloris,
Neu videar mœstas non maduisse genas;
Audiat ecce gemens etiam me turba gementem:
Ecce, meus vano munere peccet amor.
Et titulus saltem esto, BONA SUPER AETHERA FAMA
NOTUS, EGET NULLO, QUI JACET HIC, TITULO.

Jac. Lectius.

TO MY EVER-MOST HONOURED MISTRESSE, MISTRESSE ESSEX, VVIFE TO THE Right worthie, *William Eſſex* of Lamborn, Eſquire; and eldeſt Daughter of the right valiant, and Nobly-deſcended Sir *Walter Harecourt* of Stanton-Hare-court, Knight Baron of Ellen-Hall.

WIt's Beatue's, Vertue's *perfect Quinteſſence*
(*Yet grac't in* Soule *with more Divine* perfection)
Grace, with a glance of your milde Eye's reflection,
This humble Pledge of Zeal *and* Reverence:
Which (*as the* Stork, *for gratefull recompence,*
Where ſhee hath bred, one of her Birds beſtoweth)
My thankfull Muſe (*who you like* Duty *oweth*)
Here conſecrates *to your dear excellence.*
Dear ESSEX *here* (*to make your* Faith *apparant*
Unto the Faithfull, and confirm the ſame)
Embrace (*I pray*) *the* Faith of ABRAHAM
Offering his Iſaac (*on th' Almighties warrant*):
So ſhall th' Imputer *of his* Righteouſneſſe
Impute you yours; and your young Iſaac's *bleſſe.*

Your Vertue's

ever-vowed Servant,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO VERTUES PATTERNE, AND BEAUTIES PARAGON, MISTRESSE

JONE ESSEX: now VVife to the right worthie *William Anderſon*, Eſquire (ſecond Sonne of the late Lord *Anderſon*) and only Siſter of the Honourably-deſcended WILLIAM ESSEX of Lamborn ESQUIRE.

URANIA (*nobleſt of the learned* NINE)
Comming from Heav'n, to call my Muſe from Earth,
From Loves looſe Sonnets, and laſcivious Mirth;
In ſacred WEEKS *to ſing the Works divine:*
Of all the Nymphs extract from mortall Line,
For ſweet Compaſſion picks you only forth
(As beſt reſembling her ſelf's grace and worth)
Dear Beauties beſt, Wits wonder, Vertue's ſhrine.
Sweet, heav'nly temper of a humane ſoule
(Whoſe lovely ſmiles ſet coldeſt hearts a-fire:
But, inſtantly, with modeſt browes controule
Th' aſpiring hope of any bold deſire)
Daign t' entertain in your milde gracefull manner
This Heav'nly Mayd, *the mirrour of your Honour.*

Your Vertues

humble Votary,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

URANIA,

Or, The HEAVENLY MUSE.

1

SCarce had the *Aprill* of mine Age begun,
When brave desire t' immortalize my Name,
Did make mee (oft) Rest and Repast to shun,
In curious project of some learned *Frame*.

2

But, as a Pilgrim, that full late doth light
Upon a crosse-way, stops in sudden doubt;
And, 'mid the sundry Lanes to finde the right,
More with his Wit than with his Feet doth scout:

3

Among the many flowry paths that lead
Up to the Mount, where (with green Bayes) *Apollo*
Crowns happy Numbers with immortall meed,
I stood confus'd, and doubtfull which to follow.

4

One while I sought, the *Greekish-Scæne* to dress
In *French* disguise: in loftier stile anon
T' imbrew our Stage, with Tyrants bloudy Gests,
Of *Thebes*, *Mycæna*, and proud *Ilion*.

5

Anon, I sacred to th' *Aonian* Band
My Countries Storie; and, condemning much
The common error, rather took in hand
To make the *Mein French*, then the *Sein* be *Dutch*.

6

Anon, I meant with fawning Pen to praise
Th' un-worthy Prince; and so, with gold & glorie,
T' inrich my Fortunes, and my Fate to raise,
Basely to make my *Muse* a Mercenarie.

7

Then (gladly) thought I, the Wag-Son to sing
Of wanton *Venus*; and the bitter-sweet,
That *Too-much Love* to the best Wits doth bring;
Theam, for my Nature and mine age, too-meet.

8

While to and fro thus (tossed by *Ambition*)
Yet un-resolved of my Course, I rove;
Lo, suddenly a sacred Apparition;
Some Daughter (thinke I) of supernall *Jove*.

9

Angelicall her gesture and her gait;
Divinely-sweet her speech and countenance;
Her *Nine*-fold Voice did choicely imitate
Th' harmonious Musick of Heav'ns nimble Dance.

10

Upon her Head, a glorious *Diadem*,
Seven-double-folded, moving diversly;
And on each fold sparkled a precious Gem,
Obliquely turning o're our heads on high:

11

The first of *Lead*, the second *Tin* (mee thought)
Third *Steel*, the fourth of yellow *Gold* was cast,
The fift of pale *Electrum* seemed wrought;
Sixt *Mercurie*; of *Silver* was the last.

12

An *Azure Mantle* on her back shee wore,
With art-less Art, in orderly disorder;
Flourisht, and fill'd with thousand *Lamps* & more,
Her sacred Beauty to set forth and further.

13

Here flames the *Harp*, there shine the tender *Twins*:
Here *Charles his Wayn*, there twinkling *Pleiades*:
Here the bright *Balance*, there the silver *Fishes*:
And thousand *Stars* more then I can express.

14

I am URANIA (then aloud, said shee)
Who humane-kinde above the *Poles* transport,
Teaching their hands to touch, and eyes to see
All th' enter-course of the *Celestiall Court*.

15

I quint-essence the Soule, and make the *Poet*
(Passing himselfe) in a Divine Discourse
To draw the deafest, by the ears unto it;
To quicken stones, and stop the Oceans course.

16

I grant, My learned Sisters warble fine,
And ravish millions with their *Madrigals*:
Yet all, no lesse inferiour unto mine,
Then Pies to Syrens, Geese to Nightingals.

17

Then take Mee (BARTAS) to conduct thy Pen,
Soar up to Heav'n; Sing me th' Almightie's praise:
And tuning now the *Jessean* Harp again,
Gaine thee the *Garland* of eternall *Bayes*.

18

I cannot (grief-leſſe) ſee my Siſters wrongs
Made Bawds to *Lovers*, in deceitfull faynings,
In forged ſighes, falſe tears, and filthy ſongs,
Laſcivious ſhews, and counterfeit complaynings.

19

Alas! I cannot with dry eyes behold
Our holy Songs ſould and profaned thus
To grace the grace-leſſe; praiſing (too-too bold)
Caligulas, *Nero*, and *Commodus*.

20

But, moſt I mourn, to ſee rare *Verſe* apply'd
Againſt the Author of ſweet *Compoſition*:
I cannot brook to ſee Heav'ns King defy'd
By his own Souldiers, with his own Munition.

21

Man 's eyes are ſield-up with *Cimmerian* miſt:
And, if ought precious in his Life he reach,
Through ſundry hands, by the Heav'ns bountie is't:
But God, himſelfe, the *Delphian* Songs doth teach.

22

Each *Art* is learn'd by *Art*: but POESIE
Is a meer *Heav'nly gift*: and none can taſte
The Deaws wee drop from *Pindus* plenteouſly,
If *ſacred Fire* have not his breaſt imbrac't.

23

Thence is't, that many great *Philoſophers*,
Deep-learned *Clarks* (in *Proſe* moſt eloquent)
Labour in vain to make a graceſull *Verſe*,
Which many a Novice frames moſt excellent.

24

Thence is't, that yerſt, the poor *Meonian* Bard,
Though Maſter, means, and his own eyes be miſſes,
Of Old and New is for his Verſe preferr'd,
In 's ſtout *Achilles*, and his wiſe *Ulyſſes*.

25

Thence is't, that *Ovid* cannot ſpeak in *Proſe*:
Thence is't, that *David* (Shepheard, turned *Poet*)
So ſoon doth learn my *Songs*: and Youths compoſe
After our *Art*, before (indeed) they know it.

26

Dive day and night in the *Caſtalian* Fount,
Dwel upon *Homer* and the *Mantuan Muſe*,
Climb night and day the double-topped Mount,
Where the *Pierian* learned *Maidens* uſe:

27

Read while thou wilt, read over every Book
In *Pergamus*, and in the famous City
That her great name, of *Alexander* took;
Still ply thy Pen, practiſe thy language (wittie):

28

Take time enough, chooſe ſeat and ſeaſon fit,
To make good *Verſe*; at beſt advantage place thee:
Yet worthy fruit thou ſhalt not reap of it,
For all thy toil, unleſſe *Minerva* grace thee.

29

For, out of Man, Man muſt him all advance,
That time-proof *Poems* ever hopes to utter;
And extaſed (as in a *holy Trauſe*)
Into our hands his *Senſive part* muſt put-her.

30

For, as a humane Furie makes a man
Leſſe then a man: ſo *Divine-Fury* makes him
More then himſelfe; and ſacred *Phrenzie* then
Above the heav'ns bright flaming arches takes-him.

31

Thence, thence it is that divine *Poets* bring
So ſweet, ſo learned, and ſo laſting *Numbers*,
Where Heav'ns & Natures ſecret works they ſing,
Free from the power of *Fates* eternall ſlumbers.

32

True *Poets*, right are like winde-Inſtruments,
Which full, do ſound; empty, their noiſe ſurceaſes.
For with their *Fury* laſts their Excellence;
Their *Muſe* is ſilent, when their *Fury* ceaſes.

33

Sith therefore *Verſes* have from Heav'n their ſpring,
O rareſt ſpirits! how dare you (damned ſcorners)
Profanely wreſt, againſt Heav'ns glorious King,
Theſe ſacred gifts given from your lives adorners?

34

Shall your ingratefull Pens be alwayes waiting,
As Servants to the *Fleſh*, and ſlaves to *Sin*?
Will you your *Volumes* evermore be fraighting,
With *Dreams* and *Fables*, idle *Fame* to win?

35

Still will you fill the World with *Love-ſick* groans?
Still will you fawn on Fooles, and flatter Evill?
Still will you parbreak loathſome paſſions?
Still will you make an Angell of a Divell?

36

Still will you comment on this common Storie?
And (Spider-like) weave idle Webs of folly?
O! ſhall wee never hear you ſing the glory
Of God, the great, the good, the juſt, the holy?

37

Is't not enough, that in your ſoules, yee feel
Your *Paphian Fire*? but every Brothel-Lover,
T' inchaunt the wanton with his wanton ſtile,
Muſt (Strumpet-like) his luſtfull flame diſcover?

38

Is't not enough, that you your ſelves doe wallow
In foul delights? but that you muſt intice
Your heed-leſſe *Readers*, your looſe Race to follow;
And ſo for *Vertue*, make them fall to *Vice*?

39

Tunes, *Notes*, and *Numbers* (whence they do transfer
Th' harmonious powr that makes our *Verſe* ſo plea-
The ſterneſt *Catoes* are of force to ſtir, (ſing)
Mans nobleſt ſpirits with gentle *Fury* ſeazing.

40

And, as a Seal printed in wax (almoſt)
Another Seal; a learned *Poet* graveth
So deep his paſſions in his Readers Ghoſt,
That oft, the Reader th' Authors form receiveth.

41

For, *Verſe* 's vertue, ſliding ſecretly
(By ſecret Pipes) through th' *intellectuall Notions*;
Of all that 's pourtraid artificially
Imprinteth there both good and evill motions.

42

Therefore did *Plato* from his *None-Such* baniſh
Baſe *Poëtaſters*, that with vitious verſe
Corrupted manners, making vertue vaniſh;
The wicked, worſe; and even the good, perverſe.

43

Not thoſe that car'd to match their graceſull Phra-
To grave-ſweet matters: ſinging now the praiſe (zes
Of juſteſt *Jove*; anon from errors mazes
Keeping th' un-ſteady, calling back the ſtraies.

O pro-

44
O profane Writers! your lascivious Ryme
Makes our best *Poets* to be basely deemed
As Jugglers, Jesters, and the scum of Time;
Yea, with the Vulgar, lesse then these esteemed.

45
You make chaste *Clio*, a light wanton Minion;
Mount *Helicon*, a Stews; your ribaldrie
Makes prudent Parents (strict in their opinion)
To bar their Children reading *Poetrie*.

46
But, if you would (yet at the last) inure-yee
Your *Gnidian Idols* in the dust to trample,
And rouz the *Genius* of your *sacred Furie*,
To shew the World some holy *Works* example;

47
All would admire your Rymes, and do you honour,
As *Secretaries* of the Heav'nly Court;
And *Majestie* would make you wait upon-her,
To manage Causes of the most import.

48
The chain of *Verse* was at the first invented
To handle onely sacred Mysteries
With more respect: and nothing else was chanted
For long time after in such *Poësies*.

49
So did my *Dævid* on the trembling strings
Of his divine *Harp* onely sound his *God*:
So milde-soul'd *Moses* to *Jehovah* sings
Jacob's deliv'rance from th' *Egyptians* Rod.

50
So *Debora* and *Judith*, in the Camp;
So *Job* and *Jeremy*, in cares oppressed;
In tune-full *Verses* of a various stamp;
Their joyes and sighs divinely-sweet expressed.

51
And therefore *Satan* (who transforms him slily
T' an Angel of the Light, the more t' abuse)
In's Oracles and Idols speaking wily,
Not common Prose, but curious *Verse* did use.

52
So the fond *made-Priests* of *Apollo* sung
His *Oracles* in sweet *Hexameters*,
With doubtfull Riddles from a double tongue,
To hapless-hopefull, conquered Conquerers.

53
So th' ancient voyce in *Dodon* worshipped:
So *Æsculapius*, *Hamon*, and the fair
And famous *Sibyls* spake and prophesied
In *Verse*: in *Verse* the Priest did make his prayer.

54
So *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Hesiodus*
(Whereof the first charm'd stocks and stones, they (say)
In sacred *Numbers* dar'd (to profit us)
Their divine secrets of deep skill convay.

55
O! you that long so for the *Laurell Crown*,
Where's possible a richer Theam to take (round,
Then his high praise, who makes the Heav'ns goe
The Mountains tremble, and dark Hell to quake?

56
This *subject* is a deep, broad, bound-lesse Ocean,
Th' aboundant *Horn* of *Plentifull* discourse;
The Magazin of wealth for Wits quick motion;
Of divine Eloquence th' immortall source.

57
Base Argument, a base stile ever yeelds:
But (of it selfe) a lofty *subject* raises
Grave stately words, and (of it selfe) it gilds
It selfe; and crowns the Authors Pen with praises.

58
If then you would survive your selves so gladly,
Follow not him who burnt (to purchase fame)
DIANA'S Temple: neither him that madly,
To get renown, a *Brazen Bull* did frame.

59
Imploy no more th' *Elixir* of your spirit
On *Cytherea* and her winged Son.
How better never to be named were-it,
Then named (blamed) for a mischief don?

60
Wee, *Thrice three Sisters of Parnassus Hill*,
Bee *Virgins* all: your *Pallas* selfe is so;
So is that sacred *Tree-turn'd Lady* still, (grow.
From whose pure locks your still-green *Laurels*

61
Then, consecrate-mee (rather) your Wits miracles,
To sacred Stories: spend your Eloquence
In singing loud those holy Heav'nly *Oracles*;
Pour there your Soules pure pretious quint-essence.

62
Let CHRIST (as *Man-God*) be your *double Mount*
Whereon to Muse; and, for the winged hoove
Of *Pegasus*, to dig th' immortall Fount,
Take th' *Holy-Ghost*, typt in a *Silver-Dove*.

63
Excelling Works preserve the Memory
Of those that make them: The *Mausolean* Toomb
Makes *Artemisia*, *Scopas*, *Timothie*,
Live to this day, and still in time to come.

64
Name-lesse had *Hiram* been, but for his ayd
Towards God's *Temple* built in *Israel*:
And, but for Gods *Ark*, in dark silence laid
Long since had been th' *Hebrew Bezaleel*.

65
Then, sith these great and goodly *Monuments*
Can make their makers *after death abide*;
Although themselves have *Vanished* long since,
By Age, and Rage, Fire, Arms and Storms destroy'd:

66
O think (I pray) how-much-much greater glory
Shall you attain, when your Diviner quality
In sacred strains shall sing th' *Almightie's Story*;
Sith from immortall things springs immortality.

67
I know you 'll answer, that the *Ancient Fictions*
Are (even) your *Song's* soule: and that every *Fable*
Ay breeding other, makes by their commixtions
(To vulgar ears) your *Verse* more admirable.

68
But, what may be more admirable found
Then *Faith's Effects*? Or what doth more controul
Wits curious pride? or with more force confound
The reach and reason of a humane soule?

69
I'ld rather sing the *Towr of Babylon*,
Then those *three Mountains*, that in frantick mood
The *Giants* pil'd to pull *Jove* from his Throne:
And *Noahs*, rather then *Deucalions* Floud.

70
I'ld rather ſing the ſudden *ſhape-depriving*
Of *Aſſur* 's Monarch, then th' *Arcadian* King:
And the *Berhamian Lazarus* reviving.
Then valiant *Theſeus* Sons re-ſobering.

71
Th' one onely doth delight their ears that hear it;
The other tends to profit in ſome meaſure:
But, onely *Hee the Laurel Crown doth merit*,
Who wiſely mingles profit with his Pleaſure.

72
As ſweeteſt walks are by the water ſide,
And ſafeſt ſwimming neer the flowry ſhore:
So, prudent Writers never doe divide (lore.
Knowledge from Mirth, Mirth from Inſtructions

73
Such ſhall you be, if ſuch a taske you take:
For, teaching others you your ſelves ſhall learn-all
Rules of good life; and happy ſo ſhall make,
As is your ſubject, your own Songs eternall.

74
Abandon then thoſe *Old-wives-Tales* and Toyes;
Leave the *Blinde Lad*, who but the blinde abuſes;
And onely, addle, idle hearts annoyes.
Hence-forth no more profane the *Sacred Muſes*.

75
But (O!) in vain, in vain (alas!) I plain-mee;
Some ſubtle Aſpicks, to eſchew my Charming,
Stop their dull ears; ſome *Epicures* diſdain-mee
And my advice, and ſcoff my zealous warning.

76
Some, for a ſeaſon, liſten to my Lawe;
But ſoon *Relapſe*, through the Worlds ſorceries:
And this diſcourſe (which but the Vertuous draws)
Enters at one ear, out at th' other flies.

77
Alas! I ſcarce ſee one (nay, none at all)
That Courts not *Venus*, or corrupts not more
His golden *Honey* with profaner *Gall*:
Although this Age of happy Wits have ſtore.

78
But thou, my Darling, whom before thy birth,
The *Sacred Nine*, that ſip th' immortall ſpring
Of *Pegaſus*, predeſtin'd to ſet forth
Th' Almightie 's glory, and his praiſe to ſing:

79
Although their Subject ſeem a barren ſoyl,
Which fineſt Wits have left for fallow fields;
Yet, doe thou never from this task recoyl:
For, *what is rareſt, greateſt glory yeelds.*

80
Faint not (my-*Saluſt*) though fell *Envie* bark
At the bright *Riſing* of thy fair *Renown*;
Fear not her Malice; for, thy living *Work*
(In ſpight of ſpight) ſhall not be troden down.

81
That *Fames*-foe Monſter, is much like a Curr,
That fiercely barks at every new-come Gueſt;
But, once-acquainted, after doth not ſtur,
Saving at ſtrangers; fawning on the reſt.

81
Or, like a thick, dark, pirchy Cloud of ſmoak,
That round-about a kindling Fire ſuppreſſes
With waving ſmother, the new Flame to choak:
But, as the *Flame* augments, the *Fume* decreaſes.

83
Wherefore (my dear) that *ſacred Path* purſue,
Where none but heav'n-bleſt happy ſpirits can paſe:
And here I ſwear, that ſhortly for thy due,
Among beſt Wits thou ſhalt have worthy place.

84
With theſe ſweet accents (grac't in utterance)
URANIA holding in her Maiden hand
A glorious Crown, rapt-up in *ſacred Tranſe*,
My proſtrate ſoul, preſt to her high Command.

85
Since when, alone *that Love* my heart hath fired;
Since when, alone that Winde my ſails hath ſpread:
O happy! might I touch that *Crown* (deſired)
But with my hand, not put it on my head.

86
Now out of zeal to your dear Name *and* You
(*Dear* noble Name, *that I muſt ay affect*:
And whoſe Diſaſters *I muſt ever rue*)
This MONUMENT of Honour *I erect*
To you (*ſweet* ESSEX) *as your* Vertues *due*,
For an eternall token *of reſpect*:
Where, your great worth, *and my* good-will *ſhall ſtand*
Inrould for ever with URANIA's *hand.*

FINIS.

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH;

Former-ly
DEDICATED,
and now againe,
FOR EVER
Conſecrated to the
grateſull Memorie *of*
the firſt kinde Foſterer of
our tender Muſes, my never-
ſufficiently-Honoured dear Uncle
W. PLUMB, *Eſq.*

For whoſe dear Bones wee would a Toomb advance
Of Gold, and Silver, and CORINTHIAN Braſſe,
With Ivorie Pillars mixt with Jett and Rance,
Rarer and richer then th' old CARIAN'S was;

His Vertues ſhining bright: *And round about it write* *With Stories of his Fame:* *And ſtately decke the ſame*

But, ſith the moſt of our poore Meanes (alas!)
Not the leaſt part of that Rich Pride affords;
For want of Wealth, wee build a Toomb of Words:

** *Which (though it coſt leſſe) ſhall out-laſt* **
** *The proud cloud-threatning Battlements,* **
** *Th' aſpiring Spires by* NILUS *plac't,* **
** *And Hell-deepe-founded Monuments.* **

For greedy waſte of Hours, that all things elſe devours,
Spares the ſweete Maides of ſacred HELICON:
And thoſe faire Ladies, to their Friends alone,
This precious Gift doe give, Still (after Death) to Live.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

To Guy de Faur, Lord of Pibrac; VV. Saluſtius du Bartas.

I Hate thoſe Satyrs, that the beſt ſtill bite
I hate the ſhameleſſe Pens that ſooth the vicious:
For theſe be flatterers, and thoſe malicious:
But, wiſe is hee can hit the Mean aright.
I pinch not oft, nor doe I often praiſe:
Yet, muſt I needs praiſe the praiſe-worthy ſtill:
I cannot hold my free and forward quill
From thoſe whom Heav'n adorns with ſpeciall rayes.
Now all that God doth by retail beſtow
On perfect'ſt men, to thee in groſſe hee gives:
Therefore my Muſe thy praiſe ſo often drives,
For Duties ſake, but not to flatter ſo.
Our Age's Wonder! when thy tongue (refin'd
By Vſe and Art) in our King's name dilates
With Counſails, Germane *or furr'd* Poliſh *States,*
The ſweet tongu'd Cyneas *thou doſt make us minde.*
In privie counſell, when our miſeries
Thou doſt be-moan, moſt Neſtor-*like thou art:*
And when, in Paris *Parliament, thy part*
Of Lawes thou Plead'ſt, thou ſeem'ſt to Scævolize.
Thy Latin Proſe doth match ſmooth Saluſts *ſtile:*
And when thy Pen diſtils the Nectar *ſweet*
Of Helicon (*where all the Muſes meet*)
Me thinks I read ſwet Virgil *all the while.*
In honour of theſe gifts, this gift I bring,
Small for my paines, great for the argument:
But if the Heav'ns had richer treaſure lent,
Thy New-yeers gift *ſhould be ſom better thing.*

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

CANTO I.

1

NEer th' hour that *Erycin' Aurora* cals,
And ſhee the Sun; ſad *Morpheus*, entring in
Through 's horny gate, to ſhew me did begin
A ſacred Virgins ſtately TRIUMPHALS.

2

Then *Faith* (for ſo ſhee hight) bids with celerity,
Of Pen and Paper that I make proviſion
To write the ſumm of this celeſtiall Viſion,
To be recorded unto all Poſterity.

3

I know my task to be impoſſible:
I know, in this, mans eyes are beetle-blinde:
His ears quite deaf; clean voyd of ſenſe his minde;
But, hardeſt things *Faith* makes moſt poſſible.

4

Eternall Sun, O ſcatter with thy Light
All miſty clouds, that make me not to ſee
Thy health-full Face: and give true *Faith* to me;
Since Faith, ſans *Faith*, cannot be known aright.

5

FAITH ſits triumphant in a Carr of gold,
Of *Tubal's* making, where blew Saphires ſhine,
Rich Diamonds, and many Rubies fine,
And if ought elſe Earth doth more coſtly hold.

6

Her glorious Charrets rowling wheels are like
The holy wheels the great *Ezechiel* ſaw:
For one ſelf-ſpirit, ſelf-winde, and will doth draw
Their reſtleſſe courſes, equall, both alike.

7

The Bird that led the *Roman* Standards out:
The Bird, that fixtly can oppoſe his eyes
Againſt the greateſt light in all the skies;
High through the air, draws this rich Coach about.

8

Faith flaunts it not in ſilver, ſilk, nor gold,
Nor precious ſcarlet of the *Tyrian* Dy,
Nor paints her face to hide deformity;
But, as ſhee is, ſhee doth her ſelf unfold.

9

Her body (that all bodies doth diſgrace)
Like *Juno's* Bird is full of watchfull eyes,
Whoſe holy glances pierce the lofty skyes,
Pierce Air, and Heav'n, and ſee God face to face.

10

Sh' hath many ſweet and flowing tongues to praiſe
The Lord of Hoaſts: ſh' hath ſtrong and mighty wings
(Paſſing the ſwiftneſs of all earthly things)
That in a moment up to Heav'n her raiſe.

11

Her glorious head is compaſt with a Crown,
Not made of Olive, Pine, or Laurell bough,
Nor Parſly Wreath, which *Grecians* did allow
Th' *Olympian* games for ſignals of renown:

12

But, of freſh Roſes pluckt from Honours Tree,
That never ſhrink for Winters chilling froſt,
That wither not when *Titan* parcheth moſt:
For, by the Lord they ever wat'red be.

13

Now, ſtain-leſſe *Truth* for Standards doth diſplay
Two Teſtaments: next, *Courage* marſhals right
Th' undaunted Troups that are prepar'd to fight
Under her Colours, into battell-ray

14

Then, *Conſtancy* bears a two-edged Blade,
And *Patience* an impenetrable Shield; (yeeld,
Whoſe brightneſſe hath inforc't more monſters
Then that which of grim *Gorgon's* head was made.

15

Next, *Charity*, that kindly doth prefer
Her neighbours good before her own utility:
Repentance, *Hope*, and hearty-milde *Humility*,
Doe flank the wings of *Faith's* triumphant Carr.

16

For, *Faith* (indeed) without her Maids were vain.
But, as the Sun can never lack his light,
Nor Fire want heat: ſo (if wee mark aright)
Faith cannot want theſe Hand-maids in her train.

Before

17
Before this Coach there is a Beldam gon,
That seems (at first) fairer then *Helen* was:
But neerer view'd, shee is more foul (alas!)
Then fell *Meger*, *Alecto*, or *Tesiphon*.

18
Shee never goes (like *Faith*) with open face;
But seeks for masks, vizards, and garments gay,
For cloak on cloak to keep the light away,
Of her loath'd limbs to hide the foul disgrace.

19
Sh'hath tongues (like *Faith*) with which shee boldly
Blaspheming Heav'n with filthy vanities; (chats,
Sh'hath eyes (like *Faith*) but yet (alas!) those eyes
See cleer by night, by day are blinde as Bats.

20
Sh'hath wings (like *Faith*) with which shee soars
Like *Icarus* shee proudly mounts aloft (on hy:
(Forgetting that her feathers are so soft)
Till *Phœbus* force her waxen wings doth fry.

21
Shee (whom, *sans* reason, men have *Reason* hight)
Since first, in Fire, the Lord the Air inclos'd;
In Air the Sea, in Sea the Earth dispos'd;
Hath with milde *Faith* maintain'd continuall fight:

22
Now, arming Kings, and putting in their brains,
That nothing lesse beseems their Royall State
Then under *Faith* their Scepters to abate;
Then to endure her gentle-ruling reans.

23
Another-while, shee puffs with pois'ny-pride
(Whom their disciples onely Doctors deem)
Such as (I grant) have spent much oyl, and time,
To draw mens soules from the true way, too wide.

24
Yet still, the Lord (who still upholds the just)
Hath still the case of holy *Faith* maintain'd;
Hath still so well her holy side sustain'd,
That still her Foes lye groveling in the dust.

25
A thousand Princes, bound in fetters fast,
Before her march, that her milde yoke disdain'd,
That all the Earth with bloud of Saints distain'd,
And Christ his Church with Fire and Sword did (waste.

26
Cain. Hee that (the first) in this worlds Pupillage,
Brain'd his owne brother, leads this bloudy crew:
Pharaoh. Then th'hardned Tyrant, that did dare pursue
Through the Red-Sea Gods chosen Heritage.

27
Josh. Then saw I him that *Zachary* did stone;
Athaliah, *Ahab*, wicked *Abian*,
Occazias, *Amon*, *Ahaz*, and *Joram*:
Then all that sate on the *Samarian* Throne,

28
Nebuchadnezzar. I saw *Senacherib*, and Him whose Grace
Was turn'd to grasse, proud *Haman*, and withall
Balthazar. Brave *Holophernes*, and who on the Wall
Read how his Kingdom to the *Medes* should passe.

29
Antiochus Illustris. *Annas* and *Caiaphas*, and him that set
His hatefull Idoll in the holy Place;
Which five *Jew*-brethren bravely did deface:
All these too-late, in sad repentance fret.

30
The Tyrant too, that (at our Saviours birth) Herod.
In Cradles kill'd so many Innocents:
And that vile Judge, whose seared conscience Pila.
Condemn'd the guilt-lesse Judge of all the earth.

31
That viperous Monster (of mankinde the shame)
Who Mother, Wives, Brethren and Sisters slue, Nero.
Then from a lofty Towr did laugh to view
Romes glittering Spires all on a burning flame.

32
With *Seventh Severus* came accompanied:
Jule, *Maximin*, with fell *Maximian*,
Cruell *Gallerian*, fond *Domitian*,
That (god-lesse) would like God be honoured.

33
Then saw I him that served *Sapores*
For foot-stool base: I saw *Valerian*,
Decius, *Lecinus*, and *Hostilian*;
And fell *Maxentius*, marching next to these.

34
I saw great *Trajan*, learn'd *Aurelius*,
And learned *Diocleſian*: all which three
Among wise *Cesars* might will praised bee,
Had they not been 'gainst Christians barbarous.

35
Justin, *Theodorus*, *Constantinus* Sonne, Agathias.
Heraclius, *Valence*, *Constance*, *Manuel*, Ramus.
And that *Bizantian* Prince, that did mis-tell
A four-fould Essence in the onely ONE.

36
Then (*Goths* and *Vandals*, *Gens'ric*, *Trasimond*)
Honorius, *Theodorus*, *Totilas*,
Alaricus, and *Rhotoris* (alas!)
Who *Rome* and *Africk* with *Saints* bloud have (drown'd.

37
But who is this, that, loaden so with chains,
By thousand hang-men racked with dispight,
By thousand Furies tortur'd day and night,
For god-lesse deeds receives so righteous pains?

38
'Tis *Mahomet*, who more by *Mavors* Art, Scripsit Nefarium Librum hic Mahomet, quem vocant Alcoran.
Then 's *Alcoran* (Bird of a Friers nest)
Hath all subdu'd the wealthy golden East,
And won withall the triple world's best part.

39
I see Prince *Saladine*, of match-lesse force,
But th' *Alcoran* too-deeply favouring:
Haly the *Caliphe*, and the wanton King
That did our Maids on *Edesse* Altars force.

40
With wrath and woe old *Ottoman* oppresst
Too-late repentance in his face presents;
And *Mahomet* the second much laments
That hee the *Grekish* Empery suppresst.

41
So the proud scorn of (scourge-Turk) *Tamberlaine*, Bajazeth.
That in an yron Cage was cooped straight;
And hee that first presum'd to passe the Streight
Which *Europ*'s bounds divides from th' *Asian*.

42
Then hee that quittance did with *Scythia* cry, Mahomet 2.
And over Sea his Scepter rais'd again;
And *Amurath*, that did repell amain
Vincenslaus, that first had made him fly.

Orcan

43

Orcan (the *Phrygian's* fear) and *Calipine*,
Who foil'd *Sigismond's* hoast, his Father fear'd;
And *Bajazeth*, that, being haughty rear'd
By *Germain Tropheis*, did their peace repine.

44

Hee that his Sire and Brother put to death,
Is with a Cable kill'd; his Son that quail'd
Th' *Hungarian* King, and *Rhodes* and *Bud* assail'd,
With trembling fear now quakes like Aspen leaf.

45

And neer this *Solyman* there doth remain
And empty room for him that yet survives,
Who (by our Kings strange jars) so richly thrives,
That (proud) hee threats both *Germany* and *Spain*.

46

O Wretched Christians! while your civill rage
'Gainst your owne hearts doth arm your proper
O see you not the *Turks* invade your Lands, (hands,
And safely spoyl the Lords choice heritage?

47

The discord grown 'twixt the *Bulgarian* King,
And th' Eastern *Cæsar*, even the Bridge it was
For hate-Christ Turks the *Hellespont* to passe,
And so in *Greece* a *Pagan* Scepter bring.

48

The discord of two brethren *Morea* lost;
And (O!) I fear lest Christians home-bred fraies
(Dejecting quite Christs Name, and all his praise)
Bring Turks to land in fartheſt Western Coast.

49

Forget then, Christians, your un-Christian jars
(Your civill strife for wagging of a straw)
Joyn hearts and hands, and all joynt weapons draw
In *Faith's* defence to fight *Jehova's* wars.

50

In *Asi* and *Egypt* make your forces knowne:
Recover *Gaza*, *Antioch*, *Ascalon*,
Tyre, *Sulan*, *Joppa*, and King *Davids* Throne,
And *Famagosta*, lost a year agon.

CANTO II.

1

THough bloudy Tyrants had in every age
Busiris Altars, Bulls of *Phalaris*,
Gemonid Ladders, making Land and Seas,
And fire, and air, racks of their beastly rage:

2

Yet could they never wound the Church so much,
As have the Writings of the worldly Wise,
Which on mens soules doe felly tyrannize;
The tortures, onely did the bodies touch:

3

These *Sages*, puft with self-conceited pride,
Dare to controule th' Almighties match-lesse work,
Where mystike Secrets from our senses lurk,
The search whereof the Lord hath us deni'd.

4

And though the spred of our too-feeble wings
Scant raise us from the ground, they mount aloft
Even up to Heav'n, where they doe measure oft
(By their Wits compasse) Gods eternall things.

5

Their knowledge is but meerly ignorance,
They lose the Truth in seeking it too much:
For, Truth doth still conceal her self from such,
And to the humble doth her self advance.

6

Truth alwayes dwels within the holy Tables
Of God's live word; not in our wanton brain,
Which daily coining some strange Error vain,
For Gold takes Lead, for Truth electeth Fables.

7

Long time their reasons were with Reason rife,
To wrack the Church, and *Faith* to ruinate;
But now I see they doe detest, too-late,
Their former errors and their former life.

8

In formost rank, march all *Gymno-sophists*, 1 The ancient Sages of the World.
Follow'd by all the cunning *Persian Mages*,
The old *French Druids*, learned *Chaldé-Sages*,
And flow'r of all the *Brachoman-sophists*.

9

Pythagoras, *Zeno*, *Xenophanes*, 2 Philosophers, Greek and Latin.
Parmenides, merry *Democritus*,
Empedocles, and sad *Heraclitus*,
Architas, *Naucides*, *Nausiphanes*.

10

Brief, all the Doctors of the *Latin* Sect,
Tearing their Tresses, melting into tears,
Bearing their breasts detest those dreams of theirs:
And so the greatest of the *Greeks* Elect.

11

Anaximander, *Anaximenes*,
Mylesian *Thales*, *Anaxagoras*,
Gnaw'n with continuall care, cry out (alas)
On their own Errors; and so *Socrates*.

12

Cleanthes and *Chrysippus* next to these,
With *Zeno* (*Stoicks*) that have often strai'd:
And next, the *Cynicks* (all as ill-appai'd)
Diogenes, *Crates*, *Antisthenes*.

13

There, the grand Patrons of each *Academ*,
Plato, *Speusippus*, and *Zenocrates*,
Clyomachus, *Crantor*, *Carneades*;
And hee that labours to conciliate them.

14

There mourns in vain *Pirrhon* (Son of *Plistarchus*)
That (fond) beleeves not what his ears doe hear,
Eyes see, nose smels, tongue tastes, & hands do bear:
Then *Timon*, *Hecaté*, and *Anaxarchus*.

15

There, the *Stagyrian* (that, with learned vein, *Aristot.*
In 's Works includes the *Encyclopedy*)
Sorry t' have led so many souls awry,
With *Strato*, *Theophrastus* doth complain.

16

There, carnall *Epicurus* wails with tears,
And *Metodorus*: next to whom there came
Both *Aristippi*, *Aretas*, that same
Vile wretch that coin'd a worser Sect then theirs:

17

I mean that Monster *Theodorus* hight,
Who shame-lesse saies, There is no God at all:
And that the Wise may (when occasions fall)
Be Liar, Traitor, Theef, and Sodomite.

Alas!

18
Alas! how true the Proverb proves too-plain,
Saying, *Bad weeds grow every-where apace:*
But, wholsom herbs scant spring in any place
Without great labour, and continuall pain.

9
O *Grecians* Bane, thy mortifying Mores
To grow in *Rome* the swelling Seas have croſt;
From *Rome* too-ſoon over the *Alps* have paſt
As far as *France*, and all her neighbour ſhoars.

20
Thy deadly Plant now buds on Juſtice Throne,
In Chriſtian Camps, & Courts of Chriſtian Kings,
In Church and Chair, and every-where ſo ſprings,
That with thy thiſtles all is over-grown.

21
But, now return wee to our task again:
All theſe Wiſe-men, of *God* have falſe defin'd,
Of *Cheefeſt-good*, *Soules*, or wrong place aſſign'd
Where (dead) wee feel or end-leſſe peace or pain.

22
1. Deceitfull Sorbills, & Apollonius, upon Reſurrec. to Chriſt.
Thoſe that (ſince Chriſt, true Son of righteouſneſs,
On our *Horizon* brought the daies broad light)
Have led mens ſoules in dark eternall night,
Feel torments worthy of their wickedneſs.

23
Next *Symmachus Porphirius* marcheth firſt:
Lucian, and *Celſus*, then whoſe hardned heart
The Goſpel (knowne) did labour to ſubvert;
And *Julian* alſo, of all *Cæſars* worſt:

24
Who, knowing well that tortures were but vain
To force the Saints from the right Faith to ſtray;
(By ſugred ſtile) ſtudies another way,
Turns truth to lies, and lies to truth again.

25
2. Cabaliſts, and Talmudiſts, Rabbies.
Next, I perceive the Circumciſed Crew
Of *Cabaliſts*, and burly *Talmudiſts*,
Troubling the Church with their myſterious Miſts;
Who, wel-nie dead, 'gainſt CHRIST do ſpet and (ſpew:
26
Much like to Snakes, that wagg their ſting-leſs ſting,
When as (their heads and bodies being ſlain)
They threat their Foes with force-leſſe fury vain,
And to their Graves their Thirſt of vengeance (bring.
27
3. Turkiſh Doctors.
Now come the Doctors of the *Alcoran*;
Who, mingling poiſon, by their ſubtil gloze, (cloſe;
The World's blinde eyes with darker Glouds in-
They ſhew their ſorrow by their ſaddeſt mone.

28
4. Hereticks old & new.
But, who are theſe that wear *Faith's* Livery,
And bear the badge of *Faith's* beſt Souldiers;
And yet are loaden with ſuch bolts and bars;
And ſo deſpiſed of *Faith's* company?

29
Theſe (if I erre not) are the *Heretikes*
Who (puſht by proud and curious ſpirits) do bland
Both Heav'n and Earth, and buſily contend
To lead the World in crooked paths and Creeks.
30 (breath
Now, as ſoft windes, with ſtraight conſtrained
(Through chinks and crannies ſtealing privily)
Hurt more our health, then boiſt'rous blaſts that fly,
And roule (abroad) the ſtones upon a heath:

31
And as the Foe, that ſhakes the Cities wals
With thundring ſhot, is not ſo dangerous
As a lewd Burgeſſe, falſe and mutinous,
That in the Town ſtirs-up domeſtick brauls:

32
So *Pagans*, *Turks*, *Jews*, do not damnifie
The Faith, like theſe: their open violence
May be avoided: but falſe fair-pretence
Is hardly ſcaped with much jeopardy.

33
They make (like us) a fair religious ſhow:
They have (like us) one Church, one FAITH one
They read (like us) one Bible, and one Word: (Lord:
So fly they are God's Church to over-throw.

34
In foremoſt rank, here goe the *Saddaces*,
That doe deny Angels and Reſurrection;
Both Spirits of grace, and alſo of rejection:
Then th' *Eſſenes* foul, and Formall *Phariſees*.

35
Next, that Deceiver, that deviſed firſt
Church-chaffering: and after him enſues
That Marriage-Foe, who brutiſhly renues
Pluto's (not *Plato's*) *Common*-Law accurſt.
Simon Magus-Knowledge, Father of the Sect of the Nicolaits.

36
Cerinthus next, all bruis'd, and bleeding freſh,
Of Beam-paſht wounds that brain'd him ſuddenly,
When in the Baths (profane) hee did deny
Chriſt's holy God-head, hidden in our fleſh.

37
For having likewiſe warr'd againſt the ſame
God-head of th' onely *Man-God*; *Ebion*,
Paul, *Samſan*, *Photin*, *Carpocrate*, *Artemon*,
Shew by their looks their ſorrow and their ſhame.

38
There mourns that *Manes*, who did fondly fain
Two divers gods, Authors of Good and Ill;
There *Valentin* the ayr with cries doth fill,
Who did deny that bodies Riſe again.

39
Cerdon (great Patron of the Stoicall)
Marcion, *Menander*, pitious Moan doe make:
There ſighs *Apelles*; ſaying, Chriſt did take
Not (ſimply) fleſh, but fleſh fantaſticall.

40
There goes *Baſilides*, who canoniz'd
Cyrenean Simon in our SAVIOURS ſtead;
Montanus there (a frantick head indeed)
Who guiltleſſe Children kill'd and ſacrifiz'd.

41
There, *Tirbon*, *Encratis*, *Severians*,
Sabellians too, which (ſeeking th' unitie
In Gods great Eſſence) loſt the Trinity;
Abhor'd too-late their fond concluſions.

42
There, th' *Alexandrian* Prieſt, that yerſt did void
His entrails at the ſtool, whoſe Hereſie
(Witching well-neer th' Earths Univerſity)
With Sword & Schiſm the World ſo much annoi'd,

43
Sadly beholds ſad-marching *Macedonius*
And *Eunomius*, who at the firſt had ſown
His poyſ'ny ſeeds; but after, of their owne
They gathered tw' other Sects erroneous.

Bizantian

44
Bizantian Neſtor, and (our own) *Pelagius*,
Libian, *Donatus*, *Luciferians*,
Eutichians fond, and fond *Priſcillians*,
All frown and fret for inward grief outrageous.

45
Shall I conceal *Servetus*, and the train
Of thoſe *Deiſts* that in *Sarmatia* ſwarms:
And (Kingling) *Muncer*, that with frantick arms,
Founds hundred ſorts of Anabaptiſts vain?

46
Both *Syrtes* ſands I might as eas'ly number,
As number thoſe, whoſe ſweet inchanting Writs
With Error's dregs have drenched wanton Wits,
Chiefly 'n this Age, which all corruptions cumber.

47
For, Satan now him ſo inſinuates
In faithleſſe hearts, that ween themſelves be wiſe,
That ſo foul Error can he not deviſe,
But ſhall be backt by ſtrong aſſociates.

48
I ſee the Beaſt that bears the purple Whore
(Great Anti-Chriſt-urping pow'r Divine)
Set on Seav'n Hils; who with her whoredoms wine
Makes drunk the Princes that her Seat adore.

49
And (laſt of all) I ſee the *Schiſmatiks*,
Which (renting Chriſt's unſeamed coat in twain)
Trouble the Church-peace with contentions vain;
Follow too neer the ſteps of *Hereticks*.

CANTO III.

1
GReat Sire's great Son! O live, God's lively face,
Wiſedome conceived of the onely Wiſe:
To us giv'n Giver; Firſt and Laſt: born twice;
Once, in full Time; once out of all Times ſpace.

2
Beam of that Sun which fils the world with Light:
Life of our life, our death's death, Stingers ſting:
Our perfect, wiſe, juſt, holy, valiant King,
Word, that no word can full expreſſe aright:

3
O Lord, draw, draw me draw me from this throng,
Whoſe feet and hands are bold to war with Thee:
For, with dry eyes I can them never ſee,
Nor without griefe recite them in my Song.

4
Ah! I am out; now (my dear God) I goe
From *Babel* to *Jeruſalem*, the Land
Of Life, Saints Houſe, and holy Ark, to ſtand
Againſt all Seas, and all rough ſtorms that blow.

5
Lo here theſe Champions that have (bravely-bold)
Withſtood proud Tyrants, ſtoutly conſacring
Their lives and ſoules to God, in ſuffering:
Whoſe names are all in Life's fair Book in-roul'd.

6
All-hail, Saint-Souldiers, let us once imbrace:
O valiant Knights! let mee your hands and brows
Adorn with Palms, and with *Apollo*'s boughs:
Let preſent honours former ſhames deface.

7
Come, ſacred Kings; O holy Princes, come:
Come to this Triumph, Lords, whoſe valiant hands
Have Satan's kingdome ſought to bring in bands,
And in your Crowns giv'n *Faith* the chiefeſt room.

8
Hee that (the firſt) *Iſaac* infranchiſed, Moſes. Joſua.
Leads by the hand that Duke, whoſe faithfull word
Stopt *Phœbus* Courſers, and whoſe conquering
Subdu'd the *Land* the Lord had *Promiſed*. (Sword

9
Hee, that, but armed with an Aſſes bone, Samſon.
Slew thouſand Foes, *Sangar*, *Othoniel*,
Ahod and *Jeptha*, *Barac*, *Samuel*,
And (th' Heathens ſcourge) triumphant *Gedeon*.

10
That great King-Prophet, Poet, Conqueror, David.
Sweet Pſalmograph: *Aſa*, that Idols brake:
Hee, that made all the Idol-Altars quake; Joſias.
And (after) did the Paſchall Lamb reſtore.

11
Jehoſophat, *Joathan*, *Azarias*;
And hee, whoſe life the Lord did diſ-abbridge,
Whom Heav'nly arms, from *Aſſur* did unſiege;
The moſt religious, match-leſſe *Ezechias*.

12
Wiſe *Mardochey*; and the five *Maccabees*;
All, the right heirs of heart and zeal paternall,
Receive their guerdon from the great Eternall,
And up again their ſtooping Standards raiſe.

13
Before theſe Warriours, and the Royall Band,
March holy Fathers, that with vertue rare,
And holy Doctrine, did the Divell dare;
Foiling the force of his infernall hand.

14
Enos, by whom this Worlds great Architect Henoch.
Was call'd upon, leadeth (religious):
That holy Father God took-up from us:
And hee, whoſe ſhip did ſave the World Elect. Noah.

15
Then *Sem* and *Japheth*; and great *Abraham*,
The Faithfuls Father; and his faithfull Son: Iſaac.
And then his Nephew, that ſaw Angels run Iacob.
Both up and down from Heav'n to th' earthly frame.

16
Aaron, *Eleazer*, *Phinees* full of zeal,
Good *Joyada*, and hundred prieſts ſelect,
That were by Heav'n, by zeal, and Church, elect
To keep the Law the Lord did once reveal.

17
His Father who was ſent to ſweep the way
Of ſweet *Meſsias*; then the man ſuppos'd Zacharias.
To be his Sire; then, Hee that him inclos'd Ioſeph.
In's joyfull arms, and ſung a Swan-like Lay. Simeon.

18
Then *Barnabas*, *Titus*, and *Timothy*,
(*Paul*'s famous Friends, Sins fierce and deadly Foes)
And hee that did, by *Sol*'s Eclipſe, ſuppoſe
Some greater Sun to be eclips't then hee.

19
Then (this brave *Triumph* to adorn the more)
All on a row a hundred Prophets come,
Which have ſo ſure foretold the things to-come,
As if (indeed) they had been done before.

20

There first coms hee, that in the Coach of fire
By God's strong Spirit was rapt above the Air:
And then his Servant, that was made his heir
Of cloak and knowledge, as hee did desire.

21

Hee that reprov'd old *Isha*'s Sceptred Son
For double fault; *Amos, Ezechiel,*
Joel, Semayah, Abdiah, Daniel;
And hee that three dayes in the Sea did won.

22

With these I see the Son of *Barachy,*
Both *Michais, Baruc, Jehu, Jeremias:*
Agg', Abacuc, Nahum, and *Sophonias,*
Abias, Hose, Esdras, Malachy.

23

The glorious troup that march before this troup,
Are martyrs all, who (full of constant zeal)
Their faith infract with their own blouds did seal,
And never did to any Tyrant stoop.

24

Their blessed blood is like the morning deaw,
To make more fertil all the Churches field:
These are the weapons that inforce to yeeld
The furious Foe (examples not a few).

25

For, as a fruit-Tree lopped in *December,*
For one old Trunk, many new twigs returns,
Which Nature kindely with sweet fruit adorns:
So, one sole martyr many doth engender.

26

First, *Abel* goes, then *Joyad*'s zealous Son,
That neer the Altar (constant) yeelded breath:
The next goes hee *Manasses* put to death;
Then hee, whose head th' incestuous Dancer won.

27

Next *Salome* and her Sons, who rather chose (ther
To crosse the King then God, strengthning each o-
Even in their death; Sons worthy such a Mother,
And Mother worthy of such Sons as those.

28

That *Proto-Martyr*, the young faithfull *Steven,*
Whom th'hatefull *Jews* with hellish rage did stone;
Who, dying, saw Christ Jesus on his Throne,
Leads those that for like cause their lives have giv'n.

29

Som, smeard with hony, for the Flies were feasts;
Som, men did eat, som were on Gridirons broil'd;
Som, nail'd on Crosses; som, in Cauldrons boil'd;
And som were throwne to most devouring beasts.

30

After the Champions of this humble Troup,
I see fair *Sara, Rebecca, Rachel:*
Then *Debora,* stout *Judith,* and *Jahel,*
Who (Faith's Virago's) their proud Foes did stoop.

31

Then shee that (rais'd to royall state and stile)
Preserv'd her people, in a ranke shee goes
With *Naomi, Ruth,* and the Dame that chose
Rather to dy then Nuptiall bed defile.

32

From these, mine eye no sooner traverseth,
But I discerne three Ladies zealous-led,
That sought their living Lord among the dead:
Then *Anna, Martha,* and *Elizabeth.*

33

But, my weak eyes cannot endure to gaze
On beaming beauties of that *Mother-Maid,*
Who Sire-lesse bore her Sire, yet ever-Maid;
Of Faith and Love th' inimitable maze.

34

This, this (my *Muse*) this is th' *Aurora* clear
Which brought the Sun to light the World unkind;
A Virgin pure in body and in minde,
Christ's Mother, Sister, Spouse, and Daughter dear.

35

God's holy Temple, and the happy stair (Earth,
Whereby the Heav'ns came downe to dwell with
Rich-fraighted Ship, Vessell of rarest worth,
Where *Phœbus* hid his beams most bright and fair.

CANTO IIII.

1

I Thought t' have been now at my Races end,
T' have (though unworthy) born away the prize:
But I fall short, my task doth longer rise;
For, halfe the *Trophe* is yet hardly penn'd.

2

Before *Faith*'s Coach, born in convenient heighth,
Are curious Tables drawn by cunning hand,
Where (after guise of warlik Romans) stand
The Victories of never conquer'd *Faith.*

3

Here, *Jericho*'s cloud-kissing Tow'rs doe fall,
Batter'd alone by *Faith*'s great Ordinance:
A count-lesse hoast of craking Idolants,
By *Esay*'s Faith is here confounded all.

4

By Faith meek *Moses* with a zeal-full ire
Arms smallest Worms the *Egyptian* King to vex;
Daniel, by Faith, fierce Lions fury checks,
And quenches Dragons hot impoisoning fire.

5

Here, *Paul,* by Faith, fears not (in *Mitylene*)
The deadly sting of th' ugly Viper-Worm:
Here, myching *Jonas* (sunk in sudden Storm)
Of his Deliverance findes a Fish the mean.

6

Then, in another Table, that was fram'd
By Art, exceeding Art; I did espy
Pale Death, blithe Health, and frail Infirmity,
That had by Faith a thousand times been tam'd.

7

Moses, by Faith, doth *Myriam* leperize:
By Faith, *Elisha* (curing *Naaman*
The *Syrian* Prince) strikes instantly his man
With his Disease, for Bribing Covetize.

8

A man of God, by Faith, first strangely dri'd,
Then heald again that Kings unholy hand,
Who made ten Tribes of God's (then) chosen Land
From God, and from their lawfull Prince to slide.

9

By Faith, Saint *Paul* stark-blinded *Elymas:*
By Faith, Saint *Peter* (full of just disdain)
With sudden death did smite those perjur'd twain,
That durst dissemble with the Spirit of Grace.

By

10

By Faith, young *Toby* kindely doth reſtore
His Fathers ſight: by ſacred Faith likewiſe,
Two crooked Cripples are made ſtraight to riſe;
In *Lyſtra* th' one, th' other at Temple dore.

11

By Faith, Saint *Paul* did a rich *Maltois* cure
Of grievous Flix, that him afflicted ſore:
By Faith, Saint *Peter* likewiſe did reſtore
A Palſie-ſick, that eight years did indure.

12

By Faith, Saint *Paul* did *Eutichus* re-live:
By Faith *Elias* rais'd the *Sareptite*;
Eliſha raiſed the young *Sunamite*:
At *Joppa*, *Peter Dorcas* did revive.

13

Then in another picture I did view
The foure firſt bodies of this maſſie Globe;
Green-gowned *Tellus*, *Vulcan* Scarlet-robe,
Py'd-mantled *Juno*, *Neptune* clad in blew.

14

Eliſha's Faith brought, from the loftie skies,
Bright fiery Charrets 'gainſt the *Syrian* hoaſt;
Elias Faith (ſcorning the *Ba'l*-Prieſts boaſt)
Fir'd without fire his moated Sacrifice.

15

By Faith three *Hebrews*, caſt in ſeaven-fold flame
By a proud Prince, eſcape the raging Fire
(Their very garments ſent-leſſe and entire)
While their Tormentors periſh in the ſame.

16

Moſes, by Faith, makes Fire from Heav'n to fall
In th' *Hebrew* hoaſt, thoſe wretches to conſume,
Whoſe profane hands, with profane Fire and Fume,
God's holy Altar had polluted all.

17

Moſes, by Faith (heard by the God of pow'r)
Compels the Mountains burly ſides to ſhake;
Commands the Earth to rent, and yawn, and quake
To ſwallow rebels, and them quick devour.

18

Moſes, by Faith, divides the Sea in twain,
When *Iſrael* came out of *Egypt* Land:
Then in the Deſarts dry and barren ſand,
From flinty Rocks doth plenteous river ſtrain.

19

Moſes, by Faith, converts to foul black bloud
The Cryſtall Current of the ſeaven-fold *Nile*:
By Faith again, hee makes (another while)
Thoſe ſtinking waters, holſom, ſweet and good.

20

Thrice, ſilver *Jordan* did it ſelfe divide,
To give ſafe paſſage to God's dear-belov'd:
Once by the Faith of valiant *Joſuah* prov'd;
Elias once: once by *Eliſha* tri'd.

21

The zealous *Thisbit* did by Faith ſeal-up (Raine
The Heav'ns wide windows, that there fell no
In ſeav'n-ſix months; and then by Faith again
(To drench the dry Earth (ſet them all wide-ope.

22

Likewiſe by Faith, the nimble-winged train,
That cleave the Air, are to our ſervice ſet;
The Rav'ns are made to bring *Elias* meat,
The Dove ſerves *Noah*, Quails for *Moſes* rain.

23

O! who is able Faith to countermand?
If Faith doe force all-taming yron yeeld,
If Faith make yron float on *Neptunes* field,
If that *Eliſha*'s Faith ſtrong ſteel command.

24

Faith hath not onely pow'r on things terrene,
Both high and low; but oftentimes doth force
Gods juſtice too, and ſomtimes ſeems (perforce)
Gods purpoſes to change and alter clean.

25

The *Ninivits*, by Faith (repenting) ſhun
Their overthrow, that *Jonas* threatned neer:
And *Ahaz* Son by Faith adds fifteen year
To his ſhort life, that ſeem'd already done.

26

Now, if the Giver of this Faith (wee ſee)
Seem to incline and bow unto her ſtill,
As bound and ready to obey her will;
What marvell is't if Angels be not free?

27

The Angels ſerve in *Ezechias* pay;
By Faith, they bring the *Thisbit* needfull Cates,
By Faith, they ope for *Peter* priſon gates:
By Faith, to *Jacob* they direct the way.

28

About twelve paces paſt theſe former Pomps,
Full many ſacred Minſtrels ſound on hye
Triumphant Faith's great name and dignity,
Tuning aloft their Clarions, Flutes and Trumps.

29

Mark, *Mathew*, *Luke*, and (the Lords deareſt) *John*,
Chriſts Secretaries, winde with ſuch a breſt
Their warbling Cornets, that from Eaſt to Weſt
Through all the world their ſacred ſound is gon.

30

Both *Jameſes*, one the Son of *Zebedeus*
Th' other *Alpheus*, *Thomas*, *Simon*, *Andrew*,
Peter, *Matthias*, *Philip*, *Bartholemew*,
Paul (Gentiles Doctor) with the good *Thaddeus*,

31

Sound with ſo ſweet accord their Sagbuts long,
And their ſhrill Fifes (heard from the North to
As if one ſpirit did fill them all the while, (*Nile*)
And one ſame hand had ſet their holy Song.

32

While thus my ſpirit this ſtrange diſcourſe did
Rare-builder *Progne*, earlier then the reſt, (cumber,
Beginning th' out-moſt of her curious neſt,
Brake, with her pratling, my deep pleaſing ſlumber.

33

Sorry to be ſudden wakt, I would
I were a Dor-Mouſe for a hundred year,
That I might ſleep full twenty Luſtres here,
To ſhun the woes that waking I behold.

34

For now (alas!) waking (with griefe) I ſee
Babel triumphing over *Sion* ſtill:
And on the Good th' Ungodly work their will:
The Wicked prais'd, the Righteous ſcorned be.

35

I ſee (alas!) in theſe lamented Times,
Mens greateſt zeal in bloudy murder ſtands,
Profane our hearts, and ſo profane our hands:
Bare Chriſtian name ſerves but to cloak our crimes.

36

Incest 's a sport, and Murder Man-hood thought:
Disloyalty a speciall Vertue deem'd:
And Perjury sound Policy esteem'd:
Medea's Arts, and *Sodomie* are taught.

37

Maidens be bold, and Wives be impudent,
Princes are Tyrants, People full of rage:
This Age is sink of every former Age,
Receiving each Sin's ugliest excrement.

38

But, my swolne brest, shut-up thy sighs sad gate;
Stop, stop, mine eyes, the passage of your tears;
Cast-off, my heart, thy deep despairing fears;
That which most grievs me, most doth consolate.

39

No, no: my Dream is true; soon shall wee see
Faith's glory shine. Satan (perceiving nie
His prides Eclipse) his greatest force doth try
To stop great *Faith*'s triumphant Victory.

40

Sure, if my Card and Compasse doe not fail,
W' are neer the Port: where (danger being past)
Wee need not fear the billow, nor the blast
Of blustering windes, nor Seas that can assail.

41

Our beastly Manners, like *Gomorrha*'s guise:
The troubled Seasons: Wars domesticall:
The threats of Heav'n: are the fore-runners all
Of CHRIST that coms to hold his last Assize.

42

That drad-desired Day shall soon appear,
Christ coms the Rav'ns from Swans to set a-side:
The tares from wheat: and Goats from Lambs di-
And this brave *Triumph* (that I sing) is neer. (vide:

43

O Father! while this *Triumph* I expect,
Waiting to see the Wicked's utter Fall,
And thy just Scepter Ruling over all;
Let lively *Faith* my *Reason* still direct.

FINIS.

THE

TETRASTICA.

Or,

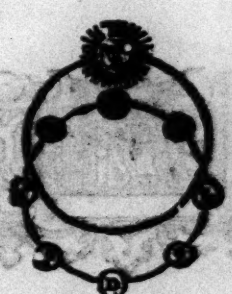
THE QUADRAINS OF GUY DE FAUR.

Lord of Pibrac.

Tranſlated

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.



Acceptam refero.

TO THE RIGHT EXCELLENT AND MOST HOPEFULL YOUNG Prince, HENRY.

AFter so many golden Rules of State,
Religious *Lessons*, Morall *Precepts grave*,
As in your Fathers *ROYALL-GIFT you have*;
These seeme superfluous, or to come too-late:
Yet, 't is no error to re-iterate
The Voyce of Wisedome *to the tender Ear*
Of Princes (*chiefly*) *such as* You, *that bear*
The Hope *and* Hap *of* Europe *in your* Fate.
And, though You *want not these weak helps of ours*
To consummate Your *Self in* Excellence:
Yet may those Subjects, *which shall once be* Yours,
Draw vertuous Wisedome, *and all duty hence,*
If you but daign with your dear Name *to grace-it,*
Which (*Load-stone-like*) *shall draw them to imbrace-it.*

*ΒΑΣΙ-ΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩ-ΡΟΝ.

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE

THE QUADRAINS OF PIBRAC.

1

DIeu tout premier, puis Pere & Mere Honore.
Sois juſte & droict : & en toute ſaiſon
De l'innocent pren en main la raiſon :
Car Dieu te doit la-haut juger encore.

Firſt, honour God, *and then thy* Parents *dear :*
Be True *and* Juſt : *and ſee thou never grudge*
The Innocent *oppreſſed cauſe to clear ;*
For, one-day God ſhall alſo be thy Judge.

2

Si en jugeant la faveur te commande,
Si Corrompu par or ou par preſens,
Tu fais juſtice, an gré des Courtiſans ;
Ne doute point que Dieu ne te le rende.

If gold and bribes *corrupt thy conſcience,*
If fear *or* favour *in thy* Judgement *ſway-thee,*
If thou reſpect the Perſons *difference ;*
Be ſure that God *will in the end repay-thee.*

3

Avec le jour commence ta journée :
De l'Eternel le ſainct nom beniſſant :
Le ſoir auſſi ton labeur finiſſant,
Love-le encor', & paſſe anſi l'année.

Begin thy Daies-Work when the Day begins,
Firſt bleſſing God's thrice-bleſſed Name (devout)
And then at Evening, when thy labour ends,
Praiſe him again ; ſo bring the Tear about.

4

Adore aſſis (comme le Grec ordonne)
Dieu en courant ne veut eſtre honoré :
D'un ferme cueur il veut eſtre adoré,
Mais ce cueur là il fault qu'il nous le donne.

Adore thou ſitting (as the Greek *doth bid)*
For, running prayer is prepoſterous :
With ſtedfaſt Heart God will be worſhipped,
But ſuch a heart himſelfe muſt give to us.

5

Neva diſant, ma main a faict ceſt œuure ;
Ou ma vertu ce bel œuure a parfaict :
Mais dis ainſi, Dieu par moy cet œuure a faict :
Dieu eſt l'autheur du peu de bien que i'œuure.

Say not, My hand this Work to end hath brought ;
Nor this my vertue hath attained to :
Say rather thus ; This, God by me hath wrought :
God's author of the little Good I do.

6

Tout l'Univers n'eſt qu'une cité ronde ;
Chacun a droict des'en dire Bourgeois,
Le Scythe & More autant que le Gregeois,
Le plus petit que la plus grand du monde.

The World is all but a round Citie like,
Where each may right be ſaid a Citizen :
As well the rude Barbarian *as the* Greek,
As well the meaneſt as the mightieſt men.

7

Dans le pourpris de ceſte cité belle
Dieu a logé l'homme comme en lieu ſainct,
Comme en un Temple, où luy meſmes s'eſt peinct
En mil endroicts de couleur immortelle.

In this fair Citie's goodly Wals God planted
And placed man as in a Sanctuary,
Where Hee, himſelfe in thouſand parts hath painted
With lively colours that doe never vary.

8

Il n'y a coing ſi petit dans ce temple,
Ou la grandeur n'pparoiſſe de Dieu :
L'homme eſt planté juſtement au milieu,
Afin que mieux par tout il la contemple.

There's not a nook ſo ſmall in all this Temple,
Wherein Gods Greatneſſe doth not plain appear :
Which that wee might the better all contemple,
Hee placed man juſt in the middle here.

9

Il ne ſcauroit ailleurs mieux la cognoiſtre
Que dedans ſoy, où, comme en un miroir,
La terre il puet & le ciel meſme voir :
Car tout le monde eſt compris en ſon eſtre.

Yet can he no where better know the same
Then in himselfe, wherein he may behold
(As in a Glasse) Earth, Water, Aire, and Flame:
For, all the World, his Essence doth infold.

10

Qui a de soy perfaicte cognoissance
N'ignore rien de ce qu'il fault sçavoir:
Mais le moyen asseuré de l'avoir,
Est se mirer dedans la Sapience.

Who of himselfe hath perfect Knowledge gain'd,
Ignoreth nothing that hee ought to know:
But the best meanes whereby it is attain'd,
Is oftentimes to Wisdom's Glasse to goe.

11

Ce que tu vois de l'homme n'est pas l'homme,
C'est la prison où il est inserré:
C'est le tombeau où il est interré,
Le lict branlant où il dort un court somme.

That which thou seest of Man, it is not Man:
'Tis but a Prison that him captive keeps:
'Tis but a Tomb where Hee's interred (wan)
'Tis but a Cradle where a while hee sleeps.

12

Ce corps mortel, où l'œil ravi contemple
Muscles & nerfs, la chair, le sang, la peau,
Ce n'est pas l'homme: il est beaucoup plus beau,
Aussi Dieu l'a reservé pour son temple.

This mortall body, where the ravisht sense
Sees sinnewes, flesh, bones, muscles, blood and skinne,
It is not Man: Man's of more excellence,
As the fair Temple that God dwelleth in.

13

A bien parler, ce que l'homme on appelle,
C'est un rayon de la divinité:
C'est un atome eslos de l'unité:
C'est un degout de la source eternelle.

Rightly to speak, what man we call and count,
It is a beamling of Divinity:
It is a dropling of th' Eternall Fount:
It is a mountling hatch of th' Unity.

14

Recognoy donc (homme) ton origine:
Et brave & haut dedaigne ces bas lieux,
Puis que fleurir tu dois la hault és cieux,
Et que tu és une plante divine.

Then know (O Man) thine own Originall:
And, brave-ambitious, scorn base Cells of Earth,
Sith thou shalt flourish in Heav'ns glistring Hall,
And art (indeed) a Divine Plant by Birth.

15

Il t'est permis t'orgueillir de la race,
Non de ta mere ou ton pere mortel:
Mais bien de Dieu ton vray pere immortel,
Qui t'a moulé au moule de sa face.

Well mai'st thou vaunt that of thy glorious Race,
Not from thy mortall Parents either Line:
But from thy true immortall Fathers Grace,
Who by the modell of his Face, made thine.

16

Au ciel n'y à nombre infine d'Idées,
Platon l'est trop en cela mesconté,
De nostre Dieu la pure volonté
Est le seul moule a toutes choses nées.

There's not in Heav'n a number infinite
Of bright Idéas (Plato did mistake):
God's onely will (the onely Rule of Right)
Was th' onely mould of all that hee did make.

17

Il veut, c'est faict: sans travail & sans peine
Tous animaux, jusqu'au moindre qui vit,
Il a crée, les soustient, les nourrit,
Et les defaict du vent de son aleine.

Hee Will'd, and it was done: Hee (without pain)
All kinde of Creatures (to the least that is)
Created, feedeth, and doth still sustain:
And re-dissolves them with that breath of his.

18

Hausse tes yeux: la voute suspendue,
Ce beau lambris de la couleur des eaux,
Ce rond parfaict de deux globes jumeaux
Ce firmament esloigné de la veüe:

Lift up thine eyes: The hanging Vault above,
The goodly Seeling of a Watry hew,
The perfect Orb's Twin-Globes that ever move,
The spangled Firmament so far from view:

19

Brief, ce qui est, qui fut, & qui peut estre,
En terre, en mer, au plus caché des cieux,
Si tost que Dieu l'a voulu pour le mieux,
Tout aussi tost il a receu son estre.

All (to be briefe) past, present, and to come,
In Earth and Sea, and Air, (beyond your seeing);
So soon as God thought good, each in their roome
Immediatly received all their Being.

20

Ne va suivant le troupeau d'Epicure,
Troupeau vilain, qui blaspheme en tout lieu,
Et mescroyant ne cognoit autre Dieu,
Que le fatal ordre de la nature.

Shunne Epicures profane and filthy Sect
(Bold Mis-creants, blaspheming every way)
The which no God acknowledge nor respect,
Save onely Nature and her fatall Sway.

21

Et ce pendant il se veautre & patrouille
Dans un bourbier puant de tous costez:
Et du limon des sales voluptez
Il se repaist, comme une orde grenouille.

And in the mean-while (like the grunting Hog)
Lie alwayes wallowing in the stinking Mire:
And feed on filth (like to the loathsom Frog)
Voluptuous filth of every Flesh-desire.

22

Heureux qui met en Dieu son esperance,
Et qu'il'invoque en sa prosperité,
Autant où plus qu'en son adversité
Et ne se fie en humaine asseurance.

Happy

Happy whose hope on God alone relies:
And who on him in either Fortune call;
As well in calmes as in Calamities,
And put no truſt in humane helps at all.

23

Voudrois tu bien mettre eſperance ſeure
En ce qui eſt imbecille & mortel?
Le plus grand Roy du monde n'eſt que tel,
Et a beſoign plus que toy qu'on l'aſſeure.

Canſt thou aſſure thy hopes on wordly things,
Frail mortall things (I pre-thee tell mee, how)?
Such are the greateſt of all earthly Kings,
And have more need to be ſecur'd then thou.

24

De l'homme droict Dieu eſt la ſauuegarde,
Lors que de tous il eſt abandonné,
C'eſt lors que moins il ſe troune eſtonné,
Car il ſcait bien que Dieu lors plus le garde.

God is the juſt-mans Anchor and his Ayd,
His ſure Defence, when all the World forſakes-him:
And therefore, then is hee the leaſt diſmaid;
Knowing, that God then moſt to ſafe-guard takes him.

25

Les biens du corps, & ceux de la Fortune,
Ne ſont pas biens, a parler proprement:
Ils ſont ſubjects au moindre changement,
Mais la vertue demeure touſiours une.

The goods of Fortune *and the* Body *(call'd)*
They are not goods, if wee them rightly name:
For, to leaſt changes they are ever thrall'd:
" But Onely Vertue ſtill perſiſts the ſame.

26

Vertu qui giſt entre les deux extrémes
Entre le plus & le moins qu'il ne fault;
N'excede en rien, & rien ne luy default:
D'autruy n'emprunte, & ſuffit à ſoy-meſmes.

Vertue, *between the two extremes that haunts,*
Between too-mickle and too-little ſizes:
Exceeds in nothing, and in nothing wants:
Borrows of none: but to it ſelfe ſuffizes.

27

Qui te pourroit, Vertu, voir toute nue,
O qu'ardemment de toy ſeroit eſpris?
Puis qu'en tout temps, les plus rares eſprits?
T'ont faict l'amour au travers d'une nue.

O Vertue! *could wee ſee thy naked face,*
How would thy ſacred Beauties ſweetly mad-us?
Sith rareſt Wits (rapt with a Seeming Grace*)*
Have in all Ages courted (even) thy Shadows.

28

Le ſage fils eſt du pere la joye:
Or, ſi tu veux ce ſage fils avoir,
Dreſſe le jeune au chemin du devoir:
Mais ton exemple eſt la plus courte voye.

The Parents comfort is a prudent Sonne:
Now, ſuch a Sonne if thou deſireſt ay,
Direct him young in Duties race to run:
But, Thine Example is the neereſt way.

29

Si tu es né enfant d'un ſage pere,
Que ne ſuis tu le chemin ja battu?
S'il n'eſt pas tel, que ne t'efforces tu,
En bien faiſant, couurir ce vitupere?

If thou be borne Son of a prudent Sire,
Why tread'ſt thou not in his fair beaten Trace?
If otherwiſe: why doſt not thou deſire
(By vertuous Deeds) to cover this Diſgrace?

30

Ce n'eſt pas peu, (naiſſant d'un tige illuſtre)
Eſtre eſclairé par ces anteceſſeurs,
Mais c'eſt bien plus luire à ſes ſucceſſeurs,
Que des ayeux ſeulement prendre luſtre.

'Tis no ſmall Honour, from illuſtrous Line
To be deſcended by our Predeceſſours:
But 'tis much more, then by their light to ſhine,
Our ſelves to ſhine unto our own Succeſſours.

31

Juſqu'au cercueil (mon fils) vueilles apprendre,
Et bien perdu le jour qui s'eſt paſſé,
Si tu n'y as quelque choſe amaſſé,
Pour plus ſcavant & plus ſage te rendre.

Ceaſe not to learne untill thou ceaſe to live:
Think that Day loſt, wherein thou draw'ſt no Letter,
Nor gain'ſt no Leſſon, that new grace may give,
To make thy Selfe Learneder, Wiſer, Better.

32

Le voyageur qui hors du chemin erre,
Et eſgaré ſe perd dedans les bois,
Au droict chemin remettre tu le doibs:
Et s'il eſt cheu, le relever de terre.

If any ſtranger in his journey ſtray
Through doubtfull Paths (as happens now and then)
Direct him rightly in his ready way;
And if hee fall, ſoon help him up again.

33

Ayme l'honneur plus que ta propre vie:
I'entens l'honneur, qui conſiſte au devoir
Que rendre on doit (ſelon l'humain pouuoir)
A DIEU, au Roy, aux Loix, à ſa Patrie.

Thine Honour more then thine own Life reſpect,
Th' honour (I mean) which each mans duty drawes
(To th' uttermoſt w' are able to effect)
To GOD, our King, our Country, and our Laws.

34

Ce que tu peux maintenant, ne differe
Au lendemain, comme les pareſſeux:
Et garde auſſi que tu ne ſois de ceux
Qui par autruy font ce qu'ils pourroint faire.

What (now) thou canſt, defer not till to morrow,
Like ſelfe-lame Sloath *(of fouleſt ſins the Mother):*
Nor be like thoſe who others hands do borrow,
And what themſelves might doe, will doe by other.

35

Hante les bons, des meſchans ne t'accointe,
Et meſmement en ta jeune ſaiſon,
Que l'appetit pour forcer la raiſon
Arme nos ſens d'vne brutale pointe.

Frequent

Frequent the good, fly from ungodly folke,
Especially in thy Youths tender seeson,
The while outrageous appetites provoke;
And arme thy sense against the sway of Reason.

36

Quand au chemin fourchu de ces deux Dames
Tu te verras comme Alcide semond,
Suy celle-là qui par un aspre mont
Te guide au ciel, loing des plaisirs infames.

When to the double way of these two Dames
(Alcides-like) thou shalt be summoned,
Follow thou her who far from glorious shames,
Over steep Mountains up to Heav'n doth lead.

37

Ne mets ton pied au travers de la voye
Du pauure aveugle : & d'un piquant propos :
De l'homme mort ne trouble le repos :
Et du malheur d'autruy ne fay ta joye.

Set not thy foot to make the blinde to fall :
Nor wilfully offend thy weaker Brother,
Nor wound the Dead with thy Tongues bitter gall :
Neither rejoyce thou in the fall of other.

38

En ton parler sois touiours veritable.
Soit qu'il te faille en tesmoignage ouyr,
Soit que par fois tu veuilles resiouir
D'un gay propos tes hostes à la table.

Let thy discourse be true in every Word,
Whether as publike Witnesse thou be prest
To clear a Question : whether, at thy Board
With pleasant chat thou cheer thy welcome Guests.

39

La Verité d'un Cube droict se forme.
Cuba contraire au leger mouuement :
Son plan quarré jamais ne se dement.
Et en tout sens à touiours mesme forme.

The Truth *resembles right, the* right *Cubes Figure,*
(The Cube, *contrary to light inst ability)*
Whose quadrat flatnesse never doth dis-figure;
Whose solid Forme admits no mutability.

40

L'oyseleur caut se sert du doulx ramage
Des oyselons, & contrefaict leur chant :
Aussi, pour mieux decevoir, le meschant
Des gens de bien imite le language.

The crafty Fowler, to beguile the Birds,
Deceitfully their own sweet Notes doth frame :
So subtle Mates doe counterfeit the words,
And simple guise of honest men and plaine.

41

Ce qu'en secret lon t'a dit ne revelle :
Des faicts d'autruy ne soit trop enquerant.
Le curieux volontiers touiours ment :
L'autre merite estre dict infidele.

Reveale not what in secret hath been told :
Nor busily of Others things enquire.
Th' inquisitive can hardly Counsell hold :
The carry-tale is commonly a Liar.

42

Fa pois egal, & loyale mesure,
Quand tu deurois de nul estre apperceu :
Mais le plaisir que tu auras receu:
Ren le touiours auecques quelque usure.

Make always equall weight and lawfull measure,
Though none could spy, thy dealing to discover :
But where thou hast received any pleasure,
Restore it still with some advantage over.

43

Garde, soigneux, le depost à toute heure :
Et quand on veult de toy le recouurer,
Ne va subtil des moyens controuuer,
Dans un palais, à fin qu'il te demeure.

Keep carefully what thou hast tane in charge :
And when the Owner shall demand-againe-it,
Deny it not ; neither with conscience large
By subtle Law-tricks strive thou to detaine-it.

44

L'homme de sang te soit touiours en haine :
Hue sur luy, comme fait le berger,
Numidien sur le Tigre leger,
Qu'il voit de loing ensanglanter la plaine.

Hate ever more the bloudy homicide ;
Hunt him with hue and cry : as Shepheards hunt
The Lybian Tygre which they have espy'd,
Spoyling his Prey, and ruting upon't.

45

Ce n'est pas tout ne faire à nul outrage :
Il faut de plus s'opposer a l'effort
Du malheureux, qui pourchasse la mort,
Ou du prochain la honte & le dommage.

'Tis not enough that thou do no man wrong :
Thou even in others must suppresse the same ;
Righting the Weake, against th' unrighteous Strong,
Whether it touch his Life, his Goods, or Name.

46

Qui a desir d'exploiter sa prouesse,
Domte son ire, & son ventre ; & ce feu
Qui dans nos cueurs s'allume peu a peu,
Souflé du vent d'erreur & de paresse.

Whose the Fame of Valour doth desire,
Must tame his Anger and his Belly both,
And that hearts-melting, Marrow-melting Fire,
Blown by the winds of error and of sloath.

47

Vaincre soy mesme est la grande victoire :
Chacun chez soy loge ses ennemis,
Qui par l'effort de la raison soubmis,
Ouurent le pas à l'eternelle gloire.

Our-own-Selfs Conquest is the most victorius :
For in our Selves ambush our greatest Foes ;
And th' onely way to make us ever glorious,
Is by stout Reason still to vanquish those.

48

Si ton amy a commis quelque offense,
Ne va fou dain contre luy t'irriter,
Ains doucement, pour ne le despiter,
Fay luy ta plainte, & recoy sa defense.

If ſo thy Friend have done thee ſome Offence,
Fall not out flat, nor urge him with abuſe;
But milde and meekely, without inſolence,
Make thy complaint, and take thou his excuſe.

49

L'homme eſt fautif: nul viuant ne peut dire
N'auoir failly: és hommes plus parfaicts,
Examinant & leurs dicts & leurs faicts,
Tu trouueras, ſi tu veux, a redire.

All men are faulty: none alyve can ſay,
I have not Erred; even the Perfecteſt,
If thou his Life in word and deed ſurvay,
Thou ſhalt perceive hee hath Perfection miſt.

50

Voy l'hypocrite auec ſa triſte mine,
Tu le prendrois pour l'aiſné des Catons,
Et ce pendant toute nuict à taſtons
Il court, il va pour tromper ſa voyſine.

See th' Hypocrites ſevere and Saint-like guiſe,
Whom th' elder Cato thou wouldſt think for Life;
Yet in the darke hee groaping hunts and hies
T' entice and trap his honeſt Neighbours Wife.

51

Cacher ſon vice eſt une peine extréme,
Et peine en vain: fay ce que tu voudras,
A toy au moins cacher ne te pourras,
Car nul ne peult ſa cacher à ſoy meſme.

'Tis a moſt buſie, yet a boot-leſſe paine,
To hide ones fault: for doe the beſt thou can
Thou canſt not hide it from thy Selfe (though faine)
For who can hide him from himſelfe (O Man)!

52

Aye de toy plus que des autres honte;
Nul plus que toy par toy n'eſt offenſé:
Tu dois premier, ſi bien y as penſé
Rendre de toy à toy-meſme le compte.

More of thy Selfe, then others be aſham'd;
Thy Selfe art moſt wrong'd by thine own offence:
And of thy Selfe, thy ſelfe firſt, (Selfly-blam'd)
Muſt give account to thy Selfes Conſcience.

53

Point ne te chaille eſtre bon d'apparence,
Mais bien de l'eſtre à preuue & par effect:
Contre un faulx bruit que le vulgaire faict,
Il n'eſt rempart tel que la conſcience.

Care not ſo much to ſeem in outward ſhow,
As to be good indeed, and in the proofe:
For from falſe rumours which the Vulgar blow,
A Selfe-cleer Conſcience is Defence enough.

54

A l'indigent monſtre toy ſecourable,
Luy faiſant part de tes biens à foiſon:
Car Dieu benit & accroit la maiſon
Qui a pitie du pauure miſerable.

Relieve the needy, after thine ability,
And in their wants participate thy ſtore.
For, God doth bleſſe with Plenty and Tranquillity
The Houſe that pities the diſtreſſed Poore.

55

Las! que te ſert tant d'or dedans la bourſe,
Au cabinet maint riche veſtement,
Dans tes greniers tant d'orge ou de froment,
Et de bon vin en ta cave une ſource;

What boot thy bags to be ſo cramm'd with Coyne?
Thy Ward-Robe ſtuffed with ſuch ſtore of Change:
Thy Cellars filled with ſuch choyce of Wine?
And of all Graines ſuch Plenty in thy Grange;

56

Si ce pendant le pauure nud friſſonne
Deuant ton huys: & languiſſant de faim,
Pour tout en fin n'a qu'un morceau de pain,
Ou s'en reuá ſans que rien on luy donne?

If all the while the naked Poore (halfe dead
With cold and hunger) ſhiver at thy Gate;
And at the length gets but a peece of bread,
And many times (perhaps) but hardly that?

57

As tu, cruell, le cœur de telle ſorte,
De meſpriſer le pauure infortuné,
Qui, comme toy, eſt en ce monde né,
Et, comme toy, de Dieu l'image porte?

Haſt thou a heart ſo cruell, as to ſcorne
Th' unhappy Poore, that at thy beck doth bow;
Who like thy Selfe into this World is borne,
And bears Gods Image even as well as Thou?

58

Le malheur eſt commun à tous les hommes,
Et meſmement aux Princes & aux Roys:
Le ſage ſeul eſt exempt de ces loix:
Mais où eſt-il, las, au ſiecle où nous ſommes?

Misfortune is a common lot to all;
Yea, even to Princes, Kings, and Emperours:
Onely the Wiſe are freed from her thrall,
But O, where are they, in this age of ours?

59

Le ſage eſt libre enferré de cent chains,
Il eſt ſeul riche, & iamais eſtranger:
Seul aſſuré au milieu du danger,
Et le vray Roy des fortunes humaine.

The wiſe man's free, among a thouſand chaines;
Hee 's only Rich (content with his eſtate)
Only ſecure in Dangers, eas'd in paines;
Only true King of Fortune and of Fate.

60

Le menaſſer du Tyran ne l'eſtonne:
Plus ſe roidit quand plus eſt agité:
Il cognoiſt ſeul ce qu'il a merité,
Et ne l'attend hors de ſoy de perſonne.

Hee is not daunted with a Tyrants threat,
But by his Trouble grows more ſtrong and hard:
Knows his own merit, looks not from the Great
For Recompence; Vertue 's her own reward.

61

Vertu és mœurs ne s'acquiert par l'eſtude,
Ne par argent, ne par faueur des Roys,
Ne par un acte, par deux, ou par trois,
Ains par conſtante & par longue habitude.

True morall Vertue cannot purchaſt be
By Study, Treaſure, or the grace of Kings:
Nor by one action, nor by two or three:
But long-long practice her perfection brings.

62

Qui lit beaucoup, & jamais ne medite,
Semble à celuy qui mange evidement,
Et de tous mets ſurcharge tellement
Son eſtomach, que rien ne luy profite.

Who readeth much and never meditates
Is like a greedy Eater of much Food,
Who ſo ſurcloyes his ſtomach with his Cates,
That commonly they doe him little good.

63

Maint un pouvoit par temps devenir ſage,
S' il n'euſt cuidé l'eſtre jà tout à faict.
Quel artiſan fut onc maiſtre parfaict,
Du premier jour de ſon apprentiſſage?

How many might (in time) have wiſe been made;
Before their time, had they not thought them ſo?
What Artiſt e'r was Maſter of his Trade,
Ter he began his Prentiſhip to know?

64

Petite ſource font les groſſes Rivieres:
Qui bruit ſi hault à ſon commencement,
N'a pas long cours, non plus que le torrent
Qui perd ſon nom ès prochaines fondrieres.

From ſmalleſt Springs, the greateſt rivers riſe:
But thoſe that roar ſo loud and proud at firſt,
Runne ſeldome farre, but ſoon their glory dyes
In ſome neer Bogg, by their ſelfs-furie burſt.

65

Maudit celuy qui fraude la ſemence,
Ou qui retient le ſalaire promis
Au mercenaire: où qui de ſes amis
Ne ſe ſouvient ſi non en leur preſence.

Curſed is hee that doth defraud the ſeed:
Or who detains the Hirelings promis'd right:
Or who (ingrateſull for the kindeſt deed)
Thinks never of his friends but in their ſight.

66

Ne te parjure en aucune maniere,
Et ſi tu és contrainct faire ſerment,
Le ciel ne jure, où l'homme où l'element,
Ains par le nom de la cauſe premiere.

Forſweare thee not, what ever cauſe be given:
And if for ought thou needs an Oath muſt take,
Swear not by Man, nor by the Earth, nor Heav'n,
But by his ſacred Name who all did make.

67

Car Dieu qui hait le parjure execrable,
Et le punit comme il a merité,
Ne veult que lon teſmoigne verité,
Par ce qui eſt menſonger où muable.

For God who doth all Perjury deteſt,
And juſtly plagues it as moſt execrable,
Would not wee ſhould the conſtant Truth conteſt
By any thing that 's falſe or alterable.

68

Un art ſans plus, en luy ſeul t'exercite:
Et du meſtier d'autruy ne t'empeſcant,
Va dans le tient le parfaict recherchant:
Car exceller n'eſt pas gloire petite:

To ſome one Art apply thy whole affection;
And in the Craft of others ſeldome mell:
But in thine own, ſtrive to attain perfection:
For, 'tis no little honour to excell.

69

Plus n'embracer que lon ne peut eſtraindre:
Aux grands honneurs convoiteux n'aſpirer:
Uſer des biens, & ne les deſirer:
Ne ſouhaiter la mort, & ne là craindre.

T' embrace no more then one can manage fit,
Not to the top of Greatneſſe to aſpire:
To uſe the World, and yet not covetit:
Neither to dread Death, neither death deſire.

70

Il ne fault pas aux plaiſirs de la couche,
De chaſteté reſtreindre le beau don:
Et ce pendant tirer à l'abandon
Ses yeulx, ſes mains, ſon oreille, & ſa bouche.

We muſt not Chaſtities fair Gift reſtrain
Onely to th' actuall Pleaſure of the Night:
And in the mean while not a whit refrain
Our heart, our hand, our tongue, our ear, our ſight.

71

Ha le dur coup qu'eſt celuy de l'oreille!
On en devient quelque fois forcené:
Meſmes alors qu'il nous eſt aſſené
D'un beau parler plein de doulce merveille.

O what a hard blow is a box on th' Eare!
Som-time it drives men even beſides their Wit,
Eſpecially when (ſtunned as it were)
With the ſweet wonder of ſmooth words, 'tis ſmit.

72

Mieulx nous vaudroit des anreillettes prendre,
Pour nous ſauver de ces coups dangereux:
Par la s'armoient les Pugiles valeureux,
Quand ſur l'aréne il leur falloit deſcendre.

'Tis therefore beſt our tender Ears to arme,
To ſhun the danger of thoſe deadly blowes:
Warie Ulyſſes ſo eſchew'd the Charm
Of thoſe ſoule-raping Impes of Acheloes.

73

Ce qui en nous par l'oreille penetre,
Dans le cerveau coule ſoudainement,
Et ne ſcaurions y pourvoir autrement,
Que tenant cloſe au mal ceſte feneſtre.

What ere it be that enters by the Eare,
Immediatly into the Brain doth creep;
And th' onely meanto ſhun the miſchiefe there,
Is the Ears Caſement, ever cloſe to keep.

74

Parler beaucoup on ne peut ſans menſonge,
Ou pour le moins ſans quelque vanité
Le parler brief convient à verité,
Et l'autre eſt propre à la fable & au ſonge.

Much talke is ſeldome without Lyes among,
Or at the leaſt without ſome idle bables:
Vnto the truth, brief Language doth belong:
And many words are fit for Dreams and Fables.

75

Du Memphien le grave contenance,
Lors que ſa bouche il ſerre auec le doigt,
Mieulx que Platon enſeigne comme on doit
Reverremment honnorer le ſilence.

Th' Egyptians grave aſpect and ſober brow,
When his fore-finger ſeales his lips ſo ſure;
Better than Plato, *doth inſtruct us how*
To honour Silence *with devotion pure.*

76

Comme lon voit, à l'ouurir de la porte
D'un cabinet Royal maint beau tableau,
Mainte antiquaille, & tout ce que de beau
Le Portugais des Indes nous apporte:

As at the Opening of the Cabinet
Of ſome great Prince, many rare things wee ſee,
Rich Monuments, and all that fair and neat,
From either Inde Portugals *bring, or wee:*

77

Ainſi des-lors que l'homme qui medite,
Et eſt ſcauant commence de s'ouurir,
Un grand threſor vient à ſe deſcouurir,
Threſor caché au Puis de Democrite:

So when the Wiſe and Learned doth begin
T' open the organs of his plenteous Wit,
A wondrous Treaſure ſuddenly is ſeen,
A Treaſure hidden in th' Abderians Pit:

78

On dict ſoudain, voilà qui fut de Grece,
Cecy de Rome, & celà d'un tel lieu,
Et le dernier eſt tiré de l'Hebrieu,
Mais tout en ſomme eſt remply de ſageſſe.

And Standers by, ſay by and by, This came (Plato,
From Greece, *from* Rome *That, That from ſuch a*
And (laſtly) That from th' Hebrew: and the ſame
And all the reſt moſt full of Prudent grace.

79

Noſtre heur, pour grand qu'il ſoit, nous ſemble
Les ceps d'autruy portent plus de raiſins: (moindre:
Mais quant aux maulx que ſouffrent nos voyſins,
C'eſt moins que rien, ils ont tort de s'en plaindre.

Our Goods (how ever great) the leaſt do ſeem,
Our neighbours fields ſtill bear the better Grain:
But others harmes wee alwayes light eſteem;
Tuſh, they are nothing: why ſhould they complain?

80

A l'enuieux nul tourment ie n'ordonne,
Il eſt de ſoy le juge & le bourreau:
Et ne fut onc de DENYS le Toreau
Supplice tel, que celuy qu'il ſe donne.

To th' Enuious-man no Torment I aſsigne;
For, Judge and Hang-man to himſelfe he is:
And there's no Denis *Bull, nor Rack (in fine)*
So fell a Torture as that Heart of his.

81

Pour bien au vif peindre la Calomnie,
Il là faudroit peindre quand on là ſent:
Qui par bon heur d'elle ne ſe reſſent,
Croire ne peult quelle eſt ceſte Furie.

To pourtray Slaunder, *to the life, behooves*
To do't in th' inſtant while one feeleth her:
For who ſo happy that her never prooves,
Can ſcarce imagin what ſhee is, or where.

82

Elle ne faict en l'air ſa reſidence,
Ny ſoubs les eaux, ny au profond des bois:
Sa maiſon eſt aux oreilles des Roys,
D'où elle brave & fleſtrit l'innocence.

Neither in th' Ayre hath ſhee her reſidences,
Nor in the wilde Woods, nor beneath the Waves:
But ſhee inhabits in the ears of Princes,
Where th' innocent and honeſt ſhee depraves.

83

Quand une fois ce monſtre nous attache,
Il ſcait ſi fort ſes cordillons nouër,
Que bien qu'on puiſſe en fin les deſnouër,
Reſtent touſiours les marques de l'attache.

And when this Monſter hath once chaunc't to trap-us,
Her ſpightfull Cords ſhee can ſo cloſely knit,
That though at laſt wee happen to un-wrap-us;
The print thereof ſtill in our Fames will ſit.

84

Judge, ne donne en ta cauſe ſentence:
Chacun ſe trompe en ſon faict aizément:
Noſtre intereſt force le jugement,
Et d'un coſté faict pancher la balance.

Never give Sentence in thy proper cauſe:
In our own caſe wee all erre eaſily:
Our intereſt our partiall judgement draws;
And ever makes the balance hang awry.

85

Deſſus la loy tes jugemens arreſte,
Et non ſur l'homme: elle ſans affection;
L'homme au contraire eſt plein de paſſion:
L'un tient de Dieu, l'autre tient de la beſte.

Upon the Law thy Judgements alwayes ground,
And not on Man: For that's affection-leſs;
But Man in Paſsions ſtrangely doth abound:
Th' one all like God; th' other too-like to Beaſts.

86

Le nombre ſainct ſe juge par ſa preuue,
Touſiours egal, entier ou departy:
Le droict auſsi en Atomes party,
Semblable à ſoy touſiours egal ſe treuue.

The ſacred Number proveth alwayes even,
Whether divided or intire it be:
So Juſtice *(ſhar'd in Atomies) is given*
Still like it ſelfe, in juſt equality.

8

Nouueau Ulyſſe appren du long voyage
A gouuerner Ithaque en equité:
Maint-un a Scylle & Charybde euité,
Qui heurte au port, & chez ſoy faict naufrage.

Learn by long Travell (as Ulyſſes *conned)*
To govern right thy native Ithaca :
Many have Scylla *and* Charibdis *ſhunned,*
That (after) have at home been caſt-away.

88

Songe long temps auant que de promettre :
Mais ſi tu as quelque choſe promis,
Quoy que ce ſoit, & fuſtce aux ennemis,
De l'accomplir en deuoir te fault mettre.

Before thou promiſe, ponder what and why :
But having promis'd, what-ſoever 't were,
Yea, were it to thy greateſt Enemy,
Thou muſt perform, thy tongue hath ty'd thee there.

89

La loy ſoubs qui l'eſtat ſa force a priſe,
Garde là bien, pour groſſe qu'elle ſoit :
Le bonheur vient d'où lon ne s'appercoit,
Et bien ſouuent de ce que lon meſpriſe.

Maintain thoſe Lawes (however rude and plain)
Whereby before thy Common-wealth hath thriu'd :
Good fortune oft comes by the meaneſt mean :
How, or from whence ſometimes is ſcarce perceiu'd.

90

Fuy jeune & viel de Circe le brunage :
N'eſcoute auſſi des Sirenes les chants,
Car enchanté tu courrois par les champs,
Plus abruty qu'une beſte ſauuage.

In youth and age ſhunne Circes *bewfull Bowle,*
Lend not thine eare to Sirens *wanton Notes :*
Leſt thou (inchanted in thy ſenſe and Soule)
Become more brute then Hogs, and Dogs, and Goats.

91

Vouloir ne fault choſe que lon ne puiſſe,
Et ne pouuoir que cela que lon doit,
Meſurant l'un & l'autre par le droit,
Sur l'eternel moule de la Juſtice.

Wee muſt our Will *ſtill limit with our* Power,
And bound our Power within the Liſts of Law ;
Meaſuring both, and what ſo elſe is our,
By the Right *line th' eternall* Juſt *did draw.*

92

Changer à coup de loy & d'ordonnance,
Et faict d'eſtat eſt un poinct dangereux :
Et ſi Lycurgue en ce poinct fut heureux,
Il ne fault pas en faire conſequence.

A ſudden Change *in any mighty* State,
Is full of Danger unto each Degree:
And though Lycurgus *found it fortunate,*
No conſequent can that Example be.

93

Ie hay ces mots, De puiſſance abſoluë,
De plein pouuoir, De propre mouuement :
Aux ſaincts Decrets ils ont premierement,
Puis à nos loix, la puiſſance tolue.

I hate theſe phraſes : Of Power abſolute :
Of full Authoritie : Full proper motion.
The Divine Lawes they have trod under foot,
And humane-too ; for private mens promotion.

94

Croire leger, & ſoudain ſe reſoudre,
Ne diſcerner les amis des flateurs :
Ieune conſeil, & nouueaux ſeruiteurs,
Ont mis ſouuent les hauts eſtats en pouldre.

Not right-deſcerning friends from flatterers,
Light-crediting, and ſudden Reſolution,
Young giddy counſell, and new Servitors,
Have often caus'd the higheſt States confuſion.

95

Diſſimuler eſt un vice ſeruile,
Vice ſuiuy de la deſloyauté :
D'où ſourd és cueurs des grands la cruauté
Qui aboutit à la guerre ciuile.

Diſſimulation *is a ſervile vice,*
A vice ſtill followed by Diſloyalty,
Whence in great hearts doth cruelty ariſe,
Which alwayes ends in Civill Mutiny.

96

Donner beaucoup ſied bien à un grand Prince,
Pourueu qu'il donne à qui l'à merité,
Et par proportion non par equalité,
Et que ce ſoit ſans fouler ſa Province.

Nought more beſeemes a Prince then Liberality,
So it be given to thoſe that merit well,
By due proportion, not by juſt equality,
And without burthen to the Common-weale.

97

Plus que Sylla c'eſt ignorer les lettres,
D'auoir induit les peuples à s'armer :
On trouuera les voulant deſarmer,
Que de ſubjects ils ſont deuenus maiſtres.

'Tis to be more then Sylla *Letter-leſſe,*
To hurry Armes into the Vulgars hand :
For, when again you think them to ſuppreſſe,
In ſtead of Subjects they will All command.

98

Ry ſi tu veux un ris de Democrite,
Puis que le monde eſt pure vanité :
Mais quelque fois touché d'humanité,
Pleure noz maux des larmes d'Heraclite.

Sith all the World is nought but meerly vanity,
Laugh if thou liſt like blythe Democritus :
Yet ſometimes touch't with tender-ſoul'd humanity,
Weep for our woes with ſad Heraclitus.

99

A l'eſtranger ſois humain & propice,
Et s'il ſe plaict incline à ſa raiſon :
Mais luy donner les biens de la maiſon,
C'eſt faire aux tiens, & honte & injuſtice.

Be kinde to ſtrangers, and propitious,
And to their cauſe thy willing eare incline ;
But to beſtow thy Goods out of thy Houſe,
Is ſhame and wrong unto thy ſelfe and thine.

100

Ie t'apprendray, ſi tu veux, en peu d'heure,
Le beau ſecret du breuuage amoureux :
Ayme les tiens, tu ſeras aymé d'eux :
Il n'y a point de recepte meilleure.

Ile

Ile teach you here (if any liſt to prove)
A paſſing Love-drink, any heart to get, ;
Love vertuouſly, and be aſſur'd of Love :
And this (beleeve-it) is the beſt Receipt.

101

Crainte qui vient d'amour & reverence,
Eſt un appuy ferme de Royauté :
Mais qui ſe faict craindre par cruauté,
Luy-meſme craint, & vit en deffiance.

The fear that ſprings from Love and Reverence,
A firme ſupport to Royall Greatneſſe gives :
But he that makes him fear'd for Violence,
Himſelfe fears moſt, and in diſtruſt ſtill lives.

102

Qui ſcauroit bien que c'eſt qu'un Diadéme,
Il choiſiroit auſsi toſt le tombeau,
Que d'affeubler ſon chef de ce bandeau :
Car auſsi bien il meurt lors à ſoy meſme.

Hee that knew right what were a Diadem,
As ſoon would ſeek in a cold Toomb to lie,
As girt his Temples, with that glorious Gem :
For, then begins hee to himſelfe to dye.

103

De jour, de nuict, faire la ſentinellé,
Pour le ſalut d'autruy touſiours veiller,
Pour le public ſans nul gré trauailler,
C'eſt en un mot ce qu'Empire i'appelle.

For, day and night to ſtand as Sentinel ;
For publike good ingratefull toyle to take ;
Inceſſantly to watch for others weal :
This is, to Raigne, *if wee it rightly take.*

104

Je ne veis onc prudence auec ieuneſſe,
Bien commander ſans auoir obey,
Eſtre fort craint, & n'eſtre point hay,
Eſtre Tyran, & mourir de vieilleſſe.

I never ſaw Wiſedome and Youth, but two :
Nor him Command well, that had not obay'd :
Nor any fear'd, that was not hated too :
Nor Tyrant, aged in his Toomb be layd.

105

Ne voiſe au bal qui n'aymerà la danſe,
Ny au banquet qui ne voudra manger,
Ny ſur la mer qui craindra le danger,
Ny à la Cour qui dirà ce qu'il penſe.

Come not at Revels, who delights not Dance :
Nor on the Sea, who fears rough waves and winde :
Nor at a feaſt, who a good ſtomack wants :
Nor at the Court, who means to ſpeak his minde.

106

Du meſdiſant la langue venimeuſe,
Et du flateur les propos emmielez,
Et du moqueur les brocards enfielez,
Et du maling la pourſuite animeuſe :

The ſoothing honey of ſmooth Paraſites :
The poyſ'ny Tongues of ſlanderous Sycophants :
The jeering Buffon that the beſt ſtill bites :
The brazen-face of begging Cormorants.

107

Hayr le vray, ſe feindre en touts choſes,
Sonder le ſimple à fin de l'autraper,
Braver le foible, & ſur l'abſent draper,
Sont de la Cour les œillets & les roſes.

To gull the Simple ; and the Weake to brave :
To hate the Truth ; to halt in every thing :
To under-mine : The Abſent to deprave :
Theſe are the Flowers that in the Court *doe ſpring.*

108

Adverſité, des faueur, & querelle,
Sont trois eſſais pour ſonder ſon amy :
Tel a ce nom qui ne l'eſt qu'à demy,
Et ne ſcauroit endurer la coupelle.

An Enemy, Misfortune, and Diſgrace,
Are three Eſſayes to prove if Friends be loyall :
For many have the Name, and beare the face,
That are not ſo, if they be put in triall.

109

Ayme l'eſtat tel que tu le vois eſtre :
S'il eſt royall, ayme la Royauté :
S'il eſt de peu, où bien communauté,
Ayme l'auſſi, quand Dieu t'y à faict naiſtre.

Commend the State where-under born you are :
If it be Royall, love the Royalty ;
If of the Beſt, *or meerly* Popular ;
Allow of either where thy Lot ſhall be.

110

Il eſt permis ſouhaiter un bon Prince
Mais tel qu'il eſt, il le convient porter : ,
Car il vault mieux un tyran ſupporter,
Que de troubler la paix de ſa Province.

'Tis lawfull (where they want) to wiſh good Princes :
But men the while muſt beare them as they are.
'Tis better beare a Tyrants inſolences,
Then to diſturb the Common-weal with War.

111

A ton Seigneur & ton Roy ne te iouë :
Et s'il t'en prie, il t'en faut excuſer :
Qui des faveurs des Roys cuide abuſer,
Bien toſt, froiſſé, choit au bas de la roué.

Sport not too boldly with thy Lord and King ;
And though hee bid thee (if thou canſt) refuſe :
From higheſt Fortunes ſudden down they ding
Who doe preſume a Princes grace t' abuſe.

112

Qui de bas lieu (miracle de Fortune)
En un matin t'és haulsé ſi avant,
Penſes tu point que ce n'eſt que du vent,
Qui calmera, peut eſtre, ſur la brune :

Thou (Fortunes wonder) that from loweſt place
Doſt in a morning to the top attain :
Suppoſe it but a winde that blew a ſpace
Which yet yer night (perhaps) will calme again :

113

L'eſtat moyen eſt l'eſtat plus durable :
On voit des eaux le plat pays noyé,
Et les haults monts ont ſe chef foudroyé,
Une petite terre eſt ſeur & agreable.

The meane Eſtate is the moſt permanent :
We ſee the Vales with every ſhower are drown'd ;
And Mountain tops with every Thunder rent :
But Little Hils *are pleaſant, ſafe, and ſound.*

114

De peu de biens nature ſe contente,
Et peu ſuffit pour vivre honeſtement,
L'homme, ennemy de ſon contentement,
Plus a, & plus pour auoir ſe tourmente.

Nature 's with little pleas'd: enough's a Feaſt :
A ſober life, but a ſmall charge requires :
But Man, the Author of his own un-reſt,
The more he hath, the more he ſtill deſires.

115

Quand tu verras que Dieu au ciel retire
A coup à coup les hommes vertueux,
Dy hardiment, l'orage impetueux
Viendra bien toſt esbranler ceſt Empire.

When thou ſhalt ſee th' Almightie take from hence,
By one and one the Vertuous of the Land,
Say boldly thus ; Theſe are the Arguments
Of ſome drad Tempeſt of his Wrath at hand.

116

Les gens de bien ce ſont comme gros termes,
Ou forts piliers, qui ſervent d'arcs-boutans,
Pour appuyer contre l'effort du temps
Les haults eſtats, & les maintenir fermes.

For, Vertuous men are even the Buttreſſes,
The mighty Columnes, and the Arches ſtrong,
Which againſt all Times felleſt outrages
Support a State, and doe maintain it long.

117

L'homme ſe plaint de ſa trop courte vie,
Et ce pendant n'employe où il devroit
Le temps qu'il a qui ſuffir luy pourroit
Si pour bien vivre auoit de vivre envie.

Man doth the ſhortneſſe of his Life repine ;
Yet doth not duly ſpend nor rightly drive
The Time he hath : which might ſuffice his minde,
If, To live well, *he did deſire to live.*

118

Tu ne ſcaurois d'aſſez ample ſalaire
Recompenſer celuy qui t'a ſoigné
En ton enfance, & qui t'a enſeigné
A bien parler, & ſur tout à bien faire.

Thou hardly canſt ſufficiently requite
Him, who thy Child-hood hath been Tutor to ;
Nor him, that hath inſtructed thee aright,
Both well to ſpeake, but chiefly well to doe.

119

Es jeux publics, au theatre, à la table,
Cede ta place au viellard & chenù :
Quand tu ſeras à ſon age venù,
Tu trouueras qui ſera le ſemblable.

In Theaters, at publike Playes and Feaſts,
Give alwayes place unto the hoary head :
So, when like age ſhall ſilverize thy Treſſe,
Thou ſhalt by others be like-honoured.

120

Cil qui ingrat enuers toy ſe demonſtre,
Va augmentant le loz de ton bien fact :
Le reprocher maint homme ingrat a faict :
C'eſt ſe payer, que du bien fair monſtre.

Who, for thy friendſhip ſhows himſelfe ingrate ;
Unwillingly extols thy Benefit :
But to up-braid one, makes a Man ingrate ;
Who vaunts his kindneſſe, payes himſelfe for it.

121

Boire, & mangre, s'exercer par meſure,
Sont de ſanté les outils plus certains :
L'excez en l'un de ces trois, aux humains
Haſte la mort, & force la nature.

To eate, and drinke, and exerciſe in meaſure,
Three props of Health, the certaineſt ſhee hath :
But the exceſſe in theſe (or other pleaſure)
Enforceth Nature, and doth haſten death.

122

Si quelque fois le meſchant te blaſonne,
Que t'en chaut il ? helas, c'eſt ton honneur :
Le blaſme prend la force du donneur :
Le loz eſt bon, quand un bon nous le donne.

If evill men ſpeak ſomtimes ill of thee,
What need'ſt t' ..u care ? alas ! it is thy praiſe :
Blame, from the Author takes authority,
And 'tis a good report that good men raiſe.

123

Nous meſlons tout, le vray parler ſe change
Souuent le vice eſt du nom reveſtu
De la prochain' oppoſite vertu :
Le loz eſt blaſme, & le blaſme eſt loüange.

Wee all confound ; true Language is tranſ-formed :
Vice oftentimes puts-on the Vertues name
Next oppoſite : 'Tis Forme to be de-formed :
Blame is a Praiſe : and Commendation Blame.

124

En bonne part ce qu'on dit tu dois prendre,
Et l'imparfait du prochain ſupporter,
Courir ſa faulte, & ne la rapporter
Prompt à louër, & tardif à reprendre.

Of what is ſpoken, ever make the beſt :
Beare the defect of Neighbour and of Friend :
Cover their fault ; publiſh it not (at leaſt) :
Ready to praiſe, and ſlow to reprehend.

125

Cil qui ſe penſe & ſe dit eſtre ſage,
Tien le pour fol, & celuy qui ſcauant
Se faict nommer, ſonde le bien auant,
Tu trouueras que ce n'eſt que langage.

Hee that eſteemes and vaunts himſelfe for wiſe,
Think him a foole : and him that doth aſſume
The name of Learned, whoſo ſoundly tries,
Shall finde him nothing but bare words and fume.

126

Plus on eſt docte, & plus on ſe deffi
D'eſtre ſcavant : & l'homme vertueux
Jamais n'eſt veu eſtre preſumtueux.
Voila des fruicts de ma Philoſophie.

126

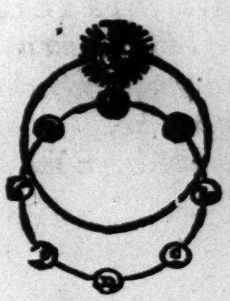
The better Learned, learn the more their want,
And more to doubt their owne ſufficiencie :
And vertuous men are never arrogant.
Theſe are the Fruits of my Philoſophy.

FINIS.

SONNETS

Upon

THE LATE MIRACULOUS PEACE *IN FRANCE.*



Acceptam refero.

TO

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE, LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS GENTLEMAN,

Master *Anthonie Bacone.*

BOund by your Bounty and mine owne desire,
To tender still new tribute of my zeale
To you (your Countries watchfull Sentinel,
Whose wisedome, ours and other States admire)
Lo, here I tune upon mine humble Lyre
Our Neighbour Kingdomes unexpected weale,
Through sudden ceasing of Wars *enter-deale;*
As Celtike *Muses to my Muse inspire,*
Miraculous the Work; and so his wit
That firstly sung this sacred MIRACLE:
A gracious Theame (If I dis-grace not it)
That your grave eyes may daigne for spectacle.
What e'r it be, accept it as a due,
From him whose all doth all belong to You.

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE FRENCH KING, HENRY THE FOURTH.

SONNET 1.

Henry, triumphant though thou wert in war,
Though Fate & Fortitude conspir'd thy glory,
Though thy least Conflicts well deserve a Story;
Though *Mars* his fame by thine be dark'ned far;
Though from thy Cradle (Infant Conquerour)
Thy martiall proofs have dimm'd *Alcides* praise;
And though with Garlands of victorious Bayes
Thy Royall temples richly crowned are: (glorious
Yet (match-less Prince) nought hast thou wrought so
As this un-lookt-for, happy PEACE admired;
Whereby thy self art of thy selfe victorious: (red,
For, while thou might'st the worlds throne have aspi-
Thou by this *Peace* thy war-like heart hast tamed:
What greater conquest could there then be named?

SONNET 2.

But what new Sun doth now adorne our Land,
And gives our skie so smooth and smiling cheer?
For, 'tis not *Phœbus*; else his golden brand
Shines brighter now then't hath don many a year.
Sweet Angel-beauty (sacred *Peace*) heav'ns present;
Is't not the Rising of thy new-com star,
Wch makes the Air more cleer, the spring more
Zephyre more calm, & *Flora* merrier? pleasant,
Ah, I perceive the *Olive*, *Dove*, and *Bow*,
Divine presages that the Floud abates (flow)
(The dismall floud where bloud and tears did
And *Janus* now locks-up his Temple gates:
Justice and *Faith* doe kindely kisse each other:
And *Mars* appeas'd, sits down by *Cupids* mother.

SONNET 3.

Fair fruitfull Daughter of th' Omnipotent,
Great Umpire that dost either World sustain,
Without whose help all would return again
(Like hideous *Chaos*) to confusion bent.
O Mother of the living, second Nature
Of th' Elements (Fire, Water, Earth, and Air)
O Grace (whereby men climb the heav'nly stair)
Whence void, this world harbours no happy
Pillar of Lawes, Religious Pedestall, (creature.
Hope of the godly, glory of th' immortall;
Honour of Cities, Pearl of Kingdoms all;
Thou Nurse of Vertues, Muses chief supportall;
Patron of Arts, of Good the speciall spring:
All hail (dear *Peace*) which us all heale dost bring.

SONNET 4.

Com forth (dear *France*) frō thy dark Cell of mone,
Com (as new-born) from War sunkindly quarrels:
Turn tragick Cypresse to triumphant Laurels;
Change black to greene, and make thy Grave a
Let *Ceres* dwell upon thy Desart Plain, (Throne.
Bacchus, and *Dian*, on thy Hils and Groves,
Pomona in Gardens, *Pan* among thy Droves,
Secure all Roades, and ope all Gates again.
Resume (O Cities) Rule and Reverence;
Reveſt (yee States) your Robes of dignitie;
Rise-up (yee Ruines) in fair Battlements;
Come *Muses*, *Pallas*, *Themis*, *Mercurie*,
Restore us Law, Learning, and Arts, and Trade:
And let our Age, a golden Age be made.

SONNET 5.

Most Christian Kingdom, thou wert ne'r so near
Drown'd in the deep Gulphs of thy Civill war,
As in the tempest of this later Jar,
Which past conceit of calming did appear.
When all the Windes adversly armed were,
(Tho se fly-foes, yet friends to work thy wrack)
Thy Ship a helm, thy selfe a heart didst lack,
On troubled waters tossed here and there:
Then from above (O bountie most admired!)
Saint *Hermes* shin'd: whose gentle light presageth
That then the anger of the Heav'ns asswageth.
O happy PEACE! lesse hoped then desired:
O grace much honour'd! little yet conceiv'd;
O blessed guile, that thus our sense deceiv'd!

SON-

SONNET 6.

Who could expect (but past all expectation)
So sudden order from so sad confusion?
So loyall friendship, from false emulation?
So firm possession, from so fierce intrusion?
Who could expect (but past all likelihood)
From such a storm, such and so sweet a calme;
From *France* her cinders, such a *Phœnix*-brood;
Pandoras box to yeeld so rare a balme?
Who could expect (but past all humane thought)
So frank a freedom from a thrall so late,
Or certaine Rudder of so rent a State?
True *Æsculapius*, thou alone hast wrought
This MIRACLE, not on *Hyppolitus*,
But on this Kingdome, much more wonderous.

SONNET 7.

Th' unlookt-for working of all things almost,
Inconstant-constant, in succession strange,
Amazeth those whose wits wee chiefly boast,
To see this sudden un-expected change.
Each feels th' effect, but none the cause descries
(No though hee have with stars intelligence):
God to himselfe reserves such Mysteries,
Disposing Kingdomes by his Providence;
O end-lesse Bountie! In the midst of Broyles
He gives us PEACE, when War did us inflame;
And reaves the mischiefe we pursu'd yer-whiles:
But, this doth most extoll his glorious Name,
That when most sharply this extremest Fit
Strove to be cure-lesse, soon hee cured it.

SONNET 8.

Some reasoned thus; No violence can last:
Revolted Subjects, of themselves will quail:
Just Soveraigntie can never be displac't;
And lawfull Princes first or last prevail:
But who could think, that the conjoyned powers
Of *Spain* and *Rome*, with an exceeding number
Of rebell Cities, and false States of ours,
So weak a King so little should encumber?
Others discoursed in another sort,
While all things sorted to another end
Then their imaginations did purport:
That earth may know, it cannot comprehend
The secret depths of Judgements all-divine,
No: there's no ground, beginning, midst, nor fine

SONNET 9.

Admire we onely Gods Omni-potence,
His deep-deep Wisedome, and his Mercy dear.
For, with these three, he hath surmounted here
Our hatefull foes, our hopes, and all our sense:
His power appears upon our Lord and King,
As yerst on *David*: for they both attain
By war-like broyls their pre-appointed Reigne;
Strangers, and Subjects, and selves conquering:
His prudence shines, when to preserve us thus,
All humane wit his Wisedome doth convince:
His gracious bounty in our bounteous Prince.
O various wonders! mel delicious
Flows from a living Lion; *Mars* is quiet,
Valour relenting, Conquest void of riot.

SONNET 10.

This was no action of a humane hand
But th' onely work of the great Thunderer,
Who (wise-directing all the things that are)
In us divinely works his own command.
Some men, unwilling, benefit their Land,
Or unawares their Countries good prefer;
Another motions PEACE, but mindeth War,
And PEACE succeeds what-ever drifts with-stand.
Th' Arch-Architect, the matchlesse Artizan
All instruments unto good uses proves:
Man's but a wheel, wch that great Mover moves,
Each gracious gift in that first cause began:
Each good's a gleam of that first light alone,
If ill approach us, onely that's our own.

SONNET 11.

If God dart lightning, soon hee deaws down rain;
A dreadfull Judge, and yet a gentle Father: (gain,
Whose wrath slow-kindled is soon quencht a-
To move us sinners to repent the rather.
'Gainst hel-bred *Hydra*, heav'n-born *Theseus* brings
The great *Alcides* arm and armory:
Of greatest Ill, a greater Good there springs;
And Mercie still doth Rigour qualifie.
Ah *France*, so many Monsters to suppresse,
Thou hadst great need of Royall fortitude,
Else hadst thou been an *Africk* Wilderneſſe.
O happy lost Realme! for, it hath ensu'd,
That now thy gain is more, in restauration,
Then was thy losse in all my desolation.

SONNET 12.

But, if I sing great *Henries* fortitude;
Shall I not then be blam'd for over-daring?
If over-slip it, then be taxt for fearing,
Of silent dread, and dumb ingratitude?
What ere befall, my youth-bold thoughts conclude
(Like *Icarus*) my nimble *Muse* to rayse:
And if I fall in such a Sea of praise,
What rarer *Mausole* may my bones include?
A sacred rage of some sweet-furious flame,
Will-nill-I, raps mee boldly to rehearse
Great *Henries* Tropheis, and his glorious name.
Then roule thou Torrent of my tender Verse:
Though his high Theam deserve a consort rather
Of all the Muses, and all Musicks Father.

SON-

SONNET 13.

Great Prince not pleas'd with a vaine vertue-ſeeming:
Great Victor, prone to pardon humblnes, (ming:
Happy, all Hap Heav'ns onely gift eſteeming;
Warrier, whoſe wars have wrought his countries
Noble by deeds, and noble by deſcent; (PEACE:
Ancient *Achilles*, youthfull *Neſtor* ſage,
Whoſe ripe-experienc't courage confident,
To knocks knits counſail, and gives rule to rage.
As hard in toyle, as in compaſſion ſoft:
Inur'd to that, by nature born to this;
Who ſheds no bloud, but ſheddeth tears as oft,
Who never fights but ſtill the Field is his.
So like to *Mars*, that both in loves and wars,
Bellona and *Venus* take him ſtill for *Mars*.

SONNET 14.

A ſpirit, to vertues cheerfully addreſt;
Apt to all goodneſſe, to no ill inclin'd;
Quick to conceive, ingenious to digeſt;
Whoſe tongue is ſtill true trumpet of the mind:
A bodie, reſting when it hath no reſt;
A waxen mildneſſe in a ſteely minde;
A ſoule tra-lucent in an open breſt, (finde;
Which others thoughts through boany wals can
Whoſe front reflects majeſticall-humilitie,
Whoſe grave-ſweet look commandingly-intreats,
Which in one inſtant fear and love begets:
A King ſtill warring to obtain tranquillitie,
To ſave his Country ſcorning thouſand dangers;
Mirror of *France*, and miracle of Strangers.

SONNET 15.

If that, before thee fall rebellious Towers;
If battered Wals, before thy Souldiers, looſe;
If hugeſt Rocks be pierced by thy powers;
If 'gainſt thine Armes, no armour be of prooſe;
If that our fields flow with *Iberian* bloud;
If that thy Camp compos'd of many a *Ceſar*,
Can by no diſmall dangers be withſtood;
Jouſting with Gyants, as it were at pleaſure:
If lofty Mountains to thine homage vaile;
If Valleys riſe to bulwark thee about;
If for thy ſake, Rivers doe flow and fail;
'Twas neither Canons, nor our conflicts ſtout,
Nor ſtrength, nor ſtomack got theſe victories:
No, 'twas thy preſence (*Henry*) and thine eyes.

SONNET 16.

They be too blame then, that thy boldneſſe blame,
For having put thy ſelfe ſo oft in danger:
Sith againſt Rebels and againſt the Stranger,
Thy looks, like lightning, did thy troups inflame.
France fought before, all bloudy, faint, and lame,
Craving thine ayd to venge her hateſull wrong;
When, like a Lion to preſerve her yong,
Thou laydſt about thee to redeeme the ſame.
Then hadſt thou cauſe to hazzard ſo thy life
(In extreme perils, extreme remedies.)
But ſpare thee now, thy State is free from ſtrife:
Soveraigne, our ſafety in thy ſafety lies.
Codrus could keep his, onely by his death:
Thou thine, alone by thine own living breath.

SONNET 17.

What wreath were worthy to become thy crown,
What *Carr-triumphant* equall with thy worth,
What marble ſtatue meet for thy renown,
Thou that haſt rais'd the Lilly of the earth?
What honourable Title of Addition (mildneſſe)
Doſt thou deſerve, who (joyning might with
Haſt ſav'd this great Ship from a ſad perdition,
Nigh loſt in th' Ocean of warrs civill wildneſſe?
O modern *Hercules* (thy Countries Father)
Hope not of us thy juſt deſerved meed:
Earth is too baſe, in Heav'n expect it rather.
Our Laurels are too-pale to crown thy deed,
Who thus haſt ſalv'd the univerſall Ball:
For, th' health of *France* imports the health of all.

SONNET 18.

Pardon mee (*Henry*) if Heav'ns ſilver raine,
Dewing the pearls, impearle mine humble laies:
And if my Verſe (voyde both of price and paine)
Preſume thy Vertues paſſing-price to praiſe:
Pardon (great King) if that mine Infant Muſe
Stutter thy name; and if with skill too ſcant
I limne thee here, let zeal my crime excuſe;
My ſteel's attracted by thine Adamant.
For as the Sunne, although hee doe reflect
His golden Rayes on groſſer Elements,
Doth never ſpot his beautifull aſpect:
So, though the praiſes of thine Excellence
Doe brightly gliſter in my gloomy ſtile,
They nothing loſe of their firſt grace the while.

SONNET 19.

Now, ſith as well by conqueſt as ſucceſſion
France is thine owne; O keep it ſtill therefore.
'Tis much to conquer: but, to keep poſſeſſion
Is full as much, and if it be not more.
Who well would keep ſo plentifull a portion,
Muſt ſtabliſh firſt the heav'nly Diſcipline;
Then humane Lawes, reſtraining all extortion;
And Princely wealth with publike weale com-
A Princes ſafety lies in loving People: (bine.
His Fort is Juſtice (free from ſtratagem)
Without the which ſtrong Cittadels are feeble.
The Subjects love is wonne by loving them:
Of loving them, n'oppreſſion is the triall:
And no oppreſſion makes them ever loyall.

SON-

SONNET 20.

Bold *Martialists*, brave Imps of noble birth,
Shining in steel for *France*, and for your King:
Ye sons of those that heretofore did bring
Beneath their yoake the pride of all the earth.
It is an honour to be high-descended;
But more, t' have kept ones Country & fidelity:
For our own Vertues make us most commended:
And Truth's the title of all true Nobility.
Your shoulders shoar'd up *France* (even like to fall)
You were her *Atlas*; *Henry*, *Hercules*:
And but for you, her shock had shaken All;
But now shee stands stedfast on Civill PEACE:
Wherefore, if yet your war-like heat do work,
With holy Arms go hunt the hatefull *Turk*.

SONNET 21.

But you that vaunt your antike Pedigrees,
So stately timbring your surcharged shields,
Perking (like Pines above the lower Trees)
Over the Farmers of your neighbour fields;
Is 't lack of love, or is it lack of courage, (houses,
That holds you (Snaile-like) creeping in your
While over all your Countries Foes do forrage,
And rebell out-rage every corner rouses?
If no example of your Ancestors,
Nor present instance of bright-armed Lords,
The feeble temper of your stomach stirres,
If in your lives yee never drew your swords
To serve your King, nor quench your Countries
Pardon me, Nobles, I mistook your names. (flames,

SONNET 22.

You sacred Order, charg'd the Church to watch,
And teach the holy Mysteries of Heav'n,
From hence-forth all seditious plots dispatch,
And (Father-like) to all be alwaies even.
Though superstition stirre to strife again;
Revolt 's a mischiefe evermore pernicious:
Pluck up abuses, and the hurtfull grain
Spring from the Ignorant and Avaricious.
Avoyd Ambition (common cause of strife)
Your reverend Robe be free from stains of bloud,
Preach holy Doctrine, prove it by your life:
Fly idleness, choose exercises good;
To wit, all works of lively faith and piety.
So, to your Fold shall flock the best Society.

SONNET 23.

You grave assembly of sage Senators,
Right Oracles, yee *Ephori* of *France*;
Who, for the States and Justice maintenance,
Of Sword and Balance are the Arbitrers:
That from hence-forth (against all Enemies)
Our PEACE may seat her in a settled Throne;
Represse the malice of all mutinies, (grown.
Wch through th' advantage of these times have
At a low tide 'tis best to mend a breach,
Before the flood returne with violence;
'Tis good in health to counsaile with a Leach;
So, while a Peoples calme from insolence,
'Tis best that Rulers bridle them with aw;
And (for the future) curb the lewd with law.

SONNET 24.

People, lesse settled then the sliding sand;
More mutable then *Proteus*, or the Moone;
Turn'd, and return'd, in turning of a hand:
Like *Euripus* ebbe-flowing every Noone.
Thou thousand-headed head-lesse Monster-most,
Oft slain (like *Anthæus*) and as oft new rising,
Who, hard as steele, as light as winde art tost;
Chameleon-like, each objects colour prysing:
Unbinde thy blinde soule, ope thine inward sight;
Be no more tinder of intestine flame:
Of all fantastick humors purge thy spright:
For, if past-follies urge yet griefe and shame,
Lo (like Oblivions law) to cure thy passion, (shion.
State-stabling *Peace* brings froward minds in fa-

SONNET 25.

Engins of *Vulcan*, Heav'n-affrighting wonders,
Like brittle glasse the Rocks to cindars breaking;
Deafning the winds, dubing the loudest thũders;
May ye be boũd a thousand years from speaking.
Ye hate-peace Hacksters flesht in Massacres,
Be ye for ever banisht from our soyle;
Ye steeled Tooles of slaughter, wounds, & wars,
Be you condemn'd to hang, and rust a while:
Or (not to languish in so fruit-lesse rest)
Be you transform'd to husband furniture,
To plow those fields you have so oft depress't:
Or (if you cannot leave your wonted ure)
Leave (at the least) all mutinous alarmes,
And be from hence-forth Justice lawfull Armes.

SONNET 26.

O *Paris*, know thy selfe, and know thy Master,
As well thy Heav'nly as thine Earthly guider:
And be not like a Horse, who (proud of Pasture)
Breaks Bit, & Reans, & casts his cunning Rider,
Who nill be Subjects, shall be slaves in fine:
Who Kings refuse, shall have a Tyrant Lord:
Who are not mov'd with the milde rods divine,
Shall feel the furie of Heav'ns venging Sword.
Thy greatnes stands on theirs that wear the crown,
Whereof, th' hast had now seventy (saving seven).
Think one sufficient soon to pull thee down:
Kings greatnes stands on the great King of Heav'n.
Knowing these two, then (*Paris*) know thy selfe,
By Wars afflictions, and by PEACES wealth.

SON-

SONNET 27.

Swell not in pride, O *Paris* (Princely Dame)
To be chiefe City, and thy Soveraigns Throne:
City? nay modell of this Totall Frame,
A mighty Kingdome of thy selfe alone.
The scourge that lately with paternall hand
For thine amendment did so mildly beat-thee,
If any more against thy Kings thou stand, (thee.
Shall prove that then God did but onely threat-
Wert thou a hundred thousand-fold more mighty,
Who in th'Olympike court cómands the thunders,
In his least wrath can wrack thee (most almighty)
Thebes, Babel, Rome, those proud heav'n-daring won-
Low under ground in dust and ashes lye: (ders,
For earthly Kingdoms (even as men) doe dye.

SONNET 28.

But, O my sorrows! whither am I tost?
What? shall I bloudy sweet ASTRÆAS Songs?
Re-open wounds that are now heal'd almost,
And new-remember nigh-forgotten wrongs?
Sith stormes are calmed by a gentle Starre,
Forget wee (Muse) all former furie-moods,
And all the tempests of our Viper-Warre;
Drown wee those thoughts in deep-deep *Lethè*
O but (alas) I cannot not-retaine (flouds.
So great, notorious, common miseries,
Nor hide my plaint, nor hold my weeping rain:
But 'mid these hideous hellish out-rages,
Ile show and prove by this strange spectacle,
Our civill PEACE, a sacred Miracle.

SONNET 29.

As hee that scap't from Ship-wrack on a plank,
Doubts of his health, and hardly yet beleeves
(Still faintly shivering on the feareless bank)
That (through that fraile help) certainly he lives:
As hee that new freed from strange servitude,
Returnes again to tread his native allies,
Seems still to fear his Patrons rigour rude,
And seems still mugging, chained in the Gallies:
So alwayes, ruth, ruine, and rage, and horror
Of troubles past doe haunt mee every-where,
And still I meet Furies and ghastly Terror:
Then, to my selfe thus rave I (rapt with feare)
From pleasures past, if present sorrow spring,
Why should not past cares present cómfort bring?

SONNET 30.

Wee must not now upbraid each others crimes
Committed wrongly in the time of warre;
For wee have all (alas) too oftentimes
Provok't the vengeance of the Lord too far:
Some robbing Justice under mask of Reason;
Some blowing coles, to kindle-up Sedition;
Som 'gainst their King attempting open Treason;
Some Godding *Fortune* (Idol of Ambition).
Alas, wee know our cause of maladie,
All apt t' accuse, but none to cleanse th' impure;
Each doth rebuke, but none doth remedie:
To know a griefe, it is but halfe a cure.
Is it our sins? let 's purge away that bane;
For what helps Physick, if it be not tane?

SONNET 31.

Who cloake their crimes in hoods of holinesse,
Are double villaines: and the Hypocrite
Is most-most odious in Gods glorious sight.
That takes his name to cover wickednesse,
Profane Ambition, blinde and irreligious,
In quest of Kingdoms, holding nothing holy,
Thinkst thou th' Eternall blinde (as thou in folly)
Or weake to punish Monsters so prodigious?
O execrable vizard, canst thou hide thee (murder,
From th' All-pierce Eye? Are treason, rape, and
Effects of Faith, or of the Furies-Order?
Thy vaile is rent, the rudest have descri'd thee.

SONNET 32.

'Tis now apparent to each plaine Opinion,
Thy hot Devotion hunted but Dominion.
'Tis strange to see the heat of Civill brands.
For, when wee arme us brother against brother,
O then how ready are our hearts and hands,
And Wits awake to ruine one another!
But, come to counter-mine 'gainst secret treason,
Or force the forces of a stranger foe,
Alas, how shallow are wee then in reason,
How cold in courage, and in camping slow!
France onely strives to triumph over *France*:
With self-kill Swords to cut each others throat.
What swarms of souldiers every where do float,
To spend and spoyle a Kingdoms maintenance?
But, said I Souldiers? ah, I blush for shame,
To give base Theeves the noble Souldiers name.

SONNET 33.

Is't not an endlesse scandall to our dayes
(If possible our heires can credit it)
That th' holy name of PEACE, so worthy praise,
Hath been our Watch-word for a fault unfit?
That the pure Lilly, our owne native flower,
Hath been an odious object in our eyes? (wer,
That Kingly Name, & Kings heav'n-stablisht po-
Hath been with us a marke of treacheries?
T' have banisht hence the godly and the wise, (ger;
Whose sound direction kept the State from dan-
Yea, made their bodies bloudy Sacrifice?
And (to conclude) seeking to serve a Stranger, (in:
T' have stabb'd our own? but (O Muse) keep that
The fault's so foul, to speak it were a sin.

SONNET 34.

I waile not I so much wars wastefull rigours,
Nor all thy mines make mee halfe so sorrie,
As thy lost honour (*France*) wch most disfigures,
Losing thy loyalty, thy Native glory.
From *Moores* to *Muscovites* (O cursed change!)
The *French* are called, *Faith-lesse Patricides*.
Th'yerst most Prince-loyal people (ô most strange)
Are now Prince-treachers more then all besides:
With us, *Massacres* passe for Pietie;
Theft, rape, & wrong, for just attain'd possessions:
Revolt for Merit, Rage for Equitie:
Alas, must wee needs borrow the transgressions
And imperfections of all other Nations,
Yerst onely blamed for inconstant fashions?

SONNET 35.

Not without reason hath it oft been spoken, (ment,
That through faire Concord little things aug-
And (opposite) that mightiest things are broken
Through th' ugly Discord of the discontent.
When many tunes doe gently symphonize,
It conquers hearts, and kindly them compounds;
When many hearts doth gently sympathize
In sacred friendship, there all blisse abounds.
Alas, if longer wee divide this Realme,
Loosing to every Partizan apart;
Farewell our Lillies and our Diadem.
For though it seem to breath now somwhat peart,
Our sins (I feare) will work worse after-claps:
And there 's most danger in a re-relapse.

SONNET 36.

O, how I hate these partia-lizing words,
Which show how wee are in the Faith devised:
Is't possible to whet so many swords, (baptized:
And light such flames 'mong th' In-one-Christ-
Christians to Christians to be brute and bloudy,
Altars to Altars to be opposite,
Parting the limmes of such a perfect body,
While *Turks* with *Turks* doe better far unite?
Wee, in our truth finde doubts (whence follow schismes)
They, whose fond Law doth all of lies consist,
Abide confirm'd in their vaine Paganismes.
One nought beleeves, another what him list:
One over-Creeds, another Creeds too-short;
Each makes his Church (rather his Sect) a-part.

SONNET 37.

Put off (dear *French*) all secret grudge and gall,
And all keen stings of vengeance on all parts:
For if you would have PEACE proclaim'd to all,
It must be first faire printed in your hearts.
Henry the mildest of all Conquerors
(Your perfect Glasse for Princely clemencie)
Hee, to appease and calme the State from jars,
For his friends sake, hath sav'd his enemie.
Let's all be *French*, all subjects to one Lord;
Let *France* from hence-forth be one onely State;
Let's all (for Gods sake) be of one accord.
So (through true zeale Christs praise to propagate)
May *the most Christian King* with prosp'rous po-
On *Sion* wals re-plant our Lilly-flower. (wer

SONNET 38.

O Christian cor'sive! that the *Mahomite*
With hundred thousands in *Vienna* plaine,
His mooned Standards hath already pight,
Prest to joyne *Austria* to his *Thracian* Reigne:
Malth, Corfu, Candie, his proud threats disdaine;
And all our *Europe* trembles in dismay;
While striving *Christians* (by each other slaine)
Each other weakning make him easie way.
Rhodes, Belgrade, Cyprus, and the Realms of *Greece*,
Thrall'd to his barb'rous yoke, yet fresh-declare,
That while two strive, a third obtains the fleece.
Though name of *Christian* be a title faire;
If, but for Earth, they all this while have striv'n,
They may have earth, but others shall have Heav'n.

SONNET 39.

May I not one day see in *France* againe
Some new *Martellus* (full of stout activity)
To snatch the Scepter from the *Saracen*,
That holds the Holy Land in strait captivitie?
May I not see the selfe-weale-wounding Launce
Of our brave Blouds (yerst one another goring)
Turn'd with more valour on the *Musulmans*,
A higher pitch of happy prowesse soaring?
But who (deare *France*) of all thy men at armes
Shall so far hence renew their ancient Laurels:
Sith here they plot thine and their proper harms?
I rather feare, that (through their fatall quarrels)
That hate-Christ Tyrant will in time become
The Lord and Soveraigne of all *Christendome*.

SONNET 40.

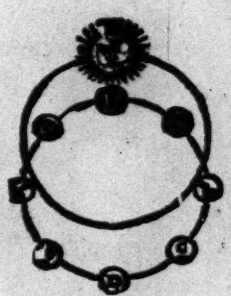
Mid all these mischiefes, while the friend-foe stran- (gers,
With us, against us, had intelligence;
Henry our King, our Father, voyds our dangers,
And (ô heav'ns wonder) planteth *Peace* in *France*.
Thou Judge that sitt'st on the supernall Throne,
O quench thy furie, keep us from hostilitie:
With eyes of mercy look thou still upon
Our PEACE, and found it on a firme stability:
Sith (in despight of discord) thou alone,
Inward and outward, hast thou salv'd us (Lord)
Keep still our *France* (or rather Lord thine own)
Let Princes love, and live in just accord:
Dis-arme them (Lord) or, if Armes busie them,
Be it alone for thy *Jerusalem*.

FINIS.

A DIALOGUE Upon The TROUBLES PAST;

BETWEENE

HERACLITUS and DEMOCRITUS,
The weeping and the laughing
Philosophers.



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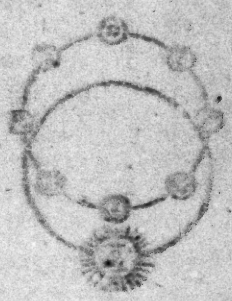


DIALOGUE
TROUBLE
PAST
PRESENT
AND
FUTURE

A DIALOGUE.

Heraclitus.

ALas! thou laughſt, perhaps not feeling well
The painfull torments of this mortall Hel:
Ah! canſt thou (tear-leſs) in this yron Age,
See men maſſacred, Monſters born to rage?

Democritus.

Ha! but why weep'ſt thou? wherefore in this ſort
Doſt thou lament amid this merry ſport?
Ha! canſt thou chuſe but laugh, to ſee the State
Of mens now-follies, and the freaks of Fate?

Heraclitus.

Hee hath no heart that melts not all in tears,
To ſee the treaſons, murders, maſſacres,
Sacks, ſacrileges, loſſes, and alarmes
Of thoſe that periſh by their proper armes.

Democritus.

Who all diſmaied, ſwouneth ſuddenly
To heare or ſee ſome fained Tragedie
(Held in theſe dayes, on every Stage as common)
Is but a heartleſſe man, or but a woman.

Heraclitus.

O! would to God our Countries Tragick ruth
Were but a fable, no effected truth:
My ſoule then ſhould not ſigh to anger Heav'n,
Nor for her plagues my tender heart be riv'n.

Democritus.

I take the world to be but as a Stage,
Where net-maskt men do play their perſonage:
'Tis but a mummerie, and a pleaſant ſhow;
Sith over all, ſtrange vanities do flow.

Heraclitus.

Thoſe vanities I have in deteſtation,
As curſed cauſes o'Gods indignation;
Which makes mee alwaies weep, ſith on the earth
I ſee no object for the meaneſt mirth.

Democritus.

Thus, from one Subject ſundry ſequels ſpring,
As diverſly our wits conceive a thing.
I laugh to ſee thee weep; thou weepſt to ſee
Mee laugh ſo much, which more afflicteth thee.

Heraclitus.

Laugh while thou liſt at mortall miſeries,
I cannot chuſe but even weep out mine eyes:
Finding more cauſe for tears in bloudy ſlaughter
Then for thy ſenſe-leſſe ill-beſeeming laughter.

Democritus.

Melt thee, diſtill thee, turne to wax or ſnow;
Make ſad thy geſture, tune thy voyce to woe;
I cannot weep, except ſometimes it hap
Through laughing much, mine eyes let fall a drop.

Heraclitus.

I weep to ſee thus every thing confuſed,
Order diſordred, and the Lawes abuſed;
Juſtice reverſt, and Policie perverted;
And this ſick State neer utterly ſubverted.

Democritus.

I laugh to ſee how Fortune (like a ball)
Plaies with the Globe of this inconſtant All;
How ſhee degradeth theſe, and graceth thoſe;
How whom ſhee lifts-up, down again ſhe throws.

Heraclitus.

I raine down Rivers, when againſt their King
Cities rebell, through Subjects bandying:
When Colledges (through Armes) are reft of Art:
When every Countie Kingdomes-it a-part.

Democritus.

I burſt with laughter, when (confounding State)
I ſee thoſe rebels hunt their Magiſtrate;
When I heare Porters prate of State-deſignes,
And make all common, as in new-found *Indes*.

Heraclitus.

I weep to see Gods glory made a vaile
To cover who his glory most assayle:
That sacred Faith is made a maske for sinne,
And men run head-long to destructions ginne.

Democritus.

I laugh (with all my heart) at the transforming
Of Juggling *Proteus*, to all times *Conforming*:
But, most I laugh, t' have seen the world so mad
To starve and die, when those damn'd *Atheists* bad.

Heraclitus.

I weep (alas) to see the people weep,
Oppress with rest-lesse weight in danger deep;
Crying for PEACE, but yet not like to get-her,
Yet her condition is not greatly better.

Democritus.

I laugh to see all cause of laughter gone (thy mone:
Through those which (yerst thou saidst) have caus'd
Noting th' old guise, I laugh at all their new:
I laugh at more, but dare not tell it you.

Heraclitus.

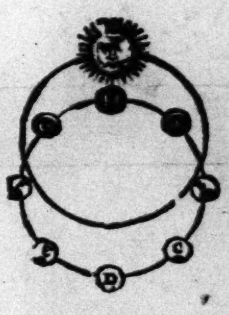
Some sorrows also I in silence keep;
But in the Desart, all my woes shall weep:
And there (perhaps) the Rocks will help me then;
For, in these dayes they are more milde then men.

Democritus.

Ile dwell in Cities (as my *Genius* guides)
To laugh my fill; for, smiling PEACE provides
Such plenteous store of laughing-stuffe to fill me,
That still Ile laugh, un-lesse that laughing kill me.

FINIS.

AN ODE OF THE LOVE AND BEAUTIES OF *ASTRÆA*.

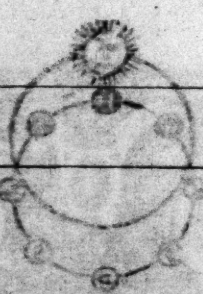


Acceptam refero.

TO THE MOST MATCHLESSE Faire and Vertuous M. M. H.

Tetraſtichon.

THou, for whoſe ſake my freedome I forſake;
Who, ~~murdring mee doſt yet maintain my life~~:
Here, vnder PEACE, *thy beauties Type I make,*
Faire, war-like Nymph, that keepſt mee ſtill in ſtrife.



An Ode to Aſtræa.

SAcred PEACE if I approve thee,
If more then my life I love thee,
Tis not for thy beauteous eyes:
Though the brighteſt Lamp in skies
In his higheſt Summer-ſhine,
Seems a ſparke compar'd with thine,
With thy paire of ſelfe-like-Sunnes,
Paſt all elſe-compariſons.

'Tis not (deare) the dewes Ambroſiall
Of thoſe prettie lips ſo Roſiall,
Make me humble at thy feet:
Though the pureſt honey ſweet
That the Muſes birds doe bring,
To Mount *Hybla* every ſpring,
Nothing neere ſo pleaſant is,
As thy lively loving kiſſe.

'Tis not (Beauties Empereſſe)
Th' Amber circlets of thy treſſe,
Curled by the wanton windes,
That ſo faſt my freedome bindes:
Though the precious glittering ſand
Richly ſtrow'd on *Tagus* Strand,
Nor the graines *Pactolus* roll'd,
Never were ſo fine a gold.

'Tis not for the poliſht rowes
Of thoſe Rocks whence Prudence flowes,
That I ſtill my ſute purſue;
Though that in thoſe Countries new
In the Orient lately found
(Which in precious Gemmes abound)
'Mong all baits of Avarice
Be no pearles of ſuch a price.

'Tis not (Sweet) thine yvorie neck
Makes me worſhip at thy beck;
Nor that prettie double HILL
Of thy boſome panting ſtill:
Though no faireſt *Ledas* Swan
Nor no ſleekeſt Marble can
Be ſo ſmooth or white in ſhowe,
As thy Lillies, and thy Snowe.

'Tis not (O my Paradiſe)
Thy front (evener then the yce)
That my yeelding heart doth tye
With his milde-ſweet Majeſtie:
Though the ſilver Moone be faine
Still by night to mount her waine,
Fearing to ſuſtain diſgrace,
If by day ſhee meet thy face.

'Tis not that ſoft Sattin limme,
With blew trayles enameld trimme,
Thy hand, handle of perfection,
Keeps my thoughts in thy ſubjection,
Though it have ſuch curious cunning,
Gentle touch, and nimble running,
That on Lute to heare it warble,
Would move rocks, and raviſh Marble.

'Tis not all the reſt beſide,
Which thy modeſt vaile doth hide
From mine eyes (ah too injurious!)
Makes mee of thy love ſo curious:
Though *Diana* being bare,
Nor *Leuothoê* paſſing rare,
In the Cryſtall-flowing ſprings
Never bath'd ſo beauteous things.

What then (O divineſt Dame)
Fires my Soule with burning flame,
If thine eyes be not the matches
Whence my kindling Taper catches?
And what *Nectar* from above
Feeds and feaſts my joyes (my Love)
If they taſte not of the dainties
Of thy ſweet lips ſugred plenties?

What fell heat of covetize
In my feeble boſome frie;
If my heart no reckoning hold
Of thy treſſes pureſt gold?
What ineſtimable treaſure
Can procure mee greater pleaſure
Then thoſe Orient Pearles I ſee
When thou daign'ſt to ſmile on me?

What?

What? what fruit of life delights
My delicious appetites
If I over-passe the messe
Of those apples of thy brests?
What fresh Buds of scarlet Rose
Are more fragrant sweet then those,
Then those Twins thy Straw-berry teats,
Curled-purled Cherrylets?

What (to finish) fairer limne,
Or what member yet more trimme,
Or what other rather Subject
Makes me make thee all mine object?
If it be not all the rest
By thy modest vaile suppresst
(Rather) which an envious cloud
From my sight doth closely shroud.

Ah 't is a thing more divine,
'Tis that peere-lesse Soule of thine,
Master-peece of Heav'ns best Art,
Made to maze each mortall heart.
'Tis thine all-admired wit,
Thy sweet grace and gesture fit,
Thy milde pleasing courtesie
Makes thee triumph over mee.

But, for thy faire Soules respect,
I love Twin-flames that reflect
From thy bright tra-lucent eyes:
And thy yellow locks likewise:
And those Orient-Pearly Rocks:
Which thy lightning smile un-locks:
And the *Nectar*-passing blisses
Of thy honey-sweeter kisses.

I love thy fresh rosie cheek,
Blushing most *Aurora*-like:
And the white-exceeding skin
Of thy neck and dimpled chin,
And those Ivorie-marble mounts
Either, neither, both at once:
For, I dare not touch to know
If they be of flesh or no.

I love thy pure Lilly hand
Soft and smooth, and slender: and
Those five nimble brethren small
Arm'd with Pearl-shell helmets all.
I love also all the rest
By thy modest vaile suppresst
(Rather) which an envious cloud
From my longing sight doth shroud.

FINIS.

SONNET 1.

SWeet mouth, that ſendſt a muskie-roſed breath;
Fountain of *Nectar*, and delightfull Balm;
Eyes cloudy-clear, ſmile-frowning, ſtormy-calm;
Whoſe every glance darts mee a living-death:
Brows, bending quaintly your round Ebene Arks:
Smile, that then *Venus* ſooner *Mars* beſots;
Locks more then golden, curl'd in curious knots,
Where, in cloſe ambuſh, wanton *Cupid* lurks:
Grace Angel-like; fair fore-head, ſmoth, and high;
Pure white, that dimm'ſt the Lillies of the Vale;
Vermilion Roſe, that mak'ſt *Aurora* pale,
Rare ſpirit, to rule this beauties Emperie:
If in your force, Divine effects I view,
Ah, who can blame me, if I worſhip you?

SONNET 2.

Thou, whoſe ſweet eloquence doth make me mute;
Whoſe ſight doth blind me, & whoſe nimbleneſs
Of feet in dance, and fingers on the Lute,
In deep amazes makes mee motion-leſſe:
Whoſe only preſence from my ſelfe abſents mee;
Whoſe pleaſant humors, make mee paſſionate;
Whoſe ſober moods my follies repreſent mee;
Whoſe grave-milde graces make mee emulate;
My heart, through whom my heart is none of mine;
My All, through whom, I nothing doe poſſeſſe,
Save thine *Idea*, glorious and divine:
O thou my Peace-like War, and War-like PEACE,
So much the wounds that thou haſt given mee,
That 'tis my beſt eaſe never to have eaſe. (pleaſe,

EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHES UPON VVarre and Peace.

Upon the League.

FRance, without cauſe thou doſt complaine
Againſt the *League* for wronging thee.
Sh' hath made thee large amends again,
With more then common uſurie:
For, for thy one King which ſhee ſlew,
Sh' hath giv'n thee now a thouſand new.

Upon the taking of Paris.

1

When *Paris* (happily) was wonne
With ſmall or no endangering,
Such ſudden common joy begunne,
That one would ſay (t' have ſeen the thing)
Th' King took not *Paris*, *Paris* took the King.

2

O rareſt ſight of joyfull woe,
Adorned with delightfull dread;
When *Henrie* with one ſelfe-ſame ſhow,
Conquer'd at once and triumphed!

3

Sith thee from danger and diſtreſſe to free,
The King thus took, or rather entred thee;
Paris, it was not in ſtern *Mars* his Month,
But in the month that milde ASTREA own'th.

Upon the fall of the Millars bridge.

1

The Millars, in the River drown'd,
While *Paris* was beleaguerd round;
To dye were all reſolv'd in minde,
Becauſe they had no more to grinde.

2

Then was their fitteſt time to dye,
Becauſe they might intend it beſt:
But their intent was contrarie,
Becauſe they then liv'd ſo at reſt.

3

As, after long ſharp famine, ſome (forlorn)
Of ſurfet Die, their greedineſſe is ſuch:
This Mill-bridge, having faſted long from Corn,
Is drown'd (perhaps) for having ground too-much.

Upon the recoverie of Amiens.

1

I know not which may ſeem moſt admirable,
To take or re-take ſuch a Cities force:
But, yet I know which is moſt honourable,
To take by fraud, or to re-take by force.

2

Eachwhere they ſing a thouſand wayes
The glory of this enterpriſe,
But yet of all their merry Layes,
The beſt is ſtill in the Re-priſe.

3

Hernand was happy by this Enterpriſe,
To take ſo ſoon our *Amiens* without blow:
More happy yet, to dye yet the Repriſe,
Elſe had he dy'd for ſhame to leave it ſo.

Upon the Reduction of Nantes.

Nantes would not yeeld ſo ſoon (they ſayd)
Nor be recovered ſo good cheap:
And yet, for all defence it made,
'T was made to make the *Briton* Leap.

Upon PEACE.

1

Souldiers, late preſt, are now ſuppreſt:
Croſt and caſhierd from further pay:
Yet will they (in this time of reſt)
Take up their lendings by the Way.

2

This PEACE (it ſeemeth) doth not ſound
To all the world; for, every-where
More Sergeants now doe goe the Round
Then Souldiers yerſt accuſtom'd were.

Upon

Upon Captaine Cobler.

A merry Cobler left the Wars,
To turn unto his Occupation:
And, asked by his Customers
The reason of his alteration:
'T hath pleas'd (quoth hee) the King t' ordain
That each his office take again.

Upon Warre.

Here, under this huge heap of stones
Lately enterr'd lyes cruell WARRE:
Pray God long rest her soule and bones:
Yet there is nothing worse for her.

Upon Rowland Rob-Church.

Here lyeth *Rowland*, that was lately slaine,
In robbing of a wealthie Chappell, spy'd:
Yet I beleeve he doth in Heav'n remain,
Sith onely for the Churches Good hee dy'd.

Upon Captaine Catch.

Here under, Captain CATCH is layd,
Who six times chang'd from side to side:
Of neither side (it seem'd) affraid.
He wore a white Scarfe when hee dy'd:
Yet some suspect (and so doe I)
For his inconstance shown before,
That to the Black-band hee did fly:
But now he can revolt no more.

Upon Sir Nequam Neuter.

Here lyeth hee, who the more safe to prey
On both sides; *Neuter*, between both abode:
Whither his Soule is gone, I cannot say,
Sith hee was nor for Divell, nor for God.

Pax omnibus una.

FINIS.

A l'honeur de la Paix, chantee par Monsieur du Nesme, & rechantee en Anglois par Monsieur Sylvestre.

Sans Paix rien ne subsiste : en Paix tout croist & dure :
Dieu maintient par sa Paix le beau Grand Univers
Et le Petit, bastis de membres si divers,
Touts s'entr'aydans l'vn l'autre en commune facture :
Elle vnit a son Dieu l'humaine creature :
Elle emplit de Citez les Royaumes deserts :
Elle bride les fols, & rend les champs couverts
De biens donans plaisirs, vesture, & nourriture.
Envoy-la donc (O Dieu) à nos Princes & Roys,
En nos maisons, en nous ; & fay que de vne voix
Nous suivions les accords de ton Nesme admirable :
Lors (à jamais) seras loüé de nos Gaulois
Par ses chants tout-divins : & Sylvestre, en Anglois
Redoublera ce loz d'vn stile immitable.

P. Cayelle.
I'attens le temps.

THE

THE PROFIT OF IMPRISONMENT.

A PARADOX,

VVRITTEN IN FRENCH

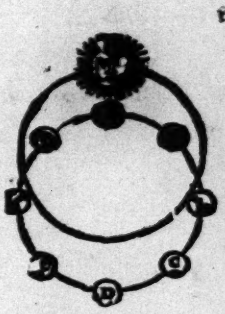
BY

Odet de la Nove, Lord of *Teligni*, being Prisoner in the Castle of TOURNEY

Transslated

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.



Acceptam refero.

THE
PROPHET OF
IMPRISONMENT.

A PARADOX
WRITTEN IN FRENCH
BY
Odet de la Noue, Lord of Teligni, being
Prisoner in the Caillot.
TOURNEY

Translated
BY
JOSIAS LEVERSEDGE.

TO HIS LONG APPROVED FRIEND, M. R. NICOLSON, *J. S.*

VVisheth

Ever all true Content.

TO thee (the same to mee as first I meant)
Friend to the Muses, and the well inclin'd,
Loving, and lov'd of every vertuous minde:
To thee the same, I the same Song present,
(Our mutuall love's eternall Monument)
Wherein, our Nephews shall here-after finde
Our constant friendship how it was combinde
With linkes of kindnesse and acknowledgment.
Accept againe this Present in good part,
This simple pledge of my sincere affection
To Tangley *Thee, and thy* Soon-calm-in-heart
(Perfect good-will supplies all imperfection).
Chameleons *change their colour*; Guile *her game:*
But (in both Fortunes*) Vertue's still the same.*

A SONNET OF THE AUTHOUR TO HIS BOOK.

THe Bodie over-prone to Pleasures and delights
Of soft, fraile, dainty flesh, and to selfe-ease addicted,
Abhors Imprisonment, as a base paine inflicted
To punish the defaults of most unhappy wights.
The Soule, as much surpriz'd with love of heav'nly sights,
And longing to behold the place that appertains-her,
Doth loath the Bodie, as a Prison that detaines-her
From her high happinesse among the blessed sprights.
Then sith both Bodie and Soule their bondage never brook,
But Soule and Bodie both doe love their libertie:
Tell, tell me (O my Muse) who will beleeve our Book?
Hee that hath learn'd a-right both these to mortifie,
And serve our Saviour Christ in bodie and in spirit,
Who both from thrall hath freed by his owne onely merit.

A PARADOX.

That Adverſitie is more neceſſarie Than Proſperitie; and that, of all Afflictions, Cloſe-Priſon is moſt pleaſant, and moſt Profitable.

HOw-ever fondly-falſe a vaine Opinion ſeeme;
If but the Vulgar once the ſame for right eſteem,
Moſt men account it ſo: ſo (in abſurdeſt things)
Conſent of Multitude exceeding credit brings.
Nor any mean remaines when it is once received,
To wreſt it from the moſt of erring mindes deceived.
Nay, whoſo ſhall but ſay, they ought to alter it,
Hee headlong caſts himſelfe in dangers deepeſt Pit.
For never nimble Barke that on adventure runs
Through thoſe blew bounding Hils where hoary *Neptune*
Was ſet upon ſo ſore with never-ceaſt aſſault, (wuns,
Maintain'd on every ſide by winds, and waters ſalt,
When, raging moſt, they raiſe their rougheſt tempeſt dreaded,
As th' Idiot Multitude, that Monſter many-headed
Beſtirs it ſelfe, with wrath, ſpight, furie, full of terror,
'Gainſt whatſoever man that dares reprove her error.
Who undertakes that taske, muſt make account (at firſt)
To take hot Wars in hand, and beare away the worſt.
Therefore a many Works (worthy the light) have dyed
Before their Birth, in breaſts of Fathers terrified,
Not by rough deeds alone; but even by fooliſh threats:
Yet onely noiſe of words baſe cowards onely beats.
Then feare who liſt (for mee) the common Peoples cry,
And whoſo liſt be mute, if other minded: I
(Scorning the feeble force of ſuch a vain indeavour)
Will freely (ſpight of feare) ſay, what I cenſure ever:
And, though my preſent State permit wee not ſuch ſcope,
Mine un-forbidden pen with Errors pride ſhall cope.

Cloſe-

Close Prison (now a-daies) th' extremeſt miſerie
The world doth deem, I deem direct the contrarie:
And there-with-all will prove, that even *Adverſities*
Are to be wiſhed more than moſt Proſperities.
And, for *Impriſonment*, though that be moſt lamented,
Of all the griefes wherewith men feare to be tormented;
Yet, that's the State moſt ſtor'd with pleaſure and delight,
And the moſt gainfull too, to any Chriſtian wight.
A *Paradox*, no doubt more true, than creditable;
The which my ſelfe ſomtimes have alſo thought a fable,
While guileſull vanities, fed not, but fill'd my minde,
For ſtrengthning ſuſtenance, with un-ſubſtantiall winde.
I hated Death to death, I alſo did deteſt
All ſickneſſe and diſeaſe that might a man moleſt,
But moſt I did abhorre that baſe eſteemed ſtate,
Which to ſubjections Law our ſelves doth ſubjugate,
And our ſweet life enthrals unto anothers will:
For, as my fancy wiſht I would have walked ſtill.
Death (thought I) ſoon hath done, and every griefe beſides,
The more extreme it is, the leſſer time abides:
But now, beſides that I eſteem'd the Priſoners trouble
Much worſe, me thought the time his martyrdom did double.
So that, to ſcape that ſcourge, ſo irkſome to my heart,
I could have been content t' have ſuffer'd any ſmart.
Lo, by blinde ignorance how judgments are miſ-led;
Now that full thirty months I have experienced
That ſo-much-feared ill, 'tis now ſo us'd to mee,
That I (a Priſoner) live much more content and free,
Then when as (under cloak of a falſe freedome vain)
I was baſe ſlave (indeed) to many a bitter pain.
But now I ſee my ſelfe mockt every-where almoſt,
And feeble mee alone met by a mighty hoaſt
Of ſuch, as (in this caſe) do not conceive as I,
But do eſteem themſelves offended much thereby.
And therefore (Father dear) this weak abortive Childe,
For refuge runs between th' arms of his Grand-ſire milde.
If you accept of it, my labour hath his hire:
For, careleſſe of the reſt, all that I here deſire,
Is onely that your ſelfe (as in a Glaſſe) may ſee
The image of the eſtate of my Captivity:
Where, though I nothing can availe the Common-weale,
Yet I availe my ſelfe (at leaſt) ſome little deale;
Praying th' all powerfull Lord, that thus vouchſafes to poure
Such favours manifold upon mee every houre;
Whereof, your ſelf (yet while) ſo ſweet ſure proof have taſted;
In cruell bitterneſſe of bands that longer laſted:

Now

Now, I beſeech his Grace to bleſſe mine enterpriſe,
My heart and hand at once to governe in ſuch wiſe,
That what I write, may nought diſpleaſing him containe:
For voyd of his ſweet ayde, who works he works in vaine.
Within the wide-ſpred ſpace of theſe round elements,
What-ever is indu'd with living ſoule and ſenſe,
Seeks (of it ſelfe) ſelfe-good; this inſtinct naturall
Nature her ſelfe hath graven in hearts of Creatures all:
And of all living things (from largeſt to the leaſt)
Each one to flie his ill doth evermore his beſt.
Thereof it comes (wee ſee) the wilde horſe (full of ſtrength)
Tamely to take the bit into his mouth at length;
And ſo, by force wee tame each moſt untamed beaſt,
Which, of it ſelfe, diſcreet, of evils takes the leaſt:
And though that that which ſeemes to be his chiefe reſtraint
Hee often-times deſpiſe, that 's by a worſe conſtraint:
As, when the Lion fierce, fear-leſſe purſues the ſhining
Of bright keen-piercing blades, and's royall creſt declining,
Full of the valiant fire, that courage woonts to lend,
Runnes midſt a million ſwords, his whelpings to defend,
More fearing far that they their liberty ſhould loſe,
Then on himſelf the ſmart of thouſand wounding blowes.
But, all things have not now the ſelfe ſame goods and ils;
What helpeth one, the ſame another hurts and kils:
There 's ods between the good that ſavage Beaſts doe like,
And that good (good indeed) wᶜʰ ſoul-wiſe man muſt ſeek:
When Beaſts have ſtore of food; and free from foes annoy,
Smartleſſe, and ſound, and ſafe, may (as they liſt) injoy
Their fill of thoſe delights, that moſt delight the ſenſe;
That, that 's the happineſſe that fully them contents:
But reaſonable ſoules (as God hath made Mankinde)
Can with ſo wretched good not ſatisfie their minde.
But, by how much the more their inly ſight excels
The brutiſh appetite of every Creature elſe,
So much more excellent the good for which they thirſt.
Man of two parts is made: the body is the worſt,
The Heav'n-born ſoule the beſt, wherein mans bliſſe abides;
In body that of beaſts, nought having elſe beſides;
This body ſtands in need of many an acceſſorie,
To make it ſomewhat ſeem: the ſoule receives this glory,
That ſelfly ſhee ſubſiſts, and her aboundant wealth
(Unlike the bodies ſtore) is ever ſafe from ſtealth.
Our body took his birth of this terreſtriall clod:
Our ſpirit, it was inſpir'd of th' inly breath of God;
And either of them ſtill ſtrives to his proper place,
This (earth-born) ſtoops to Earth; that flies to Heav'n apace.

But,

But, as the silly Bird, whose wings are wrapt in lime,
Faine, but in vaine, attempts to fly full many a time:
So, our faire soule, surcharg'd with this foule robe of mud,
Is too-too often held from mounting to her GOOD.
Shee strives, shee strikes, somtimes shee lifts her up aloft:
But as the worser part (wee see) prevaileth oft,
This false fraile flesh of ours, with pleasures painted lure,
Straight makes her stoop againe down to the dust impure.
Happy who th' honour hath of such a victorie:
Hee crowns his conquering head with more true Majestie
Then if hee had subdu'd those Nations by his might,
Which doe discover first *Aurora's* early light,
And those whom *Phœbus* sees from his *Meridian* Mount,
Th' *Anti-podes*, and all; more then the sand to count.
For, small the honour is to be acknowledg'd King
And Monark of the World, ones selfe un-mastering.
But, each man on his head this Garland cannot set,
Nor is it giv'n to all this victorie to get.
Onely a very few (Gods deare-belov'd Elect)
This happy Goale have got by Vertues live effect:
The rest, soon wearie of this same so painfull War,
Like well of Heav'n, but love the Earth above it far:
Some drunk with pois'ny dregs of wordly pleasures brute,
Know where true good consists, but never doe ensue't:
Some doe ensue the same, but with so faint a heart,
That at the first assault they doe retire and start:
Some, more courageous, vow more then they bring to passe
(So much more easie 'tis to say, then doe, alas); (ments,
And all, through too-much love of this vain worlds allure-
Or too-much idle feare of sufferings and endurements:
Meere vanities, whereto the more men doe incline,
The farther-off they are from their *chiefe good* divine.
Therefore so many thinke themselves so miserable:
Therefore the ayre is fill'd with out-cries lamentable
Of such as doe disdaine the thing that better is,
To entertaine the worse, with forfeit of their blisse:
Therefore wee see those men that riches doe possesse,
Afflicted still with care: and therefore heavinesse
Abandons never those, that, fed with honours fill,
Fawn upon Potentates, for flitting favours still.
And cause (God wot) they have, to be at quiet never,
Sith their felicitie is so uncertaine ever.
Neither are Kings themselves exempted from vexation,
How-ever Soveraigne sway they bear in any Nation:
For, now they wish to win, anon feare losse no lesse.
Yea, though (for Empire) they did this wide world possesse,

Not

Not one of them, withall, could full contented be:
For, how man more attaines, the more attempteth hee.
Who, therefore, covets moſt ſuch ſoon-paſt goods uncertain,
Shall n'er enjoy the joy of goods abiding certaine:
But, whoſo ſeeks to build a true content, to laſt:
On elſe-what muſt elſe-where his firſt foundation caſt,
For, all things here below are apt to alter ever;
Here 's nothing permanent: and therefore whoſoever
Truſts thereto, truſteth to a broken ſtaffe for ſtay;
For no earths vanitie can bleſſe a man for aye.
Wee muſt (to make us bleſt) our firme aſſurance found
Elſe-where then in this World, this change-inthralled ground:
Wee muſt propoſe our ſelves that perfect, periſh-leſſe,
That true unfained good, that good all danger-leſſe
From th' unjuſt ſpoyle of theeves, which never, never ſtands
In need of guard, to guard from Souldiers pilling hands.
Now, 'tis with ſpirituall hands, and not with corporall,
That wee doe apprehend theſe Heav'nly treaſures all:
Treaſures ſo precious, that th' onely hope to have them
In full fruition once, with him that frankly gave them
Fils us with every joy, our ſorrows choaks and kils,
And make us feele, amid our moſt tormenting ills,
A much more calme content, then thoſe that every day
On this fraile earth enjoy their hearts wiſh every way.
It's therefore in the ſpirit, not in the fleſh that wee
Muſt ſeek our *Soveraigne Good* and chiefe felicitie.
Th' one is not capable of any injury:
The other 's thrall to th' yoke of many a miſerie:
Th' one end-leſſe, ever-laſts: th' other endures ſo little,
That wel-nigh yer 't be got, 'tis gone, it is ſo brittle.
For, who is hee that now in wealth aboundeth moſt,
Or, hee that in the court Kings favours beſt may boaſt,
Or, hee that 's moſt with roabes of dignitie bedighe,
Or, hee that ſwimmes on Seas of ſenſuall ſweet delight,
But is in perill ſtill to prove the contrarie,
Poore, hated, honour-leſſe, and full of miſerie?
But, one, that ſcorning all theſe rich proud pomps & pleaſures
About him, *Bias*-like, beares alwayes all his treaſures,
Ev'n, like to him, can leave his native Countrey ſackt
Without ſuſtaine of loſſe; and, with a mind infract,
Ev'n vanquiſhed bereave the Victors victories,
Who, though his Land he win, cannot his heart ſurpriſe.
Let exile, priſonment, and tortures great and ſmall,
With their extremeſt paines at once aſſaile him all:
Let him be left alone among his mighty foes,
Poore, friendleſſe, naked, ſick (or if ought worſe then thoſe)

Hee doth not onely beare all this with patience,
But taketh (even) delight in such experience,
Regarding all these griefes, which men so much affright,
As Baby-fearing buggs, and scar-crowes voyd of might:
Hee chooseth rather much such excercise as these,
Then mid the flesh-delights to rust in idle ease.

But, verie few there are, that thus much will admit:
Nay, few or none there are that eas'ly credit it;
The most part, taking part with common most conceit,
Yet they have heard of this, shall staine the tother straight:
Not seeking, that themselves shun and refuse as ill,
What unto other men, for good they offer still.

Not one of them will brook his Son in sloath to lurk,
But moves and stirs him up incessantly to work:
Forbids him nothing more than sin-seed idlenesse:
Nor any pleasure vaine permits him to possesse
(For well hee knows, that way to vertue doth not lead,
But thither-ward who walks, a path of paine must tread):
If hee offend in ought, hee chastens and reproves him,
In so much sharper sort by how much more hee loves him.

Thus handleth man the thing that most hee holdeth dear,
Yet thinks it strange himselfe should be so handled here.
May we not rather think wee are belov'd of God,
When as wee feele the stripes of his just gentle rod?
And that, whom here hee lets live as they list in pleasure,
Are such as least hee loves, and holds not as his treasure?
For so, not of our slaves, but of our sonnes elect,
By sharp-sweet chastisements the manners wee correct.

In very deed, God doth as doth a prudent Sire,
Who little careth what may crosse his childs desire,
But what may most availe unto his betterment:
So, knowing well that ease would make us negligent,
Hee exercises us, hee stirs us up, and presses:
And, though wee murmur much, yet never more hee ceases,
Hee chastens, hee afflicts: and those whom most he striketh,
Are those whom most he loves, and whom he chiefly liketh.

No valiant men of warre will murmur or mislike,
For being plac't to prove the formost push of pike:
Nay, rather would they there already front the foe,
With losse of deerest bloud, their dauntlesse hearts to show.
If any exploit approach, or Battell day draw nigh,
If ambush must be laid, some stratagem to trie;
Or, must they meet the foe in eager skirmish fell,
Or for the sleepy hoast all night keep sentinell:
From grudging at the paines, so far off are they all,
That blest they count themselves; therefore their Generall

Imployes

Imployes them often-times, as moſt courageous;
And, them approv'd, he plants in places dangerous:
But, no man makes account of ſuch as ſhun the charge
Whoſe pain is not ſo ſmall as their diſcredit's large.
All of us (in this world) reſemble Souldiers right,
From day-break of our birth even to our dying night:
This life it is a war wherein the valianteſt,
With hotteſt skirmiſhes are ever ply'd and preſt:
Whom our grand-captaine moſt ſets-by; hee ſets a-frunt
The foreward, as moſt fit to beare the chiefeſt brunt.
Cares, exiles, priſonments, diſeaſes, dolours, loſſes,
Maimes, tortures, torments, ſpoiles, contempt, diſhonors, croſſes,
All theſe are hard exploits, and full of bickrings bold,
Which hee commits to thoſe whom hee doth deareſt hold:
But, leaveth thoſe behinde for whom hee careth little,
To ſtretch themſelves at eaſe amid their honours brittle,
Their pomps, their dignities, their joyes, their gems, their treaſures,
Their dainties, their delights, their paſtimes, and their pleaſures;
Like coward Groomes that guard the baggage and the ſtuffe,
While others meet the foe, and ſhew their valours prooſe.
But have not theſe (ſay ſome) in theſe afflictions part?
No; but of puniſhment they often feele the ſmart.
Afflicted thoſe we count, whom chaſtenings tame, and turne;
The other puniſhed, that at correction ſpurne:
The firſt (ſtill full of hope) reape profit by their rods;
The latter (deſperate) through ſpight wex worſe by ods.
Boy-ſtragglers of a Camp, ſo ſhould be puniſht then,
Being naked fore't to fight with troupes of armed men,
Who cannot reap nor reach the pleaſure, nor the meed,
Nor th' honour incident for doing ſuch a deed:
To ſuch praiſe-winning place, brave Souldiers gladly run
Which as a dangerous place theſe faint-hearts ſadly ſhun.
What Warriour in the world, that had not rather try
A million of extremes (yea rather even to die)
Than with diſgracefull ſpot to ſtain his Honour bright
In theſe corporeall Wars? Yet in the ghoſtly fight
(Of glorie careleſſe all) wee ſhun all labours pain,
To purchaſe with reproach a reſt-neſt idly-vain.
Vertue is not atchiev'd by ſpending of the year
In pleaſure ſoft, ſweet ſhades, doun-beds, and dainty cheare:
Continuall travell 'tis that makes us there arrive,
And ſo by travell too, Vertue is kept alive:
For, ſoon all Vertue vades without ſome exerciſe;
But being ſtirr'd, the more her vigour multiplies.
Beſides what man is hee, that feels ſome member rotten,
Whereof he feares to die, but cauſeth ſtraight be gotten

Some Surgeon, that with ſawe, with cauter, or with knife,
May take that part away, to ſave his threatned life :
And ſuffers (though with ſmart) his very fleſh and bones
To be both ſear'd, and ſaw'd, and clean cut-off at once ?
But to recure the ſoule (the ſoule with ſin infected)
All wholeſome remedies are hated and rejected :
With the Phyſician kinde th' impatient Patient frets,
Nor to come neere him once his helpfull hand hee lets :
Wee are halfe putrefied, through ſins contageous ſpot,
And without ſpeedie help the reſt muſt wholly rot :
Cut-off th' infected part, then are wee ſound and free,
Elſe all muſt periſh needs, there is no remedie.
Moſt happy they, from whom in this fraile life, the Lord
(With ſmart of many paines) cuts-off the paines abhord
Of th' ever-never death, wherein they lye and languiſh,
That here have had their eaſe and never taſted anguiſh.
But many, which as yet the adverſe part approve,
Conceive (if not confeſſe) that it doth more behoove
By faintleſs exerciſe faire Vertue to maintaine,
Than over-whelm'd with Vice, at reſt to ruſt in vaine.
But yet th' extremitie of ſuffrings doth diſmay them,
The force whereof they feare would eas'ly over-lay them :
They love the exerciſe, the chaſtnings likewiſe like them,
But yet they would have God but ſeld' and ſoftly ſtrike them ;
Elſe are they preſt to run, to ruine, with the Divels,
They are ſo ſore afeard of falſe ſuppoſed evils:
Moſt wretched is the man that for the feare of niſles,
All lively-breathing hopes of happie goodneſſe ſtifles.
Of niſles, Sir, ſay they ? ſeeme all their bitter croſſes,
As nothing ? nor their paines, nor lamentable loſſes,
That daily they endure ? were not the wretches bleſt,
If from their heavie loade their ſhoulders were releaſt ?
Who is not happy (ſure) in miſerie and woe,
No doubt proſperitie can never make him ſo :
No more than hee that 's ſick ſhould finde more eaſe upon
A glorious golden bed, than on a wooden one.
Man harbours in himſelfe the evill that afflicts him,
And his own fault it is, if diſcontentment pricks him :
And all theſe outward ills are wrongfully accuſed,
Which fleſh and bloud doth blame ; for, being rightly uſed,
They all turn to our good : but whoſo takes offence
Thereby, hath by and by his juſt rough recompence :
For neither in their power, nor in their proof the ſame
Are evils in effect, but in conceit and name :
Which when we lightly weigh, the leaſt of us ſurmounts them,
Nor hurt they any one, but him that over-counts them.

Neither

Neither ought that (indeed) for evill to be rated,
Which may by accident be unto good tranſlated:
For ill is ever ill, and is contrarie ever
Directly unto good, ſo that their natures never
Can be conſtrain'd to brook each other, neither yet
Can th' one be ever turn'd to th' other oppoſite:
But, plainly wee perceive, that there 's no languor ſuch,
But long continuance and cuſtome lighten much;
Familiarizing ſo the Fit, that how-ſo fret it,
Ev'n in the extremitie one may almoſt forget it.
What better proofe of this then theſe poore Gally-ſlaves,
Which, having been before ſuch Rogues and idle Knaves,
As ſhunning ſervices to labour were ſo loth,
That they would ſtarve and die rather then leave their ſloth;
But being us'd a while to tug the painfull Oare,
Labour that yerſt they loath'd, they now deſire the more:
Or thoſe that are aſſail'd with burning fever-fit,
Ev'n then when leaſt of all they dread or doubt of it:
Who carefully complaine, and cry, and rave, and rage,
Frying in inward flames, the which they cannot ſwage;
Yet, if it wex not worſe, the daintieſt bodie makes it:
In eight dayes as a Uſe, and as a trifle takes it:
Or, thoſe that have ſomtimes the painfull rack indured,
Who without charge of paine being a while inured,
The paine that did conſtraine them to bewaile and weepe,
Seemes them ſo eaſie then, they almoſt fall a-ſleepe.
All are not evils then, that are ſurnamed ſo,
Sith evill never can his nature mingle, no;
Nor turne it into good; whereas wee plainly ſee
On th' other ſide, that theſe are changed ſuddenly.
And, were they ills (indeed) ſith they ſo little laſt,
Were 't not a very ſhame to be ſo much agaſt?
But here again (ſay they) th' ones nature never taketh
The others nature on, but ſtill the ſtronger maketh
His fellow give him place, and onely beareth ſway
Till that, return'd againe, drive it againe away.
Nay, that can never be: for never perfect good
Can by his contrary be baniſht (though withſtood):
For, good is ever good, and whereſoe'r it goe
Evill doth ever ſtrive, but with too ſtrong a foe.
There is no reaſon then, theſe, good, or ill to call,
That alter in this ſort, and never reſt at all:
Neither to bleſſe or blame them for the good or ill
That ever in her ſelfe our ſoule concealeth ſtill.
For, if that from without, our bale, or elſe our bliſſe
Arrived; evermore withall muſt follow this,

That alwayes, unto all, ſelfe ill, ſelfe paine, would bring:
Selfe good, one ſelfe content: but 'tis a certaine thing,
They are not taken for their qualitie and kinde
But rather as th' effects of men are moſt inclin'd.
One, loſing but a Crown, hath loſt his patience quite:
Another having loſt five hundred in a night,
Is never mov'd a jot, though (having leſſe in ſtore,
Then th' other hath by ods) his loſſe might grieve him more.
One, being baniſhed, doth nothing but lament,
Another (as at home) is there as well content.
And, one in priſon pent, is utterly diſmay'd:
Another, as at home, lives there as well appaid.
Needs muſt wee then confeſſe, that in our ſelves doth reſt
That which unhappieth us, and that which makes us bleſt:
In us (indeed) the ill, which of our ſelves doth grow;
And in us too the good, which from God 's grace doth flow,
To whom it pleaſeth him: true good that none can owe-yet,
Save thoſe on whom the Lord vouchſafeth to beſtow-it:
And that the bitter ſmart of all the paines that wring-us,
From nothing but our ſin, receiveth ſtrength to ſting-us,
Yea, ſurely in our ſelves abides our miſerie:
Our Grand-ſire *Adam* left us that for legacie,
When hee enthrall'd himſelfe unto the Law of ſinne,
Wherein his guiltie heires their griefe-full birth begin.
The Lord had giv'n to him a nature and a feature,
Perfect, indeed, and bleſt above all other creature:
And of this Earthly world had ſtabliſht him as King,
Subjecting to his rule the reanes of every thing:
His ſpirit within it ſelfe no ſelfe-debates did nurſe,
Having no knowledge yet of better nor of worſe:
His body ever blithe and heathfull felt no war
Of thoſe foure qualities that now doe ever jar:
Nor any pois'nie plant, nor any Serpent fell,
Nor any noyſom beaſt could hurt him any deale:
Hee might, without the taſte of bitter death attaine
Unto the haven of Heav'n, where all true Joyes doe raigne.
And, had hee not miſdone, hee might have well bequeath'd
The ſame inheritance to all that ever breath'd:
How happy had hee been, if hee had never eaten
Th' unlawfull fatall Fruit that double death did threaten?
O that hee never had prefer'd the Serpents flatter
Before th' eternall Law of all the Worlds Creator.
You ſhall bee (ſaid the Fiend) like ſupreme Deities:
This ſweet fruits ſugred juice ſhall open both your eyes
Which now your tyrant God (envying all your bliſſe)
Blinds with a filmie vaile of black Obſcurities,

Leſt that you ſhould become his equals in degree,
Knowing both good and ill, as well as ever hee.
Poore *Eve* beleeves him ſtraight, and Man beleeves his Wife,
And biteth by and by the apple asking-life:
Whereof ſo ſoon as hee had taſted, hee begins
(But all too-late alas) to ſee his curſed ſinnes.
His eyes (indeed) were ope, and then hee had the skill
To know the difference between the good and ill:
Then did hee know how good, good was when he had loſt it,
And evill too hee knew (but ah too dearly coſt it)
Leaving himſelfe (beſides the ſorrow of his loſſe)
Nothing but ſad deſpaire of ſuccour in his croſſe.
Hee found himſelfe falne down from bliſſe-full ſtate of peace
Into a civill warre where diſcords never ceaſe:
His ſoule revolting, ſoon became his bitter foe.
But (as it oft befals that worſt doe ſtrongeſt grow)
Shee is not eas'd at all by th' inly ſtriving jarres,
Which doe annoy her more then th' irefull open warres.
Wrath, hatred, envie, feare, ſorrow, deſpaire, and ſuch;
And paſsions oppoſite to theſe, afflict as much,
Diſtracting to and fro the Princeſſe of his life,
In reſtleſſe mutinies, and never ceaſing ſtrife.
Then th' humor-brethren all, hot, cold, and wet, and dry,
Falne out among themſelves, augment his miſerie.
So that (by their debate) within his fleſh there ſeeded
A harveſt of ſuch weeds as never can be weeded.
All creatures that before (as Subjects) did attend him,
Now, 'mong themſelves conſpire by all meanes to offend him:
In briefe, Immortall borne, now mortall hee became,
And bound his ſoule to bide Hels ever-burning flame,
Leaving his wofull heires (even from their births beginning)
Heires of his heavie paine, as of his hainous ſinning.
So that, in him, the Lord condemned all mankinde,
To beare the puniſhment to his foule ſinne aſsign'd:
And none had ever ſcapt had not the God of grace
(Deſiring more to ſave, then to ſubvert his race)
Redeem'd us by the death of his deare onely Sonne,
And choſen us in him before the world begun:
Forgiving us the fault, and with the fault the fine;
All ſave this temporall death, of *Adams* ſinne the ſigne.
Now in the horror of thoſe eaſe-leſſe, end-leſſe paines,
It may be rightly ſaid, that evill ever reignes:
That 's evill 's very ſelfe; and not this ſeeming-woe,
Whereof the wanton world complaineth daily ſo.
Liv'd wee ten thouſand yeares continually tormented
In all fell tortures ſtrange that ever were invented,

What 's that compar'd to time that never ſhall expire,
Amid th' infernall flames, whoſe leaſt-afflicting fire
Exceedeth all the paines, all mortall hearts can think?
Sure, all that wee endure, till *Lethé* drops wee drink,
Is all but eaſe to that: or if it be a paine,
'Tis in reſpect of that a very triſle vaine.
But, were 't a great deale worſe, why ſhould wee evill name
That which wee rather finde a med'cine for the ſame?
Health, wealth, ſecuritie, honour and eaſe doe make us
Forget our God, and God for that doth ſoone forſake us;
Whereas afflictions are ready meanes to move us,
To ſeek our health in him that doth ſo dearly love us.
Tis true indeed: (ſay ſome) that benefit they bring us,
But yet the ſmart thereof doth ſo extremely wring us,
That th' evill which they feele that doe indure the ſame,
Makes them eſteeme it juſt to give it that for name.
Mans nature, certainly (it cannot be deni'd)
Is thrall to many throes, while here on earth wee bide
In body and in ſoule: the troubled ſoule ſuſtaines
A thouſand paſsions ſtrong, the bodie thouſand paines:
And that 's the wretched State, the which yer-while I ſaid,
Was juſtly due to us, when *Adam* diſobay'd.
But, hee that 's once new-borne in Jeſus Chriſt by faith,
Who his aſſured hope in God ſole ſettled hath,
Who doth beleeve that God gives eſſence unto all;
And all ſuſtaineth ſtill: that nothing doth befall
But by his ſacred will, and that no ſtrength that ſtriveth
To ſtop his juſt decrees, can ſtand, or ever thriveth;
Not onely doth accept all paines with patience,
The which hee takes for due unto his deep offence:
Nor onely is content (if ſuch be Gods good pleaſure)
To feele a thouſand-fold a much more ample meaſure,
But even delights therein; and voyd of any feare,
Expects th' extremitie of all aſſaults to beare:
Whether almightie God abate their wonted vigor
Or (that his may not feele their croſſes cruell rigor)
Doe wholly arme them with new forces for the nonce,
To beare the bitter brunt: or whether both at once.
And, to approve this true; how many daily drink
Of torments bitter Cup, that never ſeem to ſhrink?
Alas, what ſharper ſmart? what more afflicting paines?
What worſer griefe then that, which eaſ-leſly ſuſtaines?
Hee that by ſome miſchance, or elſe by martiall thunder,
Unhappily hath had ſome maine bone broke in ſunder?
What torment feeleth not the ſore-ſick deep-diſeaſed?
One while with cruell fit of burning Fever ſeiſed:

Another

Another while aſſail'd with Cholick and with Stone,
Or with the cure-leſſe Gout, whoſe rigour yeelds to none?
Or thouſand other griefes, whoſe bitter vexing ſtrife
Diſturbs continually the quiet of our life?
Yet notwithſtanding this, in all this painfull anguiſh
(Though the moſt part repine, and plain, and mourn, & languiſh,
Murmuring 'gainſt the Lord, with male-contented voyce)
Some prayſe his clemencie, and in his rods rejoyce.
How many ſuch (deare Saints) have fell tormentors ſeene
To die between their hands, through moodie tyrants teen,
So little daunted at their martyrdome and ſlaughter,
That in th' extremitie they have expreſſed laughter?
How many at the ſtake, nay, in the very flame,
Have ſung, with cheerfull voyce, th' Almighties praiſe-full name?
Yet were they all compact of artirs and of veines,
Of ſinnews, bones, and fleſh: and ſenſible of paines
(By nature at the leaſt) as much as any other,
For being iſſued all from one ſelfe earthly mother.
What makes them then to finde ſuch extreme ſmart ſo ſweet?
What makes them patiently thoſe deadly pangs to meet?
No doubt it is the Lord, who firſt of nothing made us,
Who with his liberall hand of goodneſſe ſtill doth lade us,
Some more and other leſſe: and never ceaſeth ſpace
From making us to feele the favours of his grace.
Accurſt are they (indeed) whom hee doth all abandon
To doe their Luſt for Law, and run their life at randon:
Accurſt who never taſte the ſharp-ſweet hand of God:
Accurſt (ah, moſt accurſt) who never feele his rod.
Such men (by nature born the bond-ſlaves unto ſin)
Through ſelfe-corruption, end worſe then they did begin:
For, how they longer live, the more by their amiſſe,
They draw them neerer Hell, and farther off from bliſſe.
Such men within themſelves their evils ſpring containe;
There is no outward thing (as falſly they complaine)
Cauſe of their cure-leſſe ill: for good is every thing,
And good can (of it ſelfe) to no-man evill bring.
Now, if they could aright theſe earthly pleaſures prize
According to their worth, they would not in ſuch wiſe,
For lack, or loſſe of theſe (ſo vaine and tranſitorie)
Lament ſo bitterly, nor be ſo ſadly ſorrie.
But over-loving ſtill theſe outward things unſtable,
To reſt in true content an houre they are not able,
No, not a moments time, their feare doth ſo aſſaile them:
And, if their feare fall true, that their *good-fortune* faile them,
Then ſwell their ſullen hearts with ſorrow till they burſt,
And then (poor deſperate ſoules) they deem themſelves accurſt;

And ſo (indeed) they are: but yet they erre in this,
In blaming other things, for their owne ſelfe amiſſe;
Other indifferent things, that neither make nor marre,
But to the good, bee good; to th' evill, evill are.
Is 't not great fooliſhneſſe, for any to complaine
That ſomthing is not done, which doth him nought conſtraine?
Sith, if hee uſe the ſame, ſoule-health it hurteth not:
Or, if hee doe not uſe 't, it helpeth not a jot.
But needs muſt we complaine (ſay ſome) for we have cauſe:
Then at your perill be 't; for, that which chiefly drawes
You thereto, 'tis in truth your bruteneſſe in miſ-deeming
Things evill, that are good (for ſenſe-contrarie ſeeming):
And, while that in the darke of this foule errors miſt,
Your drowſie ſpirits doe droope, alas what marvell is't
If evill follow you, and (if injurious) ſtill
To others you impute your ſelfe-ingendred ill?
Happy are they to whom the Lord vouchſafeth ſight
To ſee the lovely beames and life-infuſing Light
Of his ſweet ſacred Truth; whereby we may perceive
And judge a-rightly, what to love and what to leave.
Such men within their ſoules, their goods have wholly plac't;
Such goods, as never fire can either burne or waſte:
Nor any thiefe can ſteale, nor Pirat make his prey,
Nor uſurie conſume, nor Tyrant take away;
Nor times all-gnawing tooth can fret away nor finiſh,
Nor any accident of ſad miſchance diminiſh.
For it is built on God, a Rock that ever ſtands:
Not on the vanities of theſe inconſtant ſands,
Which are more mutable then winde, and more unſtable,
And day by day doe make ſo many miſerable.
O, to what ſweet content, to what high joyes aſpires
Hee, that in God alone can limit his deſires!
Hee that in him alone his hopes can wholly reſt,
Hee that for onely end, waits for the wages bleſt,
Wherewith he promiſeth for ever (ſans reſpect
Of their ſelfe-meriting) to guerdon his elect?
What is it can bereave the wealth of ſuch a man?
What is it that diſturbe his perfect pleaſures can?
What is it can ſupplant his honours and degrees?
Sith all his treaſures, his delights, his dignities,
Are all layd up in Heav'n, where it were all in vaine
For all the ſons of earth to warre with might and maine.
No doubt (will ſome man ſay) each Chriſtian doth aſpire
(After their bodies death) to thoſe dear treaſures higher,
That are reſerv'd in Heav'n, whereof the ſweet poſſeſsion
Fears not the violence of all the worlds oppreſsion:

But

But, while that here below this fraile flesh-burden tyes him,
But the bare hope hee hath: which how can it suffice him
Against the sharp assaults of pasions infinite,
Whose glad-sad crosse conflicts afflict him day and night?
Needs must I grant (indeed) that the same perfect joy
Wee cannot perfectly upon this earth enjoy:
But, that that hope alone doth not sufficiently
Blesse his life where it lives (for my part) I deny.
Some doe not feare (wee see) to spend their stock and store,
To undertake the taske of many travels sore,
To hazzard limmes, and lives in service of some Lord;
Depending oft upon his foole-fat-feeding word;
Or waiting else (perhaps) without all other hold,
Untill it please himselfe his frankneſſe to unfold;
Not reaking all their paine, they are so inly pleas'd
With hoped benefit, whereof they are not seaz'd?
And, shall th' assured hope of ever-blisses then,
For which wee have the word, not of vaine mortall men,
That teach their tongues to lye; but of the higheſt God,
The God of truth, Truth 's selfe, where truth hath still aboade:
Shall that, I say, not serve to settle our faint hearts,
Against (I will not say) like dangers and like smarts:
But 'gainſt these petty griefes, that now and then doe pain-us,
No more like those then Heav'n neer Earth that doth sustain-us?
Ah, shall wee then despise all trouble and vexation,
Supported by a prop of doubtfull expectation?
And, while for earthly things wee can indure all this,
Shall wee not doe as much for an immortall blisse?
Indeed not of our selves: for, selfly nought wee can;
But God (when pleaseth him) doth give this strength to man,
Whereby hee standeth stout; even like a mighty rock
Amid the mounting waves, when *Eole* doth unlock
Sterne *Austers* stormie gate, making the waters wrastle,
And rush with wrathfull rage against the sturdy Castle,
While it (for all the force of their fell furie shown)
Is not so much as mov'd, and much lesse overthrown.
So fareth such a man: for, if from high degree,
Hee suddenly doe slide to live contemnedly
With the vile vulgar sort; That cannot make him waver:
For well hee is assur'd, that God 's high holy favour
Depends not on the pomp, nor vain-proud state and port,
That for the grace of Kings adorns the Courtly sort.
If hee be kept in bands, thrall to the tyrannies
And extreme cruell Lawes of ruthlesse enemies,
Both voyd of helpe and hope, and of all likelihood
Of being ever free'd from their hands-thirsting bloud;

In

In ſpight of them, hee knowes that one day hee ſhall dye,
And then hee ſhall enjoy an endleſſe *Libertie*.
If hee be forc't to flie from his dear Countrey-clime,
In exile to expire the remnant of his time,
Hee doth ſuppoſe the World to be a Countrey common,
From whence, a tyrants wrath (till death) can baniſh no man.
If that hee muſt forſake his Parents and his Kin,
And thoſe whoſe amitie hee moſt delighteth in;
Hee knowes that where hee finds a man hee finds a kinſ-man:
For, all mankind is come from one ſelfe Father (ſins-man).
If (being ſpoyl'd of wealth, and wanton-pampering plentie)
Hee finde upon his boord two diſhes ſcant of twentie,
And to his back one coate to keepe the cold away,
Whereas hee had before, a new for every day;
Hee learneth of Saint *Paul*, who bids us be content
With food and furniture to this life competent:
Sith nothing (as ſaith *Job*) into this World wee brought,
Nor with us when wee die can wee hence carrie ought.
If hee be paſsing poore, and in exceeding lack
Of every needfull thing for belly and for back,
Hee learneth of the Sonne, that God the Father heedeth
To give to every one (in time) the thing hee needeth:
And that the fowles of Heav'n, and Cattell ſmall and great,
Doe neither ſow nor reape, yet finde they what to eate:
Yea, that the *Lillies* faire, which grow among the graſſe
Doe neither ſpin nor work, and yet their garments paſſe
(For colour and for coſt, for Art and Ornament)
The glorious *Salomons* rich roabes of Parl'ament.
If ſo that hee be ſick, or wounded in the arme,
In body, back, or breaſt, or ſuch like kinde of harme:
If in extremitie of angrie paine and anguiſh,
Enfeebled ſtill by fits, hee bed-rid lye and languiſh:
If all the miſeries that ever martyr'd man,
At once on every ſide afflict him all they can:
The more that hee endures, the more his comforts grow,
Sith to his wretchedneſſe hee ſooner comes to know;
That from worlds vanities hee may himſelfe advance,
Which hold all thoſe from Heav'n, that ſtill delight that dance:
Hee fears not thoſe at all that with their utmoſt might,
Having the bodie ſlaine, can doe no farther ſpight:
But onely him that with ten thouſand deaths can kill
The ſoule and bodie both for ever if hee will:
Hee knowes it is their lot that ſeek to pleaſe their God,
To bee afflicted ſtill with perſecutions rod:
So that, what-ever croſſe, how-ever ſharp, aſſaile him,
His conſtant hearts content and comfort cannot faile him.

But,

But, hee muſt dye (ſay you). Alas, can that diſmay?
Where is the Labourer (that having wrought all day
Amid the burning heat, with wearineſſe oppreſt)
Complaines that night is come when hee ſhall goe to reſt?
The Merchant that returnes from ſome farre foreine Lands,
Eſcaping dreadfull rocks, and dangerous ſhelfs and ſands,
When as hee ſees his ſhip her home-haven enter ſafe,
Will hee repine at God, and (as offended) chafe
For being brought too ſoon home to his native ſoil,
Free from all perils ſad that threaten Saylors ſpoyle?
He knowvs, from thouſand deaths that this one death doth loſe-him,
That in Heav'ns ever joyes, he ever may repoſe him:
That he muſt bring his bark into this Creek, before
In th' everlaſting Land he can ſet foot a-ſhoare:
That he can never come to incorruption,
Unleſſe that firſt his fleſh doe feele corruption:
So that, all rapt with joy, having his help ſo readie,
This ſhip-wrack hee eſcapes, as on a rock moſt ſteddie.
But more (perhaps) than death the kind of death diſmayeth,
Which ſerves him for a bridge that him to Heav'n convayeth.
Whether hee end his daies by naturall diſeaſe:
Or in a boyſtrous ſtorme doe periſh on the Seas:
Or by the bloudy hands of armed foes be ſlaine:
Or by miſchance a ſtone fall down, and daſh his braine:
Or by the murdering ball of new-found earthly thunder,
By day or elſe by night his bones be paſht a-ſunder:
Or burned at a ſtake, or bitterly tormented
By cruell ſlaughter-men, in tortures new-invented:
Alas, alas! for that, much leſſe than leaſt hee careth:
For, as a man falne downe into a Pit, hee fareth;
Who, if hee may be drawn up from the noyſome place,
Where Adders, Toades, and Snakes, craule over feet and face,
Reſpects not, whether that hee uſe a ſilken ſcaine,
Hemp-rope, or chain of gold, ſo hee get up againe:
Even ſo, ſo hee may come to his deſired bliſſe,
The manner and the meanes to him indifferent is:
As for the differing paine (if any him doe torture)
If it be violent, hee knowes it is the ſhorter:
But be it ne'r ſo long, long ſure it cannot laſt
To us whoſe poſt-like life is all ſo quickly paſt.
Now, ſuch a man, in whom ſuch firme contents doe hyve,
Who can denie to be the happieſt man alive?
And who ſo impudent, that dareth now profeſſe
That this worlds fained ſweet (whoſe unfain'd bitterneſſe
Brings, to this very life, full many tormentes fell,
And after dingeth down to th' endleſſe pain of hell)

Should

Should be preferr'd before theſe ſeeming-ſowrs, that make us
Taſte many true-ſweet ſweets yet this dead life forſake us,
And after, lift us up to that ſame bleſſed joy,
That evermore ſhall laſt, exempt from all annoy.
So few there will be found (as I ſuppoſe) ſo deeming,
As many which (more fear'd with theſe ils falſly-ſeeming,
Than inly falne-in-love with Heav'n-joyes excellence)
Approving this eſtate, fly't as the peſtilence.
And yet, in this eſtate is ſound felicitie
(As far forth as it may, amid the vanite
Of this fraile fading World, where each thing hourly changes):
For, never from it ſelfe true happineſſe eſtranges:
It never doth decay, it never doth decreaſe:
In ſpight of angry warre, it ever lives in peace:
Maugre poore want, it hath ten thouſand kinds of wealth:
Amid infirmities it hath continuall health:
Inviron'd round with woe, it doth rejoyce and ſing:
Depriv'd of dignities, it's greater then a king:
It ſits ſecure and ſafe, free from heart-pining fears:
For, ever with it ſelfe it all deare treaſures beares.
Not needing any ayde of men-of-armes to watch them,
Nor fearing fraud, nor force of any foe to catch them.
Whereas, wee dayly ſee ſo many men, whoſe minde
To tranſitorie traſh of worldly wealth inclin'd,
In their abundance beg, and in their plenty poore
(For who hath had ſo much, that hath not wiſhed more?)
No treaſure can ſuffice the gulfe of their deſire;
Yea, make them Emperours, yet will they more aſpire;
Peace cannot pacifie the fell rebellious broyle
That in their troubled ſoule doth ever burne and boyle.
For every ſhort content of any falſe delight,
A thouſand bitter throes torment them day and night.
All their eſtate doth ſtand abroad in hands of ſtrangers:
Therefore, the more their wealth, the more their daily dangers,
The more their miſeries, becauſe the more they need
Much ſtrength and many men unto their hoords to heed;
Dreading (with cauſe) leſt craft, or cruelty, or either
Bereave them of their bliſſe, and treaſure both together.
Needs muſt wee then confeſſe, that in adverſitie
There is more happineſſe than in proſperitie;
Sith that the mind of man ſo ſoon it ſelfe betrayes
Unto the guilefull ſnares that worldly pleaſures layes
Which make us at the laſt head-long to Hell to runne:
All which, adverſitie doth make us ſafely ſhunne.
But, here it may be askt, if pleaſure, ſtate, and ſtore
(Plunging us in the Pit of vices more and more)

Be ſubject ſo to make us more and more accurſt,
Muſt wee eſteme that griefe (which ſenſe eſteemeth worſt)
More fit to better us, and bring us unto bliſſe,
Then thoſe whoſe ſmarting ſting is not ſo ſtrong as this?
Sure, ſith that in our ſelves our cauſe originall
Of bliſſe and bale wee hide, it matters not at all:
For, ſtill the faithfull man one and the ſame remains,
Whether the griefe be great or little hee ſuſtains;
Sith how ſo e'r it be, hee takes occaſion thence,
To ſeek in God alone, his comfort and defence.
But for becauſe our ſoule (the while ſhee doth conſort
With this groſſe fleſhly lump) cannot but in ſome ſort
Suffer as ſenſible, yea, oftentimes ſo far,
That her beſt functions all, leſſe apt and able are,
Then elſe at other times; I doe ſuppoſe the prooſe
Of one, then other ill, availes more in behooſe.
That this is ſo, wee ſee a ſick man oft to finde
Such joyfull quietneſſe, and comfort in his minde,
That hee eſteems himſelfe the beſt content alive:
But yet the ſharp diſeaſe (which doth his health deprive)
With-holdeth in ſome ſort his ſenſes and his wit,
That freely other-where hee cannot uſe them fit.
And ſo it fares with him, that (through-reſolved well)
Endures the cruell ſtrains of any torture fell.
Now, for the baniſht man, the changing of his dwelling
Never diſturbs, his joy. And hee whoſe wealth excelling
Turns in a trice to want by whatſoever chance,
His courage never ſhrinks, nor yet his countenance.
So that in their content, all foure are all a-like.
A-like rejoycing all in their afflictions eke:
A-like contemning all worlds pompous vanities:
But, the two laſt have odds in their extremities;
In that, without impeach, they may apply their minde
To many goodly things, wherein great joy they finde
(I mean, when each diſtreſſe offends a man alone,
Not when hee is aſſail'd at once of every one.)
Yet, perill 's quickly paſt, danger endureth not,
Exile ſo eaſie growes that it is ſoon forgot,
The greateſt loſſe that is wee minde not many houres:
For, thouſand accidents diſtract this ſoule of ours,
Which cannot in ſuch ſort the ſenſes ſtill reſtraine,
But that they will goe feed on many objects vaine;
Whereby at un-awares ſhee oftentimes, ſurpris'd,
Is over-reacht by thoſe, whoſe rigour ſhee deſpis'd:
And ſo, the pleaſant taſte ſhee doth untimely miſſe,
Wherewith affliction ſweet doth ſeaſon here her bliſſe.

So that, ſome other ſtate (wherein our ſoule leſſe fed
With ſundry objects vain, ſhall be more ſetteled)
May rightly be prefer'd to theſe which make her ſtay,
And ſtumble often-times, unto her owne decay.
And therefore I maintaine *Cloſe Priſon* to be beſt
Of all afflictions that may a man moleſt;
Conſidering, all defects to other croſſes common,
In this are ſeldome found, and almoſt, felt of no man.
For *Priſon* is a place where God ſequeſters men,
Farre from the vile proſpect of vanities terrene,
To make them thence withdraw their hearts, and to confeſſe
That in his grace alone conſiſts their happineſſe.
It is a learned Schoole, where God himſelfe reads clearly
True wiſdomes perfect rules, to thoſe hee loveth dearly.
There th' underſtanding (free, amid the many chains,
That binde the body faſt) findes out a thouſand meanes
To learne another day to be more apt and able
(According to our place) for uſes ſerviceable,
To profit publike-weal: for evermore wee ought
(In ſeeking ſelfe-gaine) ſee that common good be ſought.
Knowledge is onely learn'd by long exercitation:
For which, what fitter meane then ſuch a ſequeſtration,
Where each man, undiſturb'd, through diligence may grow,
According to the gifts that gratious Heav'ns beſtow:
One, in ability to rule a lawfull State,
The vertuous to advance, and vicious to abate:
Another, from the Tombe to fetch Antiquity,
Another to diſcerne the Truth from Sophiſtry:
Another (by the feats of elder men at Armes)
To frame wiſe Stratagems for wofull wars alarmes:
For, Souldiers oftentimes may more experience get
By reading, then they can where Camp and Camp is met.
And (briefely to conclude) ſome, gravely to adviſe,
Some, bold to execute, as each mans calling lies:
But moſt of all, to ſearch within the ſacred Writ,
The ſecret myſteries to mans ſalvation fit.
A world of vanities (that doe diſtract us here,
During our *Libertie*) in Durance, come not neere:
The wall that lets our leggs from walking out of door,
Bounding us round about within a narrow floor,
Doth guard us from the gall that Sathan (ſpring of ſpight)
Mingles among the ſweets of this vain worlds delight.
If hee be happier man that liveth free from foes,
Then hee whom angry troops of enemies incloſe,
Much more the Priſoner then of his high bliſſe may boaſt
For being ſo far off from ſuch a hugie hoaſt

Of hatefull foes ſo fierce in malice and in might,
Himſelfe ſo faint and weake, and ſo unfit to fight.
For hee, and wee (God wot) in ſtead of ſtanding to-it
(How-ever in a vein, wee vaunt that wee will doe-it)
When 't commeth to the brunt wee cannot brook the field,
But either fly like hares, or elſe like cowards yeeld.
The ſundry objects fond, which make us ſoon forget
Each other chaſtiſement, in this doe never let.
For turn wee where wee liſt, and looke which way wee will,
At all times to our ſight one thing is offred ſtill:
Whether on pavement, roof, or wall, wee caſt our eye,
Alwayes of our eſtate an Image wee deſcrie:
And ſo it alſo fares with our news-greedie eare,
One very ſound reſounds about us every where:
Where-ever hearken wee, wee heare of nought but foes,
Our keepers commonly are not too-kind, God knowes:
By the leaſt noyſe that is, continually they tell
In what eſtate wee ſtand, and in what houſe wee dwell.
So that inceſſantly our hearts are lift on high,
Som-times to praiſe the Lord for his benignitie,
Who doth not puniſh us after our foule offence,
Though by a thouſand ſinnes wee daily him incenſe:
Som-times to magnifie his admirable might,
Which hath our feeble hearts with ſuch great force bedight,
That wee, in ſtead of griefe, or grudging at the pains
Of ſharpeſt chaſtiſements, whereof the world complains,
Leaving this loathed Earth, doe mount the higheſt place,
Where (through true faith) wee taſte his honey-ſweeter grace:
Somtimes to give him thanks for all the wealth exceeding,
Which from his liberall hand wee have to help our needing:
And to be ſhort, *ſans* ceaſe to meditate on all
The countleſſe benefits that from his goodneſſe fall,
Not ſuffering any houre to paſſe away for nought
Without exalting him, in deed, or word, or thought.
Yet, doth the world eſteeme this, a moſt hard eſtate,
And him that feels the ſame, it counts unfortunate:
But I would gladly ſee ſome other ſtate wherein
(With ſuch commoditie) ſo much content is ſeen,
Wherein leſſe hinderance, and leſſe incomb'rance lyes,
To make men miſſe the path unto perfections priſe.
Sure ſir (will ſome man ſay) you ſet a good face on-it,
One might at length convert, commenting ſo upon-it,
The cruell'ſt Priſon-houſe into a Manſion faire,
Where 't were not hard to live content, and voyd of care.
You take your *Priſoner* for a practive man of Art:
But ſuch as thoſe (God knowes) you finde the fewe'ſt part,

You fain him to be friend to ſolitude and quiet:
But the moſt part are prone to revell and to riot.
One muſt be free from noyſe that meanes to ſtudie well:
Whereof, who can be ſure in ſuch a ſervile Hell?
Beſides, hee muſt have Books, and Paper, Pen, and Inke,
All which in *Priſoners* hands are ſeldome left I thinke;
So that you doe not faine your gail ſo good and gainfull,
As to finde out the ſame is difficult and painfull.
I anſwer in a word (if any ſo ſhall wrangle:
I doe not bound all bliſſe within ſo ſtraight an angle
I ſay, great happineſſe and heart-reviving joy
Followes th' afflicted ſort in every ſharp annoy:
But that there is no croſſe that doth ſo much availe,
To make us fit to help our neighbour, as the gaile,
Wherein the God of grace at his good pleaſure gives
Meanes to effect the ſame, unto the leaſt that lives.
But be it ſo, in bands, that nothing learne wee can,
'Tis to be learn'd enough to be an honeſt man:
And this is th' onely Schoole, wherein th' Arch-maſter teacheth,
Himſelfe by ſecret means, rules that the rudeſt reacheth.
Th' advice of ſuch a one more profit doth impart,
Then of the wicked ſort with all their curious Art.
Concerning ſolitude, although that commonly
Our nature be inclin'd unto the contrarie;
There the aſſiſtant grace of God wee chiefly finde,
Who changing of our place doth alſo change our minde.
For beeing free from noyſe, and for obtaining tooles
To help our knowledge with, as in all other Schooles;
God ever cares for thoſe that feare his name for love:
And, if that any ſuch, ſuch inconvenience proove,
If any money need, or elſe (through ample diſtance)
Be deſtitute of friends, hee gets them (for aſſiſtance)
The favour of their foes, whoſe hearts hee handles ſo
(How ever they intend his childrens overthrow)
That his, of what they need have evermore enough,
According as hee knowes tobe to their behooſe.
Now ſay, that wee conſent (ſay ſome) that this is true:
But what if ſomewhat worſe then all this worſt enſue?
What, if hee be inforc't his Country to forſake?
What, if continuall fits his ſickly body ſhake?
What, if hee loſe at once his wealth and reputation,
Repleat on every ſide with every ſharp vexation?
Can hee ſtill keep his joy, and can hee ſtill retain
Such meanes to profit ſtill, for all his griefe and pain?
Concerning his content, it's alwayes all a-like,
Whether that every griefe particularly ſtrike;

Or, whether all at once hee feel their utmoſt anger:
And if hee be ſurpris'd with ſo extreme a languor
That (as I ſaid before) the ſpirit it inforce
(Through ſuffering of the ſmart that doth afflict the corps)
To leave his Offices, ſo that hee cannot write,
Nor reade, nor meditate, nor ſtudy nor indite;
It is ſo quickly paſt, that in compariſon,
Regarding ſo great good, 'tis not to thinke upon.
For, by a mighty griefe our life is quickly ended;
Or els, by remedie it ſelfe is ſoon amended:
And, if it be but mean, then it is borne the better,
And ſo unto the ſoule it is not any letter.
Beſides, wee muſt conceive, our ſpirit (as oppreſt
With fainting wearineſſe) ſomtimes deſireth reſt
To gather ſtrength againe, during which needfull pawſe
Wee are not to be blam'd, ſith need the ſame doth cauſe:
So, that the time that 's loſt while ſuch ſharp pangs doe paine,
May be ſuppos'd a time of taking breath againe.
In priſon (to conclude) a man at once may trie
All manner of extremes of earthly miſery:
In which reſpect (perhaps) the worſe ſome deem of it,
Being (as 't were) the Butt that all men ſtrive to hit;
But, I eſteem the ſame the perfecter for that:
For, if one croſſe alone can make us elevate
Our groveling earth-deſires from cogitations baſe,
To have recourſe to God, and to implore his grace,
Seeking in him alone our perfect joy and bliſſe;
Much more ſhall many griefs at once, accompliſh this.
For many can doe more then one (without reſpect):
And ſtill, the greater cauſe the greater the effect.
Indeed (ſay other-ſome) theſe reaſons have ſome reaſon:
But, then whence comes it, that ſo many men in Priſon
(With hundred thouſand pains, pincht and oppreſſed ſore)
In ſtead of bettering there, wax worſer then before:
In ſtead of ſweet content, doe ſtill complaine and crie;
In ſtead of learning more, loſe former induſtry?
Though (in appearance great) your ſaying ſeem but juſt,
Yet plain experience (ſure) wee think is beſt to truſt.
That hidden vertue rare, that ſo great good atchieves,
Lies in the Priſoners heart, not in his heavy Gyves;
The good grow better there, the bad become the worſe:
For by their ſinne they turne Gods bleſsing into curſe.
And that 's the cauſe the moſt are male-content and ſad:
Sith evermore the good are fewer then the bad.
But, wherefore doth not God to all vouchſafe his grace?
Proud earth-worms pawſe wee there: let 's fear before his face,

Admiring humbly all his holy Judgements high,
Exceeding all too far our weake capacitie.
The Potters veſſell vile, doth us our leſſon ſhow,
Which argues not with him why hee hath made it ſo:
Much leſſe may wee contend, but rather reſt content
With that which God hath given. Hee is omnipotent,
All gracious, and all good, moſt juſt, and perfect wiſe.
On ſome, hee pours a Sea of his benignities,
On ſome a ſhallow Brook, on other ſome a Floud:
Giving to ſome, a ſmall; to ſome, a greater good:
As from eternity hath pleas'd th' Almighty Spirit
To love men more or leſſe, without reſpect of merit.
For my part, ſhould I live ten *Neſtors* yeers to paſſe,
Had I a hundred tongues more ſmooth then *Tully*'s was,
Had I voice of ſteel, and had I brazen ſides,
And learning more then all the *Heliconian* guides;
Yet were I all too-weake to tell the many graces,
That in ten thouſand ſorts, and in ten thouſand places,
Ten hundred thouſand times hee hath vouchſafed mee
(Not for my merits ſake, but for his mercy free):
But yet, 'mong all the goods that of his liberall bounty
I have receiv'd ſo oft, none to compare account-I
With this *Cloſe priſonment*, wherein hee doth with-draw-mee
Far from the wanton world, and to himſelfe doth draw-mee.
I poſted on apace to ruine and perdition,
When by this ſharp-ſweet Pil, my cunning kinde Phyſician
Did purge (maugre my will) the poyſony humour fell
Wherewith my ſin-ſick heart already 'gan to ſwell.
I lookt for nothing leſſe then for their miſeries,
And paines that I have prov'd: the worlds vaine vanities
Had ſo ſeduc't my ſoule with bait of ſugred bane,
That it was death to mee from pleaſure to be ta'en:
But (croſsing my requeſt) God (for my profit) gave
Mee quite the contrary to that which I did crave.
So that, my body barr'd from freedom falſe and ſmall,
He ſet my ſoule at large, which unto ſinne was thrall:
Wounding with musket-ſhot my feeble arme, hee cur'd
The feſtring ſores of ſinne, the which my ſoule endur'd:
Tripping mee from the top of ſome meane dignity,
Which drew mee up to climbe the mount of vanity,
Hee rais'd mee from the depth of vices darkſom Cell,
The which inceſſantly did ding mee downe to hell:
Eaſing mee (to conclude) of all the griefe and care,
Wherewith theſe falſe delights for ever ſauced are,
Hee made mee finde and feel (amid my moſt annoyes)
A thouſand true contents, a thouſand perfect joyes.

But

But ſom(perhaps) amaz'd, will muſe what kinde of pleaſure
Here I can take, and how I paſſe my time and leaſure:
For, in ſoule idleneſſe to ſpend ſo large a time,
It cannot be denied to be a grievous crime.
First in the morning, when the ſpirit is freſh and fit,
I ſuck the honey ſweet from forth the *ſacred Writ*,
Wherein (by faith) wee taſte that true celeſtiall bread,
Whence our immortall ſoules are ever onely fed:
Then ſearch I out the ſawes of other ſage Divines
(The beſt here to be bad) among whoſe humane lines,
Supported by the grace of Gods eſpeciall power,
I leave the thorne behinde, and pluck the healthſom flower.
Somtimes, I doe admire, in books of Heathen men,
Grave-ſayings, ſavouring more a ſacred Chriſtian pen,
Then many of our age, whoſe bold unlearned pride
Thinking to honour God, hath err'd on every ſide:
Sometimes when I obſerve in every ancient ſtory,
Such vertues preſidents, trim paterns of true glory,
I wofully bewaile our wretched wicked dayes,
Where vertue is deſpis'd, and vice hath all the praiſe.
Oft I lament to ſee ſo many noble Wits
(Neglecting Gods high praiſe, that beſt their learning fits)
To ſing of nought but lies, and loves, and wanton Theames,
Falſe ſooth-ſin flatteries, and idle Fairy dreames.
Then, turning toward thoſe, that fill'd with holier flame,
For onely object chuſe th' Eternalls ſacred Name;
Theſe chiefly I admire, whoſe honourable brows
Diſdain the fained crown of fading *Laurel* boughs:
Then full-gorg'd with the Sweets of ſuch a dainty feaſt
(Prickt forward with deſire to imitate the beſt)
Oft-times I exerciſe this Art-leſſe Muſe of mine
To ſing in holy Verſe ſome argument divine.
One while to praiſe my God for all received good:
Another while to beg, that in his deare Sons bloud
My black ſins hee will waſh, and that hee will not waigh
At his high Juſtice beam, how I have gon aſtray.
Sometimes, theſe wretched Times to pity and deplore,
Wherein the wicked ones doe flouriſh more and more.
Sometimes, to wail the State of ſad diſtreſſed *Sion*
Imploring to her aid the Tribe of *Judah*'s Lion.
If any other Theam at any time I take,
Yet never doth my Verſe the ſettled bounds forſake
That Verity preſcribes, nor now no more diſguiſe
The ugly face of ſinne with maſk of painted lies.
And though that (heretofore) I alſo in my time
Have writ Loves vanities in looſe and wanton rime:

'Twas

'Twas as a whetſtone that, whereon I whet my ſtile,
Yet it were ably-apt ought graver to compile:
Yet I repent thereof: for, wee muſt never tend
To bring by evill means a good intent to end.
When as my weary ſpirits ſome relaxation aske,
To recreate the ſame, I take ſome other taske:
One while upon the Lute, my nimble joints I plie,
Then on the Virginalls: to whoſe ſweet harmonie
Marrying my ſimple voyce, in ſolemne Tunes I ſing
Some Pſalme or holy Song, unto the heav'nly King.
So that, the idleſt houre of all the time that flies
So faſt, is never free from ſome good exerciſe:
Wherein I joy as much, as ever I have done
In the moſt choiſe delights found underneath the Sun.
But, you can never walke, nor goe to take the aire,
Nor once looke out of doore, be weather ne'r ſo faire;
But there in ſolitude you leade your life alone,
Barr'd from the fellowſhip of (almoſt) every one:
Which doubtleſſe (at the leaſt) muſt grieve you, needs, I thinke.
A man that never thirſts hath never need of drinke:
So, though I be bereft theſe other things you ſpeake-of,
I miſſe nor minde them not as things I never reake-of,
For, I have School'd my heart ſince my captivitie,
To wiſh for nothing els, but what is granted mee:
And, what is granted mee, contents mee paſsing well.
In each condition doth ſome contentment dwell.
But men of differing ſtates have difference in delights,
What pleaſeth common eyes, that irketh Princes ſights,
What raſhlings doe delight, that ſober men deſpiſe,
What fooles take pleaſure in, doth but offend the wiſe,
What proſperous people loath, afflicted folke will love,
And what the free abhorre, that priſoners will approve:
But all have equally indifferent power to make
Them equally content, that can them rightly take:
For, whoſo preſently himſelfe can rightly beare,
Hath neither paſſed ill, nor future ill to feare:
Th' one, which is now no more, ought now no more affray-us.
Th' other which is not yet, as little can diſmay-us.
For, what no eſſence hath, that alſo hath no might:
And that which hath no power, can doe a man no ſpight:
Beſides, ſith this our life is but a pilgrimage,
Through which wee daily paſſe to th' heav'nly heritage;
Although it ſeeme to thee that theſe my bands doe let-mee,
Yet haſte I to the goale the which my God hath ſet-mee,
As faſt as thou that runn'ſt thy ſelfe ſo out of breath
In poſting night and day, by dales, and hills and heath.

If

If thou have open fields, and I be Priſoner;
T' importeth mee no more, then to the Mariner
Whether hee goe to Sea ſhipt in ſome ſpacious Arke,
Or elſe (at leſſer ſcope) aboord ſome leſſer barke.
Nay, here the leaſt is beſt; ſith this vaſt Ocean wide,
Whereon wee daily ſaile, a thouſand rocks doth hide,
'Gainſt which the greater ſhips are caſt-away full oft;
While ſmall boats (for the moſt) float over, ſafe, aloft.
Then may I well conclude with reaſon and aſſurance,
That there's no better ſtate then to be kept in durance.
A ſweeter kinde of life I never prov'd then there:
Nor was I ever toucht with leſſer griefe and care.
If that I care at all, it is for others cauſe,
And for the miſeries this times corruption drawes:
But, being well aſſur'd that nothing here betideth
Againſt Gods ordinance and will, that all things guideth:
And knowing him to be good, juſt, and moſt of might,
I gladly yeeld my ſelfe to th' order hee hath pight.
For hee it is, that now makes mee accept ſo well
And like of this eſtate which others hate as Hell:
Hee 'tis, that heretofore vouchſaf't mee like reliefe,
When as I was oppreſt with a more grievous griefe:
Hee 'tis from whom I hope in time to-come no leſſe,
Although a hundred-fold were doubled my diſtreſſe.
Yea, hee it is that makes mee profit every day;
And alſo ſo content in this eſtate to ſtay,
That of my libertie I am not now ſo faine
To think by libertie a happier life to gaine:
For, I were well content no more from hence to go,
If I might profit moſt my friends and countrey ſo.
Now here I humbly pray (expecting ſuch an end)
The Lord ſtill towards mee his favour to extend;
And that hee will vouchſafe ſtill to allot like grace,
To all that for like cauſe are handled in like caſe.

FINIS.

OF THE WORK, AUTHOUR, AND TRANSLATOR.

LO here a MONUMENT admir'd of all
That weigh the *compaſs, weighe*, and *heighe* of it;
O'r-topping *Envie*'s clouds, and ever ſhall,
Sith built by deepeſt *Art*, and higheſt *Wit*.
The BASE that bears it, is the WORD that ſtands
True GROUND of higheſt *glorie, truth*, and *grace*:
The BUILDING rear'd by two rare *heads* and *hands*
(Divinely holp) to glorifie that BASE.
Here *French* and *Engliſh*, joyne in friendly fight
(On even *Ground*) to prove their utmoſt power;
Who ſhew ſuch equall *Skill*, and equall *Might*,
That hard it is to ſay who 's conqueror.
But, *Engliſh* bound to foot it like the *French*,
And offer nought, but what ſhall like her foe,
It is as glorious ſeld to take a Wrench,
As being free, to give an overthvow.
If *French* to *Engliſh* were ſo ſtrictly bound,
It would but paſſing lamely ſtrive with it;
And ſoon be forc't to loſe both *grace* and *ground*,
Although they ſtrave with equall *Skill* and *Wit*.
Beſides, all *Proſe* is eaſier to tranſlate
Then *Verſe*; and eaſier low, then lofty *Lines*:
Then, theſe LINES, reaching to the top of STATE
Are hard'ſt of all: yet none of all declines.
O faire *Tranſlation* then, with ſmoothed face,
Goe forth t' allure TIMES *Turns*, to turn Thee o'r:
So ſhall they in thy folds unfold thy *grace*;
And grace thee with Fames glory more and more.
Ovid me. If "Hee, that churn'd the Cream of *Poetry*,
To honied *Butter*, that the *Muſes* feeds,
Divined truly, it ſhould never die;
Then, what ſhall *This*, that far the ſame exceeds?
Hee labour'd *Lines*, wch though they doe endure
All turns of *Time*, yet was their ſtuf profane:
But theſe are drawn of STUF more heav'nly pure,
That moſt ſhall ſhine; when thoſe are in the wane.
Hee, though his *Braines* (profanely) were divine,
And glorious *Monuments* of art compos'd,
Was yet exil'd for many a looſer *Line*,
That made them wantons, chaſtely elſe diſpos'd:
But, thou (*clear* BARTAS, his dear STEVESTER,
Whoſe *Lines* do lead to VERTUES only gaine,
And with ſweet *Poeſies* ſtrew'ſt the way to her)
How ſhould the *World* remunerate thy paine?
And, if *from hearts abondance tongues do ſpeak*;
And what we moſt affect, we moſt doe minde:
It argues, thou this *Argument* didſt ſeek;
Sith, in thy *Soule* before, thou didſt it finde.
So, BARTAS was but Mid-wife to thy *Muſe*,
With greater eaſe to utter her *Conceits*;
For whoſe dear birth, thou didſt all eaſe refuſe,
Worlds-weale, and (being a *Merchant*) thy *Receits*.
This *pain* ſo pleas'd thy labouring *Thoughts*, that
Forſook'ſt the *Sea*, & tookſt thee to the *Soile*, (thou
Where (from thy royall *Trade*) thou fell'ſt to plow
Arts furrows with thy *Pen*, that yeeld but toyl.
This ſtole thee from thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe to finde
In ſacred *Raptures* on the *Muſes* Hill:
And, went'ſt out of thy *Body* with thy *Minde*,
More freely ſo, to uſe thy *Wit* and *Will*.
And (O!) how hapleſſe had wee *Britains* been
(Sith here is ſtor'd ſuch ſweet Soule-*raviſhments*)
Hadſt thou not made them to us clearly ſeen:
Who give thee for it praiſing *Diſcontents*?
If ſo great *Art* and *Grace*, finde nought but *ſhame*
Of famous *Men* for grace; the *Proſſe* ſhall be
Preſt but for *Vices* Service (Source of *ſhame*).
So *Times* to come, in *Print* our ſhame ſhall ſee.
But O! be 't far from this ſo famous Iſle
For *Armes* and *Learning*, either to neglect;
Sith it doth grace and glorie quite exile,
And is the cauſe of many a bad effect.
O terrene Gods, as yee to STATE aſpire,
Lift *Learning* up with you; eſpecially
If matcht with *Wiſedome*, and divine deſire:
So ſhall yee twice be like the DEITY.
And, weigh what pow'r the PENS of ſuch poſſeſſe
(Of ſuch; for others will but gild your *Crimes*)
Their PENS eternize can your worthineſſe:
And make yee glorious paſt ſucceeding *Times*.
But you doe juſtly to neglect and ſcorn
The curſed crue, that doe the Muſe abuſe:
For, they your praiſes to diſpraiſes turn;
As Vice, in praiſing VERTUES grace, doth uſe.
Their wine-driv'n brains, involv'd in follies cloud,
Fly here, and there (and where not?) with a trice:
And, though both beggars baſe, yet paſſing proud;
Conſtant in nothing but inconſtant Vice:

Making

Making looſe lines (forſooth) their *Scala Cœli*;
A *Taverne* for a Temple to adore,
Their onely god, their guts, their beaſtly Belly;
To whom they offer all their ſlender Store.
The *Lands* of ſuch, are odious like their Lives:
They (*Pitch*) pollute what-ere they doe but touch;
Whoſe glory to the fouleſt ſhame arrives:
Then, well you fence your fame to keep off ſuch.
But they whoſe lives, and lauds, and lines are
Of Moral vertue, running by each ſtone (SOURCE
(Men high, and hard; that let them in their Courſe)
To Seas of glory, like clear *Helicon*;
O! theſe ye ſhould ſupport, and ſtill receive
Into the Ocean of your bound-leſſe love:
For theſe (like trueſt Friends) will take, and give
No more but what true *Vertue* ſhall approve.
If theſe ſhould pine away through your neglect,
Your memories ſhall dye, or live with ſhame;
Sith ſuch a Muſe is the chiefe *Architect*,
To reare, from *Earth* to *Heav'n*, a laſting NAME.
Achilles fame, with him, had been interr'd,
Had HOMER's lines not ty'd it to the *Stars*:
And, of *Æneas* wee had never heard,
Had *Virgils* STRAINS not been his *Trumpeters*.
One of the NINE had bin our *Warwick's* GUY,
(The NINE, whoſe *worth* all *Times* ſo much com-
And ſo diſrankt great BULLENS GODFERY (mend;
Had hee but had a TASSO for his friend.
LAURA had ne're ſo greenly growne above
Her *Peers*, as now ſhe doth, to after-times,
Had ſhe not had a PETRARCH to her Love;
Which made her mount, with NECTAR dropping
No, no: ye cannot but out-live your Fame, (*Rimes*.
If ye uphold not FAME's beſt Notaries:
If theſe ye ſcorne, your glory is but game;
For, when ye die, in game your glory dies.
And, though bleſt PEACE hath turn'd our Spears to
Let it not turn our *pens* to *ploughs*, or worſe; (ſpades,
By *Learning* ſome ſhould live as ſome by Trades,
In bleſſed STATES, that would incurre no curſe.
Where Vertue is not rais'd, and Vice ſuppreſt,
There all to Vice will run; and ſo to wrack:
For, there the worſt ſhall Lord it ore the beſt;
And where that is, all goes to utter ſack.
Reward, and *Puniſhment* (like *Armes* of Steel)
Doe ſtill uphold each KING upholding STATE:
For, neither wants, but it begins to reel;
But, both imploy'd, ſtands ſure in ſpight of *Hate*.
Then may thy HOPES wing'd by thy vertuous
Dear *Sylveſter*, expect ſome cheriſhment, (Muſe,
In this bleſt *State*, that ſtill thoſe *Armes* will uſe,
To ſtay her *Grace*, and grace her *Government*:
But, if thy *paines* acquire but pure *renowne*,
Thou art (*Chriſt's* Image, croſt for *Glorious* crown

Beneficium dando accipit, qui digno dedit.

The unfained lover of thine Art, honeſty, and vertue,

JOHN DAVIES *of Hereford.*

FINIS.

A BRIEFE INDEX,
EXPLAINING MOST OF THE
hardeſt words ſcattered through this whole
Worke, for eaſe of ſuch as are leaſt exerciſed
in theſe kinde of readings.

A

Abyſſe, a gulfe or bottomleſſe pit.
Abderian and *Abderite*, Democritus, the laughing Philoſopher of Abdera, a Citie in Thracia.
Aben-Roes, a learned Philoſopher of Corduba, ſprung from Arabian parents.
Abidus, Leanders Towne.
Academian Shades, Plato's ſchool.
Acheron, a river in Hell.
Aconite, Libbards (or Wolfes) bane.
Achilles, the moſt valiant Captaine of the Myrmidons.
Adonis, a moſt beautifull young man, beloved of Venus.
Adrian, *Adriatike*, { *Sea*, } the gulfe of *Venice*.
Æſon, the father of *Jaſon*, made young again by the skill of Medea.
Ætheriall, heavenly.
Æſculapius, an excellent Phyſician, father of Apollo.
Africa, the South-quarter of the World.
Ajax ſhield, a proverbe, for a ſure defence.
Aigveſcald, a bath in Gaſconie.
Alarbies, and *Arabians*, wilde and upland *Arabian* theeves.
Albion, England, the Ile of great Britaine.
Alceſté, the moſt chaſte and loving wife of Admetus, that gave her owne life to ſave her husbands.
Alcides, Hercules: *Alcides ſpires*, Hercules Pillars: *Alcides grief*, the falling Sickneſſe.
Alcmæna, Hercules mother.
Alcaron, the Turks Law and Religion.
Aleband, a Citie in Caria, of old famous for the beſt bow-ſtrings.
Alecto, look *Furies*.
Alexanders Altars, were at the foote of the Ryphean Mountains
Almicantharats, and *Almaderats*, Arabian names of Circles, which are imagined to paſſe through every degree of the Meridian, Parallel to the Horizon up to the Zenith.
Alhidade, a Rule on the back of the Aſtrolabe to meaſure heights, breadths and depths.
Amafroſſe, *gutta ſerena*, a diſeaſe in the Sinnewes of the Sight.
Amalthean Horne, plenty of all things.
Amblygone, a flat Triangle.
Ambroſia, the Gods meat.
American, the French diſeaſe, brought firſt from the Indies to Naples, from thence to France, &c.
Amia, a fiſh like a Tunny, found in the Sea neere Conſtantinople.
Amphitrite, the Sea.
Amphisbæna, a Serpent having a head at both ends.
Amphion, the author of Harmony and builder of Thebes.
Amiclean Harp, Arion, the Lesbian harper.
Amyot, a learned French-man, tranſlator of Plutark, and other Greek Authors.
Ancoſſa, a bath in Gaſconie.
Andromeda, the wife of Perſeus, (with her husband, father and mother) turned into a Star.
Androdus, a Romane ſlave gratefully requited of a Lion.
Anoreixia, a queaſineſſe of ſtomach.
Antheus, Antenors ſonne, beloved and unwillingly ſlain by Paris.
M. *Anthony*, competitor with Octavius and Lepidus for the Romane Empire.
Antiperiſtaſis, incounter of contraries, or contrarie-circumſtance.
Antipodes, thoſe people that dwell directly under us.
Antartike, Southerne.
Aonian band, the Muſes.

Apelles, an excellent Painter.
Apium riſe, a kinde of Crowfoot that kils men with laughing.
Appianus way, one of the broadeſt wayes in Rome.
Apollo, the Sun, the god of Muſicke and Phyſicke.
Apoplexie, a kinde of dead palſie.
Apoge, the point farthest from the Center of the earth.
Arabians, people of Aſia, inhabiting betweene Judea and Egypt, rich in aromaticall ſpices and ſweet odors.
Arcadian ſcout, Mercurie.
Arcenal, an Armorie or ſtorehouſe.
Archelaus, a King much praiſed by Plutarch and others for wiſedome and temperance, and for delight in husbandry.
Archimedes, a famous Mathematician of Syracuſa.
Architas, a noble Philoſopher of Tarentum.
Arion, a famous Harper and lyrike Poet, born at Methimna in the Ile of Lesbos.
Arne, a River in Italy.
Arcenik, orpine: ſuppoſed okar.
Artemiſia, Queene of Caria, wife of Mauſolus.
Artemiſian ſtem, Mugg-wort.
Armorik, Britain in France.
Armados, Spaniſh Armies, or great ſhips of Warre.
Artik, Northern, or of the North.
Ariſtotle, the moſt famous Philoſopher of Stagyra.
Aſia, a third part of the world, in former times moſt famous for Learning and Religion; but now for the moſt part miſerably yoaked under the turks tyranny.
Aſylum, a refuge or defence.
Aſſur, one of the Sons of Sem: alſo the Countrey of Aſſyria.
Aſtaroth, an Idol of the Philiſtines.
Aſtrea, Juſtice.
Aſtrolabe, an inſtrument to gather the motion of the Stars.
Aſthma, ſhort windedneſſe.
Attalus, a wealthy King of Pergamus, delighted in the countrey life.
Atlantik Sea, is the Mediterranean, or a part thereof.
Atlas, a King skilfull in Aſtronomy, therefore fained to bear up Heaven: it is alſo a Mountaine in Barbary.
Athenian, Sage, Socrates.
Attik Muſe, Xenophon.
Atheiſts, thoſe that acknowledge no God, infidels.
Aurora, the morning.
Auſter, the South-winde.
Avernus, Hell.
Avicen, a learned Philoſopher and Phyſician, borne at Sevil, of Arabian ſtock.
Aziminths, great Circles meeting in the Zenith, or verticall Point.
Arian, a Streight, or narrow Sea between Aſia and America: as yet little diſcovered.
Aglaia, look *Graces*.
Ætna, a burning Mountaine in Sicilia.
Aſphaltis, Mare Mortuum, the ſtinking lake, where Sodom and her execrable ſiſters ſtood.
Annals, Hiſtories from year to year.
Arch Colonel, uſurped for the Generall, or chiefe Captain of the Hoaſt.
Anathem, execration, curſe, excommunication.
Anatomie, the inciſion or cutting up of the bodie of Man or Beaſt, as Surgeons doe, to ſee the parts.
Amphitrionide, Hercules, begotten by Jupiter on Alcmena, the wife of Amphitryo.
Attick, a Province of Greece; wherein ſtood the City of Athens.
Atropos, looke *Parca*.
Alecto, looke *Furies*.
Aſſabme, Jupiter, with the Aſſyrians.
Architrave, the crowne or chapter of a Pillar: alſo a principall beam in any building,
Arabian bird, the Phœnix.
Argolian ſhowers, Jupiters golden Raine in the lap of Danäe, daughter of Acriſius, King of Argives, Argolikes, or Argolians.
Ægiſthus, look *Clytemneſtra*.
Aſpiks, venemous little ſerpents.
Anchiſes Pheer, is Venus, on whom he begat Æneas.
Abramide, of the race of Abraham.

B

Baltik Ocean, the Daniſh Sea.
Baignere, a Bath in Gaſconie.
Bandans, the Ilanders of the Moluques, rich in excellent ſpices.
Bachanalian Froes, Women-Prieſts of Bacchus the god of Cups.
Bardes, ancient Poets and Sages.
Barege, a Bath in Gaſconie.
Barr-Geeſe, and *Barnacles* a kinde of fowles that grow on rotten Trees and broken ſhips.
Bek, a Phrygian word ſignifying bread.
Belgian, of the Neather-lands.
Belgrade, a Towne in Hungary, taken by the Turk.
Bellona, goddeſſe of warre.
Belus Sonne, Ninus, firſt King of Aſſyria, ſuppoſed to be inventer of Navigation.
Bitumen, a kinde of oylie, ſlimie, gummie, or clammy Clay.
Bizantium, Conſtantinople.
Brontes, one of Vulcans Forgemen.
Briareus, a Gyant with 100. hands.
Brutus, heires, Engliſhmen, Britains.
Bacconi, Poiſonie confections, Italian figs.
Bon-jours, Good-morrowes.
Bonarets, a kinde of Beaſt-plants.
Boötes, a little ſtar in the North Pole neer to

Urſa

Vrſa minor, uſed for the North.
Boreas, the North-winde.
Boſphores, two Straights, ſo called of an oxes wading over: the one ſirnamed Thracian, the other Cimmerian.
Bonlime, a hungry or greedy diſeaſe in a cold ſtomach.
Bucephalus, the courageous Horſe of Alexander the Great.
Buſiris, a moſt cruell Tyrant of Egypt, which uſed to ſacrifice ſtangers to Jupiter.
Butrick, a learned and eloquent Germane (of late dayes) Counſeller to Caſſimirus.
Bombards, great ordnance.
Bubaſtik, that is, Egyptian.
Bethel, a Mountaine in the South Confines of Iſrael, where Jeroboam ſet up one of his Calves.
Birdene, a Wilderneſſe in the Weſt of Egypt.
Babels, indeed Bables, idle Monuments of Pomp and Plentie.
Beelzebub, the god of Acheron, the Prince of Divels.
Brachmans, Indian Philoſophers: Moderne writers call them Bramines.
Bigaurian Hils, part of the Pyrene Mountaines between France and Spaine.

C

Cabaliſtik, myſticall Traditions among the Jewes Rabbins.
Caſars, Emperours, ſo called from Caius Julius Cæſar the firſt Emperour.
Cadmus, ſonne of *Agenor*, who ſlew a ſerpent, and pulling out his teeth, ſowed them in the ground, whereof inſtantly there ſprung up ready armed men.
Cairo, a Citie in the midſt of Egypt, of old called Babylon, and thought one of the greateſt in the world.
Calamarie, a fiſh that may well be called the Sea-Clark, being furniſhed with neceſſaries for a ſcribe.
Callicrates, an excellent Carver, eſpecially in ſmall works.
Calpe, a Mountaine within the Straights of Gibralter, juſt oppoſite of *Abila*: theſe two are called the Pillars of Hercules.
Cannibals, people in the South part of America that eat Mans fleſh.
Candia, an Iland in the Mediterranean Sea, ſubject to the Venetians.
Cana, a Towne in Galilee where Chriſt wrought his firſt miracle, at a mariage.
Cantharus, a fiſh of admirable chaſtity.
Capharean Rock, a moſt dangerous and Rockie Coaſt of Eubœa, now called Negropont.
Carpeſe, a venemous plant, whoſe Juice cauſeth deep ſleep, and ſo ſtrangleth the Patient.
Carinthia, a Dutchie belonging to the Dukes of Auſtria.
Carraques, great Spaniſh veſſels.
Caligula, a moſt wanton and wicked Emperour of Rome.
Caſſagale, the City Quinzay, in the Eaſt Indies.
Caſſiopeia, Mother of Andromeda.
Caſtalian Well, Springs, Fount; Springs at the foot of Parnaſſus ſacred to the Muſes.
Cathay, a large Countrey in Eaſt Aſia fronting on the Sea, now called Cambaln.
Cataract, a violent fall of any water, cauſing a deafneſſe with the noyſe, alſo a diſeaſe in the Eye diſtilling a tough humour like gelly.
Catiline, a factious Citizen of Rome, famous for his dangerous conſpiracy againſt his Countrey.
Cato, a reverend and renowned Romane both for his temperate life, and reſolute death.
Caudrets, a Bath in Gaſconie.
Caucaſus, a very high Mountaine that divides Scythia from India.
Ceres, Goddeſſe of Harveſt, Inventreſſe of Tillage and of the uſe of Corne, ſomtimes uſed for the Earth.
Cephalus, the husband of Procris, the minion of Aurora.
Centaures, halfe men, halfe horſes, begotten by Ixion on a Cloud.
Ceraſtes, a Serpent of ſundry colours, with horns like a Ram.
Cerathus, a River in Candie from whence comes the beſt Malmſie.
Cerbas, a Tree in the Indies, of 15. fadome about.
Cerberus, the three-headed dog of Hell, the Porter there.
Celtike, a part of France.
Chaos, a confuſed heap, the matter of the World before it received form.
Chaldea, the Countrey wherein Babylon ſtood: where were great Aſtronomers, Magicians, and South-ſayers.
Charles Martell, K. of France, overthrew 400000. Turks neer unto our Tours.
Chermez, the graine wherewith Scarlet and Crimſon are died.
Chimeras, ſtrange Fancies, monſtrous Imaginations, Caſtles in the Aire.
Cincinnatus, one called from the plough (all duſtie and almoſt naked) to the Romane Dictatorſhip.
Cimmerians, people far North, that are thought never to ſee the Sun.
Cittadel, a Caſtle built with a ſmall Garriſon to keep a great Town in awe.
Cirques, round Liſts to behold publike Races.
Chus, Æthiopia.
Clio, one of Muſes, reciting the glorious Acts of Worthineſſe.
Clitus, one of Alexanders greateſt Minions whom yet in his drunkenneſſe hee ſlew.
Cocos, an admirable Nut brought from the Indies.

Cocitus, a River in Hell.
Colchos, Medeas Countrey, from whence Jason fetcht the Golden Fleece.
Codrus, a King of Athens, that gave his owne life for the safeguard of his Countrey.
Colonies, numbers of People sent to inhabite some new conquered Countrey.
Colures, two Circles in Heaven, wherein the Sun-stops are caused.
Cochenel, grain wherewith Purple is dyed.
Colosses, huge Statues erected in honour of any person.
Columbus, a Genoese, discoverer of America for Ferdinando, K. of Castile.
Comitiall-Ill, the Falling sickness.
Commodus a most vicious Emperour.
Cones, geometricall figures, broad beneath, and sharpe above, with a Circular bottome.
Concentrick, having one common center.
Copernicus, a learned Germane, that maintained the Heavens to stand still, and the earth to turne round about.
Corvinus, a Romane Orator, that after a great sickness forgat his owne name.
Corfu, an Iland in the Ionian Sea, subject to the Venetians.
Critik, and *Criticall*, sharp censurers: all dangerous dayes for health, observed by Physicians.
Crescent, the Moon increasing.
Ctesiphon, the builder of Dianas Temple at Ephesus.
Ctesibes, an excellent inventer of water engines.
Cubes, geometricall figures foure-square, like a Die.
Cucuio, a strange bird in new Spain.
Cupid, the bastard of Mars and Venus, the little god of love.
Curius, a Citizen of Rome, famous for frugality and temperance, who delighted rather to command the rich, then to be rich.
Cylindres, geometricall figures round and long, consisting from top to toe of two equall parallel Circles.
Cyclops, Gyants with one eye, working in the Forge of Vulcan.
Cyprus, a fruitfull Iland in the Gulfe of Issa, formerly subject to the Venetians, but now usurped by the Turk, anciently consecrated to Venus.
Cynthia, Phœbe, Diana, the Moon.
Cytherea, Venus.
Cynosure, seven stars in the North Pole, the North Pole, the North-star.
Cimbrians, the people of Denmarke and Norway.
Cyrus, the great King of Persia; conqueror of the Medes, and after slaine by Tomytis, Queen of the Massagets.
Charites, looke *Graces*.
Clotho, looke *Parca*.
Chamosh, Idoll of the Moabites.
Chyron, a centaur, an excellent both Physician and Musician, the Master of Achilles.
Cornaline, looke *Onyx*.
Clarian, Lot-guider.
Cornich, looke *Frize*.
Crisis, the dangerous, or (as Physicians call it) criticall day for any disease.
Clide, a River running by Dombertan in Scotland.
Cyclades, floating Ilands in the Ægean Sea.
Cedron and *Kedron*, a brook in Judea.
Civik-Garland, a crowne or chaplet of Oaken sprigs, given to honour him that had rescued a City.
Clytemnestra, wife of Agamemnon, whom, with the helpe of her Adulterer Ægisthus, in a sleeveless shirt shee murthered.
Cypris, sap, seed of generation.
Castor and *Pollux*, Twins begotten on Leda, by Jupiter in the shape of a Swan: and supposed Sea-Gods favourable to Saylors.
Crimsin Gulf, the red Sea.
Cecropian, that is, Athenian: of Cecrops, first King of Athens.
Cineas, a Thessalian, exceeding eloquent, and of admirable memory, Embassador from King Pyrrhus to the Romans.
Carthaginian, of that famous City of Affrica, built by Dido, and by Haniball undone.
Cadmean, by some writers used for Carthage.
Coronæan, that is, Lacedemonian: for Corone was a City of the Messenians, who were subject to that State.
Cest, in Latin *Cestus* and *Cestum*, the Brides Girdle, which the Bridegroome took off at night.
Coloquintida, a kinde of wilde Gourd that purgeth Choler.
Chrysocolle, Boras, Gold-soder.
Cibele, look *Rhea*.

D

DAmon, the most faithfull friend of Pythias, both disciples of Pythagoras.
Danae, daughter of Acrysius, who kept her lockt in a brazen Tower; Jupiter rayned himselfe in a Golden shower into her lap.
Danubius, the greatest River in Europe, called also Isther.
Dardane Ants, Indian Emmets.
Darius, a King of Persia, vanquished by Alexander the great.
Delian Twins, the Sun and Moon.
Delian Princesse, Diana.
Delos, an Iland, one of the Cyclades, which for a long time floated as hidden in the Sea, and after suddenly appeared.
Delphian Oracle, the Oracle of Apollo, at Delphos.
Delphos-God, Apollo.

Democritus,

Democritus, the laughing Philosopher of Abidus.
Demosthenes, the best Orator of the Grecians.
Denis, or Dyonisius, a Tyrant of Syracuse.
Deucalion, some of Prometheus, who with his wife Pyrrha, escaped the Flood and (as the Poets faine) restored the world.
Diabete, a disease, when one cannot hold his water.
Diapason, a concord of all.
Diarrhea, a Laske or looseness of the Belly.
Diameter, a strait line dividing any figure into equall parts, passing through the middle point of any figure.
Dialect, a forme of speech divers from others in any language.
Diana, the Goddesse of virginity, the Moon.
Dircean wals, Thebes.
Disenteria, the bloudy-flix.
Dodechadrons, figures of the twelve Angles.
Druides, ancient learned Priests and Sages of France: supposed to have first issued out of this Ile of Britaine.
Dombertan, a Towne in Scotland.
Dagon, the Idol of the Philistines.
Demain, Possessions of inheritance, time out of Minde continued in the occupation of the Lord.
Duel, single Combat.
Demi-Gods, look *Heroik*.
Dorik musicke, soft and effeminate musicke, here opposed to the Phrygian, which was more lofty and full of life, and fitter to stirre up a courageous spirit.
Dan, a Towne in the North frontier of Judæa, where Jeroboam erected his other Calfe.
Ditthyrambik, a Song in the honour of Bacchus.

E

Ecliptik line, a great Circle in the middle of the Zodiake, thorough which the Sun runneth his proper course in 365. dayes.
Egyptian floud, the river Nilus.
Electrum, Amber.
Electra, one of the sisters of Phaeton, who incessantly weeping for her brothers fall, was turned into a Tree that droppeth Amber.
Elixir, an Arabian word, signifying Quintessence, the Philosophers stone.
Elysium, the fained Paradise of heathen Poets.
Eldebag, a learned Arabian Satyricall Poet.
Embrion, the Childe in the Mothers wombe before it have received shape.
Encyclopædie, that learning which comprehendeth all liberall Sciences.
Endymion, a young shepheard, the favorite of Cynthia.
Engastrimith, one possessed, which seemes to speake in his belly,
Empiema, an impostume in the breast.
Enyon, the same that Bellona, sister to Mars, and Goddesse of Battaile.
Enthousiasmos, poeticall furie.
Eoan Monarch, Alexander the great.
Eolian scouts, the windes.
Ephemerides, Day-books, Registers, Journals.
Ephesian Temple, the Temple of Diana in Ephesus.
Ephesian moan, Heraclitus, weeping at the worlds miseries.
Ephori, a kinde of Magistrates, Protectors of the people.
Epidemik-ills, Universall diseases.
Epicicle, a lesser Circle, whose center is in the circumference of a greater.
Epicurus, a Philosopher that placed mans felicity in the pleasures of the Sense, beleeving no God but Fortune.
Epilepsis, the falling-sickness.
Epithalamie, a nuptiall song.
Epitaph, a funerall song, or an Inscription on a Toomb or Grave.
Epithets, additions to Nounes, expressing some quality.
Epitomé, an Abridgement.
Epirus, a Countrey in Greece (now called Albania) famous in late times by the noble exploits of G. Castriot (sir-named Scanderbeg) against the Turk.
Equinoctiall, a Circle in Heav'n, through which when the Sun passeth, the dayes and nights be of equall length.
Eretrian soyl, medicinable earth, brought from Eretrea.
Erebus, a river in hell: Hell.
Eritrean Deep, the red Sea.
Erynnis, one of the Furies.
Eridanus, a figure in Heav'n: the river Po, in Lumbardy.
Eurus, the East-winde.
Euripus, a narrow Sea; which ebbeth and floweth seven times in 24. houres.
Euphrates, one of the Rivers of Eden, that runs through Babylon.
Europa, Christendome, or this Western part of the world.
Eccentrick, that hath his centre wholly separated from the Centre of the Earth.
Erisipiles, hot and red swellings, called S. Anthonies fire.
Ericina, Venus.
Euphrosyne, look *Graces*.
Euphorbium, a certain medicinable Plant found and named by Euphorbus, King Jubas Physician.
Ethnick, see *Pagan*.
Entidorian.
Etesian gates, Easterly windes.
Ephod a linnen garment worn by the Priests and levites of Israel.
Edom, and Idumea, a part of Palestine.

Eleutherian, Deliverer.
Epicarpian, Fruit-keeper.

F

FAbricius, a famous Romane, contemner of Riches and in extreme poverty moſt puiſſant for vertuous valour and integritie.
Fauſtina, a moſt laſcivious Empreſſe, wife to Marcus Aurelius, and daughter of Antonius Pius.
Fez, a Kingdome in Barbary.
Finland, a Dukedome under the King of Sweden.
Flamine, a Sacrificer, or high Prieſt, among the Heathen.
Flavio, Melphio a Neapolitan, inventer of the needle in the Mariners compaſſe, and the uſe thereof.
Foix, a Country belonging to Navarr, neer the Pyren Mountaines.
Flora, a fair and rich harlot, which made the People of Rome her Heir: in reſpect whereof, they made her goddeſſe of Flowrs, and kept yearly Feaſts in honour of her.
Furies, 3. (viz.) Alecto, Megera, and Teſiphone (ſometimes called alſo Perſyphone) which are ſaid to bee tormentors of the damned in Hell, wittily fained to expreſſe the fear and fury of a guilty conſcience.
Frize and *Cornich*, the creſts, furniture and finiſhing at the upper end of a Column.
Farfalla, a Candle-Fly.
Fergufius, Evenus, Donaldus, famous ancient Kings of Scotland.
Fanes, Temples, conſecrated Places.
Funambulant, a Rope-walker.
Feretrian, Peace-bringer, or dread ſtriker.

G

GAlen, a famous Phyſician, borne at Pergamus, whoſe learned workes through all ages have been honoured.
Galenite, one skilfull in Phyſick, wherein Galen excelled.
Ganges, a great River in India.
Gaules, the ancient name of Frenchmen.
Genius, a mans ſpirit, or naturall inſtinct or inclination.
Gemonide, and *Gemonian* Ladders: a place in Rome from whence condemned perſons were throwne downe.
Ghihon, one of the Rivers in Eden.
Gnidian, *Idol*, Venus and Cupid: for in Gnidos ſhee was worſhipped.
Gonorrhea, a foule and involuntary Flux of ſeed, the Running of the Reins.
Gordian knot, a knot thought impoſſible to be undone, wherewith Gordius had faſtned his Ox-yoke in the Temple of Apollo.
Gorgons, ugly helliſh monſters, in forme of ſcaly Dragons, with crooked teeth, one eye, yron talons, and mighty wings.
Graces, look *Charites*.
Gymnoſophiſts, Philoſophers of India; ſo called, becauſe they went naked.
Groen-land, an exceeding cold Countrey, butting upon the Sea beyond Izeland.
Greve, is as much as an Earle with us; but in this place uſed for the Generall and Governour Josua.
Galactite, a kinde of white Marble, or Alabaſter.

H

HAlcion, a little water-bird thought to be the Kings fiſher.
Harpies, ravenous Birds, with faces like women.
Hecatombes, Heathen Sacrifices, wherein were offered an hundred Beaſts.
Hebe, Joves cup-bearer: the goddeſſe of youth.
Heber, of whom the Hebrews and Hebrew tongue are ſo called, the great-great-Grand-Childe of Sem, the Son of Noah.
Hecuba, the frantike and diſ-figured, old withered wife of Priamus King of Troy, and here oppoſed to the freſh, young, beautifull Helena, the fatall Prize of their Son Paris.
Helicon, a Mountaine ſacred to Apollo and the Muſes.
Helena, the wanton wife of Menelaus, cauſe of the tedious ſiege, and finall ſacke of Troy.
Hemiſphear, halfe the compaſſe of Heav'n which wee behold.
Hercules, the moſt renowned Monſter-Tamer of Thebes.
Hermes, Mercury.
Hero, the faire Seſtian Nun, for whoſe ſake Leander was drowned in Helleſpont.
Heroës, halfe Gods, excellent men for valour and vertue.
Herophilus, a very ancient Phyſician.
Herodotus, an eloquent Greeke Hiſtoriographer.
Heſiodus, an ancient Greek Poet.
Heſperian Plant, golden fruit-trees guarded by a Dragon which was ſlain by Hercules: but here it is uſed for the Sugar Cane, a richer Plant then thoſe (fained) golden fruits.
Hexameters, verſes of ſix feet.
Hiades, 3. ſtars (ſome hold ſeven) in the Head of the Bull.
Hiero, a King of Sicilia (after Agathocles) greatly delighted in husbandry.
Hieroglyphicks, ſecret Cyphers, ſtrange characters, myſticall writing by ſundry forms of things.
Hiram, King of Tyrus, remembred in the Scripture for ſending Timber and workemen to Salomon, to the building of the Temple in Jeruſalem.
Homer, ſo called for his blindneſſe, the moſt excellent

excellent of all the Greeke Poets.

Horizon, a Circle dividing the halfe-ſpheare of the firmament, which wee ſee over us, from the other halfe under us, which wee ſee not.

Hun, furious Attyla, who ſurnamed himſelfe the ſcourge of God, and terrour of the World.

Hyantian Fount, ſprings ſacred to the Muſes.

Hydrantik braule, Muſicke artificially made with the fall of waters.

Hyæna, a horrible Beaſt that counterfeiteth mans voyce.

Hydrargire, quick-ſilver.

Hydra, a Serpent with 50. heads ſlain by Hercules.

Hybla and *Hymetus*, Mountaines abounding in Bees and Honey.

Hymen, the god of Mariage.

Hyperborean, above or beyond the blowing of the North-winde.

Hypocrates, a moſt excellent Phyſician.

Hypolitus, the Sonne of Theſeus, who ſhunning the wanton inticemens of his ſtep-dame Phædra, was (through her falſe accuſations) torne in pieces.

Hyren, a faire Greeke Maiden-Captive, on whom Mahomet the ſecond extremly doated.

Heſperus, the Evening-ſtar, the Evening.

Helleborus, an herb, whereof be two kindes, ſuppoſed our Ling-wort and Bears-foot.

Heroik, noble; but anciently appropriate to thoſe which were counted Demi-gods, ſuppoſed to bee borne and begot of a heavenly and an earthly Parent: as Æneas, of Venus and Anchyſes.

Hebridian Wave, the Sea about the Iles Hiberides, to the North from Ireland.

I

Janus, an ancient King of Italy; whom, in reſpect of his wiſedome and providence, they figured with two faces, as looking back into things paſt and foreſeeing things to come.

Jaffa, (anciently *Joppa*) a notable Haven-Town in Syria, where they land that travell to Jeruſalem.

Iapetus, a Theſſalian, more famous by his two ſonnes (Prometheus, and Epimetheus) then for any great worth of his owne.

Jaſon, captain of the Argonautes, who by the favour of Medea, ſurmounting all dangers, brought home the golden Fleece.

Ibis, a certaine high Bird, with a long Bill and ſtiffe legs, worſhipped by the old Ægyptians.

Ibnu-farid, a learned Arabian, not much knowne in theſe parts.

Iberians, Spaniards.

Icarus, the ſonne of Dedalus, who preſuming to flee, was drowned in that Sea, which after bore his name.

Ichneumon, Pharaohs Ratte: a little Beaſt, enemy to the Crocodile.

Idalian Fire, the burning deſire of Love.

Idea, an Image or Patterne of things conceived in the Fancy.

Idioma, a proper and peculiar forme of ſpeech.

Jeſſean Harp, the Holy Muſicke of David, the Son of Iſhai, commonly called Jeſſe.

Iliaca Paſſio, a kinde of Colicke.

Ilium, and *Ilion*: Troy.

Imaus, a hill in India part of Caucaſus.

Impartiall Maids, the fatall Siſters, Clotho, Lachefis, and Atropos.

Ile of Iron, or *Iſola di Ferro*, one of the fortunate Ilands now called Canaries.

Incubus, a diſeaſe oppreſſing the ſtomach in our ſleepe, which the ignorant have thought to bee a ſprite: it is commonly called the Night-Mare.

Individuum, a body that cannot bee divided.

Joves Bird, the Eagle.

Iris-bow, the Rainbow

Juno's Bird, the Peacock.

Iſleban, glory of Wittemberg: Martin Luther.

Iſthmus, a narrow-ſtrait of Land betweene two Seas.

Iſther, Danubius.

Ithacan, Ulyſſes, the prudent husband of the moſt chaſte Penelope.

Jupiter, the chiefe God of the Pagans.

Jubile, a year of libertie and releaſe, which was every fiftieth year.

Juſtinian, a learned Emperour, Compiler of the Civill lawes.

Juturna, the North part of Scotland towards the Orcades.

Jaboc, a little brooke running into the river Jordan.

Iſis, the wife of Oſiris, both Idols of the Egyptians.

Juadan.

Jove, Jupiter, chiefe of the Heathen gods.

Juno, the Siſter and wife of Jove: Goddeſſe of Dominion and Wealth, and ſuppoſed helper to women in travaile: ſometimes taken for the Aire.

Iris, the Rain-bow.

Japhean, (or Jaffian) Seas beating upon the Coaſt of Zabulon towards Tyre and Sidon, on the fartheſt North of Judea: here oppoſed to Tygris in Meſopotamia, the fartheſt South of the ſame.

Jaffa, of old called Joppa.

Iſaacians, children of Iſaac, Iſraelites.

Izeland, an Iland in the fartheſt North towards Groonland.

Jebuſites, the Heathen inhabitants of Jeruſalem, before it came to the poſſeſſion of the Iſraelites.

Karos,

K

Karos, a drowſie and ſtupifying diſeaſe in the head.

Kennet, a pleaſant River running thorough Barkſhire, neer unto whoſe flowry banks, our callow Cignets had their neſt.

L

Lacedæmon, (called alſo Sparta) a City and a common-wealth, moſt famous and flouriſhing under the Lawes of Lycurgus.

Laconia, the Country where that City ſtood.

Lachesis, looke *Parca*.

Leda, the Wife of Tyndarus, who, by the help of Jupiters Swan, layd two egges, whereof were hatched double Twins: of the one Pollux and Helena, of the other Caſtor and Clytemneſtra.

Latmos, a Hill in Ionia, where Cynthia is ſaid to have embraced her deare Endymion.

Latona, the Mother of Diana and Apollo.

Latonian Twinnes, thoſe children of hers, the Sunne and Moon.

Lais, a beautifull and coſtly harlot of Corinth, frequented by many Gallants of Greece.

Lee, a neat little Towne in Eſſex, in the mouth of the Thames.

Leander, a young man of Abydus, beloved of Hero, drowned in Helleſpont while he was ſwimming to her.

Lers, a River of France of moſt ſtrange quality.

Lethé, a River in Hell which cauſeth forgetfulneſſe.

Lethargie, the ſleepy diſeaſe.

Leſtrigons, a cruell people of Campania in Italy, which were ſaid to feede on Mans fleſh.

Lyguria, the Territory of Genoa.

Lycurgus, the famous Law-maker of the Lacedemonians.

Lemnos, Vulcans Iland, now called Salamine.

Limbo, Hell.

Linus, an excellent ancient Muſician, Maſter of Orpheus.

Linx, a Beaſt of exceeding quick and piercing ſight.

Leucippus, a Philoſopher that imagined infinite worlds.

Leucothoe, a Sea goddeſſe.

Liquor-God, Bacchus.

Lopez, a late Jew-Spaniſh Phyſician, executed for infinite treaſons againſt this State.

Lotos, an admirable plant, ſtrangely ſympathizing with the Sun.

Lucania, a Province of Italy, now called Baſilicata.

Lucina, Juno and Diana, ſuppoſed of old to be aſſiſtant to women in their travell.

Lucretia, the chaſte wife of Collatinus, raviſhed by Tarquin.

Lucretius, a very ancient Latine Poet.

Luna, the Moon.

Lupercales, Sacrifices and Feaſts ſolemnized to Pan.

Lyceum, the School of Ariſtotle.

Legiſlator, a Law-maker, or a Law-giver.

Lesbian Squire, the Lesbians were ſo perfect workmen, that they made Rules and Squires by their Worke, and not their Worke by the Rule.

Lowmond, a great lake in Scotland, where they ſay, their is a floating Iland.

Lucifer, the Prince of the proud Angels that fell from Heaven: The Divell, alſo the morning ſtar.

Locuſts, a kinde of Graſhoppers.

Libanus, and Libanon, a Mountaine in Syria, famous for the faireſt Cedar trees.

M

Madera, one of the Canaries, from whence come excellent Sugars.

Malta, an Iland in the Mediterranean Sea, where the knights that were of Rhodes, now keep their reſidence.

Manie, a diſeaſe in the head, cauſing madneſſe.

Martian-field, a field betweene Tyber and the City of Rome, where they uſed to behold the fight of condemned men with wilde beaſts.

Mars, the god of war.

Mark Pole, a notable Venetian Navigator and diſcoverer.

Maiz, Indian wheat.

Mauſole, a ſumptuous Toombe, built by Artemiſia, Queene of Caria, for her husband Mauſolus.

Marcellus, a moſt noble Romane Captaine, Conquerer of Syracuſa, and five times Conſull.

Mahomite, the Turkiſh Emperor, worſhipping Mahomet.

Mantuan Muſe, the Poet Virgill.

Maſſacres, horrible murders.

Medea, a ſorcereſſe, or (as ſome call them) a cunning-woman.

Meanders, crooked turnings, ſo called of the River Meander, for his exceeding crookedneſſe.

Medices, the late Queene mother of France, of the Houſe of Florence.

Meduſa's Treſſe, a head with ſnake-like hairs, turning the beholders into ſtones.

Mein, a River in Germany, whereon ſtands Frankfort, the famous Mart of the World.

Meonian Bard, Homer.

Mecenas, a noble Roman, and liberall favourer of Virgill.

Megera, one of the Furies.

Melt, an admirable Tree in Mexico, a mighty kingdome of America.

Memphians, *Memphites*, *Memphists*, *Memphitists*, } Ægyptians.

Mercury, one of the Planets, the god of wit, eloquence, invention, and subtilty, and the messenger of the gods.

Mercuriall, (as it were) a Chancery, controuling and revoking false judgements of inferiour Courts.

Meridies, the South circle.

Metaphoras, borrowed speeches.

Metempsychosis, transmigration of soules from one body to another: after Pythagoras.

Metaphysicall, supernaturall.

Milo, a man of prodigious strength, that carried a Bull on his back, killed him with his fist, and ate him up in one day.

Mince, a river neere Mantua, where Virgil was borne.

Minerva, the same that Pallas: goddesse of wit and war.

Moly, an herb brought from Heaven by Mercury to Ulysses, supposed to be our Rue, or herb-grace.

Moloch, the Idoll of the Ammonites.

Moluques, rich Ilands in the East Indies, plentifull in all kinde of excellent Spices and other Treasures.

Moors, the people of Æthiopia, subjects of Prester John.

Morpheus, the god of dreams.

Mummie, a drug, taken for part of ancient imbalmed bodies.

Muſculus, a little fish most officious to the Whale.

Muſulmans, Arabians.

Mycana, Agamemnons kingdome.

Midas, a wealthy King of Phrygia, whose touch (by the grant of Bacchus) turned all things into Gold: so that at last his gold-turned meat in his mouth choaked him.

Myrmecides, a cunning and curious carver in small works.

Myron, an excellent statuarie, or Image-maker.

Mounte-banks, Jugglers.

Meroe, an Iland in the River Nilus.

Mages, Sages, Wise-men, Southsayers.

Moriſco and *Mattachine*, Antike and fantastike dances.

Moderatrix, a Regent or Governesse.

MAGNIFICENCE, Greatnesse, State, Glory, Pomp.

Munificence, bounty, liberality.

Medals, Images of wood, stone, or metall.

Muſaik workes, a kinde of painting so curiously shadowed, that it seems in some places imbossed, in some carved, in some in-laid, in some graven, &c.

Meteors, or *exhalations*, strange apparitions of comets, or other figures in the Air.

Megaria, where flourished the Philosopher Euclides, in the same time that Socrates in Athens.

N

NAcre, the Pearle-shell, or mother of Pearle.

Nadir, the point directly under us, just opposite to the Zenith or point vertical.

Natolia, Asia minor, now wholly under the Turk.

Nectar, the drink of the gods.

Neptune, the Sea.

Nepheleun, Crook-horn, the signe Aries.

Nepenthe, an herb which being steeped in wine, is thought to expell sadnesse.

Nereus, the Sea.

Nero, a most cruell Emperour of Rome, the Monster of Nature, and shame of Mankinde.

Neſtor, a wise and eloquent Greek, who being nie 300. years old, came to the siege of Troy.

Nile and *Nilus*, the famous River of Egypt, used often for Egypt it selfe.

Nimrod, the builder of Babel, the first ambitious usurper of soveraignty.

Nephates, a Mountaine from whence the River Tygris hath his source.

Nitre, a light, white, spongy matter, much like salt, which some have (falsly) thought to be salt-peter.

Noremberg, a City in Germany, especially famous for curious handy-crafts.

Nubian, of a Kingdome fronting on the South of Eyypt.

Numidian, people of a part of Affrica, accustomed to live continually in the fields with the flocks, and heards, removing often for fresh pastures.

Numa Pompilius, 2d. from Romulus King of the Romans, and their first Law-giver.

O

OBſequies, funerall ceremonies.

Ocean and *Oceanus*, the Sea.

Oedipus, a Riddle-reader of Thebes.

Oedems, thin, watersh, and flegmatike swellings.

Olympius, an Arrian Bishop, stroke dead with Lightning for blaspheming the Deity of Christ.

Olympus, a very high hill fronting on Macedonia: it is often used for Heaven.

Ophthalmy, a disease in the Eye through inflamation of the uttermost tunicle.

Optick ſinnew, is that which brings sight unto the Eye.

Orgies, sacrifices to Bacchus.

Oracles, Mysteries of the Heathen gods, delivered by diverse meanes and in divers manners.

Orion, a tempest-boading star.

Orpheus,

Orpheus, an excellent Poet and Musician of Thrace.
Oromene, a Mountaine in India, full of salt-quarres.
Ortygion Delos, a floating Iland, where Diana and Apollo were borne.
Orithyas love, Boreas, the North-winde.
Ottoman, the first Emperour of Turks.
Ovids heirs, wanton Poets.
Oxygone, a sharp-Triangle.
Omer, a certain measure among the Hebrews.
Ophir, supposed to be Peru.
Onyx, a red pretious stone fit for Seals.
Orient, the East Sun-rising clear.
Oran, a Port-Towne in Barbary, within the Streights of Gibraltar.

P

PActolus, a River in Lydia, which (after the washing of King Midas) is said to have golden sands.
Pallas, the goddesse of Arts and Wisedome.
Palamon, a Sea-god, called also Melicertes.
Palestine, Judea, the holy Land, first called Canaan.
Pan, the god of Shepheards.
Pandects, Bookes treating of all manner of Arguments.
Panchaian Fumes, Incense.
Pannonia, Hungary and Austria.
Panope, a Sea-Nymph.
Pandora, fained (by Hesiodus) to bee the first woman, and made by Vulcan: indued by all the gods with severall excellent gifts, but afterward by Jupiter (in displeasure) sent to her spouse Epimetheus, with a Box full of all manner of miseries.
Paphos Archer, Cupid, the little god of love.
Paphian Fire } his Arrowes.
or *shot*. }
Parrhasius, a most excellent Painter of Ephesus.
Parthians, a people of Asia, excellent Archers, and notorious enemies to the Romans.
Paros, an Iland in the Archipelago (which divideth Europe and Asia minor) wherein is excellent white Marble or Alabaster.
Parcæ, *Parcæ*, (*à non parcendo*) the Destinies, or three Fatall Sisters, (viz.) Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos: death it selfe, the inevitable end of all.
Parallels, lines every where like distant.
Paradox, an argument maintained contrary to the common and received opinion.
Pegasus, the flying Horse of Bellerophon, which straining to flee up to Heaven, with his hoofe raised the top of Helicon, whence immediately gushed out a spring, which therefore is called Hypocrene.
Penelope, the most chaste Wife of the wandring Prince Ulysses.
Penean Vale, is Tempe, a most pleasant valley in Thessaly, on the verge of the River Peneus.
Penthens, a young Prince, who for contemning the drunken feasts of Bacchus, was by his owne mother (*Agave*) murdered.
Peripneumony, the Impostume of the Lungs.
Perige, that point of Heaven wherein the Sun (or other Planet) is neareſt to the Centre of the Earth.
Persiphone, or *Proserpine*: the Queene of Hell and Horror.
Perseus, a most triumphant champion, that rescued Andromeda from the Sea-monster: who for his prowesse is both by Poets and Astronomers magnified as a god, and placed among the Stars.
Parnassus, the Mountaine of the Muses.
Persian Monarke, with the Heaven of glasse, was Sapores.
Peru, one of the largest and richest parts of America.
Phaeton, the Sonne of Phœbus, who presuming to guide his fathers Chariot, set the world on fire, and fell himselfe headlong into the River Eridanus.
Phœbus, the Sun.
Phalaris, a most cruell Tyrant of Agrigent.
Phalec, the son of Heber.
Pharos, a Lanthorne-Tower to beare a light for the guide of Sailers in a haven by night: also an Iland.
Phlegon, one of the horses of the Suns Chariot.
Phlegeton, a River in Hell, taken oft for Hell it selfe.
Philtre-charm'd, inchanted with love-potions.
Phantick, such as are haunted with strange and illuding visions.
Philerian Scout, the signe of Sagittarius.
Philometor, an ancient King of Egypt, much given to husbandry, and delighting in the country-life.
Phlebotomy, bloud-letting.
Phlegmons, hot and red inflammations of bloud.
Phrygian Skinker, the signe Aquarius.
Phrixus Sister, was Helle, drowned in Hellespont, which of her is so called.
Phrenzie, a most violent and dangerous disease of the braine.
Phthisick, the consumption of the Lungs.
Phthiriasis, the lowzie disease.
Pica, the longing disease of women with childe.
Physon, one of the Rivers in the garden of Eden.
Pigmes, little people of the North a cubit high.
Pyrene, a Princesse from whom Pyrene Mountaines (which divide France and Spain) are so called.
Pindus, a Mountaine sacred to the Muses.
Pierian Maids, the Muses.
Pirrhon, (reade *Pirrho*) a Philosopher alwayes doubtfull of all thing, yea even of

of those subject to our senses.

Plato, Prince of the Academicks, sir-named divine, and indeed the most neere approaching Divinitie of all the Heathen.

Pleiades, the 7. stars.

Plesis, a noble learned Frenchman of our time, a notable defender of the truth of Christian religion against all Jewes, Turks, Pagans, Papists, Atheists, and Infidels whatsoever.

Pluto, the god of Hell and of riches, the Divel and all.

Po, the River that watereth Lumbardy, the garden of Italy.

Polipes, a subtle Fish called a Many-feet, or Pourcontrell.

Polymnia, manifold memory, in variety of knowledge.

Poles, the imagined Hinges of the Heavens, whereon the World is turned, commonly used for Heaven.

Poetasters, base, counterfeit, unlearned, witlesse and wanton Poets, that pester the world, either with idle vanities, or odious villaines.

Porphiry, Marble.

Porus, a King of India of huge stature, overcome by Alexander.

Polygamie, the having of many wives.

Polypheme, a huge and cruell Gyant, with one eye in his forehead.

Pomona, goddesse of fruits.

Pontik heath, Pontus is a region in Asia minor, fronting Eastward upon Colchis.

Progne, Pandions daughter, sister of Philomele, and wife of Tereus, transformed to a swallow.

Proteus, a Sea-god that taketh on him all shapes.

Problems, mathematicall propositions, referred especially to practice.

Prometheus, is fained to have made the first man, and to have stollen fire from heaven to put life into his creature.

Prienian Sage, Bias.

Ptolemeus Philadelphus, most famous for his learning and love to the learned, and especially for his noble Librarie erected in Alexandria.

Pyramides, exceeding huge and high Spires, built by the Kings of Egypt for fond and idle ostentation of their riches and pride.

Pyrausta, a fire-flye, or winged worm, breeding and living onely in the fire.

Python, a horrible Dragon slaine by Apollo.

Pagan, Heathen, an Infidell, uncircumcised, unbaptized, that knowes not God.

Phidias, a famous carver in wood and stone.

Persephone, look *Furies*.

Pirenes, look *Bigarrian*.

Phrygian Musick, look *Dorik*.

Pellean Prince, Alexander the Great borne in a City of Macedonia called Pella, as was also Philip his father.

Panomphean, all-hearing.

Phryxian, fugitive.

Proselite, a stranger new-converted to our faith and fashion.

Pharan, a City between Egypt and Arabia: also a Wilderneſse which the Israelites passed in their Pilgrimage to Canaan.

Pharus, look *Pharos*.

Pyrrhus, a valiant King of the Epirots, a notable Enemie to the Romans.

Passe-Lamb, the Paschall Lamb.

Helusian Foord, Nilus, the great River of Egypt.

Pythian Knight, is Apollo, sir-named Pythias, for slaying the dreadfull Serpent Pytho.

Parian Rocks, Mountains of white Marble or Alabaster, in the Ile of Paros.

Patagons, Indian Canibals, such as eat mans flesh.

Posthumus, one borne after his Fathers death.

Prodigies, extraordinary and miraculous accidents.

Picts, ancient Inhabitants of a part of Scotland.

Para-Nymphs, Bride-dressers, too curious prankers of themselves.

Pyrrhik Galiard, a kinde of dancing in armour, invented by Pyrrhus.

Porphire, a kinde of red Marble.

Plynth, a part of the Base of a pillar, flat square like a tile.

R

Rabbines, great Doctours among the Jewes.

Rabican, the name of a gallant horse in *Orlando Furioso*.

Regulus, a noble Consull, and resolute Captaine of the Romans in the Punick-war.

Remora, a little fish (which some call a Suck-stone) that suddenly stoppeth a ship under all her sails in her full course.

Rendezvous, an appointed place of meeting.

Romes Dragon, the Pope.

Ryphean wood, Forrests of Scythia.

Rhea, the same that Cybele, Vesta, Tellus, the Earth.

Rheubarb, an excellent root, and very pretious for the purging quality.

Rubrick, the Titles and Directions in the old Psalters, or service-Bookes: so called, because they are written or printed in red Letters.

S

Saba, chiefe City of the Sabæans in Arabia, abounding in Cinnamon, Cassia, Frankincense and Myrrhe.

Salamander, a spotted beast like a Lizard, whose extreme coldnesse quencheth the fire.

Salmoneus, a King, that with certaine violent engins counterfeited Thunder.

Salust, a notable Romane Historiographer, also

also the sir-name of our noble and renowned Author DU BARTAS.

Samian wise, Pythagoras.

Sardanapalus, a most effeminate King, the last of the Assyrians.

Sargus, a Fish strangely lustfull.

Saturns door, the end of Time.

Saturnalls, Feasts kept in December in the honour of Saturn.

Satyres, nipping Poesies, that reprove vice sharply, without respect of persons.

Scaliger Josephus, now living, a Frenchman, admirable in all languages, for all manner of learning.

Scipio, (sir-named Affrican) a most wise, valiant, and vertuous Captaine of the Romans, who, being ill requited for infinite honourable services, sequestred himselfe to a Country-life.

Schirrhes, a kinde of hard (yet pain-lesse) swellings in the flesh.

Scolopendra, a certaine fish that casteth forth her bowels, to clear them from the hook.

Scopio, a notable Architect, imployed in the building of Mausolus Tomb, which is numbred among the seaven wonders of the world.

Syrtes, dangerous sands in the Lybian Sea.

Serban Forrests, (now Cathay and Cambalu) are in Asian Scythia, abounding in the best Silks.

Serranus, a worthy Roman fetcht from his plough to the Dictatorship, which was (for the time) an office of King-like Authority.

Sentinel, a scout, or Night-watch in a Camp or Town of Garrison.

Seraphin, an Angell.

Sein, the river of Paris.

Shynar, or *Senaar*, the Plain where Nimrod built the Tower of Babel.

Sibels, Propheteſſes: Varro remembers ten of them.

Semiramis, the proud and wanton Queene of Babylon, wife of Ninus.

Sirius, the Dog-star, at whose rising the Dog-dayes alwayes begin.

Skink Alexandrian, a kinde of Serpent, a land-Crocodile.

Skinker, the signe Aquarius.

Sol, the Sunne, one of the 7. Planets.

Solides, 5. regular bodies or figures Geometricall (viz.) the Circle, Cube, Pyramide, Cilinder, and Dodochædron.

Sostrates, a notable Architect, builder of the Lanthorn-Tower in the Ile of Pharos.

Stagyrian, Aristotle, there borne.

Stix, *Stigian strand*, } Hell.

Steropes, one of Vulcans Cyclops.

Stoiks, severe Philosophers, pretending to condemne all passions: and esteeming all things to be ordered by an inevitable necessity of Fate or Destiny.

Strymon, a River betweene Macedon and Thrace.

Suisses, (wee call them Swizers) the warlike people of the Cantons of Helvetia.

Sulphur, Brimstone.

Starre-ship, Argos, a Signe or Constellation in Heaven, supposed to have been the Ship that Jason and his fellowes fetcht the Golden Fleece in.

Synonimas words of the same signification.

Symbolize, to resemble or agree.

Sympathy, consent or resemblance of quality.

Symphony, consent of time or harmony.

Symmetry, proportion of parts betweene themselves, and to their whole.

Syracusa, a great, wealthy and wanton City in Sicilia.

Syrens, Mer-Maids.

Satyr, a wilde wood-monster, halfe-man, halfe-goate: also a kinde of nipping Poesie, reproving vice impartially.

Salem, Jerusalem.

Spartans, look *Lacedemon*.

Sina, or *Sinai*, a Mountain in Arabia, the same that Horeb, where the Law was given to Moses.

Salamina, an Iland and City in the Euboike Sea, now called the Gulf of Negrepont.

Stentorian, Homer reports him to have had the voyce of fiftie men.

Signories, Lordships, Dominions.

Suez, a Port in the East part of Egypt upon the red Sea.

Seir, a Mountaine in Idumæa, betweene Asphaltis and Egypt.

Siddim, the place where Lot, with the Princes of Sodom, was taken prisoner, by Chedor-Laomer.

Sanctum Sanctorum, the inmost Sanctuarie, the Holy of Holies, where onely the high Priest might enter once a yeare.

Straian, Warlike.

Scammonie, aliàs *Diagrydium*, an herb purging Choler mightily.

T

TAgus, the River Lisbone in Portugall.

Tanais, a mighty River dividing Asia from Europe.

Tantalus, a King of Phrygia, whom they fained to stand in Hell up to the chinne in water, and to have delicate Fruits dangling over his upper lip, yet can touch neither; either to ease his hunger, or allay his thirst.

Tambut, a Countrey of the Negros, which is a part of Affrica, extending to the uttermost bounds thereof towards the South and East.

Taprobane, an Iland under the Equinoctiall (now called Sumatra) situate betweene Malca and Java Major, above 450. leagues long, and above 120. broad: abounding in Gold, and very plentifull in other excellent commodities.

Tarentum,

Tarentum, a famous City in Calabria.
Tarnaſſer, is in the East Indies, neer the gulfe of Bengala.
Thebes, a City in Bœotia where Hercules was borne: it was firſt builded by Cadmus, but more beautifully reſtored by Amphion.
Thetis, the Sea.
Themis, Juſtice.
Therſites, the fouleſt Lubber in all the Grecian Campe, whom Achilles ſlew with his fiſt.
Theſeus, for valour, another Hercules: but moſt famous for his kinde and conſtant friendſhip to Pirithous.
Thisbes Tree, the Mulbery.
Thule, an Iland beyond the Orcades, the fartheſt north that was known to the Romans, and therefore then called *Ultima Thule*.
Timanthes, one of the moſt excellent of the ancient Painters.
Tindarides, Caſtor and Pollux.
Tygris, a river in Aſia, paſſing by the East of Meſopotamia, through Armenia & Media.
Titan, the Sun.
Turrhenian, the Tuſcan Seas.
Tyrians, Merchant men of Tyrus, a City of Syria, anciently flouriſhing in trade, and famous for the excellent purple-Die.
Tivoli, a village neer Rome, where the Cardinall of Ferara hath a ſumptuous houſe of pleaſure, furniſhed with infinite Curioſities.
Torpedo, the Cramp-fiſh.
Treſor trove, Gold, Money, or other riches found under ground.
Troglodytes, a people of Æthiopia, that dwell under ground, go naked, and eat Serpents.
Tropiks, two great Circles in heaven in equal diſtance from the equinoctiall, the one called the Tropik of Cancer, the other of Capricorne, at which the Sun turneth either higher (having been at the loweſt) or lower (having beene at the higheſt) whereof they are ſo called.
Trytons, Neptunes Trumpeters.
Tuſcan, Italian.
Tyber, the River of Rome.
Typhis, the Maſter or Captaine of the Ship Argos, that ſailed with Jaſon to Colchis for the Golden Fleece.
Tymothy, an excellent carver that wrought on Mauſolus Tomb.
Typhon, a huge Giant, that indevoured to pull Jupiter out of heaven.
Type, a figure or ſtamp of any thing.
Teſiphone, or *Theſiphone*, one of the Furies.
TROPHEIS, glorious Monuments erected in honour of ſome famous victorie.
Timotheus Mileſius, an excellent muſician, that flouriſhed under Philip of Macedon and Alexander his ſon.
Theory, Contemplation, Study.
Tully, Cicero, the Prince of Roman Orators.
Thalia, look *Graces* and *Muſes*.
Tabernacle, properly a Tent or Pavilion.

V

Valois, one of the royal families of France extinguiſhed in the late Henry the third (ſlain by a Friar before Paris) who in his Monſieurſhip (with his mother and the Duke of Guiſe) had been too buſie an Actor in the bloudie Maſſacre.
Venus, the goddeſſe of Love and Beauty, alſo one of the planets.
Venus Eſcuage, Knights (or nights) ſervice to Ladies.
Venerean mirth, Idem.
Ver, the Spring.
Vertumnus, an imagined god of the Romans that took on him all ſhapes.
Veſpucio, Americus Veſpucius, a Florentine, firſt diſcoverer of America, of whom it was ſo called.
Viginere, a learned French-man of late times, tranſlator of Cæſar, Livius, and other Latine Writers.
Vienna, a City in Auſtria, where uſually the Emperour keeps his court.
Urania, one of the Muſes, eſpecially handling heavenly things, therefore called the heavenly Muſe.
Urim and *Thummim*, two words graven in the Breaſt-plate of Aaron, ſignifying Illumination and Integrity.
Ulyſſes, the Politick Prince of Ithaca, husband of Penelope.
Vulcan, the god of fire and forge-men.
Uranoſcopus, a Fiſh alwaies gazing up to heaven.

X

Xanth, called alſo *Scamander*, the River of Troy: there is alſo an Iland in the Archipelago ſo called.
Xenian, hoſpitious, milde-entertainer.

Z

Zebut, an Iland in the Weſt Indies, exceeding rich in Gold, Sugar, and Ginger.
Zenith, the point verticall, the point of heaven right over our heads: the contrary point is called Nadir.
Zeno, the chief of the Stoïcke Philoſophers.
Zeuxis, a moſt cunning and exceeding rich Painter.
Zodiack, a biaz or ſloaping Circle in the heavens, wherein are the twelve Signes thorow which all the planets paſſe.
Zones, imagined Circles, dividing the world into five parts.
Zopyrus, a Perſian that ſtrangely diſ-figured himſelfe to doe his Prince an important ſervice.
Zephyrus, the Weſt, the Weſt-winde.

FINIS.

THE HISTORY OF JUDITH. IN FORME OF A POEME.

PENNED IN FRENCH BY THAT NOBLE POET, G. SALUST LORD OF BARTAS.

Engliſhed by THO: HUDSON.

Yee Learned, binde your browes with Laurer band:
I preaſe but for to touch it with my hand.

1641.

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

PErceiving our divine du BARTAS *so generally applauded, even of the greatest and the gravest of this Kingdome; and all* His works *so welcome to all; to make the same* (in this fourth Edition) *more compleat, I have presumed to annex* This Piece; *indeed no part of his incomparable* VVEEKS (*neither here apparelled by the same Workman*) *yet doubt-less a Childe of the same Parent, and* (*if I be not deceived*) *one of his first-born; which, arriving long since in* Scotland, *was there* (*among the rest*) *royally received, and thus* (*as you see*) *suited, somwhat to that Countrey fashion. Whose* Dialect *and* Orthography (*considering under what authority it was first published, and now the rather respecting our happy union by the same established*) *I have not dared at all to alter. Accept it therefore, gentle Reader, as it is; and allow at least of my good-will; who, wishing thee the profit of these happy labours, have adventured* (*to doe thee pleasure*) *to incur* (*I doubt*) *double displeasure.*

Thine R. Y.

TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE, IAMES THE SIXT, KING of *Scotland*, his Majesties most humble servant,

THO. HUDSON wisheth long life, with *everlasting felicity*.

AS your Majestie, Sir, after your accustomed and vertuous manner, was somtime discoursing at Table with such your Domestiques, as chanced to be attendant; it pleased your Highnesse not onely, to esteeme the peerlesse stile of the Greek *Homer*, and the Latin *Virgil* to be inimitable to us (whose tongue is barbarous and corrupted): But also to alledge (partly thorow delight your Majestie tooke in the Haughtie stile of those most famous Writers, and partly to sound the opinion of others) that also the lofty Phrase, the grave inditement, the facund terms of the French *Salust* (for the like resemblance) could not be followed nor sufficiently expressed in our rude and impolished English language. Wherein, I more boldly then advisedly (with your Majesties licence) declared my simple opinion; not calling to mind, that I was to give my verdit in presence of so sharp and cleer-eyed a Censor as your Highnesse is: But rashly I alledged, that it was nothing impossible even to follow the footsteps of the same great Poet *Salust*, and to translate his verse (which nevertheless is of it selfe exquisite) succinctly, and sensibly in our owne vulgar speech. Whereupon it pleased your Majestie (among the rest of his workes) to assigne mee *The History of Judith*, as an agreeable Subject to your Highnesse, to be turned by mee into English verse: Not for any speciall gift or science that was in mee who am inferiour in knowledge and erudition to the least of your Majesties Court: but by reason (peradventure) of my bold assertion, your Majestie, who will not have the meanest of your house unoccupied, would have mee to beare the yoke, and drive forth the penance, that I had rashly procured. Indeed the burden appeared heavy, and the charge almost insupportable to mee: nevertheless, the fervent desire which I had to attemper your Majesties commandement, the

earneſt intention to verifie my raſh ſpeaking, and the aſſured confidence which I anchred on your Highneſſe help and correction encouraged me ſo, and lightned on ſuch wiſe my heavy burden that I have with leſſe pain brought my halfe-deſpaired worke to finall end. In the which I have ſo behaved my ſelfe, that, through your Majeſties concurrence, I have not exceeded the number of the lines written by my Author, in every one of which, hee hath alſo two ſyllables more then any Engliſh verſe. And this notwithſtanding, I ſuppoſe your Majeſtie ſhall find little of my Authours meaning pretermitted. Wherefore if thus much be done by mee, who am of another profeſsion, and of ſo ſimple literature, I leave it to be conſidered by your Majeſtie, what ſuch as are conſummate in letters, and know the waighty words, and pithy ſentences, the poliſhed termes, and full efficacy of the Engliſh tongue, would have done. Receive then, Sir, of your owne ſervant, this little work at your own commandement enterpriſed, corrected by your Majeſties owne hand, and dedicated to your owne Highneſſe. If I have done well, let the praiſe redound to your Majeſtie, whoſe cenſure I have underlien: if otherwiſe, let my default of skill be imputed to my ſelfe, or at the leaſt my good intention allowed, whereby others may have occaſion to doe better. To your Highneſſe conſideration referring, Sir, both my diligence done in this ſmall tranſlation, and the inveterate affection which I have, and ought alwayes to bear to your Majeſty, I commit with all humility, your Highneſſe, your Realm, and Eſtate, to the government of God, who governeth all the World.

SONNET

SONNET.

Since ye immortall Sisters Nine hes left
All other countries lying far or neere
To follow him who from them all you reft:
And now hes caus'd your residence be here;
Who, though a stranger, yet hee lov'd so dear
This Realme and mee, so as he spoyl'd his awne
And all the brooks and banks and fountaines cleare
That be therein, of you as hee hath shawne
In this his Work: then let your breath be blawne.
In recompence of this his willing minde,
On mee; that since may with my pen be drawne
His praise. For though himselfe be not inclin'd,
Nor preaceth but to touch the Laurer Tree:
Yet well hee merits crown'd therewith to bee.

SONNET.

THe Muses *Nine have not reveal'd to mee*
What sacred seeds are in their garden sowen;
Nor how their Salust *gains the* Laurer *Tree,*
Which through thy toil in Brittain *ground is growen:*
But, sith they see thy travell truely showen
In vertues schoole, th' expiring time to spend;
So have they to his Highnesse made it knowen
Whose Princely power may duly thee defend.
Then you, that on the Holy Mount *depend*
In crystall air, and drink the cleared spring
Of Poetry, *I doe you recommend*
To the protection of this godly King:
Who for his vertues and his gifts divine,
Is onely Monarch *of the* Muses *nine.*

FINIS. M. V. F.

THE

THE AUTHORS ADMONITION TO THE READER.

BEloved Reader, *it is about fourteene yeeres past since I was commanded by the late illustrate and most vertuous Princesse* Jean, *Queen of* Navarr, *to reduce the* History *of* Judith *in forme of a* Poeme Epique. *Wherein I have not so much aimed to follow the phrase or text of the Bible, as I have pressed (without wandring from the verity of the History) to imitate* Homer *in his* Iliades, *and* Virgil *in his* Æneidos, *and others who have left to us workes of such like matter; thereby to render my Worke so much the more delectable. And if the effect hath not answered to my desire, I beseech thee to lay the fault upon her who proposed to mee so meane a* Theame *or Subject, and not on mee who could not honestly disobey. Yet in so much as I am the first in* France *who in a just* Poeme *hath treated in our tongue of sacred things, I hope of thy favour to receive some excuse; seeing that things of so great weight cannot be both perfectly begunne and ended together. If thou neither allow my stile nor workmanship, at least thou shalt be driven to allow the honest pretence and holy desire which I have to see the youth of* France *so holily by mine example exercised.*

I may not forget, that they doe greatly wrong mee, who thinke that in describing the Catastrophe *of this history (truely tragicall) I am become a voluntarie Advocate to these troublesome and seditious spirits, who (for to serve their temerarious passions, and private inspirations) conspire against the lives of placed Princes.*

Princes. For, so much doe I disassent that this example and the like ought to be drawne in consequence, that I am verily perswaded that the act of Ahud, *of* Jael, *and of* Judith (*who under colour of obeisance and pretext of amity laid their revenging hands upon* Æglon, Sisera, *and* Holophernes) *had been worthy of a hundred gallows, a hundred fires, and a hundred wheels, if they had not beene particularly chosen of God to unloose the chains, and breake the bands which retained the* Hebrew *people in more then* Ægyptian *servitude, and expresly called to kill those Tyrants with a death as shamefull as their lives were wicked and abominable. But seeing this question is so diffuse that it cannot be absolved in few words, and that my brain is too weake for so high an enterprise; I send you to those who have spent more oile and time in turning the leaves of the sacred Scriptures, then I have done for the present. It sufficeth mee for the time to admonish the* Reader, *to attempt nothing without a cleare and indubitable vocation of God against those whom hee hath erected above us; and above all things, not to abuse the law of humane hospitalitie, and other holy bands, for to give place to these frentike opinions, so to abolish a pretended tyrannie. I have also to warne thee of two different sorts of men; of the which, one sort is so depraved that they can heare nothing but that which is altogether profane; and the other is so superstitious, that they make conscience not onely to write, but also to reade of holy things in verse, as though the measure and jointure of syllables were so constrained, as it were unpossible to keeep the sense unperverted, or at least not excesstvely obscured. Now if I perceive that this my first assay may be to thee agreeable, I shall continue more gladly my new commenced race, in such sort, that thou shalt not repent thine indulgence, nor I my passed pains. But if contrary fall, in time to come I will beware to lay out my small pack in this ample* Theatre *of* France, *where there are almost as many judgements as beholders. A Dieu.*

GSSDB.

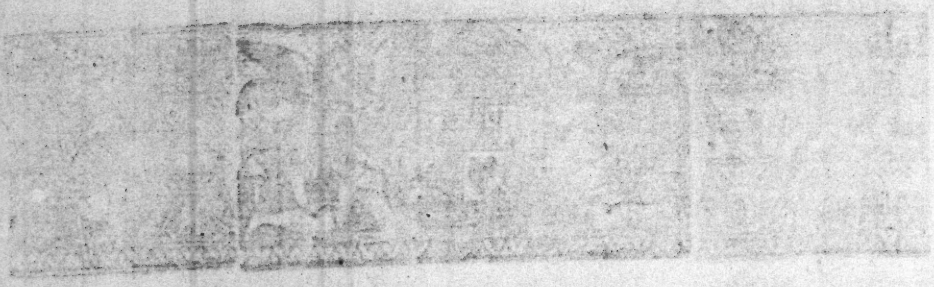
THE ARGUMENT OF THE VVHOLE HISTORY OF *IUDITH.*

AFter that the Children of *Iſrael* were delivered from captivity, and returned to their Land, the City of *Ieruſalem* re-edified, the Temple builded and prepared to the ſervice of the Lord, the multitude of the people being ſcattered in ſundry towns and places of the Land, where they lived in peaceable reſt, the Lord (knowing man to be negligent of God and his ſalvation, chiefly when hee lives at eaſe, and all things frame unto his fraile deſire) to the end that his people ſhould not fall into ſuch an inconvenience, would exerciſe them with a fearefull affliction and temptation, ſending upon their Countrey an Army ſo great in number and puiſſance, that made the whole earth to tremble. This expedition was under the *Perſian Monarch*, named in the hiſtory *Nebuchadnezzar* (which neverthelesſe is not his right name). His chiefe Lievtenant generall and Conductor of the whole Army, was *Holophernes* who (whereſoever hee came) overthrew all religion, permitting none to invocate or acknowledge any other God, but *Nebuchadnezzar*, his Maſter; whom hee enforced to conſtitute and eſtabliſh for the onely God. So entred hee *Iudea* with intent to deſtroy it all: which the people perceiving, and that his power was ſo great that no nation could reſiſt him, and alſo knowing his cruell hatred; were ſore affraid, and almoſt driven to extreme deſperation; ſeeing none other thing preſent before them, but ruine and deſtruction. And this the Lord ſuffered, to ſhow (in time) his worke to be more wonderfull. For the people being humbled, and having called to the Lord for mercie and ſuccour at his hand, hee both heard and ſuccoured them at need. The meane was not through ſtrength and ſtoutneſſe of ſome worthy Captaine; but by the hand of *Iudith*, a tender feeble woman, to the ſhame of this moſt proud and cruell tyrant and all his heathen hoſte. For ſhee cut off his head, put all his campe

campe to flight, deſtroyed his men of Armes, in ſuch wiſe that they fled here and there; and, ſeeking to ſave their lives, left all their tents and baggage. Thus the Lord, by the weake, and thoſe that are not regarded, makes his workes admirable. By one ſelfe meane hee ſaved his owne, and executed his juſtice againſt his enemies. In which wee have to conſider his ſingular providence and goodneſſe, and the care which hee hath in eſpeciall for the faithfull, and all his whole Church. This Hiſtorie is intituled by the name of *Judith*, becauſe it containes the narration of her great vertues, and for that the Lord uſed her as an inſtrument for the deliverance of his people. It is not certaine who was the firſt Author hereof: nevertheleſſe, the reading of it hath beene received in the Church, for the doctrine and utility of the ſame.

THE SUMMARY OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HOlophernes, *Lievtenant generall and chiefe of the Army of* Nebuchadnezzar King *of the Assyrians, was in the field for to subdue divers people, and amongst others the Jewes. All the Nation is seazed with great feare, for the cruelties committed by the enemy. Then, as it fals out in bruits of war, all the whole people were troubled: some saving themselves in corners for feare, others attending (in great perplexity) some sad and tragicall end: the last sort cals upon God. This while* Joachim *the chiefe Priest governed the people: hee by his letters and expresse commandement recals those that were fled and scattered, and made them returne to Jerusalem: where, in presence of the Levits, he made sacrifice and earnest prayer unto God to withdraw his ire, and to be mercifull to his people: which done, hee enters in counsell, and requires his Princes to consult upon the cause, and consider what is most expedient, and to prefer the love of Gods law and the countrey, before all private things: the first that gain-stands this exhortation is an hypocrite, and favourer of the enemy, who gives counsell to render them to* Holophernes, *calling him a Prince gratious to those that applaud to him, and invincible in battell to those that dare resist him. But the second Lord replying zealously againe, detecteth his false hypocrisie and careless security, exposing the people to the mercy of a barbarous godless enemy, before the duty they ought to their God and their countrey, and to establish in place of the true God, a wicked* Nimrod, *consummate in all impiety and wickednesse, to abolish all vertue and godlinesse: For he proves that if the Nation should be rooted out for the right religion, God should be more honoured in the death of the Jewes, then in their lives; and that it is more worthy to dye Hebrews, then to live Infidels; and freemen, then slaves: Shortly, that they ought to prefer honour and duty before feare and a vaine hope to prolong their dolefull daies. This reply encouraged all the assistants: whereof* Joachim *gave thanks to God, and (resolving himselfe upon a just defence for the conservation of the service of God, and the freedome of his Nation, and the lives of the innocent against this villanous invasion) wisely departed the Regiments of Towns to persons convenient, who past to their assigned places, each one preparing according to their power unto the war with courage, paine and diligence.*



THE SUMMARY
OF THE FIRST
BOOK

THE FIRST BOOKE OF JUDITH.

I ſing the vertues of a valiant Dame,
Who (in defence of *Jacob*) overcame
Th' *Aſſyrian* Prince, and ſlew that *Pagan* ſtout
Who had beſet *Bethulia* wals about.
O thou, who kept thine *Iſaac* from the thrall
Of infidels, and ſteeld the courage ſmall
Of feeble *Judith*, with a manly ſtrength;
With ſacred furie fill my heart at length:
And, with thy *Holy* ſpirit, my ſpirit inſpire,
For matter ſo divine. Lord, I require
No humain ſtile; but that the Reader may
Great profit reape, I joy, Thou, praiſe alway.

Propoſition and ſumme of this work.

Invocation of the true God.

And ſince in vulgar verſe I preaſe to ſing
This godly Poeme to a Chriſtian King,
To him whom God in goodneſſe hath erect
For princely Pillar, to his owne elect:
For lawfull Lord, to raign with truth and right:
For loveſome Laurer, to the vertuous wight:
Him (I beſeech) this travell to defend,
That to his pleaſure I the ſame may end.

Dedication of the Author altered by the Tranſlator.

WHen *Iſr'el* was in quiet reſt and peace,
And fruitfully the ground gave her encreaſe,
Which ſeaventy year untilled lay beforne.
And nothing bare but thiſtle, weed and thorne;
It pleaſed God (upon his juſt correction)
T' awake his owne, that were of his election;
Leſt that the longſom peace ſhould them withhold
And dull their ſpirits, as doth the warriour bold,
Who ſpoiles his horſe with pampring in the ſtable,
That makes him for the manaige more unable:
Hee ſpred their land with bands of enemies ſtout,
Whoſe clouds of ſhot bedim'd their land about.
Their *Hoaſt*, with arrowes, pikes, & ſtandards ſtood
As briſtle-pointed, as a thornie wood.
Their multitude of men, the rivers dri'd,
Which throw the wealthy *Juda* ſweet did ſlide;
So that ſloud *Jordane* finding dry his bank,
For ſhame he bluſht, and down his head he ſhrank,
For wo that hee his credit could not keep,
To ſend one wave, for tribute to the deep.
Scarce had the Harveſt-man, with hook in hand,
Diſpoyl'd the fruit and let the ſtubble ſtand:
Scarce had the hungry Gleaner put in binde
The ſcattered grain, the Shearer left behinde:
And ſcarce the flapping flaile began to threſh,
When unto *Jacob*, newes was brought afreſh,
That *Holophern* his frontiers did invade,
And paſt all Rivers, ſtraits, and murders made
So vile, that none he left, that drew the breath;
But old, and young hee put to ſodaine death:
The ſucking babes upon their Mothers knee,
His cruell cut-throats made them all to die.

The Army of Holophernes.

Then like a flocke of sheep, that doth behold
A Wolfe come from the wood upon their fold,
Shapes no defence, but runs athwart the lands,
And shortly makes of one, a hundreth bands:
The Hebrews. So *Isaac's* sons, in dreading for to feel
This tyrant, who pursued them at the heel,
Dissundring fled, and sought their lives to save
In hils, and dales, and every desart cave.
The shepheard of his flocke had now no care:
Fear of the enemie. But, fearing death, fled to some mountaine bare.
The Crafts-man now his lumes away hath layd:
The Merchant left his traffique and his trade,
To hide himselfe more safely in a vault
Then in a Rampier, to sustain th'assault.
The Lords esteem'd themselves in surer hold
In Dens of Beasts, then castles gilt with gold.
Fear lent the wings for aged folke to flie,
And made them mount to places that were hie.
Feare made the wofull women for to beare
Their cradles sweet to hils that highest were:
Fear made the wofull childe to waile and weep,
For want of speed, on foot and hand to creep:
All-where was nothing heard but hideous cries
And piteous plaints that did the hearts agrise.
O Lord (said they) wilt thou still, day by day,
Affliction causeth Prayer. The arrowes of thine anger never stay?
Wilt thou that *Chalde* conquer us againe?
Shall *Juda* yet the *Heathen* yoke sustain?
Wilt thou againe that they make every towne,
But stony heaps of houses castен down?
Againe shall sacrilegious fire devoure
Thy holy house where wee doe thee adore?
Then *Joachim* the Priest of God most hie,
Who over *Juda* then had chiefe degrie,
Stood like a Pylot stout in tempest great,
Who seeing winde and weather for to threat,
Yet to his matter, his fear no terrour drawes,
Nor leaves his ship unto the wrackfull waves:
But, with disguising fear, his face up casts,
And stoutly doth gainstand the balefull blasts:
Right so this prudent prelate sent, in haste,
Two hundred men to passe where men were plac't
In places strong, and thence commanded them
For to repaire unto *Jerusalem*.
Now since th' Eternall did reveale his will,
Upon the sacred top of *Syna* hill,
The Arke of God which wisedome more did hold,
In Tables two, then all the *Greeks* have told;
And more then ever *Rome* could comprehend,
In huge of learned books that they ypend:
1. Sam 4. 2. Sam. 6. Long wãdred it through tribes, through kin & kin,
And found no certain place of resting in.
Yea, somtime it the shamefull spoyl hath been
To sacrilegious hands of *Palestine*,
Jerusalem Untill that time, that *Jesues* holy race,
For ever lodged it in *Jebus* place.
But, for that *Davids* hands with bloud were fild,
Through infinites of humains hee had kild;
The king of peace would have a king of rest
2. Sam. 7. To build his *Temple* far above the best:
His house, whose front upreard so high and eaven,
That lightlied earth, & seem'd to threat the heav'n,
Nabuchadnezzar. Untill that wicked time a tyrant vile,
Of name and deed that bare the semble stile,
That did this king, that building brave he wrackt,
And to the sacred ground all whole it sackt.
Yet when long after, *Abrahams* holy race,
Of *Tyger* banks had left the captive place, Ezr. 6.
Which combers great they reedifi'd with paine,
That most renowned house of God againe.
Which though unto the first it seem'd as small,
As to a Princes house a shepheards hall:
And though the hugenesse were not as it was,
Yet sure the height and beauty did surpasse
And overseil'd the famous worke of *Pharie*,
Ephesus Temple, and the tomb of *Carie*,
The *Rhodian Colosse*, and the *Caldean* wall,
That *Semirame* set up with tourrets tall.
Also the wondrous work of this same Temple
Might serve a *Cresiphon* for his exemple:
Lysippus eke to carve by square and line,
Or guide *Apelles* pensile most divine.
Here in this place, all *Isr'el* most devout,
Withdrew themselves to *Salem* round about;
As when the Heav'n his sluces opens wide,
And makes the flouds upon the ground to glide,
The brooks that break adoun from divers hils
With course impetuous till one deep distils.
Amongst the Dames, that there devoutest were,
The holy *Judith* fairest did appear:
Like *Phœbus* that above the stars doth shine:
It seem'd that shee was made on mould divine.
This primate then assisted with the kin
Of great *Eleazer* (priests whose head and chin
Was never shav'n) devoutly on hee preast:
A pearled Myter on his balmed creast,
And with a holy Ald, with garnets spred,
And golden Bels, his sacred body cled:
And slew, and burnt, the bulks (as was the guise)
Of many a kid, and calfe for sacrifice:
And with their bloud, the Altars hornes hee dyed,
And praying thus, to God immortall cryed:
A prayer. "O Lord of Hostes, wee come not unto thee,
" To weigh our merits with thy majestie:
" Nor to protest before thy heavenly might,
" That sackлesly, thy scourge doth on us light:
" But rather wee confesse (as true it is)
" Our sins have justly merit more then this.
" But Lord, if thou thy covenant would forget,
" Which thou with *Abraham* made, and so wilt set
" For mercy great, thy justice most severe,
" Thou should a greater plague upon us rear.
" Change then our processe from thy justice seat,
" And save us at thy throne of mercy great.
" Forgive us Lord, and hold far from us all,
" These plagues, that on our heads are like to fall.
Alas, what helpeth us thy heavie stroke,
To binde our necks to such a servile yoke,
Wherewith the *Assyrian* tyrants long have grived
Thine *Isaac* till their bondage thou relieved;
If so this native ground that new is tild,
If so these hostries new with folke refilld,
If so (alas) our chaste and modest Dames,
Our infants young, our Virgins good of fames,
Should be a prey to *Ammon*, and to *Perse*,
To *Calde*, and the mutine *Parthian* fierce;
If that wee see this Altar made profane,
And witches it abuse with Idols vaine:

Yet

Yet Lord if thou no pity on us take,
At leaſt great God, do (for thy glories ſake)
Have pity on this holy building now,
Where not a God hath ſacrifice, but thou:
Where not a God but thou haſt reſidence,
To feel the ſavour ſweet of frankincenſe.
Hold back (O Lord) the *Caldean* creſſets bright
From theſe rich *Cedar* vaults of ſtately hight,
Preſerve theſe veſſels, ornaments of gold,
From ſacrilegious hands of neighbours bold:
And let the bloud of beaſts before thy face,
Thy juſtice ſtay, and grant thy ſervants grace.
This prayer done, the people went their way.
Then *Joachim* conven'd, that preſent day,
The Princes of all *Juda*, and them praid,
'Gainſt this miſchiefe for counſell, and thus ſaid:
Companions, if your former zeal remaine:
If ardent love to God yee ſtill retaine:
If wife, or childe, may cauſe your care to love,
Which ſhould the Centers of your ſenſes move:
If in your breaſts a noble heart doth bide,
Let deed bear witneſſe at this wofull tide.
For, ſaving God and your foreſight, in deed
'Tis done 'tis done with us, and all our ſeed:
And after this, th' *Immortall* ſhall not ſee
This altar fume before his majeſtie.
When th' *Air* is calme, and ſtill, as dead and deafe,
Compa-riſon. And under Heav'n quakes not an aſpin leafe;
When Seas are calme, and thouſand veſſels fleet
Upon the ſleeping ſeas with paſſage ſweet,
And when the variant winde is ſtill and lowne,
The cunning Pylot never can be knowne.
But when the cruell ſtorm doth threat the Bark
To drown in deeps of pits infernall dark:
While toſſing tears both ruther, maſt, and ſail:
While mounting ſeems the Azur ſky to ſcaile:
While drives perforce upon ſome deadly ſhore,
There is the Pylot known, and not before.
Alas, I pray you then what care and ſtrifes
Have we to keep our honours, goods, and lifes?
Forget not then the care of this ſame place,
Your Countreys weale, Gods glory and his grace:
But humbly give your ſelves into the hand
Of God moſt high, and with a holy brand
" Repurge your ſpirits from every hateſull ſin,
" Which cauſeth God his Juſtice to begin:
And ſee what may to God be agreeable,
For *Jacobs* weal, and for you profitable.
This ſaid, an ancient traytor, from his youth,
Who foſtred gall in heart, with hony in mouth,
Enforcing from his eyes ſome fained tear
(To cloak his malice) ſpake as yee ſhall hear:
The exer-tion of a ſkrill world-ling. My tongue me fails, my hair for dread up-ſtarts,
My heavie ſpirit from penſive corps departs,
When I bethink mee of yone tyrant ſtout,
Who hath bedrownd the world with bloud about,
Approaching threats our towns with fiery flames,
Our ſelves with death, diſhonour to our Dames:
Yet when I call to minde the curtſie great,
That this great Lord doth uſe, who doth intreat
Not onely thoſe that beſtiall are become,
And have their hope in brutall Idols dumbe,
But even to zealous folke, who doe embrace
The faith, and law (like us) of *Abrams* race:
Who, being well adviſ'd, did humbly ſue
His pardon, and eſcap't his vengeance due;
Then thanke I God, who ſends us ſuch a foe,
As plagues the proud, and lets the humble goe:
For wee aſſoone ſhall vanquiſh him with tears,
As will be long to wrack him with our wears.
Then whil'ſt wee may have choice in either ſtate,
Of peace or wars, his favour or his hate;
Let us not follow (ſeeing skath at hand)
The folly of our Fathers to gain-ſtand:
But rather let us bear another ſaile,
And ſerve his king as beſt for our availe.
But think not yet, that I this counſell give
For craft, or warrant for my ſelfe to live;
For I have els my dayes ſo neerly ſpent,
That for to dye I could be well content.
Th' *Aſſyrian* need not in my breſt to ſtrike
His feathered Dart, nor yet his trembling pike:
Yea, if my youth to mee ſhould eft returne,
And make my youthly bloud within me burne,
So honour I my God, and countrey dear,
That for to die for them, I would not fear,
As *Samſon* did, if ſo my death might yeeld
The victory of the *Vizroy*, and the field.
But moſt I feare, leſt wee, with curious zeale,
Fight for the law, yet fight againſt her weale,
Againſt our ſelves, to bring ſo great a wrack,
That proud, and cruell tyrants ſhall us ſack,
And grow in pride (ſuppreſſing *Judas* ſtrength)
For to contemn the glory of God at length.
For, *Iſrael* being loſt, who ſhall enſue,
To render here to God devotions due?
What people ſparſed on this earthly ball
From *Indian* ſhore to where the Sun doth fall,
Or from the Climate of the Northren blaſt,
Unto that place where ſummer ay doth laſt;
Hath God elect, ſave *Iſrael* for his owne
Upon his Hill to have his glory ſhowne?
At this the valiant *Cambris* of renowne,
With righteous rage grew pale and 'gan to frowne,
And brake the ſilence with a vehement ſtile,
His courage mov'd the Princes all the while.
Nay rather where I ſtand let ope the ground,
(Quoth hee) to ſwallow mee in pit profound:
Yea, rather righteous Heav'n let fiery blaſt
Light on my head that thou on *Sodom* caſt,
Ere I my malice cloake or overſile,
In giving *Iſaac* ſuch a counſell vile.
For, if the Leader of this folk profane
Upon our bodies onely ſought to raigne,
Although that wee have dearly bought alway
Our freedom from our firſt maternall day
(Which dearer is then gold for to be kept)
I would aſſent the holy Church except;
But ſince more pride this tyrants heart enroules
To lay a greater burden on our ſoules,
Who are the vaſſals of that onely King,
That Thunder ſends and ſcepters down doth thring;
'Should wee forget him who made us of nought,
'More then all wõdrous things that he hath wrought
Who treats and loves us like our Father and King,
Still under ſhadowes of his wondrous wing?
Will hee that wee receive a Prince ambitious?
For God, a gods contemner, *Nimrod* vitious?

Whose beastly life is of so vile a fame,
That of a man hee merits not the name?
Goe to, goe to, let men for men assay
With sword and shot to deale it as wee may:
The victory lies not in mortall hands,
Nor barbed horse, nor force of armed bands.
These are but second instruments of God;
Who, as him list, may send them even or od.
But if our soveraigne God wils such annoy;
That folke uncircumcis'd our land destroy,
Because wee him offend while wee have breath;
Alas, yet honour, honour him in death,
And, if wee lose and all be overcome,
Let patience winne the glory of martyrdome.
For sooth, though *Assurs* souldiers brave and bold
Extinguish quite the race of *Isaac* old,
Yet shall they not deface the living Lord,
As these *Apostats* falsly doe afford.
For hee, who peopled first this world so round,
But with one man, from whom the rest abound;
And who long after, in an arke of wood,
Repair'd the waste, made by the generall floud;
May hee not eke transforme the hardned stone,
To people who will honour him alone?
And may not hee doe now, as hee hath done,
Who gave to *Abrams* barren wife a sonne?
Them giving Children moe, then in the Heaven
Are starry Circles, light as fiery leaven: (Rack)
And moe, then Northern winds (that drive the
Of *Cyrene* sands in number can compack;
Who will observe his law, an hundreth fold
More zealously then wee, who should it hold.
'Then, fathers chuse you wars: for better tels,
'To lose like *Jewes*, then win like infidels.
'Let not the greede of gaine your hearts attame,
'To leave the right: preferre not fear to shame.
Scarce ended was th' Oration of this Lord,
When all the Princes (with a sound accord)
By word and deed confirm'd his good advice.
The chief Priest, gladdest of this enterprise,
Unto the Heav'n held up his hands and face,
And said, I thank the Lord, who of his grace
'Conjoynes no lesse our wils, then bolds our hearts:
'A sure presage that God is on our parts.
This done unto his Princes hee divides
The tribes and towns, and ordains them for guides;
For feare least some of them led with ambition
In *Israel* might stir-up some sedition.
So they withdrew, and stourly did provide,
This furious storme of *Mars* for to abide.

Then as yee see somtime the hony Bees (Comparison.)
Exerce themselves on buds of sweetest trees,
Where they somtime assault the buzzing waspe,
That comes too neer, their flowers away to claspe;
Or when they hony draw from smelling Thyme,
Or from the Palme, or Roses of the prime:
And how they draw their wax with wondrous art,
Observing jointure just in every part,
Both up and down they build ten thousand shops,
With equall space fulfil'd up to the tops:
Or where the master Bee of thousand bands,
Conducts the rest in legions through the lands,
Who daily keeps within their Cities wall,
Their house, their work, their lawes & manners all:
So thus the sons of *Jacob* ply'd their paine,
With hot desire their quarrell to sustaine.
Some built the breaches of their broken town, (Preparation of defence.)
That Heav'n, and *Panim* ire had casten down.
Some other found a cautell, 'gainst the Ramme,
To save the wall unbroken, where it came.
Thus *Jacobs* towns on all sides had their flanks,
With *Gabions* strong, with bulwarks & with banks:
Some others busie went and came in routs
To terrace towers, some under baskets lours:
Some others also, wanting time and might
To strength their towns, yet us'd all kind of slight,
To dig up ditches deep, for cisterns good,
To draw to them the best and neerest floud.
While th' Armorers with hammers hard & great
On stithies strong the sturdy steel doe beat,
And make thereof a corslet or a jacke,
Somtime a helm, somtime a mace doe make,
While shepheards they enarme unus'd to danger,
While simple birds & while the wandring stranger;
The tilling Culter then a speare was made,
The crooked Sithe became an evened blade:
The people food forgets, no ease they take,
Some on a horse, some on his proper backe,
Some on a Cart, some on a Camel bears
Corne, wine, and flesh, to serve for many years;
As done these *Emets*, that in summer tide,
Comes out in swarms their houses to provide: (Comparison.)
In harvest time (their toyle may best be seen
In paths where they their carriage bring between)
Their youth they send to gather-in the store:
Their sick and old at home doe keep the score,
And over graines great they take the charge,
Oft turning corne within a chamber large
(When it is dight) lest it doth sprout or seed,
Or come againe, or Weevels in it breed.

FINIS.

THE SUMMARY OF THE SECOND BOOKE.

WEe have heard before, how the people of God used all diligence to maintaine the libertie of Gods true Religion and their Countrey. Now is set forth the extreme pride of Holophernes, *who thought with one word to overthrow them all. But to make himselfe some pastime, hee assembleth his Counsell to understand of them what people they were that inhabited the Mountaines in the frontiers of* Judæa, *that durst make him resistance. Upon this hee is enformed by the mouth of one of his chiefe Captaines, of that which hee looked not for: to wit, a discourse of the History of the* Jewes, *from the time of* Abrahams *comming out of Caldea to enter into the land of Promise, unto their deliverance from the Captivity of Babylon, following the order of the times quoted by the holy Scriptures, with the praises of the providence of almighty God, in defending of his Church, and a sharp threatning to those that dare presume to disquiet the same. The chiefe Counsellors of the Heathen hearing this, became more cruell, incensing their Generall to murder this Captaine. But* Holophernes *with vaine ambition deferreth their bloudie request: and, after that hee had outraged him in words, hee further blasphemeth the living Lord. And lastly caused him to be bound hand and foot, and so carried neere to the City of Bethulia: where hee is by the besieged Souldiers brought into the City, and there declareth his case; exhorting them to continue constant to God and their Countrey, and promiseth his assistance to his lives end.*

THE SECOND BOOKE OF JUDITH.

NOw *Holophern* in *Scithique* Rampier stood,
With stādards pight of youthly heathen bloud,
Of nothing thinking lesse, then war and fight,
But in devising pastime day and night:
Till hee was war, that *Jacob* would advance,
Against his *Panim* force and arrogance.
A pack of what? a pack of countrey clowns
(Quoth *Holophern*) that them to battell bownes,
With beggers, bolts, and levers to arrest
My warries strong; with whom I have suppreſt
Both *Tygris* swift and fair *Euphrates* streams,
With frosty *Taurus*, and Rock *Nipatheans*.
Are they not wrackt? yee Chiefs of *Moabites*,
And valiant *Ephrem*, yee strong *Ammonites*:
Yee that, as neighbours, know this folke of old,
That scattered thus, doe all these Mountains hold:
Tell mee what men are they, of what off-spring,
What is their force, their customs and their King?
'For, wise is hee that wots with whom hee plaies,
'And halfe is victor, as the Proverb sayes.
The Lord of *Ammon* then with reverence due,
Right wisely, spake the Duke; and yet, for true,
Hee was a *Panim* both of faith, and kinde:
But so (with fained tongue) hee spake his mind,
And all the *Hebrews* acts discourst so well,
That *Esdr'* and *Moses* seem'd in him to dwell,
As did that sprite that made the Prophet blesse
The *Israelites*, whom *Balac* did addresse
To curse them all, and wage his covetous tongue, Num. 23.
Which spake contrary that hee would have song:
So please it you my Lord I shall discry
The story of *Isr'el*: yet, so doing, I

Am

Am like the modeſt Bee, that takes but ſmall
Of every flower, though ſhee have choice of all:
For where ſhee liſt, the ſweeteſt off ſhee crops.
These people that yee ſee on mountain tops,
A briefe diſcourſe of the eſtate of the Jews.
Encamped in theſe crags, are of the line
Of *Abraham*; who (ſerving God divine,
That mighty God of gods who create all,
And firmly knit and built this mighty ball)
Gen. 12. Came to this Land that then was tild and ſown,
And by the name of wealthy *Canaan* knowne:
Where onely God his wealth did multiply,
In goods, and ſilver, gold, and family.
And when of age hee was an hundred year,
His wife eke barren, never childe did bear;
God gave them *Iſaac*, ſwearing that his ſeed
Should many Scepters rule, and Land beſpreed:
But, when that holy *Abraham* was old,
And hoped well the promiſe made ſhould hold
(O piteous caſe) *Th' immortall* voyce him ſpake,
Gen. 22. And bad him ſacrifice his ſonne *Iſaac*.
Then like a ſhip between two windes beſet,
Upon the raging Sea on both ſides bet,
In doubtſom fear, ne wots what way to keep,
Leſt one of them confound her in the deep:
Makes cloſe her ports, and ſlides on *Neptunes* back;
At pleaſure of the boyſterous windes to wrack:
So felt this *Hebrew*, in his heart to fight
Both love, and duty, reaſon, faith, and right.
Nor wiſt hee way to take: his troubled ſoule,
From this to that, continually did roule,
Untill the time, his heav'nly fear and love
His naturall earthly pitie did remove.
Then having built the fire and all, anone
His ſonne hee layd upon the ſacred ſtone,
And with a trembling hand the curtlaſſe drew,
With heav'd-up arm the ſtroke for to enſue;
When, lo, th' Eternall ſtaid the balefull knife,
And down it fell, and ſpar'd the guiltleſſe life.
Then God content to have ſo great aſſay
Of *Abrams* faith, defended him alway.
Of *Iſaac*, *Jacob* came, and *Jacob* than
Of valiant ſons had twelve in *Canaan*,
Who (forc't by famine) fled to *Egypt* Land:
Where for a while, their dwelling good they fand:
And grew ſo great in number, that they were
A fear to thoſe that had them harbour'd there.
And though th' *Egyptians* daily them oppreſt,
Exod. 1. And burthens on their ſweating backs were dreſt:
Yet like the valiant *Palme* they did ſuſtaine
Their peiſant weight, redreſſing up againe.
This mov'd King *Pharo* to command through all
Great *Nilus* Land, where raine doth never fall,
Hee bad his folke ſhould ſlay (whereſo they came)
All children males, the ſeed of *Abraham*;
Aſſoon as they from mothers wombes were free,
Their day of birth ſhould be their day to die.
Exclamation. O cruell *Tyger*, think'ſt thou that this deed,
Of *Iſaac* may cut off th' immortall ſeed?
Well may it ſtay the ſucklings for to live,
And kill th' accuſtom'd fruit that heaven doth give:
But, ſpite of this, men *Jacobs* ſeed ſhall ſee
In flouring ſtate to rule all *Canaanee*:
The firſt of every houſe ſhall feel the hand
And wrath of God againſt this law to ſtand.

It fortun'd *Pharo*'s daughter with her traine
Of Ladies faire, to play them on the Plaine,
Upon the ſhore where *Goſſan* floud doth ſlide:
Where, after many paſtimes they had tride,
Shee hears an Infant weep amongſt the reeds.
Then, judging it for one of *Iſaacs* ſeeds,
As ſo it was (yet, with *Paternall* feare)
Againſt his piteous plaint ſhee clos'd her eare:
But after, viewing in that Infants face
I know not what of favour and of grace,
Which did preſage his greatneſſe to enſue;
Love vanquiſht law, and pity dread withdrew.
So from the floud not onely ſhe him caught,
But curiouſly ſhee cauſ'd him to be taught,
As her owne ſon. O ſon elect of God,
Admiration. That once ſhall rule the people with thy rod,
Thou haſt not found a ſervant for thy mother,
But even a Queen to nurſe thee, and none other.
" Now ſee how God, alwayes for his elect,
Note. " Of wicked things can draw a good effect:
" His providence hath made a wicked thing,
" Unto his owne, great profit for to bring.
" When *Joſephs* brether ſold him like a ſlave,
Gen. 41. " Hee after came a kingly place to have.
" Of *Haman* proud the darke envious hate
Eſth. " Brought *Mardoche* the juſt to great eſtate:
" For, where his enemy ſought his ſhamefull end,
" The ſame unto the worker he did ſend.
This *Hebrew Moſes*, once as hee did keep,
On *Horeb* mount his father *Jethro*'s ſheep,
Father in Law. Hee ſaw a fearfull ſight, a flaming fire
Encloſe a thorny buſh whole and entire:
From whence a mighty voyce unto him ſpake,
Which made the ground betweene the *Poles* to ſhake:
I am that One is, was, and ay *ſhall* be,
Exod. 3. Who create all of nought, as pleaſeth mee.
I can deſtroy, I am the great and juſt,
The faire, the good, the *Holy* one to truſt,
Whoſe ſtrong right hand this world hath ſet in frame.
I am th' *Almighty God of Abraham*:
I plague my foes, and grant my ſervants grace,
All thoſe that knowledge mee, and all their race.
Then follow thou my will and quickly goe
From mee, to that profane King *Pharao*,
Who holds the towrs of *Memphis* and the field,
Of *Nilus* ſhore, that rich encreaſe doth yeeld;
And bid him let my people freely goe:
But, if with hardned heart, hee will not ſo,
Stretch out thy ſtaffe for to confirme thy charge,
And it ſhall turne into a *Serpent* large.
And this hee ſhortly did, the thing to prove:
It quickned, lo, and on the ground 'gan move.
(O miracle) hee ſaw without all faile,
It grew a *Serpent* fell with head and taile:
Which crangling crept, and ran from trod to trod
In many a knot, till time the almighty God
Commanded him the ſame for to retaine,
Which to the former ſhape return'd againe.
Thus filing humain ſight, it changed form;
One while a Rod, one while a creeping Worm.
Then armed with his ſtaffe, the Lord him ſent,
The proud idolatrous Princes to torment.
Hee, in the name of God, full oft did pray
The King, to let the *Hebrews* goe their way

Unto

Unto the Deſart, where hee did deviſe,
To offer God a pleaſant ſacrifice.
But *Pharo* clos'd his eare againſt the Lord,
And to his holy word would not accord.
Then God th' Eternall wrought by *Moſes* hand,
Exod. 4. T' approve his word, great wonders in that Land.
Exod. 7. For hee not onely Rivers turn'd to bloud:
But alſo all the heads of *Nilus* floud:
(Which watereth wealthy *Egypt* with his ſources)
Was turn'd to bloud amid their ſilver courſes:
So that the King himſelfe, his life to feed,
Was faine to uſe ſuch water for his need.
Exod. 8. This *Moſes* made the frogs in millions creep,
From flouds and ponds & craule from ditches deep;
Exod. 9. Who cled all *Miſraim* with their filthy fry,
Even on the King and all his family.
To young and old of either Sex that while,
He ſent a plague of ſcalding botches vile:
So that the *Memphites*, laid on beds to reſt,
With uncouth venim daily were oppreſt.
To *Medicners*, the med'cine vailed not;
So ſore the poiſond plague did undercot.
Hee alſo ſmote the forreſts, herbs, and graſſe,
The flocks of ſheep and every beaſt that was:
Through poyſon of th' infected ground ſo fell,
The Morrain made them all to dye or ſwell:
So that the Shepheard, by the river ſide,
His flock hath rather dead then ſick eſpide.
Hee, earthly duſt to lothly lice did change,
And dim'd the Aire, with ſuch a cloud ſo ſtrange
Exod. 10. Of flies, graſhoppers, hornets, clegs and clocks,
That day and night through houſes flew in flocks,
That with incitions ſharp did ſheare the skins
Of *Egypt Panims*, through their proudeſt innes.
And when the Heaven moſt quiet ſeemd & fair,
Th' Eternall ſent a tempeſt through the aire,
And (at this *Hebrew's* prayer) ſuch a reare
Of thunder fell, that brought them all in feare.
Here lay a Bull, that woodran while he braſt:
There lay the Keeper, burnt with thunder blaſt:
And now the forreſt high, that hid the air
With many a ſpreading arme, is ſpoyld and bare:
So that the ſap that grafters keep with paine,
Which ſhould reſtore the ſtock, and leafe again,
Is loſt (alas) in leſſe then halfe a day,
The husbands hoped fruit gone to decay.
What more? th' Eternall darkned ſo the ſky,
For three dayes ſpace none could another ſpy:
That cloud, ſo thick, the *Memphis* rebels fand,
That they might firmly feel it with their hand:
It ſeem'd that *Phœbus* left his ancient Round
And dwelt three dayes with men of underground.
" And as the Sun at one ſelfe time is felt,
" With heat to harden clay, and wax to melt:
" So *Amrams* ſacred ſon, in theſe projects,
" Made one ſelfe cauſe, have two contrair effects.
" For *Iſaac* humbly knew the Lord divine:
" But *Pharo*, more and more, did ſtill repine;
" Like to the corpſlet colde, the more 'tis bet
" With hammers hard, more hardneſſe it doth get.
Exod. 11. Heir. Yet when his ſon was ſlaine by th' *Angels* hand,
Amongſt the eldeſt heirs of *Egypt land*;
Hee was afraid, and let them goe that night,
Where pleaſed them to ſerve their God of might:
Who ſent a cloud before them all the day,
By night a Pillar of fire to guide their way.
But ſuddenly this tyrant did gain-ſtand
His former grant, and arm'd all *Egypt* Land
With hot purſure againſt all *Jacobs* hoaſt,
That were encamped on the Red-ſea coaſt.
Such noyſe was never, ſince the forrain tide
Brake through *Gibralter*, when it did divide
The *Calp*, from *Abill*, or when *Sicill* ſtrand
Divorced was from her *Italia* Land;
As was in theſe two camps: that one, with boaſt;
That other with their wailings fild the coaſt:
It ſeem'd the ſounds of furious horſe and men,
With hornes and pypes, to Heav'n reſounded then.
O Jugler, ſaid the *Jews*, what hatefull ſtrife
Exod. 14. They murmur. Hath moved thee to change our happy life?
What? are wee fiſhes, for to ſwim the ſeas?
Or are wee fowles, to fly whereas we pleaſe,
Beyond the Sea? or over hils to ſoar?
Were there not graves for us on *Goſſen* ſhore;
But, in this deſart here to die, or have
The bloud-red *Ocean* Sea, to be our grave?
Then *Moſes*, with his quickned rod, that tide,
Hee ſmote the Sea, which (fearfull) did divide;
Diſcovering land that Sun had never ſeen,
And ſtaid the Sea, as there two wals had been:
Which made a paſſage dry of ample ſpace,
For all to paſſe who were of *Iſaacs* race:
But contrary the Red-ſea did devoure
The barbrous tyrant with his mighty power,
Who proudly durſt himſelfe to that preſent,
Which opened but to ſave the innocent.
O happy race, ſince God doth arm for thee,
Both fire and aire, the windes, the clouds and ſea,
(Which all unto thy pay have whole inclinde)
Let not conſuming time weare out of minde
So rare a grace; but let thine elders ſhew
This to their noble ſeed that ſhall enſue:
And let their ſons, unto their ſons record
Through all the world theſe wonders of the Lord.
Exod. 16. God, with Celeſtiall bread (in time of need)
His loved *Jacob* forty years did feed:
And gave them water from the ſolid ſtone,
Which of it ſelfe had never moiſture none.
Their caps, their coats, & ſhooes, that they did wear,
God kept all freſh and new full forty year.
And farther, leſt their ſoules, for want of food,
Should faint or faile; hee, of his mercies good,
Gave them his Law, pronounced by his voyce,
Exod. 20. His ſpirit to theirs, in him for to rejoyce:
So teaching them, and us in precepts ten,
Our duty firſt to God, and next to men;
To th' end that man to man ſhould truly ſtand,
And joyne with God, and never break that band.
Joſuah. This mighty Prophet dead: Duke *Joſua* than,
Their Capraine ſtout, this *Palmy* province wan:
Through might of God, hee Scepters did ſubdue
Of thirty tyrant Kings, whom all hee ſlew.
At his commandment like the thunder ſound,
The Rampers ſtrong fell fearefully to ground,
Before the *Tortuſe*, or the horned Ramme,
Had bet, or myned, from their wall a dramme:
For, even of hornes, full hoarſe, their ſimple blaſt
An engine was, their towers adown to caſt.

Hee

Hee pray'd the Heav'n for to prolong the day,
And made the horſes of the Sun to ſtay;
To th' end, the night ſhould not with cloud be cled
To ſave the faithleſſe that before him fled.
Now when this *Panim* ſcourge (with age at laſt)
Had left this life, and unto Heaven paſt;
Then *Iſaac* had of Rulers ſundry men,
Whoſe glorious acts deſerve eternall pen.
Who knowes not *Samgar*, *Baruc*, and *Othoniel*?
Iudges. The valiant *Delbor*, *Ahud* and good *Samuel*?
What Land (O *Sampſon*) rings not thy renown,
Who ſole, unarmed, bet an Army down?
What laud to *Jephthe* juſtly might we 'low,
Had hee not hurt his own through haſty vow?
What hill or dale, what flould or fixed ground,
Doth not the famous *Gedeons* praiſe reſound?
In later time, their Kings, ſome good, ſome bad,
Of all the *Hebrew* ſtate they ruling had.
Had I the Harpe of *David* (holy King)
None other ſound but *David* would I ſing.
But, even as all the deeds that *David* did,
Could not be done by none, but by *David*:
So none but *David*, on his yv'rie harp,
The glorious praiſe of God could onely carp.
But, here, his praiſe I preaſe not to proclaime,
Leſt I through want of skill obſcure the ſame:
Salomon. Yet leave I not his Son, whom grace divine
Made no leſſe rich, then wondrous of ingine:
Whoſe doctrine drew to *Salem* from all where,
A hundred thouſand wyzards him to heare:
From *Araby*, from *Inde*, to *Affrik* ſhore,
His tongue entic'd them with his cunning lore.
Iosias. Shall I forget the King, who overthrew
Idolatrie, and plac't religion dew?
Ezechiah. Ierusalem. Shall I forget that King, who ſaw deſcend
A winged *Hoaſt*, *Solyma* to defend?
Asa. Shall I forget him, who before his een,
Enchaſt the bands of *Chus* on *Gerar* Green?
Iosaphat. Shall I forget him, who preparing fight
'Gainſt *Ammon*, *Seir*, and *Moabs* Idoll might,
Saw each of their three hoaſts on others fall,
And with themſelves their ſelves diſcomfit all?
Yet, for their ſins God gave them in the hands
Of *Calde* Kings, who conquered all their Lands:
And took King *Zedekee*, and made an end
Of that impire; till God did *Cyrus* ſend,
Who ſet them free, and gave them of his grace
Two rulers of their owne. And now this place
Is kept by ſacred *Joachim*, whoſe powers
Conſiſts not onely within *Sions* towers;
But, *Edom*, *Sidon*, *Moab*, and wee all
Do know his ſtrength and knowes him principall.
Now Sir, you heare the progreſſe firſt and laſt
Of *Iſaacs* race in order as it paſt.
One while the Lord enhaunc't them to the skie,
One while hee drew them down in deep to lie:
'But where he Judge, or Prince, or King of might,
'Who rul'd the *Hebrews* policy aright;
'While they obſerv'd th' alliance made before
'By their forefathers, who to God them ſwore,
'In happy ſtate all others they ſurpaſt;
'And under foot their proudeſt foes were caſt:
'And all the world, that their deſtruction ſought,
'Againſt their ſtate, and name prevailed nought.
'But, contrary, as oft as they affraid
'From God their guide, he on their ſhoulders laid
'The Barbare yoke of *Moab*, and oft-times
'Of *Paleſtine* and *Ammon* for their crimes,
'The heavie hand of God was ſeen to be,
'On their ingrateſull infidelity.
Now, if ſo be that any odious ſin
Provoke their Lord his Juſtice to begin:
Then mine not you their towers and tourrets tall,
Nor bring the wrackſome engine to their wall:
Nor place thy battries brave, nor yet adventer,
With thy courageous camp, the breach to enter.
For, if *Libanus* mount, or *Carmel* faire,
Or *Niphathai* ſhould parke them from repaire:
If *Inde* and *Nilus*, with the *Rhene* and *Rhone*
To cloſe them round about, ſhould run in one,
For their defence: yet ſhall they not withſtand
(With all their force) thy furious fighting hand:
But if they have not broke the band indeed
That God with *Abraham* made and with his ſeed;
Beware, my Lord, beware to touch or move
Theſe people that the Lord ſo much doth love.
For, though *South Auſan* would diſpeople his lands,
And bring the blackeſt *Moores* to ſwarm in bands:
If *Northren Boreas*, under his banners cold,
Would bring to field his hideous Souldiers bold:
If *Zephyrus* from ſweet *Heſperia* coaſt,
Would ſend his choſen armed men to *Hoſte*:
If *Eurus*, for to aid thine enterpriſe, (riſe:
Would bring his men from whence the Sun doth
Yet all their numbers huge, and forces ſtrong,
Can never doe to *Iſr'el* any wrong,
Nor hurt one hair, if their great God ſay nay.
That God will them defend, becauſe hee may
With one ſmall blaſt confound all Kings that dare
(As thou doſt now) provoke him unto war.
Then like as yee behold the quiet Sea
Not raging when the windes ingendring be:
But, blauncheth firſt, then growes in little ſpace,
In wallowing waves to flow with foamy face,
And laſtly beats the banks, and ſhips unſhrouds,
With wrackfull waves uphoiſt to higheſt clouds:
So, almoſt all the Princes of that hoſte,
With inward anger 'gan to be emboſte,
As oft as they the praiſe of God did heare;
So to his ſpeech encreaſt their ſpitefull cheare:
Which, in the end, to blaſphemie them brought,
Th' immortall God of gods to ſet at nought.
Kill and cut off (quoth they) this traytor fine,
Whoſe ſubtill talke, with all his whole ingine,
Pretends to ſave theſe *Hebrews* from our hands,
And threats us with vaine Gods of forrain Lands:
For if it pleaſe you (noble Prince) to ſend
But twenty men of value that are kend,
Within your camp, theſe reckleſſe rebels then
Shall be a prey to all your warlike men.
(O wicked wight!) but then the *Vizroy* ſtout,
With power appeas'd the murmur of the rout:
And to him ſaid: O ſhameleſſe *Prophet* thou
What *Sibyll*, or what charmer tell me now?
What Divell or *Demon* ſo doth thee inſpire,
That *Iſr'el* ſhall of us have his deſire?
Such men, as with no God can be content,
But ſuch as pleaſed *Moſes* to invent,

Of

Of his owne head: a God that hath no power
For to deliver them, nor thee this hower.
Have wee another God or King of kings
Then our great Persian *Monark* now that rings?
Whose barded horse ore-runs the Nations all,
Whose armed men, out of these mountains tall,
Shall rake these rebels that from *Egypt* came
To this, where they unjustly keep the same.
Die, die, thou shalt, O wretch: thy tongue untrue,
And double heart shall have their wages due.
But, foole, what speake I thus? ho haste, a while:
Thy bloud (O villaine) shall not mee defile,
So just a paine, so soon thou shalt not have,
For thy deceit, so soon to goe to grave.
'For in a wretches sudden death at once
'Their longsome ill is buried with their bones.
But to that end I may prolong thy strife,
In *Bethul* town I will prolong thy life:
Where every houre, thou shalt have such affray
To die undead a thousand times a day, (thought,
Till time with them who thou so strong hast
To shameful end with them thou shalt be brought.
What? wherefore trembl'st thou and art so pale?
What sorrow makes thy heart so soon to faile?
If God be God, as thou right now hast said,
Then of thy faith give witnesse undismay'd.
A Marshall of the camp then being prest
(Who was not yet so cruell as the rest)
There took this demy Pagan (*Ammons* Lord)
And sent him bound to *Bethul* (with a cord).
Then even as in his clawes the kite doth beare
The chirping chicken, through the weather cleare,
While that the cackling hen, below on ground,
Bewailes her bird with vain lamenting sound:
So in like woe his worthy men were left,
For that so worthy a Chief was them bereft.
The Townsmen then beholding neer their wall
These *Miscreants*, to armour straight they fall,
Yclad in plate and mail, they run in bands,
And fiercely front their foes with steel in hands;
As fast as done the rivers downe the hils
That with their murmurs huge the deeps up-fils.
The Heathen, seeing this, retyr'd away,
And left the Lord of *Ammon* for a prey
To th' *Hebrew* souldiers; who did him constraine,
Though he was willing, with them to remain.
When all the folke with prease about him past,
His eyes and hands up to the pole hee cast,
'And thus hee spake: O God that great abides
'Upon th' Immortall seat, and justly guides
'The ruled course of Heav'n, whose living spreet
'Reviving, spreads, & through all things doth fleet;
'I render thee, O God, immortall prayse,
'For that before I end my wofull dayes,
'Now from th' unfruitfull stock thou dost me race,
'To graft mee in thy fruitfull tree of grace;
'Where in despight of all contrary strife,
'I shall bring forth the fruits of lasting life.
And yee, O *Jacobs* sons, think not at all
That I of purpose captive am and thrall,
So that I mean hereby your wrack to bring;
For, God hee knowes, I think not such a thing:
But I am captive thus, because I would,
What wondrous works the Lord hath done of old,
To you and your forefathers ever still,
Deliv'ring them that would obey his will.
Then doubt not you a thousand flaffing flags,
Nor horrid cries of hideous heathen hags:
Coole not your hearts: For, if the world about
Would compasse you with all their warriors stout
(Providing first yee seeke your help at need
At power divine, and not at mortall seed)
You surely shall see *Mocmurrs* renning flould,
Made red with *Assurs* hoste and *Ethnique* bloud:
Yee surely shall see men, not us'd to fight,
Subdue their foes, that seem of greater might.
The hand of God assails you not with hate:
But, for your weale, your pride hee will abate;
To let you wit, it is within his power
To leave or to relieve you every hower.
As on th' unsavory stock the lilly 's borne:
And as the rose growes on the pricking thorne:
So modest life, with sobs of grievous smart
And cryes devout, come from an humbled heart.
For, even the faithfull flock are like the ground,
That for good fruit, with weeds will still abound,
If that the share and culter idle lie
That rives the soyle, and roots the brambles bye:
But, in the end, God will his ire relent,
Assoone as sinners truely will repent;
And save you from these plagues that present be,
In shorter time then yee doe think to see. (tears:
Take courage, friends, and vanquish God with
And, after, wee shall vanquish with our wears
These enemies all. Now, if there rest in mee
The former force that once was wont to be:
If elde have not decay'd my courage bold,
That I have had with great experience old:
I render mee to serve you to my end,
For *Jacobs* weale, Gods law for to defend.

FINIS.

THE SUMMARY OF THE THIRD BOOKE.

IN this third booke, the Poet *setteth forth the siege of* Bethulia, *and the extremity that God permitted them to feele, thereby to give an entry to his miraculous deliverance; who is accustomed to lead his people to the gates of death, & from thence to retire them above all humane expectation, to the end they should confesse that the arme of flesh, nor worldly wisedome, maintaines not the Church: but the onely favour of the Almighty, to whom the whole glory of dutie should be rendred. Further, three principall things are to bee noted: first, the preparation of the besiegers, and the defences of the besieged; and how after, through the counsell given to* Holophernes *for the restraint of the water from the Towne, ensues a furious assault, which the Jewes repelled with great paine: Secondly, the extreme desolation through want of water, whereof proceedeth sundrie sorts of death, with lamentations, murmurations, and danger of mutinie within the citie, and how the governour endeavours himselfe with wise and godly admonitions to appease the same: But the commons, in this hard estate regarding no reason, required to render the Citie, rather then to perish in such apparent misery. The Governour, being carried with a humane prudence, promiseth to render the Towne within five dayes, if God send them no succour. Yet such is the estate of Gods Church in this world, that when all things faileth, God manifesteth his power. And therefore in the third part is* Judith *introduced, who (being especially moved by the reading of holy Scriptures) is encouraged to deliver her Countrey: But when she understood the resolution of the Magistrates, She (being in estimation honourable) modestly reproves them. After their excuse, shee promiseth to attempt something for the publike weale: not shewing her devise, but onely desired to have passage by night unto the enemies campe, and this is granted.*

THE THIRD BOOK OF JUDITH.

THe snoring snout of restlesse *Phlegon* blew
Hot on the *Inds*, and did the day renew
With scarlet sky, when *Heathen* men awook
At sound of drum: then pike and dart they took,
In order marching, and to combat cals
Th' undaunted sons, within their Cities wals.
The meads in May with flowers are not so deck't
Of sundry favours, hews, and seere effect,
As in this campe were people different far
In tongues, and manners, habits, tents, and war.
Yea *Chaos* old, whereof the world was founded,
Of members more confuse, was not compounded:
Yet soundly they in union did accord
To wage the war against th' *Almighty* Lord,
Who shakes the *Poles*, whose only breath doth beat
Libanus mount, and makes *Caucasus* sweat.
There came the *Kettrinks* wilde, of cold *Hircania*,
Joyn'd with the men of great and lesse *Armania*,
With coppintanks: and there the *Parthian* tall
Assaid to shoot his shafts, and flee withall.

The

The *Persians* proud (th' Empire was in their hands)
With plates of gold, surbraved all their bands.
The *Medes* declar'd through fortunes overthwart
They lost their Scepter, not for lack of heart:
And that no costly cloth nor rich array,
Nor painting fine that on their face they lay,
Nor borrowed hair, of faire and comely length,
Might ought impair their ancient pow'r & strength.
There were the happy *Arabs*, those that build
In thatched wagons, wandring through the field.
The subtill *Tyrians*, they who first were clarks,
That stayd the wandring words in leaves and barks.
The men of *Moab*, *Edom*, *Ammon*, and
The People sparst on large *Elimia* Land.
The learned *Memphians*, and the men that dwell
Neer to the *Æthiopians* black and fell:
In short, the most of *Asia* (as it were)
Encamped was within that army faire.
So that this Duke more forrain souldiers led
Then all the *Hebrews* native people had.
But they, who did the *Hebrews* greatest wrong,
Were *Apostats* of *Ephrem* fierce and strong:
Who fought with hatefull hearts, them to deface,
Lest they should be esteem'd of *Isacs* race.
Then, as in time of spring the water 's warme,
And crouping frogs like fishes there do swarme;
But with the smallest stone that you can cast
To stir the streame, there crouping stayes as fast:
So while *Judea* was in joyfull dayes,
The constancy of them was worthy praise:
For that in every purpose yee should heare
The praise of God resounding every where:
So, that like burning candles they did shine
Among their faithfull flock, like men divine.
But, look how soon they heard of *Holophern*,
Their courage quail'd, and they began to dern:
Their ardent zeal with closed mouth they choake;
Their zeale too hot return'd to fuming smoak:
The feare of losse of life, and worldly good,
Brought Infidels to shed their brothers bloud.
Alas, how many *Ephramites* have wee,
In our unhappy time, all which wee see
Within the Church like hypocrites to dwell,
So long as by the same they prosper well;
Who feine a zeale, th' Evangell to maintaine,
So long as serves their honour or their gaine!
But turne the chance with some contrary winde,
So that their browes but halte a blast doe finde;
Then faint their hearts, and they seek other way
Like bankers-out their God they disobey,
Discyphring then their malice to be more
To Gods contempt, then was their zeale before;
And fight against the Lord with greater hate,
Then *Celsus* did, or *Julian* Apostate.
The *Hebrews* now, from height of houses faire,
Who saw so many banners beat the aire,
And men to march against their forces small,
Who now might well discerne their feeble wall;
They swoun with fear, and found none other aid,
But of that God, to whom their fathers pray'd.
O father (quoth they) father, holy King,
Who sheelds us alwayes underneath thy wing;
Since now the world against us doth conspire,
Defend us mighty Lord wee thee require.

Thus having humbly prayd the Lord of might,
The *Governour* renforc't his watches wight,
And fires at midnight built in every way;
Which made the night appear as clear as day;
And wakerife through the corps-guard oft he past:
And thought that *Phœbe* hyed her course too fast
With horses pale to steale away the night,
To leave the *Hebrews* to their enemies sight.
Again, the *Pagan* thought shee did but creep,
Or that with *Latmies* son shee was on sleep.
" But humane wishes never have the power
" To haste or hold the course of Heav'n one hower.
Then as *Aurora* rose with sanguine hew,
And out *Horizon* did the day renew;
The *Vizroy* made a thousand trumpets sound,
To draw his scattered Cornets to a Round,
Who from all parts with speed assembled were
About the Generals tent his will to heare;
As doe the hounds about their Hunt at morne
Come gladishing at hearing of his horne.
Now when the town his summons did disdain,
To conquer it perforce hee plyde his pain:
And there, th' *Inginers* have the *Trepan* dreft,
And reared up the *Ramme* for batt'ry best:
Here bends the *Briccoll*, while the cable cracks,
There Crosbowes were uprent with yron Racks.
Here crooked *Corvies*, fleeing bridges tall,
There scathfull *Scorpions*, that ruine the wall.
On every side they raise with joynture meet,
The timber tow'rs for to command each street.
The painfull Pioners, wrought against their will,
With fleaks and fagots, ditches up to fill:
Or under ground they delve in dust with pain,
To raise a mount, or make a mount a plaine,
Or Caverns cut, where they might souldiers hide,
T' assaile the town at sudden un-espide.
Some ladders dresse to scale the wall, or els
To steal upon the sleeping *Sentinels*.
Some undermine, some other undertooke
To fire the gate, or smore the town with smoak:
The greatest part did yet in trenches lurke,
To see what harme their ingines first would work;
That if the wall were bet, they would not faile
With brave assault the Citie to assaile.
There *Mars*, tow'r-myner, there *Bellona* wood,
Enforced feeble cowards to suck bloud.
There hideous horses, braying loud and clear,
There *Pagans* fell, with clamour huge to hear,
Made such a din as made the Heav'n resound,
Retented hell, and tore the fixed ground.
Yet, God who keeps his watch above the skies
For his elect, who never idle lyes;
Tooke pitie on his people in that tide,
Repressing (part) this cruell Princes pride,
In causing all the Chiefes of *Moabites*,
Of *Edom* strong, and awfull *Ammonites*
To speake him thus, and thus him terrors dreft:
O Prince, that Scepter bears above the rest,
And gives them law, and holds the world in thrall,
Set not thy souldiers to assault this wall.
For neither bow, nor sling, nor weapons long,
Nor sword, nor buckler, will be found so strong
As is this threatning rock whose mighty corse
Sustaines their wall of such eternall force.

That thou canſt make no ſcallade on no coſte,
But on the corpſes dead of halfe thine hoſte.
'The victor can no honour juſtly claime
'To loſe the men who ſhould advance the ſame,
'O valiant Prince, that fiſher is not fine,
'Who for a frog will loſe a golden line.
'The holy headband ſeems not to attire
'The head of him, who in his furious ire
'Prefers the pain of thoſe that have him teend
'Before the health and ſafety of one friend.
You may (my Lord) you may in little ſight,
Subdue theſe Rogues and not to loſe a knight.
Surpriſe mee firſt their chiefeſt water-ſpring,
From whence theſe rebels do their conduits bring;
Then drought ſhall drive them from their whole
Incords to yeeld them to thine excellence. (defēce,
'The noble Lion never ſlaies the leaſt;
'But alway preys upon ſome worthy beaſt.
'The thunder throwes his ſulphred ſhafts adowne
'On *Atlas* high, or on cold *Rhobes* crowne.
'The tempeſt fell more fervently doth fall
'On houſes high, then on the homely hall:
So you, my Lord, need not to preaſe your power,
Againſt ſuch foes as will themſelves devour.
Sir, this is not for favour or for meed,
Nor that this Cities ſack may cauſe our dread:
Nor that wee mean thy high attempts to ſtay.
For, ere wee from thy ſtandarts ſtir away,
For thee th' immortall Gods wee ſhall defie:
For thee, wee ſhall breake down their altars high:
For thee, wee frankly ſhall purſue and thole
Th' eternall heat and cold of either *Pole:*
For thee, our hardy hands ſhall help to tear,
From *Jove* and *Neptune*, both their Eagle & ſpear:
For thee, the ſon for father ſhall not care,
Nor father ſon, nor brother brother ſpare.
Now, *Holopherne*, to conqueſt whole inclin'd,
And weighing well this counſell in his minde;
Diſmiſſed from his camp a galliard rout
Of men to guard the Rivers round about,
This ſtratagem the *Hebrews* well might know,
To ſee their fountains run with paſſage ſlow.
Then manfully their ſouldiers out they ſend
Againſt their foes, the water to defend.
There fought the *Pagan* for to win him fame:
The *Hebrew* meant, hee would not die with ſhame.
Together ſoon they ſhock with hatefull ire,
And firſt they forc't the heathen to retire:
Who (turning face) again doe them purſue,
And win the vict'ry from the victors new.
So doubtfull was the fight, none could define
(Save God) to whom the vict'ry would incline;
Till *Iſr'el* was on all ſides overcled
With clouds of ſhot: then to their town they fled,
As doth the *Pilgrim* paſſing through the Plain,
Who is beſet with tempeſt, hail, or rain,
Who leaves his way, and ſeeks himſelfe to hide
Within ſome cave, or hollow mountain ſide.
The *Panims* them purſu'd without all pitie,
And *Pel-mel* entred almoſt in the Citie,
At open gate. Then roſe the cry unſweet
Of fearfull folke who fled in every ſtreet,
And rent their hair and their affrighted face,
As *Panims* elſe had won that holy place.

How flee you cowards now, and leave your port?
(The Captain ſayes) have yee another fort?
Think yee to finde for ſafety of your crowne
In this *Bethulia* another *Bethull* town?
(Alas) if yee make no defence at all.
While time this tyrant is without your wall;
How dare you him reſiſt, when hee hath won
This fort of yours, from which yee feeble run?
The cōmons wᵗʰ this check, brought to their powrs,
Where *Cambris* and Sir *Carmis*, like two tow'rs,
Stood at th' aſſaulted gate, & did withſtand
The heathen hoſte with each of them in hand
An yron mace (in ſtead of launces long)
And brazen bucklers beating back the throng:
Their habergeons like ſtiddies ſtithe they bare
With helmets high and pennons pight in aire:
Of equall age they were, and equall length,
Of equall courage, and of equall ſtrength;
Like Poplers twain that reacheth up their tops,
And hold their heads ſo high that none them crops;
But on the Rivers ſide doe ſweetly ſway
Like Germain brether hailſing oft a day.
The *Heathen* ſeeing thus the *Jews* deſcend,
With edge of ſword their Citie to defend;
They left th' aſſault, and thence retiring went
(As they commanded were) unto their tent.
But when I think how thirty dayes that town
Tormented was with miſchiefe up and down:
Too ſad a ſong I cannot here invent
So great a ſadneſſe right to repreſent:
My hand for horror ſhakes, and now no more
Can lead my ſacred pen as erſt before.
For now mine eyes that watred are with tears,
Declare my matter all of miſchiefe bears.
Oh Sprite, from whence all ſprite & life doth com,
Thou loos'd the tongue of *Zacharie*, quite dom;
And ſent thy *Heralds* through the world to preach
Thy name, and in a hundreth tongues to teach,
Guide thou my pen, and courage to mee lend,
That to thy honour I this work may end.
Although that *Iſa'ac* ſaw on every hand
A world of folke againſt his town to ſtand;
Yet (tracting time) hee thought hee would provide
No leſſe to keep, then coole th' Aſſiegers pride:
But, when they found the conduits cut and rent,
By which, their water to their town was ſent;
Their courage bold, and all their cracks (alas)
As liquor fail'd, ſo did their ſtoutneſſe paſſe.
Their Lords, preferring death to bondage vile,
Made them beleeve the thing did them beguile:
To wit, they gave men hope that they might keep
Sufficient wat'r in wels and ciſterns deep
Through all the town, the people to relieve,
That thirſt ſhould not the ſouldiers greatly grieve.
The Magiſtrates indeed had great regard
To ſee this water wiſely ſpent, and ſpar'd
That Bottell ſwet, which ſerved at the firſt
To keep the life, but not to ſlocken thirſt.
When wels grew drie, the Commons ran in rage, A vive deſcription of thirſt.
And ſought out every ſink their thirſt t' aſſwage:
And drank with longſom draught the pools, in haſte
To quench their thirſt with ill contented taſte:
Which poyſoned air, infect their pureſt breath;
Whereby the drinker drank his preſent death.

O wretched folke who felt ſo hard a ſtrife!
Drink, or not drink, both waies muſt loſe their life.
For, hee that drank, and hee that did refrain
Had of their enemies both an equall pain.
For why? the water vile ſlew them throughout,
No leſſe then did their enemies them about.
That wretched towne had never a ſtreet nor rew,
But *Parcas* there had found ſome faſhion new
To murder men, or martyr them with fears,
As mov'd the moſt indurate heart to tears,
If ſo much water in their brains had been,
As might forbear a drop to wet their een.
There plain'd the old man, that the ſouldier ſtrong
Had reft his Bottell from his head with wrong:
But while he ſpake, his heart (for thirſt) did faint,
And life him left, which fruſtrate his complaint.
The ſouldier brave, Oh heart breake for to tell,
His proper uryne drank, thirſt to expell.
The wofull mother with her ſpettle fed
Her little childe halfe dead in cradle-bed.
The Lady with her Lord at point of death,
Embracing falls and yeelds their lateſt breath.
"For, cruell thirſt came out of *Cyrene* Land,
"Where ſhee was foſtred on that burning ſand,
"With hot intracted tongue, and ſonken een,
"With ſtomack worn, and wrinkled viſage keen,
"With light and meigre corſe, and pallid veins,
"In ſtead of bloud that brimſtone hot reteins:
"Her poyſon'd mouth blew, throw that holy town,
"Such helliſh air, that ſtifled up and down
The Arters of the *Jewes* in ſuch a way
That nought was ſeen but burials night and day:
So that the Heav'n to ſee their dolours deep,
Could ſcarcely keep his courſe, but preas'd to weep:
And would have joyn'd his tears to their complaint
If God of hoaſts had made them no reſtraint.
Yea, I my ſelfe muſt weep, who cannot ſpeak
The woes, that make my heavie heart to break,
And ſo will ſilent reſt, and not rehearſe,
But counterfait the Painter (in my verſe)
Who thought his colours pale could not declare
The ſpeciall woe, King * *Agamemnon* bare,
When ſacrificed was his only race;
With bend of black, hee bound the fathers face.
Now while the people were in this eſtate,
And with their Princes wrangling in debate,
They thus beſought the Lord for to decide
Between their ſimpleſſe and their Princes pride:
The Lord be Judge of that which ye have wrought,
And what your wicked counſels have us brought.
If you had offred peace to this great Lord
At firſt, wee might have won him to accord;
Then happy happy dayes wee might have ſeen,
And not ſo many ſouldiers murdred been.
Alas, what hope have wee within this hold?
Our enemies are more meek a thouſand fold,
Then are our owne. They, haps, would us preſerve:
Our wilfull owne pretends to ſee us ſterve.
Our children doe our childrens weal denay,
And headlong haſte unto their owne decay.
We know, O Lord, the breaking of thy Law,
Hath cauſed thee this ſword on us to draw:
And juſtly thou thine irefull bow doſt bend,
On our unloyall heads the ſhot to ſend.
But thou, who doſt not long retain thine ire
Againſt thine own, thy mercy wee require.
Change thou the purpoſe of our fooliſh guides,
And of theſe *Heathen* armed at our ſides:
Or elſe let us upon their weapons fall,
And of their hands to be deſtroyed all,
Ere wee this drougth and deadly venim have,
With languiſhing to ſend us to the grave.
My brethren dear (the Ruler then 'gan ſay)
Our whole deſire hath been, both night and day,
Not for to ſee the ſeed of *Abram* loſt,
For which wee fight againſt this furious hoſte.
What? have ye pain? ſo likewiſe pain have wee:
For in one boat wee both imbarked be.
Upon one tide, one tempeſt doth us toſſe;
Your common ill, it is our common loſſe.
Th' *Aſſyrian* plague ſhall not us *Hebrews* grieve,
When pleaſeth God our miſchiefe to relieve:
Which hee will doe if yee can be content,
And not with grudge his clemency prevent.
Then ſtrive not you againſt that puiſſant King
Who creats all, and governs every thing
For comfort of his Church and children dear,
And ſuccours them, though time doe long appear.
Somtime an Archer leaves his bow unbent,
And hung upon a naile, to that intent
It may the ſtronger be to bend again,
And ſhoot the ſhot with greater might and main:
Right ſo th' Eternall doth withhold his ill
A longer time (perchance) for that hee will
More eagerly revenge him of their crime,
Who do abuſe his long forbearing time:
When men applaud to ſin, they count it light,
And but a matter ſmall in ſinners ſight:
But in the end the weight doth ſo encreaſe,
That Juſtice leaves the ſinner to releaſe;
Like th' *Uſurer* who lends upon the ſcore,
And makes the reckleſſe debters debt the more.
What if the thundring Lord his juſtice ſtay,
And (for ſuch ſin) doe not this tyrant ſlay?
The waters of the ground and in the aire
Are in the hand of God: then who is there,
That dare ſeditiouſly his yoke refuſe,
Although yee have not water now to uſe?
No, no, though Heav'n doe ſeem ſerene and clear,
On every part, and wet doth not appear;
Hee may with moiſture mildely wete the Land,
As fell when *Saul* the Scepter had in hand. 1Sam.12.
For, all the ſtars that doe the Heav'n fulfill,
Are all but executors of his will.
All this could not the peoples thirſt aſſwage;
But thus with murmurs they their Lords out-rage:
What? ſhall wee die, O ſacred ſouldiers bold,
For pleaſure of our Lords, theſe traytors old?
What? ſhall wee die on credit, for to pleaſe
Theſe wizards fools, who wink at our uneaſe?
Who, with our bloud, would win themſelves renown
So lovable, as never ſhall goe downe?
Nay, nay, let us cut off this ſervile chain:
To free our ſelves, let us in hand retain
The ruling of this towne, the fort and all;
Leſt wee into theſe deadly dangers fall.
Then like a wiſe *Phyſician*, who perceives
His patient that in fervent fever raves,

* Looke Table.

Yet highs him more then Art can well performe:
So Prince *Osias* in this rurall ſtorme,
He promis'd to the people their intent
If God within five dayes no ſuccour ſent:
Then *Iſaac* left their ſorrowes all and ſome,
And preſent woe and fear of chance to come;
For that if they, through this, gat not their will,
At leaſt they would avoyd the greateſt ill.
But *Judith* then whoſe eyes (like fountains two)
Where never dry, which witneſt well her woe;
Right ſad in ſound th' *Almighty* ſhee beſought,
And on the ſacred Scriptures fed her thought.
Her prayers much avail'd to raiſe her ſpreet
Above the ſky: and ſo the Scriptures ſweet,
A holy garden was where ſhee might finde
The med'cine meet for her moleſted minde.
Then *Judith* reading there, as was her grace,
Judicum. She (not by hazzard) happ'ned on that place,
Where the lame handed *Ahud* (for diſdain
To ſee the *Jewes*, the *Heathen* yoke ſuſtain)
Smote *Eglon* with a dagger to the heft,
And from his flank the bloud and life bereft.
The more ſhe read, the more ſhee wonder had
Of *Ahuds* act, and hot deſire her lad
T' enſue his vertue: yet her feeble kinde
Empeached oft the purpoſe of her minde:
Propoſing oft the horrour of the deed,
The fear of death, the danger to ſucceed,
With hazzard of her name: and more then that,
Though ſhee likewiſe the peoples freedom gat;
Yet for a man, this act more ſeemly were,
Then for a wife to handle ſword or ſpear.
While *Judith* thus with *Judith* did debate,
A puffe of winde blew down that leafe by fate;
Diſcov'ring up the ſtory of *Jael*, how
Shee drove a nayle into *Siſaras* brow,
And ſlew that Pagan ſleeping on her bed,
Who from the *Hebrews* furious hoaſt was fled:
In teaching us, albeit a tyrant flee,
Yet can he not avoid the Lords decree.
This laſt example now ſuch courage lent
To feeble *Judith*, that ſhee now was bent
With wreakfull blade, to ſlay and to divorce
The *Heathen* ſoule from ſuch a ſinfull corſe.
But while ſhee did her carefull minde imploy
To finde ſome means to murder this *Vizroy*,
Shee heard report (that made her heart ſo ſwoun)
Of the determination of the town.
Then all the preſent perils to prevent,
Unto the Rulers of the town ſhee went;
Reproving them with words of bitter ſweet,
What doe yee mean, O Princes indiſcreet?
Will yee the helping hand of God reſtraine,
And captive it within your counſels vaine?
Will yee include him under courſe of times,
Who made dayes, years, all ſeaſons & their primes?
Doe not abuſe your ſelves: his power profound
Is not to mens imaginations bound.
God may all that hee wils, his will is juſt:
God wils all good to them that in him truſt.
Now fathers: that which doth my hope revive
Is onely this; there is no wight on live,
Within this towne, that hath contracted hands
To ſerve dumbe gods, like folke of forrain Lands.
All ſinnes are ſinne: but ſure this ſin exceeds
Our former faults; by which, our blinde miſ-deeds
Offends the Heav'n; by which the Lord of might
Is frauded of his honours due and right,
In wreſting of the title of his name,
To ſtocks and ſtones, and metals men doe frame.
Since *Iſ'ac* then from ſuch a fault is free,
Let us to Gods protection caſt our eye.
Conſider that all *Juda* reſts in feare,
Aſpecting onely our proceedings here.
Conſider that all *Jacob* in this treſſe
Will follow either our force or feebleneſſe.
Conſider that this houſe and altar ſtands
(Next under God) upholden with your hands.
Think, that if *Iſr'el* whole yee keep the kay:
Which if yee quite and give this tyrant way,
Who more then death hates all of *Iſ'acs* kin,
Yee ſhall the name of kin-betrayers win.
Then ſayd the Captaine, I cannot deny,
That wee offended have the Lord moſt high.
Unwiſe are wee our promiſes are vaine:
But what? wee may not call our word againe:
But if thou feel thy heart ſo ſore oppreſt,
That moveth thee to tears for our unreſt,
Alas, weep night and day and never tyre;
So that thy weepings may appeaſe the ire
Of that high Judge, who hears in every part
The perfit prayer of the humble heart.
I will, quoth ſhee; and if God give mee grace,
Repell the ſiege of this afflicted place
By famous ſtroke. But ſtay mee in no wiſe,
But bide the end of my bold enterpriſe:
And let me goe, when night his mantle ſpreeds,
To th'enemies Camp. Quoth he, if thou wilt needs;
The great repreſſor of oppreſſors pride,
Preſerve thy heart and hand, and be thy guide.

FINIS.

THE SUMMARY OF THE FOURTH BOOKE.

According to the promise that Judith *made to the besieged Captains in* Bethulia, *shee prepareth her selfe with armour meet for the execution of her enterprise: to wit, The invocation of the name of God, with a holy determination to deliver her Countrey from the hand of the* Tyrant; *whom shee deliberates to overcome with the sweet and faire apparence of her amiable beauty and behaviour. At her departing to the enemies camp, our* Poet *introduceth one of the chiefe Captaines of the towne describing, to another, her stock and upbringing, with the progresse of her three estates,* Virginity, Mariage, *and* Widowhood: *Thereby setting forth a singular example of all womanly behaviour and vertue. After her entrance to the Camp, shee is brought to* Holophernes, *who was curious to know the cause of her comming there. And after audience given, hee is so surprised with her beautie and eloquent language, that shee attaines licence to withdraw her selfe by night to the next valley, there to pray to God. And continuing this exercise, shee requireth strength of the Highest, that in taking away the Chieftain, shee might at one instant destroy all the* Heathen *Army. Herein giving example, that the beginning and end of all high attempts, ought to be grounded upon the favour and earnest calling upon him, without whom all wisedome and humane force is nothing but winde: and who, contrariwise, may by the most feeble instruments of the world execute things most incredible and incomprehensible to humane capacitie.*

THE FOURTH BOOKE OF JUDITH.

THen wofull *Judith*, with her weeping eyes
Beholding Heav'n, and prostrate on her knees,
Held up her guiltlesse hands and God besought,
Discov'ring him the secrets of her thought.
O God (quoth shee) who armed with a spear
Dan *Symeon*, who reveng'd his sister dear;
Lend mee the blade in hand that I may kill
This *Tyrant*, that exceeds all *Sichems* ill:
Who not content to soyl the sacred bed
Of wedlock chaste; but more with mischiefe led,
Entends thy holy name for to confound,
And race *Solyma* temple to the ground;
Ambitious *Satrap* hee, whose hope doth stand
In mortall men, led with unrighteous hand:
Who rules a hundred thousand stalworth steeds,
That combat craves, and in our pastures feeds;
Not dreading thee, who dants both man and beast,
And kils and captives them when they ween least;
Who strengths the poor, & pridful men down thrings,
And wracks at once the pow'rs of puissant Kings.
Grant, gracious God, that his bewitched wit
May with my crisped haire be captive knit.
Grant that my sweet regards may gall his heart
With darts of love, to cause his endlesse smart.
Grant, that these gifts of thine, my beautie small,
May binde his furious rage, and make him thrall.
Grant that my artificiall tongue may move
His subtill craft, and snare his heart in love.
But chiefly Lord, grant that this hand of mine
May be the *Pagans* scourge and whole ruine;
To th' end that all the world may know, our race
Are shrouded so in rampiers of thy grace,

That never none against us durst conspire,
That have not felt at last thy furious ire:
Even so good Lord, let none of these profane
Returne to drink of *Euphrates*, nor *Hytane*.
Thus *Judith* pray'd, with many a trickling teare,
And with her sighs her words retrenched were.
At night, shee left her chamber sole and cold,
Attyr'd with *Ceres* gifts and *Ophir* gold.
O silver *Diane*, regent of the night,
Dar'st thou appear before this lucent light?
This holy star, whose contr' aspect most clear
Doth stain thy brothers brightnesse in his *Sphear*?
While thus shee meant (unseen) away to slide,
Her Pearls and Jewels eas'd her to be spy'd:
The musk and civet Amber, as she past,
Long after her a sweet perfume did cast.
A *Carbuncle* on her Crystall brow shee pight,
Whose fiery gleams expeld the shady night.
Upon her head a silver crispe shee pind,
Loose waving on her shoulders with the wind.
Gold, band her golden hair: her yv'ry neck,
The Rubies rich, and Saphyrs blew did deck.
And at her eare, a Pearle of greater valew (low.
There hung, then that the Egyptian Queen did swal-
And through her collet she shew'd her snowy brest:
Her utmost robe was colour blew Cæleſt,
Benetted all with twist of persit gold,
Beseeming well her comely corps t' enfold.
What else shee wore, might well be seen upon
That Queen who built the tow'rs of *Babylon*.
And though that shee most modest was indeed,
Yet borrowed shee some garments at this need,
From Dames of great estate, to that intent
This *Pagan* Prince shee rather might prevent.
Achior then, who watched at the gate,
And saw this Lady passing out so late,
To *Carmis* spake, who warded eke that night,
What is shee this? where goes this gallant wight
So trim, in such a time? hath shee no pitie
Of this most wretched persecuted Citie?
Quoth *Carmis* then, there flourisht here of late
Merari, one, that was of great estate;
Who had no childe but one, and this is shee,
The honour of that house and family.
The fathers now doe venture body and soule,
That treasures upon treasures they may roule:
But for the wit or learning, never cares,
That they should leave to their succeeding heirs:
Like those that charely keeps their rich array
In coffers close, and lets it there decay;
While that the naked bodies dye for cold,
For whom the clothes are dearly bought and sold.
Comparison. But as the painfull plowman plyes his toyle,
With share and culter shearing through the soyle
That cost him dear, and ditches it about,
Or crops his hedge to make it under-sprout,
And never stayes to ward it from the weed,
But most respects to sow therein good seed;
To th' end when summer decks the medows plain,
Hee may have recompence of costs and pain:
Or like the maid who carefull is to keep
The budding flower that first begins to peep
Out of the knop, and waters it full oft,
To make it seemly show the head aloft;
That it may (when shee drawes it from the stocks)
Adorne her gorget white, and golden locks:
So wise *Merari* all his study stilde,
To fashion well the manners of this childe;
That in his age hee might of her retire
Honour and comfort, to his hearts desire.
For, look how soon her childish tongue could chat,
As children doe, of this thing or of that;
Hee taught her not to read inventions vaine,
As fathers daily doe that are profane:
But in the holy Scriptures made her reade;
That with her milk she might even suck the dread
Of the most high. And this was noe for nought:
In so much as in short time shee out-brought
Apparent fruit of that so worthy seed,
Which chang'd her earthly nature far indeed:
As done the pots that long retaine the taste
Of liquor such, as first was in them plac't:
Or like the tree that bends his Elder braunch
That way where first the stroke hath made him
So see we wolfs, and bears, & harts full old, (launch:
Some tamenesse from their daunted youth to hold.
Thus ere the Moon twelve dozen changes past, Virginity.
The maydens manners fair in form were cast.
For, as the persit pylot fears to run
Upon the rocks, with singling sheet doth shun
Cyanes straights or *Syrtes* sinking sands,
Or cruell *Capharis* with stormy strands:
So wisely shee dis-haunted the resort
Of such as were suspect of light report;
Well knowing that th' acquaintance with the ill,
Corrupts the good. And though they ever still
Remain upright: yet some will quarrell pike,
And common bruit will deem them all alike.
For look, how your companions you elect;
For good, or ill, so shall you be suspect.
This prudent Dame delighted not in dance,
Nor fitting up, nor did her selfe advance
In publike place, where playes and banquets been
In every house to see and to be seen:
But rather understanding such a trade
Had been the wrack of many a modest mayd,
Who following wandring *Dina* wanton dame,
Have oft time put their Noble house to shame;
Shee kept at home her fathers habitation,
Both day and night in godly conversation.
Shee piteous Nurse, apply'd her painfull thought,
To serve and nourish them that her up-brought:
Like to the gratefull stork that gathereth meat,
And brings it to her elders for to eat;
And on a fir-tree high with *Boreas* blowne,
Gives life to those, of whom shee had her owne.
But if shee might some houre from travell quite,
At vacant time it was her chiefe delight
To read the Scriptures, where her faithfull minde
Might comfort of the heav'nly *Manna* finde.
Somtime shee broyded on the canvas gall,
Some bird or beast, Elephant, Bagle rall:
While, subtlely with silver needle fine
Shee works on cloth some history divine.
Here *Lot* escaping the devouring fire,
From sinfull *Sodom* shortly doth retire
To *Segor*; where his wife, that was unwitty,
Cast back her eye to see the sinfull Citie:

And

And for her miſ-beliefe, God plagu'd the fault,
Transforming her into a Pillar of ſalt.
Here ſhee *Suſanna's* ſtory vively wrought,
How neer ſhee was to execution brought;
And yet how God the ſecret did diſcloſe,
And made the miſchiefe fall upon her foes.
Here *Joſephs* ſtory ſtands with wondrous art,
And how hee left his cloake, and not his heart,
To his laſcivious Dame; and rather choſe
The priſon, then her armes him to encloſe.
Here cruell *Jephthe*, with his murdring knife,
To keep his vow, bereaves his daughters life.
(Her travell done) her lute ſhee then aſſayes,
And unto God ſhee ſings immortall prayſe:
Not following thoſe that plye their thriftleſſe pain
In wanton verſe and waſtefull ditties vain;
Thereby t' entrap great men, with luring lookes:
But, as the greedy fiſher layes his hookes
Along the coaſt to catch ſome mighty fiſh,
More for his gaine, then holeſom for the diſh
Of him that buyes: even ſo theſe ſiſters brave
Have lovers moe, then honeſt maydens have.
But none are burnt with their impudent flame,
Save fooles, and light lunatikes voide of ſhame.
Of vertue onely perfect love doth grow:
Whoſe firſt beginning though it bee more ſlow
Then that of luſt, and quickens not ſo faſt;
Yet ſure it is, and longer time doth laſt.
The ſtraw enkindles ſoon, and ſlakes againe:
But yron's ſlow, and long will hot remaine.
Thus was the holy *Judiths* chaſte renown
Happily ſpred, through *Iſr'el* up and down,
That many a man diſdain'd the damſels fine,
With Jewels rich and hair in golden twine,
To ſerve her beauty: yet loves fiery dart
Could here unfreize the froſt of her chaſte heart:
But, as the *Diamant* bydes the hammer ſtrong,
So ſhee reſiſted all her ſuters long;
Unminded ever for to wed, but rather
To ſpend her dayes with her beloved father;
Till at the laſt her parents with great care,
Withſtood her will, and for her did prepare
Mariage. *Manaſſes*, one who was of noble race,
Both rich and fair as well of ſprite as face.
Her mariage, then was not a ſlight contract
Of ſecret bils, but by a willing act
Before her friends. "The chance that once befell
"To wandring *Dina*, may be witneſſe well,
"That ſecret mariage, that to few is kend,
"Doth never lead the lovers to good end.
"For, of our bodies, wee no power may claime,
"Except our parents doe confirme the ſame.
Then ſee how love ſo holily begun,
Between theſe two, ſo holy a race they run
(This chaſte young man & his moſt chaſteſt wife)
As if their bodies twain had but one life.
What th' one did will, the other will'd no leſſe;
As by one mouth, their wils they doe expreſſe.
And as a ſtroke, given on the righter eye
Offends the left: even ſo by *Sympathie*,
Her husbands dolours made her heart unglad,
And *Judiths* ſorrowes made her husband ſad.
Manaſſes, then his wife would not controule
Tyrannouſly: but look how much the ſoule
Exceeds the corſe, and not the corſe doth grieve,
But rather to preſerve it and relieve:
So *Judith* with *Manaſſes* did accord,
In tender love and honour'd him as Lord.
Their houſe at home ſo holy was to tell
It ſeem'd a Church, and not a private Cell.
No ſervant there, with villain jeſts uncouth,
Was ſuffered to corrupt the ſhamefaſt youth.
No idle drunkard, nor no ſwearing wight
Unpuniſht durſt blaſpheme the Lord of might,
No pleaſant ſcoffer, nor no lying knave,
No daily Dycer, nor no Ruffian brave,
Had there abode: but all the ſervants were
Taught of their Rulers, Gods eternall feare.
Manaſſes, hee who ſaw that in his time
All juſtice was corrupt with many a crime,
And that the moſt perverſe and ignorant,
For fees, or favour, would none office want
Of high eſtate, refus'd all publike charge;
Contenting him with eaſe to live at large,
From Court, and Palace, free from wordly pelfe:
But, ſince hee thought him born not for himſelfe,
But alſo that ſome charge hee ought to bear
For comfort of his friends and countrey dear;
Yet did hee more, not being magiſtrate,
For publike weale, then men of more eſtate:
So that his houſe was even the dwelling due
Of juſtice, and his mouth a ſentence true.
Th' afflicted poor hee daily did defend,
And was the widowes aide, and tutor kend
To *Orphelines*, and was the whole ſupport
And chiefe comforter of the godly ſort.
The vaine deſire of *Indian* treaſures great
Made neer his ſhip to ſayl nor oar to beat.
The greedy hope of gaine, with ventrous danger,
Made neer his ſword bee drawn to ſerve the ſtranger.
He never ſold, within the wrangling Bar,
Deceitfull clatters, cauſing clyents jar;
But quietly manur'd his little field,
And took th' encreaſe thereof that time did yeeld.
He ſow'd and planted, in his proper grange
(Upon ſome ſavage ſtock) ſome fruitrie ſtrange.
The ground, or common Dame, hee undermines:
On ſtake and ryce, hee knits the crooked vines,
And ſnods their bowes: ſo neither hot nor cold
Might him from labour in the chamber hold.
But once as hee beheld his harveſt train,
With crooked Cicle cutting down the grain;
The Sun a diſtillation on him ſent,
Whereof hee dyed: his ſoule to heav'n it went.
Hee that the number of the leaves could caſt,
That in *November* fals by winter blaſt:
Hee that could tell the drops of rain or ſleete,
That *Hyad*, *Orion*, or *Pleiades* wete
Sheds on the ground, that man might onely tell,
What tears from *Judiths* eyes inceſſant fell:
What wealth and gold, and what hee left her tho, Widow-hood.
In place of pleaſure, cauſed all her woe.
The ſight of them made her in heart record
Their old poſſeſſor, and her loving Lord.
Though ſhee had had aſmuch of gold and good,
As *Lydia* Land; or *Tagus* golden flood;
Yet, loſing him, of treaſure ſhee was bare:
For whom, all other treaſures caus'd her care.

Yet

Yet in this ſtate ſhee ſtoutly did ſuſtain,
(Like patient *Job*) contemning all her pain.
Three times the Sun returned had his prime,
" Since this befell: and yet the ſliding time,
" That wonted is to wear walloes away,
Could never for his death her dolour ſtay:
But alwaies in ſome black attire ſhee went
Right modeſtly, and liv'd on little rent.
Devout ſhee was, and moſt times ſole and ſad,
With dole in heart, and mourning veſture clad,
Out ſhedding tears, as doth the turtle dove
On with'red ſtalke, that wails her abſent love;
And widow-like all pleaſures doth forſake,
And neer intends to take a ſecond make.
Thus *Judith* chaſte within her houſe abode,
And ſeldome was ſhee ſeen to come abroad;
Unleſſe it were to ſee ſome wofull wife,
Whoſe child or husband was bereft of life:
Or for to viſit ſome in ſickneſſe rage,
Their longſom pain and dolours to aſſwage:
Or for to goe to Church, as God allowes,
To pray and offer, and performe her vowes.
Thus have I ſhortly told you, brother dear,
The ſtate of her, on whom our City here
Have fixed all their eyes: but I can nought
Tell where ſhee goes, much leſſe what's in her
But if wee may of paſſed things collect (thought.
The things to come; then may wee well aſpect
Great good of her, for that even in her face
Is ſigne of Joy, and great preſage of Grace,
Or ſome good hap. With this and other talke,
They cut the night as they together walke.
This while, the worthy widow with her maid
Paſt toward th' enemies camp not unaffraid:
For, ere ſhee had two hundred paſes paſt,
The *Syrian* Souldiers in her way were caſt:
Who ſpake her thus; O fair excellent wight,
Whence? what art thou? what doſt thou here this
In *Syrian* camp? I am (quoth ſhee, againe) (night
An *Iſraelite*, whom dolours doe conſtraine
To flee this towne, and for my lifes reliefe
Submits me to the mercy of your Chiefe.
They took her to the Duke. But who hath ſeen
The throngs of folke where proclamations been
In ſom great town, or where ſom monſtrous beaſt
Is brought and wondred at by moſt and leaſt;
That man might judge what flocks of ſouldiers
From every part to ſee that *Hebrew* Dame; (came
To ſee that fair, ſo chaſte, ſo amiable:
The more they gaz'd, ſhee ſeem'd more admirable.
Her wav'ring hair diſparpling flew apart
In ſeemly ſhed: the reſt with reckleſſe art
With many a curling ring decor'd her face,
And gave her glaſhie browes a greater grace.
Two bending bowes of *Heben* coupled right,
Two lucent ſtars that were of heav'nly light,
Two geaty ſparks where *Cupid* chaſtly hides
His ſubtill ſhafts that from his quiver glides.
'Tween theſe two ſinnes and front of equall ſiſe,
A comely figure formerly did riſe
With draught unlevell to her lip deſcend,
Where *Momus* ſelfe could nothing diſcommend.
Her pitted cheeks appeard to be depaint
With mixed roſe and lillies ſweet and ſaint.
Her dulcet mouth, with precious breath replete,
Excell'd the *Saben* Queen in ſavour ſweet.
Her *Corall* lips diſcov'red, as it were,
Two ranks of *Orient* pearle with ſmiling cheer.
Her yv'ry neck, and breſt of *Alabaſtre*,
Made Heathen men, of her more *Idolaſtre*.
Upon her hand no wrinkled knot was ſeen;
But as each nayle of mother of pearle had been.
In ſhort, this *Judith* was ſo paſſing fair,
That if the learned *Zeuxis* had bin there,
And ſeen this Dame, when hee with penſile drew
The *Croton* Dames, to forme the picture true
Of her, for whom both *Greece* and *Aſia* fought, Helen
This onely patern chief hee would have ſought.
No ſooner *Judith* entred his Pavilion,
But in her face aroſe the red vermilion.
With ſhamefaſt fear: but then with language ſweet
The courteous Generall mildely 'gan her greet:
My love, I am, I am not yet ſo fell,
As falſe report doth to you *Hebrews* tell.
They are my ſonnes, and I will be their father
That honours mee; and them I love the rather,
That worſhips for their God th' *Aſſyrian* King:
They ſhall be well aſſur'd to want nothing.
And this ſhall *Iſaac* know, if they will render
Unto that bounteous King as their defender.
For thy (my love) tell mee, without fear,
The happy motive of thy comming here.
O Prince (quoth ſhee, with an aſſured face)
Moſt ſtrong and wiſe, and moſt in heavens grace,
That drawes the ſword with ſteel upon his breſt,
With helm on head, and launce in yron reſt:
Since that my feeble *Sex*, and tender youth,
Cannot long time indure the cruell drouth,
The wakriſe travels, frayes, and hazzards great,
That day and night our Burgeſſes doe threat:
Yet ne'rtheleſſe this is not whole the cauſe
That from my Cities bodie mee withdrawes,
To this your Camp: but that moſt grudging grief,
Which burnes my zealous heart without reliefe,
Is this, my Lord; I have a holy feare
To eat thoſe meats that God bids us forbeare:
But, Sir, I ſee that our beſieged town
Is ſo beſet with miſchiefe up and down,
The people will be forc't to eat in th' end
The meats that God expreſly doth defend:
Then will the Lord with juſt revenge him wreake
Upon all thoſe that doe his ſtatutes breake.
Withouten fight their Cities hee will ſack,
And make one man of thine ten thouſand wrack,
That flies his furie, and thy furious face.
Now I of *Bethul* am; and in this place
Beſeech thy noble Grace, if ſo thee pleaſe,
With courteous aide, to give my dolours eaſe.
'Of common ſenſe hee is deprived clean,
'That fals with cloſed eye on danger ſeen;
'And hee that may both pain and hurt eſchew,
'Is vaine if hee his proper death purſue.
Then in this quiet dale if I may bide
In ſecret for to pray each evening tyde
To God; I ſhall, as hee doth me inſpire,
Aſſure you when enkindled is his ire,
Againſt our folke. Then ſhall I take on hand
To lead thine army through all *Jurie* Land.

And

And ſtreaming ſtandarts ſet on *Sion* hill,
Where none with weapons dare reſiſt thy will.
No, not a very dog, in evening dark,
At noyſe of harneſſe ſhall againſt the bark.
Thy onely name ſhall fray the armies bold.
Before thy face the mountain tops ſhall fold.
The flouds ſhall dry, & from their running ſtay,
To make thine Hoaſt a new and uncouth way.
O Jewell of the world (quoth hee) O Dame,
For gracious ſpeech and beauty worthy fame,
Now welcom here: would God it might you pleaſe
Long time with us to dwell in reſt and eaſe.
For if your faith and troth concurrent be,
To this your talke which greatly pleaſeth mee;
I will from this time forth with you accord
To ſerve your onely *Hebrews* God and Lord;
And will my ſervice whole to you enfoule,
Not of my Scepter onely but my ſoule.
I will your name and honour ay defend
From *Hebrew* bounds unto the world his end.
This ſaid: with ſilence, as the moon aroſe,
This widow her withdrew, and forth ſhee goes,
Unto a valley cloſe on every part,
Whereas ſhe waſht her corſe & cleans'd her heart;
And with her weeping eyes the place beraid,
And to the God of *Is'ac* thus ſhee praid:
O Lord, withdraw not now thy helping hand
From thoſe that at thy mercy onely ſtand.
O Lord defend them that deſire to ſpend
Their goods and bloud, thy cauſe for to defend.
O Lord grant that the cries of Children may,
With plaints of Old men weeping night and day,
And Virgins voyces ſad in ſhroud of ſhame,
And laudes of *Levites* ſounding forth thy fame,
Mount to thy throne, and with diſſundring breake
Thy heavie ſleep. Wherefore doſt thou awreake
Thy ſelfe on *Hermon* with thy burning blaſt?
Or why doſt thou on carefull *Carmel* caſt
Thy dreadfull darts? forgetting all the ſpace,
Theſe *Gyants* that thy Scepter would diſplace.
Ah wretch, what ſay I? Lord ah pardon mee.
Thy burning zeal (and none hypocriſie)
That frets my heavie heart at every houre,
Compels my tongue this language out to poure.
O thou, the everlaſting God and Guide
Of all our race, I know thou wilt provide
For our reliefe againſt this furious boſte,
And juſtly kill the Captaine of this hoſte.
I know that thou wilt help my onely hand,
To be the wrack of all the heathen Band.

FINIS.

THE SUMMARY OF THE FIFTH BOOKE.

HOlophernes, *being ſurpriſed with the ſweet language and excellent beautie of the chaſte* Judith, *becommeth altogether negligent of his charge and government. Wherein is repreſented the unability of the reprobate, who cannot withſtand ſuch temptations as the Lord ſendeth upon them. But as they become ſlaves to their owne affections, ſo by the ſame they are inforced to fall into perdition. In place of ſome faithfull ſervant to warne him of his vices,* Holophernes *conferreth with* Bagos *an* Eunuch, *who feedeth him in his humour, and bringeth* Judith *to his Tent. And here the* Poet *reproves all flatterers and bawds, with the vices of all Courts in generall.* Judith *ſeeing her chaſtitie in perill, and the time unmeet to execute her enterpriſe, ſubtily drawes the Tyrant to talke of other affaires. Hee thinking to inſinuate himſelfe the more into her favour, taketh pleaſure to crack of his conqueſts, and of his ſpeciall worthineſs; diſcourſing ſo long till ſupper time approched, and ſhe avoided the inconvenience. And here is to be noted, that whilſt the tyrants boaſt of their Cruelty againſt the Church, God provideth for his owne, and preſerveth them for that work hee hath ordained by them to be done.*

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF JUDITH.

IN ſtead of marrow in bone, and bloud in vaines,
Great *Holopherne* doth feed his cruell paines:
Hee bootleſſe flees, and feels; but he ne knowes
The quenched fire that of his aſhes growes.
For, ſo the charming Image of this Dame,
The onely marke whereat his ſoule did aime,
Tranſported him in paſſions of deſpaire,
That of his mighty camp hee quits the care,
And goes no more his matters to diſpatch,
Nor views his corpſ-gard, nor relieves his watch,
Nor Counſell cals, nor ſends to ſpy the coſte,
Nor views the quarters of his ſpacious hoſte.
But as the ſheep that have no heard nor guide,
But wandring ſtraies along the rivers ſide,
Throw burbling brooks or throw the forreſt green,
Throw medows cloſures, or throw ſhadowes ſhene:
Right ſo the Heathen hoſte, without all bridle,
Runs inſolent to vicious actions idle,
Where none obeys, each one commanding ſpeaks,
Each one at pleaſure from his banner breaks.
What doe you *Hebrews* now within your wall?
Now time to fight or never time at all,
To pay theſe *Pagans*, whoſe confuſed corſe
Combats againſt themſelves with deadly force.
Nay, ſtay a while: of ſuch a great victory,
Your onely God will have the onely glory.
Before this tyrant was with love yblent,
To win the towne hee plide his whole intent:
But now, both night and day, his minde doth frame
To conquer this moſt chaſte unconqueſt Dame.
So luſt him led. Th' undaunted *Theban* knight,
With waighty mace, had never him affright:
But now a womans look his heart enfears,
And in his breſt the cureleſſe wound hee bears.
Ambition, erſt, ſo had him overcome,
That made him daily riſe by ſound of drum:
Now *Cupid* him awakes with hote alarmes,
That him withholds to doe the *Hebrews* harmes.
Before, hee rul'd, above both Prince and King:
Now can hee not himſelfe in order bring.

Alas

Alas (quoth hee) what life is this I have,
Becomming captive to my captive slave?
(Unhappy chance) what life is this, I say?
My vertue gone, my forces fall away.
Nay sure no life it is, more pain I feele
Then *Ixion* torn upon th' *Eternall* wheele:
My life is like the thief's that stole the fire,
Upon whose mortall heart doth alwayes tire
A rav'nous fowle that gnawes him to to bone,
Reviving still, bound to the *Scythian* stone. (ted?
What serves it me, t' have won where I have haun-
What serves my victor arme, for to have daunted
The people situate 'tween *Hydaspe* large,
And port where *Cidnus* doth in sea discharge;
Since I am vanquisht by the feeble sight
Of captive *Judith*? what availes my might,
My Targe of steel, my Burguinet of brasse,
My guard of warriours stout whereso I passe;
Since her sweet eye hath sent the pointed dart
Through men & weapons, piercing throw my heart?
What serve my Coursers, who with swiftnesse light
Exceed the swallow swiftest bird of flight;
Since I on him cannot avoyd one ynch,
The care that night and day my heart doth pinch?
Then change (O *Hebrews*) change your tears in song,
And triumph ore my hoste and army strong.
I am no more that Duke, whose name alone
Hath made great warriors quake both lim & bone:
But I am hee, whose heart was somtime brave;
Now lesse than nought, the slave but of a slave.
Icome not here your *Isaac* to annoy,
With fire and sword your houses to destroy:
But to require your *Judith*, her to render
More milde to mee. What? is my wit so slender,
Berapt with love? have I not here my joy,
That onely may relieve mee from annoy?
Yet ne'rtheless I cleave the aire in vain,
With plaints, & make mine eies but fountains twain
I wretch am like the wretched man indeed,
The more hee hath, the greater is his need.
Although hee deeply plunge in water cleare,
To quench his thirst: yet hee is not the neare.
For, so do I respect the heav'nly grace,
That largely is bestow'd upon her face,
That with mine eyes I dare not her behold,
My tongue doth stay and in the palate fold.
Why have not I a heart of *Crystall* cleare,
Transparent through, to let my paine appeare?
That there shee might of all my torments read,
Which love with-holds within my heart in dread.
Now since that *Judith* to this camp arriv'd,
The light of Heav'n had thrice his course reviv'd,
And darkned thrice, and 'gan with saffron hew
To light the *Inds*, the fourth day to renew;
When thus the Duke, who left repast and rest,
Unto his *Eunuch* this like purpose drest:
O *Bagos*, sonne adoptive, not by chance,
Whom I have chose of nought thee to advance,
By speciall grace, and made thee (though I boast)
First of my heart, and second of mine Hoast;
I rage, I burne, I dye in desp'rate thought,
Through love, by this same strangers beauty
Goe, seek her then, and shortly to her say, (brought.
What secret flame torments mee day by day:
Shew that I shall her to such honours bring,
As hee that bears the Scepter of a King:
But chiefly see thy talke be framed thus,
That shee do come this night and sup with us.
Now should it not to mee be folly, shame,
To have within my hold the fairest dame,
That ground doth bear, if I dare not aspire
To quench the burning flame of my desire?
I should but serve my souldiers for a Jeast:
And *Judith* fair would count mee but a beast.
Then *Bagos* well acquaint with such a cast,
He fed that lamp that burnt but over-fast.
If private men (quoth hee) and people poore,
That goe not o're the threshold of their doore,
But spend their dayes in travell and debate,
And never seek to win a better state,
Live not content, if that the *Cyprian* Dame
Do not somtime their frozen hearts inflame;
What slaves are those then, on whose backs are
The burdens of this world, who take no rest (drest
For Publike weale, but wake with *Argus* eyes,
For others ease that to no care applies;
If they, among so many great vexations,
May not receive in love some recreations?
Pursue your love, my Lord, and make no let
To take the fish that else is in your net.
And as ere this you have mee faithfull found,
In like Ambassads when yee them propound:
So shall you finde mee in this love of new,
To be as faithfull, secret, trest, and true.
Alas, how many such are in our times
In Princes Courts, that high to honour climes,
More for their handling such an enterprise,
Then for ther being valiant, learn'd, or wise?
Somtime the courts of kings were vertuous schools:
Now find wee nought in court but curious fooles.
O you whose noble hearts cannot accord
To be the slaves to an infamous Lord:
And know not how to mixe with per'lous Art,
The deadly poyson of the Amorous dart:
Whose natures being free, will no constraint,
Nor will your face with flat'ring pencile paint,
For weal nor woe, for pitie nor for hire,
Of *good my Lords*, their favours to acquire;
Goe not to Court if yee will mee beleeve:
For in that place where yee thinke to retreve
The honour due for vertue, yee shall finde (hinde.
Nought but contempt, which leaves good men be-
Yee worthy Dames that in your breasts do bear
Of your all-seeing God no servile fear:
Yee that of honour have a greater care,
Then sights of Courts, I pray you come not there.
Let men that in their purse have not a mite,
Cloathe them like Kings, and play the hypocrite,
And with a lying tale and feined chear,
Court-cozen them whom they would see on bear.
Let there the *Pander* sell his wife for gaine,
With service vile his noblesse to attaine.
Let him that serves the time, change his entent,
With faith unconstant faile at every vent.
Yee sonnes of craft, bear yee as many faces
As *Protens* takes among the Marine places,
And force your natures all the best yee can
To counterfait the grace of some great man;

Chamelion

Chamelion like, who takes to him each hew
Of black or white, or yellow, green or blew,
That comes him next: So you that find the fashion
To hurt the poor with many-a great taxation:
You that do prease to have the Princes eare,
To make your names in Provinces appear:
Ye subtill *Thurims*, sell your furnish winde,
To wicked wights whose senses ye do blinde.
Ye fearfull Rocks, ye ymps of *Achelois*,
Who wrack the wisest youth with charming vois:
Ye *Circes*, who by your enchantment strange,
In stones and swine, your lovers true do change:
Ye *Stymphalids*, who with your youth uptakes:
You ravens that from us our riches raks:
Ye who with riches, art, and painted face,
For *Priams* wife put *Castors* sister in place:
Ye *Mirrhas*, *Canaces*, and *Semirames*,
And if there rest yet moe defamed dames,
Come all to Court, and there yee shall receive
A thousand gains unmeet for you to have.
There shall you sell the gifts of great Provinces,
There shall you sell the grace of graceless Princes.
Stay here my Muse: it thee behoves to have
Great constancy and many-a *Hercules* brave
To purge this age, of vices more notable,
Then was the stalls of foule *Ægeans* stable.
Return to *Judith*, who, to bring to passe
Her high attempt, before her sets her glasse,
And 'gins to deck her hair like burnisht gold,
Whose beauty had no peer for to behold.
Then went shee to his tent, where shee espide
The gorgeous tapestries on every side,
Of *Persian* Kings, of *Medes*, and *Syrian* stories,
How *Ninus* first (prickt forth with great vain glories)
Subdu'd the East: then next in order came,
(Disguis'd in kinde) his wife Queen *Semirame*;
Who took the Scepter and with towrets high
Great *Babylon* erected to the sky.
Sardanapalus. Lo, how a Prince, with fingers white and fine,
In womens weed the tender twist doth twine,
Who bare a Rock insteed of Royall mace,
And for a man with woman changeth grace
In gestures all: hee frisles and hee fards,
Hee oynts, hee bathes, his visage hee regards
In *Crystall* glasse, which for his sword hee wore,
And lost his crowne without all combate more.
Amongst his vertugals, for ayd hee drew,
From his Lievtenant, who did him pursue,
And wan his Scepter. Yet with feeble ire,
Hee burnt himselfe, and ended his empire.
Cyrus. Behold, a Bitch then feeds a sucking childe,
Amongst the pricking thornes and brambles wilde;
Who grew so great, and was of such a fame,
That bond and free, his waged men became,
And afterward subverted to his law,
The *Median* Scepter under *Persians* awe.
But what is hee that so deformed goes
Before the camp, and wants his eares and nose?
That was that servant true, who by that slight,
Brought *Babylon* againe in *Darius* might.
While *Judith* fed her eyes with figures vaine,
Her heart repleat with passions and with paine;
The *Generall* came, and with a visage gent,
Saluted her, and by the hand her hent,
And caused her sit down upon a chaire,
The more at ease to view her beauties rare.
Then, when hee saw himselfe so neere his pleasure,
He burnt in heart, and scarce could bide the leasure
Till *Venus* with her garland shew'd in sight,
On his *Horizon* to renue the night.
This widow finding then the time unmeet,
Gods just determination to complete;
Made much delay, and found full many-a skuse,
With sundry talke this tyrant to abuse;
And said, My Lord, I pray you shew to mee,
What furie just hath mov'd your majestie?
What have our people done (please it your grace)
By whom or when that *Israels* holy race
Might so provoke a Prince to wrack full war,
In tongues and lawes, so sep'rate from us far?
Then said the Duke, uncourteous should I be
If I deny (O faire) to answer thee.
Now as the Heav'n two Sunnes cannot containe;
So in the Earth two Kings cannot remaine
Of equall state. So doth ambition crave,
One King will not another equall have.
My Prince is witnesse: who at wars did fall
With King *Arphaxat*, cause hee rais'd his wall
Of *Ecbatane* so high, that it did shame
To *Ninive*, and *Babel* fear'd the same:
For which, hee undertooke to spoyle his throne,
And raze his Scepter to the lowest stone:
With spite, his buildings brave hee cast adowne.
Arphaxat then, a man of great renowne,
And worthy of his Scepter and his state,
Thought better in the field to make debate,
Then beare a scorne, his *Medes* to battell drew:
Thus 'tween them two did cruell war ensue.
Arphaxat armed all the Iles of *Greece*,
Where *Jason* was, but sought no golden fleece,
But golden ingots with abundant gaine,
Where *Phasis* stream bedeaws the pleasant Plaine.
The *Harmastans*, and *Albans* strong and wise,
That sowes but once, and have their harvest thrice:
The men that neere to *Oxus* banks abide,
And those that *Antitaurus* horns divide:
And those that man the mount upon whose brest
The ship that scap't the generall floud did rest:
And those that are (not hid) within the Reame,
Where proud *Jaxartes* flowes with furious stream:
In short; the *Medes* brought men to ayd their plea,
From *Pontus* far beyond the *Caspian* sea:
And of this hoste *Arphaxat* was Commander,
With hope and heart more high then *Alexander*.
My Prince desirous then to win or dye,
Left nought undone that furthered to supply
His troubled state. Hee armed *Syracene*,
And waged Archers out of *Ofrohene*:
Ye Lords of Lands that yeeld the hundredth corne,
Leave *Euphrates*, and bounds where ye were borne:
Ye *Carmans* bold that all on fish doe feede,
And of their pelts do make your warlike weede;
Leave *Hyan* bounds, go seek the golden sands:
Ye *Parths*, ye *Cosses*, *Arabs*, and ye lands,
That of your *Magi* Prophets think ye know
Their spels divine, your selfe for pikemen show.
O *Calde*, change thine *Astrolabe* and square
To speare and sheeld: for, wee no wight will spare

Of

Of able age, of high or low degree
That trails the pike or lance layes on his thigh.
Let women, children, and the burghers old
At home alone, let them their houses hold.
Wee summon'd eke the *Persians* and *Phœnicians*,
The soft *Ægyptians*, *Hebrewes*, and *Cilicians*,
To come in haste, and joyne their force to ours:
But they disdainefully detein'd their powers;
And with their wicked hands, and words unsage,
They did our sacred messengers outrage.
Iustil. My master for a time put up this wrong,
Attending time, to quite these enmies strong;
With purpose more at leasure to provide
T'abate this sacrilegious peoples pride.
Two greater Kings were never seen beforne,
Then camped were in *Ragau* field at morne,
With haughty hearts enarmed all in ire:
Each souldier set another so on fire,
That scarcely they could keep them in their bound,
Till Pype, or Cymball, or the Trumpets sound,
Denounce the choke: but with their furious faces,
They threat their foes a far with fell menaces,
And strokes at hand: two thousand Lads forlorne
(To blunt the sword) were down in battell borne.
Upon their flankes flew fervently the stones,
That bet their bucklers to their bruised bones.
The squadrons then step sternly to the strokes,
With hearts inhumane all the battell yokes,
And are supplid with many mighty bands:
Some countrers them, and sternly them withstands:
With foot to foot each other other plyes:
Both *Medes* and *Caldis* clasp, with ghastly cryes;
Like *Nilus* stream that from the rocks doth rumble
Or *Encelade*, when hee in tombe doth tumble.
Here some lie headlesse: som that cannot stand,
Trails on his womb, and wants both foot and hand
Cut off with strokes, som pierc't throw plate & mails:
Some shoulder slasht; som panched in th' entrails:
Some brains out-bet; some in the guts were gor'd:
Some dying vomit blood; and some were smor'd:
Some neither quick nor dead, do yet attend
What place it pleaseth God their soules to send:
So loth the little life, that doth abide,
Is from the dying body to divide.
The ground that erst was yellow, green, and blew,
Is overcled with bloud in purpure hew.
While this man gives some one his deadly baine,
Hee of another gets the like againe.
The rage increasing growes with irefull flame:
The field is spred with bodies dead and lame.
Comparison. Like as yee see the wallowing sea to strive,
Floud after floud, and wave with wave to drive,
Then waves, with waves, the flouds with flouds doe chase,
And eft retutne unto their former place:
Or like the crops of corne in mids of May
(Blowne with the western winde) aside do sway
Both to and fro, as force doth them constraine,
And yet their tops redresseth up againe:
So, whiles the *Syrians* are by *Medes* displaced;
And whiles, the *Medes* by *Syrians* are rechased.
Then like two raging flouds that down do fall,
From two contrary mutine mountaines tall;
Down bearing bridge and banke, and all destroyes,
And strives which one may do the most annoyes:
So these two Kings, in force and courage stout,
Excell the rest with slaughter them about;
Whereso they preast they left on either side,
Behinde them, two long opened wayes and wide;
For all their bucklers, *Morions* and *Quirasses*
Were of no proofe against their puisant maces.
Yet (for the time) the *Medes* so fiercely fought
That they th' *Assyrian* bands in terrour brought,
And pauld his souldiers hearts, & brake their might;
Who (overcome) tooke them to shamefull flight.
The *Medes* pursu'd, and wounded in that chace,
Ten thousand men; but none upon the face.
In short, this day our Scepter had depriv'd,
Had I not like the thunder dint arriv'd
In battels brunt. Their maile and their vantbrasse,
Their helme and shield, before my Coutelasse,
Were fraile as glasse: and nere a stroke I lent
But deadly was, and them more terrour sent
Then all our camp. The souldier then in feare
With trembling hād could scarcely wield his spear.
The Pal-hued knight with hart in brest that quakes
His thighs in saddle, feet in stirrops shakes
For dread of mee. There som with trenchant glave
From height of head, to middle down I clave.
And some so farre I foyned through the Jack,
The blade appear'd a foot behind his back;
So that the *Medes*, affraid at such a thing,
In heat of fight they fled and left their King.
Who seeing himselfe betray'd, his clothes hee rent,
And bloudy towards *Ragau* towne hee went;
Where wee him met, yet (*Brave*) did him defend,
And sought amongst his foes a famous end;
As doth the *Tyger* wilde who sees her den,
Beset about with hunters, dogs, and men,
That turns her feate to furious raging rife,
And will not vnrevenged lose her life:
So hee them thunder-bet whereso hee went,
That nere a stroke in vaine his right-hand spent;
But ere with murd'ring blade they could him quell,
Full many-a bold precursor went to hell.
At last *Arphaxat* 'gan of slaughter tyre,
And (wounded sore) left both his life and yre,
And fell, as doth some huge high planted oak,
That long hath byd the windes, and many-a stroak
Of many an axe; yet stoutly doth sustain
Their travels long, and frustrates all their paine;
The root doth sigh, the dale doth roaring sound,
And to the Heav'n the noise doth high rebound;
His head now here, now there, seems to incline,
And threats him here and there, with great ruine;
Yet stands upright above the highest oakes
Till, vanquisht with a thousand thousand stroakes,
Hee fals at last, and brings with him to ground
Both trees and cattell to the plain profound;
So with *Arphaxat* fell the *Medes* empire.
My King, the King of kings, then in his ire
Raz'd *Ecbatan*: and now grows weed and herbe,
Where sometimes stood his Palaces superbe.
So that where erst the Lute and loud *Hautboies*
Were wont to sound with sweet concordant noise,
Now shriking owles, and other monsters moe
In funerall sound fulfill the place with woe.
My potent Prince, when all this warre was ceast,
Consumed mon'ths full foure in Royall feast,

In *Ninive* the great: which banquet done,
Hee mee commanded to assemble soon
His Royall hoste, to punish all and some,
That to his former aid disdain'd to come:
And that I shortly should with sword and flame
Revenge his honour; but alas, *Madame*,
Full farre am I from that I should pursue.
For, comming here thy nation to subdue,
If you not (with a loving kisse) to mee
Restore my life. O worthy Prince, quoth shee,
Continue your discourse, and to mee tell
What great adventures to your hoste befell.
Then hee re-tooke his tale hee left a-late,
And made a long discourse of all his state,
Part true, part false; as do some warriors brave,
Who speaking of their Acts will lye and rave.
Oration. My campe assembled, then 'gan I t' enflame
My souldiers hearts thus, for to win them fame:
Companions, now, if ever yee pretend
To winne renowne that never shall have end,
Go forward now, plague those inhumane Lands,
That on our sacred Legats laid their hands.
Revenge, revenge yee men, your most high Prince,
That ever Scepter bare in rich province,
That ever came adowne with mighty arme,
From circled starrs, *Alarm* sould'ers, alarme:
Take blades in hand, and brands of burning ire,
To waste the western world, with sword and fire.
With bloudy seas bedew each mount and wood,
And make your horses fierce to swimme in bloud.
Receive the Scepter great and crowne of might
Of all this world which is to you behight.
Receive this land, that for your conquest brave,
Shall draw your fames from the forgetfull grave.
Receive yee valiant men the noble spoyle
Of many-a land that yee shall put to foile.
Let men behold that see you day by day,
How yee are cloyd with honour, spoyle and prey.
Thus ended I. And as my words were sent,
They bet their bucklers, shewing them content
With courage bold, to fight with mee and byde.
Then fiscore thousand men I had to guide,
Or more, and so from *Ninive* wee past
And marched unto *Bestilé*, at last.
I through *Edess'* *Amud'* and *Carran* came,
Where sometime dwelt your father *Abraham*:
I wan the mount whose thwarting horne divides
All *Asie*, and serves for bounds on sundry sides,
To many great Empires: I slew, I brent
All in my way, My fellow-souldiers went
Like moawers with their sithes in sowple hands,
Who leave not after them a straw that stands;
But ample swathes of grasse on ground doe cast,
And show what way their sharped sithes have past.
All *Lidia* knowes that nought now growes in it
But weeds: And *Phul'* and *Tharsis* feele it yet.
I was wel-neer the straights that closeth all
Phenice, and th' *Ishique* Rovers, like a wall,
When *Rosea*, *Solea*, *Mops*, *Anchial'* and *Iscia*,
And sweet *Egei*, and (short) the whole *Cilicia*,
This passage took before, and lay in wait
To stay my Armie for to passe this straight.
If I the barmes and hazzards all should tell
Of all th' affaires and bloudy fraies that fell,
And succour sent; the day should slide away
Before my tale. For that *Cilicia* I say, (row,
Through great advantage of their ground so nar-
Defended them from both the speare and arrow:
So that my Hoste that gave before the chace
To puissant Kings, now fled with great disgrace.
Then foaming in dispite, despaire and ire,
I cast my selfe where shot flew like the fire: Cracking
And though they hurt mee in an hundred parts,
And though my buckler bare a wood of darts:
Yet left not I, but with audacious face
I bravely fought and made them all give place.
My Army followed, where my arme made way
With trenching blade, on bodies dead that lay.
The greatest coward that my Captains led,
Pursu'd and slew the most of them that fled.
The *Cidnus* streame (who for his silver floud
Esteem'd a King) ran now with humane bloud:
The *Pyram* fierce, in seas discharged than
Full many-a helme, and sword, and worthy man.
In short, as your own river seems to rest,
With swelling tydes, and frothy flouds repress,
Within his bank; yet furiously him wreaks
With weighty force, and banks and bridges breaks,
And stroyes the plains and makes for many-a day
More wrack, then if his channels open lay:
In semble sort their bands I did enchace,
That kept the entrance of that craggie place.
I brunt, I slew, cast down all that I fand;
And *Asia* spoil'd, I entred th' easter Land,
I wan *Celi*, and raged piti-lesse
Upon the fruitfull shore of *Euphrates*.
I bet the desart *Rapse*, and *Eagria* Land,
Who knowes the vertue of my conquering hand.
From thence to sea-ward sewing mine entent
I wasted *Madian*. North-ward then I went
Lo *Liban*-ward, *Damascus* over-rinning,
With other towns, *Abilia*, *Hippas* winning.
From thence, with curious mind my standard flyes
The hill, where sunne is seen to set and rise.
And so from thence I forward led mine hoste,
To th' *Occident* on the *Phœnician* coste.
Then *Sedon*, *Bible*, *Beryte*, *Tyre*, and *Gaze*,
With *Ascalon*, and *Assot*, in a maze
For feare, sent humbly to my sacred seat,
Wise messengers, my favour to intreat.
Wee come not here, my Lord, said they with armes
For to resist the chok of thy *Gens d' armes*:
But, Prince, wee come, of thee for to resave
Both life and death, and what law wee shall have.
Our townes are thine, our cities and our hils,
Our fields, our flocks, our wealth is at your wils.
Our service, and our treasures, great and small,
Our selves, our wives, and our fair children all,
Now onely rest to thee, if so thee please
To take us thus. O God what greater ease,
O God, what greater good may us befall,
Then unto such a Chiefe for to be thrall,
Who wields the valiant lance and balance right,
With vertue, like the Gods of greatest might!
So were to mee, as gracious to behold,
Their townes and cities both: for, young and old
With crownes, and presents of the *Flora* sweet,
And costly odours, humbly did mee greet.

At

At ſounds of hornes, and pypes they dancing went,
With goods and bodies mee for to preſent.
Then I abuſing not the law of armes,
Entreated them, and did to them no harmes,
Nor to their Lands: But firſt their forts I mand
With men of mine, and theirs took in my Band.
For where that I my people fartheſt drew,
My camp in bands; from bands to armies grew,
As doth the *Danow* which begins to flow
By *Ramyck* fields with ſmakith crangling flow,
Then ſwell his flouds with ſixty rivers large,
That in the *Gulfe Euxinus* doth diſcharge.
I weend *Madame* that *Iſr'el*, like the reſt,
Would yeeld to mee, that I ſhould not be ſtreſt
Againſt their breſt to move my murd'ring ſpeare:
But as I came the *Seythian* rampier neer
(The Tombe of her whoſe milk had ſuch a hap
To feed the twice borne *Denis* in her lap)
I heard their wilfull rage firſt in that place:
Which doubtleſſe will dettroy all *Adams* race.

FINIS.

THE SUMMARY OF THE SIXTH BOOKE.

JUdith, *having escaped the perill of her chastitie, is brought to a sumptuous banquet prepared by* Holophernes *for the entertainment of her, and further provocation of his filthy lust. In which the abominable vice of gluttony is by the* Poet *vively described, and sharply reprehended. And whereas the* Tyrant *thought by such excesse to overcome the chaste widow; himselfe is so overcome with wine, that upon a very simple delay hee lets her goe till hee was in his bed. And here is noted, that the snares the wicked lay for others, they fall in them their selves. While the* Tyrant *contemplated his lust,* Judith *in trouble called upon her God, who made way for her works through the* Tyrants *own wickednesse: who heaping sin upon sin, approached at last to the end of his Tragedie; and mounting upon the scaffold of the ire of God, fals asleep in his sinfull bed, and is by* Judith *beheaded in his beastly drunkennesse. True it is that in this execution shee felt her great infirmitie: but likewise shee found that God was able to strengthen the most feeble for the execution of his Justice. And as before she was preserved in the midst of her enemies: so the Lord, to make a miraculous end of his worke, brings her safe home to her people. The* Bethulians *give thanks to God. The* Ammonite *revished with this miracle, embraced the true religion. The head of* Holophernes *(that* Judiths *servant brought) being set up for a terrible spectacle to the Heathen, encouraged the Citizens to give assault upon the camp. Bagoas, who had been an instrument of the* Tyrants *wickednesse, is the first that findes his masters head lesse Gar lesse, and puts the camp in such affray, that they all fled before* Israel, *in such sort, that scarce one was left to bring newes to* Ninive, *of the fortune of the battell. And thus was Gods justice, that those that had followed this* Tyrant *in his wickednesse, should be companions of his death.* Judith *last of all celebrates the deliverance of God, with a song, to the honour and glory of his almighty name.*

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF JUDITH.

BEfore the Pagan had his purpose ended, (ded,
The night obscure from mountains high descen-
And sewers set the boord with costly meate,
Of passing price so delicate to eate,
That *Holopherne* unto his joyous feast
Appear'd t' have call'd the Kings of West and East.
O glutton throats! O greedy guts profound!
The chosen meats within the world his bound
By th' *Abderos* invented may not staunch
Nor satisfie your foule devouring paunch:
But must in *Moluke* seek the spices fine,
Canary sugar, and the *Candy* wine.
Your appetites (O gluttons) to content,
The sacred brest of *Thetis* blew is rent:
The Aire must be dispeopled for your mawes:
The *Phœnix* sole can scarce escape your jawes.
'O plague, O poyson to the warriour state!
'Thou mak'st the noble hearts effeminate.
'While *Rome* was rul'd by *Curioes* and *Fabrices*,
'Who fed on roots and sought not for delices:

Exclamation.

Gluttony

'And

'And when the onely *Creſſon* was the food
'Moſt delicate to *Perſia*; then they ſtood
'In happy ſtate, renown'd in peace and war,
'And through the world their triumphs ſpred afar:
'But when they after, in th' *Aſſyrian* hall,
'Had learn'd the leſſons of *Sardanapall*:
'And when the other given to belly cheare.
'By *Galbaes*, *Neroes*, *Vitels* govern'd were,
'Who gloried more to fill a coſtly plate,
'Then kill a *Pyrrhus* or a *Mytridate*,
'Then both of them were ſeen for to be ſacked
'By Nations poor whom they before had wracked.
'Of little Nature lives: ſuperfluous meat
'But duls the ſpirit, and doth the ſtomack freat.
When they were ſet, then throw that royall rout
The *Malveſie* was quaffed oft about.
One drinkes out of an *Alabaſter* Cup:
One out of *Cryſtall* doth the *Nectar* ſup:
Some out of curious ſhels of *Unicorne*:
Some ſpill the wine, and ſome to beds were borne:
But namely there the *Vizroy* would not tyre,
But more hee drank, the more hee had deſire:
Like to the *Ocean*-Sea, though it reſaves
All *Nilus* flouds, yea all freſh water craves
From Eaſt to Weſt, yet growes hee not a grain,
But, ſtill is ready for as much, again:
One glaſſe drawes on another glaſſe: and when
The Butler meant to ceaſe, hee but began
To skink god *Bacchus*: thus this drunken wight
Among his drunkards tippled till midnight:
Then each of them with ſtackering ſteps out went,
And groaping hands, retyring to his tent.
This Tyrant wiſht them oft away before:
To whom each moment ſeem'd to be a skore.
Aſſoone as they were gone, then 'gan hee preaſe
The trembling *Judith*. Ceaſe, great Prince, O ceaſe,
The widow ſaid: what haſte need you to make
To reape the flower that none can from you take?
My Lord, go to your bed and take your eaſe;
Where I your ſweet embracings will compleaſe,
As ſoon as I my garments may remove,
That bind my body brunt with ardent love.
Now, if that ſober wits and wylie brains
Cannot avoide the female tricks and trains:
Abaſh not Reader though this reckleſſe Roy
(Bewitcht by *Semels* ſonne, and *Venus* boy)
Was thus begnil'd: conſidering, both theſe twain
Confound the force of thoſe that them retain.
So letting *Judith* ſlide out of his arme,
Hee 'gins to looſe his garments ſoft and warme:
But threw his haſte, his hand came leſſer ſpeed;
And though hee was deceiv'd, yet took no heed,
But weening well t' untruſſe his peeviſh points,
He knits them twyfold with his trembling joynts;
So long, till hee, with anger diſcontent,
Cuts inee them all, and off his clothes hee rent,
And naked went to bed. Then as yee ſee
The bloudy bowman ſtand behinde a tree,
Who warily, watches for wandring Deer:
To every part, where hee doth thinke to hear
Some trembling buſh, ſome beaſt or *Lezard* ſwall,
That motion makes, ſo turneth hee withall
His face and hand to ſhoot, but all in vaine
For to releive his long aſpecting paine:
Even ſo, this fooliſh Tyrant when hee heard
Some rat or mouſe, then thought hee to himward,
His Miſtreſſe came: and when hee heard no more,
Yet thought ſhee came, whom moſt hee did adore.
While up hee lifts his head, while lets it fall:
While lookes about, while counts the paſes all
That ſhee ſhould paſſe, to come unto his bed.
Thus turning oft, as ardent luſt him led, (thorne:
Hee thought his bed was ſowne with pricking
But now the drink that hee had drunke beforne,
Brew'd in his braine, and from his minde it took
The ſweet remembrance of her loving look.
So fell on ſleep: and then to him appears
Ten thouſand flames, ten thouſand dinnes he hears,
And dreams of Divels, and *Damons* dark and dim,
Meduſaes, *Minotaurs*, and *Gorgons* grim.
This while, the heart of *Judith* 'gan to beat
Inceſſantly, beſet with battell great:
One while her feare refel'd her firſt intent:
One while her action juſt her courage lent.
Then ſaid ſhee, *Judith*, now is time, goe to it,
And ſave thy people: Nay I will not doe it.
I will, I will not: Go, fear not againe:
Wilt thou the ſacred geſtning then profane?
Not it profane; but holier it ſhall ſtand,
When holy folke are helped by my hand.
But ſhamefull lives the traytor evermore;
No traytor ſhee who doth her towne reſtore.
But murd'rers all are of the heav'n forſaken:
All murder 's not for murder alwayes taken.
Alas, are they not murd'rers ſlay their Prince?
This tyrant is no Prince of my Province;
But what if God will have us under aw?
Hee 's not of God that fights againſt his law.
For then ſhould *Ahud*, *Jael*, and *Jehew*
Be homicides, becauſe they tyrants ſlew.
But what? they were commanded of the Lord:
To ſuch an act, my hearts ſhould ſoon accord.
Alas, my heart is weak for ſuch a deed; (need.
Th'are ſtrong enough whom God doth ſtrength at
But when 'tis done who ſhall my warrant be?
God brought mee here, God will deliver mee.
What if the Lord leave thee in Heathen hands?
Were this *Duke* dead, I fear no death nor bands.
But what if they pollute thee like a ſlave?
My body with my heart they ſhall not have.
Thus ſhee reſolved in her minde at laſt,
Her hands and eys unto the heav'n ſhee caſt,
And with an humble voice to God ſhee pray'd;
O gracious God that alwayes art the aid
To thy beloved *Iſrae*, I thee pray
To ſtrength my hand, even my right hand this day,
That I may make this bloudy tyrant dye,
That to diſcepter thee would skale the skye.
But ſince thy goodneſſe hath preſerved mee,
And brought my boat ſo neer the ſhore to be;
Grant that ſome ſleepy drinke I may provide,
To dull this tyrants heart and daunt his pride,
To th' end that I may free thy congregation;
Unto thy honour and our conſolation.
This prayer done, ſhee looked round about,
And heard this drunken Prince in ſleeping rout:
Then ſtept ſhee to his ſword that by him ſtood,
Wch oft had bath'd the world with humane bloud:

But as she preast the tyrant for to quell,
Fear reft the sword from her, and down shee fell,
And lost at once the strength of heart and corse.
O God (quoth shee) now by thy mighty force
Restore my strength. This said (with pale annoy)
Shee rudely rose and stroke this sleeping *Roy*
So fell, that from his shoulders flew his powle,
And from his body fled his *Ethnique* soule,
Hie away to hell. His bulk all bloud bestain'd
Lay still, his head in *Judiths* hand remain'd;
The which her maid put up into a sack:
Thus throw the campe they close away doe pack,
Empeacht of none. For those that had her seen,
Suppos'd shee went (as shee had wonted been,
The nights before) unto the valley, where
They thought shee went to serve *Diana* cleare.
When *Judith* chaste came neer the *Hebrew* wall;
Let in (quoth shee) for our great God of all
Hath broke this night the whole *Assyrian* power,
And rais'd the horne of *Is'ac* at this houre.
Then men, amaz'd of her unhoped state,
About her ran assembling at the gate,
Where holy *Judith* on a hill was mounted,
And all her chance from point to point recounted;
And there discov'ring drew out of the sack
The bloudy head of th' en'my of *Is'ac*.
The Citizens that saw how shee did stand
With th' end of *Assurs* head in her right hand;
They prayse God, who by her hand had slain
And punished that traytor inhumane.
'But, most of all Duke *Ammon* did admire
'The work of God. Then hee t' escape the ire
'Of *Jacobs* God, who aids the weakest part,
'Hee shortly circumcis'd his flesh and heart.
'O God, that rightly by foresight divine
'Repels the purpose of all mens engine:
'Who for to lead th' elect to destyn'd health
'(Even when it seems them fartheſt from their
'Of ill, thou draw'st the good, & som in ill (wealth)
'Thou lets them runne thy justice to fulfill;
'(O Lord) the vile desire of bloud and sack,
'Made *Holopherne* to war upon *Is'ac*:
'But where that hee would *Is'acs* bloud have shed,
'Hee lost his owne for *Is'ac* on his bed.
'Thus thy good grace hath made his vain invention
'To take effect contrary to his intention.
'So *Paul* became a *Saint*, who was a *Pharisee*;
'And, of a tyrant teacher of thy veritee:
'So was the theefe, that hung with our *Messias*
'(For all his sinne) preserved with *Elias*:
'His vitious corps could have no life here downe;
'His soule by grace yet got a heav'nly crown. (ces,
'Change then (O God) the hearts of christian prin-
'Who shed the faithfuls bloud in their provinces;
'Let thou that sword, that thou giv'st them to
'Upon thy en'mies onely be apply'd; (guide,
'Upon those tyrants whose unrighteous horne
'Deteins the Land where thy deare Son was born:
'Not on the backs of those, who with humility,
'Adore the *Triple* one great God in unity.
Then at commandment of this widow chaste,
A souldier tooke the tyrants head in haste;
And fit to give the *Hebrews* heart withall,
Hee fixed it upon the foremost wall.

Their fathers came, and sons, and wives, and maids,
Who erst had lost amongst the *Heathen* blaids,
Their sons, their parents, makes, and lovers dear;
With heavy hearts, and furious raging chear,
They pill'd and pair'd his beard, of palid hew,
Spet in his face, and out his tongue they drew,
Which us'd to speake of God great blasphemies,
And with their fingers poched out his eyes.
The rise remembrance of so late an ill,
Made vulgar folke such vengeance to fulfill.
This while, *Aurora* ceased to imbrace
Her ancient love, and rose with ruddy face,
Upon the *Indian* heav'n: the warriours strong,
That kept the towne, now sorted forth in throng,
Enarmed all with such a hideous sound
As seem'd the elements foure to confound,
And brak the bands that keep them in their border,
Retyring them unto their old disorder.
The *Pagan* watches next the Citie side
(Awaked with this din) start up and cride
Alarme, Alarme, like fearfull men agast:
Then through the Camp the hot Alarum past.
Some takes his neighbours armour first hee findes, Confusion.
And wrong on armes the bracelets both hee binder:
Some takes a staffe for haste, and leaves his lance:
Some madling runnes, some trembles in a trance:
Some on his horse ill sadled 'gins to ride,
And wants his spurrs; som boldly do abide:
Some neither wakes nor sleeps, but mazing stands:
Some brave in words, are beastly of their hands.
This brute from hand to hand, from man to man,
Unto the *Pagans* Court at last it ran.
Then *Bagos Eunuch*, sadly forth hee went
T' awake the sleeping *Ethnique* in his tent: (hand:
And knockt once, twice, and thrice, with trembling
But such eternall sleep his temples band,
That hee had past already (miserable)
Of *Styx* so black the floud irrepassable.
Yet *Bagos*, hearing *Is'acs* cry encrease,
Hee with his foot, the door began to prease,
And entred: where the bed hee did behold
All bled with *Holophernes* carkasse cold:
Hee tore his hair, and all his garments rent,
And to the heav'n his howling cries hee sent.
But when hee mist the *Hebrew*-Dame away,
Then raging hee began a ghastly fray,
And from the bloudy tent as hee ran out,
Among the heathen thus began to shout:
Woe, woe, to us, a slave (they *Judith* call)
In slaying *Holopherne*, hath slain us all,
That daunted all the world. These novels last,
Joyn'd to the former fear that lately past,
Affrighted so the souldiers one and all,
That pike and dart, and target they let fall,
And fled throw mountains, valleys, & throw heaths,
Where ev'ry chance procur'd them worser deaths.
Then all th' affieged folk in flocks descended,
And on their en'mies backs their bows they bended.
Both parties fain: but th' one that other chased,
The weary flyers flight themselves defaced.
The *Hebrews* there, in fight not one they lost;
But they bet down and slew the Heathen hoste:
As doth a Lion of *Getulia* wood
Bespred the land with worried beasts and bloud,

So

So long as hee may finde a beaſt abide,
That dare oppone him to his cruell pride. (Rocks,
Some headlong throw themſelves from craggie
And break their bones & all their brains out knocks;
Some have forgot that *Parcas*, every where
Wait on their end that drown in water cleare:
But if that any ſcape by ſome great hap,
Hee ſcapt the firſt, but not the after clap:
For all the ſtreits and paſſages were ſet,
That none ſhould ſcape alive where they were met:
Yea ſcarcely one was left to tell the King,
At *Nimive*, of all this wondrous thing.
This battell done, all thoſe whoſe *Sex* and age
Withheld at home (their dolours to aſſwage)
Came forth out of their fort to ſee and hear
What God had done for them his people dear.
They found ſome men diſmembred having breath,
That cry'd in vain a hundreth times for death.
Another gnaſhes with his teeth, in pains:
Some dead in face their former rage retains.
And ſome are ſhot directly throw the heart.
Each ſoule departs to his appointed part,
According to the valew, or the chance,
That fortun'd them to dye, on ſword or launce.
In ſhort: to ſee this ſight ſo dreadfull was,
That even the *Hebrews* would have ſaid Alas,
If they had vanquiſht any en'my els.
This while, amongſt the corſes infidels,
Among a hundred thouſand, there was found
The chieftaines carcaſſe rent with many a wound
Of ſpear and ſword, by th' *Hebrews* in their ire.
There was no ſinew, arter, veine nor lire,
That was not mangled with their vulgar rage:
No time nor moment might their ire aſſwage.
If *Holopherne* had been like *Atlas* long,
Or like in lims unto *Briarius* ſtrong;
Yet had his body been too ſmall a prey,
To ſatisfie their fury ev'ry way.
For, in that Camp was not ſo ſmall a knave,
But of his fleſh ſome colluphee would have.
O tyrant now (quoth they) give thy right hand
To the *Cilicians*, and to *Media Land*:
Leave thou thy left. And to *Celea* ſweet,
To *Iſmaell* and *Ægypt* leave thy feet:
To th' end that all the world, by thee offenced,
With ſuch a preſent may be recompenced.
But here I faile thy corps thus to deviſe
In *Atomy*: for, it will not ſuffice.
This thankfull widow then, who never thought
To ſmore this wondrous worke that God had
Entun'd her verſe, & ſung to ſweet cõſort (wrought,
Of inſtruments, and paſt with gracious port
Before the choſen Dames and Virgins there,
That were eſteem'd for honeſt, chaſte and fair.
Sing, ſing, with heart & voyce and ſounding ſtrings,
And praiſe the Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Who doth diſ-throne the great, and in their place
Erects the poore that leane upon his grace.
Who would have thought that in a day one town
Could overcome a camp of ſuch renown,
Who daunted all the world, whoſe pride was felt
From *Indian* ſhore to where the *Calpees* dwelt?
Great God, who will beleeve that *Holopherne*,
Who did a hundred famous Princes derne,
Should be diſceptred, ſlain, left in a midow,
By no great *Gyant*, but a feeble widow?
Great God, who will beleeve that hee who rain'd
From North to South, and in his hands retain'd,
Both Eaſt and Weſt; now gets not grace to have
An ynch of *Gazon* ground to be his grave?
This Conqu'rour, that came with no army ſmall,
Now lies on ground abandon'd of them all;
Not ſole: for, thoſe companion him in death,
That follow'd him while hee had life and breath.
Not now the ground, but Ravens hunger-ſterv'd,
Are now his tombe as hee hath well deſerv'd.
No vaults of Marble rich, nor *Porphir* pure,
That hee had built, could be his ſepulture.
Even ſo good Lord from henceforth let us finde
Thee not our Judge, but for our Father kinde:
But let all tyrants that againſt thee gather,
Find thee their Judge; but not their loving Father.
Here *Judith* ends: *And alſo here I ſtay,*
With thanks to God. So, for his ſtate I pray
At whoſe command I undertooke this deed,
To pleaſe his Grace, and thoſe that will it read.

The Tranſlator.

FINIS.

FINIS

A TABLE OF THE SIGNIFICATION OF SOME VVords as they are uſed before.

Abderois, profane and delicate Epicures.
Abile, a Hill in *Affrica*, one of the *Pillars of Hercules*.
Abraham, Father of the Jews, or the faithfull.
Achelois, Imps, *Sirens* or *Mermaids*.
Amram, the father of *Moſes*.
Aſſur, *Aſſurs head*, the Countrey of *Aſſyria*, or their King.
Aſſyrian Prince, *Holophernes*, Vizroy or Generall.
Agamemnon, the Generall of the *Greeks*, being preſent at the ſacrificing of his onely daughter was painted with a bend about his eyes, either for the painters unskilfulneſſe, who could not ſufficiently expreſſe his ſpeciall tears; or els for that he thought it undecent to paint ſo mighty a Prince weeping; or unnaturall, not to weep.
Aconite, a poiſonable herb.
Auſter, the South or ſouth-winde.
Aurora, the morning.
Arphaxat, ſuppoſed to be *Arbactus*, King of *Medes*.
Atlas, a great Gyant.
Argus, had a hundred eyes.
Alexander, the Great.
Apelles, an excellent painter.
Bethull or *Bethulia*, the City where *Judith* dwelt.
Babel, *Babylon*, or the whole Countrey.
Bellona, goddeſſe of Battell.
Briccoll, an ingine of war.
Briarius, a Gyant with a hundred hands.
Bacchus, Wine or drunkenneſſe.
Boreas, the North or North-winde.
Chamelion, a beaſt that changeth his colours.
Cteſiphon, a cunning ~~*Architect* or builder~~.
Chaos, a confuſion before the worlds creation.
Capharois, *Cyanes ſtraits*, } two perilous Rocks.
Calpe, a Hill in *Spain*, one of the pillars of *Hercules*.
Cyprian Dame, *Venus*, love or luſt.
Cupido, Love or luſt.
Corvies, crooked yrons to draw down buildings.
Caſtors ſiſter, *Helen*, the diſhoneſt wife of *Menelaus*.
Canaces, inceſtuous women.
Circes, Witches, abuſers of lovers.
Cyrene, a dry ſandy countrey, or drouth.
Carmel a mountaine in *Judea*, or the whole countrey.
Danow, *Danubius*, a river in *Germany*.
Denis, twice born, *Bacchus*.
Diana or *Cynthia*, the Moon.
Dina, the daughter of *Jacob*.
Ægyptian Queen, *Cleopatra*, the Concubine of *M. Antonius*, who ſwallowed a rich pearle.
Elimia Land, the Elamits.
Eurus, the Eaſt, or Eaſt-winde.
Ægeans ſtable, where horſes devoured men.
Encelade, a Gyant buried under mount *Ætna*.
Generall, *Holophernes*.
Gibralter, a City in *Spain* neer to *Calpe*-hill, one of the Pillars of *Hercules*.
Holopherne, Vizroy, chief of the Army.
Hermon, a Hill in *Judea*, or the countrey of *Judea*.
Heſperian coſte, the Weſt.
Hyade, a water-Nymph or watry ſtar.
Heraulis, Apoſtles or Preachers.
Jacobs ſonnes, the people of *Iſrael*.
Iſrael or *Jacob*, the Land of *Judea*.
Iſaac, the people of the *Jewes*.
Iſmael, *Idumeans* or *Edom*.
Ixion, one tormented in Hell.
Jebus place, *Jeruſalem* or *Sion*.
Judith, of *Bethulia*, of the tribe of *Reuben*.
Jeſſies race, *David*, and his ſeed.
Jethro, Father in law to *Moſes*.
Latmies ſonne, *Endymion*, the long ſleeper, ſuppoſed to lie with the Moon.
Lyſippus, a cunning carver.
Monarch, one ſole Governour.
Memphits, men of that City in *Ægypt*.
Miſraim, the Land of *Ægypt*.
Mocmur, the river neer *Bethulia*.
Momus, a ſcornfull detracter of all things.
Mars, god of ſtrife or battell.
Mirrhaes and *Syllaes*, women betrayers of their countrey.
Minotaurs, unnaturall monſters.
Meduſaes, furies of Hell.

Neptunes,

Neptunes back, the Sea.
Niphathai, a mighty ſtrong rock or mountaine in Syria.
Paleſtine, the Land of the Philiſtins.
Pharia, a famous tower in *Ægypt*.
Phlegon, one of the foure horſes that was ſuppoſed to draw the Sunne.
Phœbus, the Sun.
Phœbe, his ſiſter the Moon.
Proteus, a man changing himſelf into ſundry forms: there is a fiſh of like nature.
Priams wife, *Hecuba* the honourable.
Pelmell, all mixt confuſedly together.
Ramme, an ingine of war for battery.
Sina hill, *Sinai-hill*.
Salem, *Jeruſalem*.
Solyma, *Jeruſalem*.
Sichem, the raviſher of *Dina*.
Sabean Queen, Savours of *Saba* land.
Simeon, *Dinaes* brother.
Scythique Rampier, the tomb of *Semele*, mother of *Bacchus*.
Styx, a River in hell.
Sympathy, concordance of natures and things.
Sentinels, Watchmen.
Semirames, Women *Viragoes*.
Syrtes, dangerous ſands.
Satrap, Prince.
Stymphalides, ravenous fowles with female faces, *Harpies*.
Syrian Camp, the Hoſte of *Holophernes*.
Semels ſonne, Bacchus or wine,
Tranſparent, that which may be ſeen through and whole, like glaſſe.
Tortuſe, an ingine of war.
Trepan, an ingine of war.
The forraine tide, ſuppoſed to have beene the floud of *Noah*, or the deluge of *Deucalion* that divided *Affrica* from *Europe*, and *Sycilia*, from *Italia*.
Thetis, the Sea.
Thurims, deceitfull Advocates.
Theban knight, Captaine of the Greeks army.
Theefe that ſtole the fire, *Prometheus*, who ſtole fire from *Jupiter*.
Zedechias, laſt King of the Jewes.
Zephyrus, Weſt or Weſt-winde.
Zeuxis, a painter of *Italy*, who being required to paint the picture of *Helen*, deſired to have all the faireſt women of *Croton* to be preſent for his patterne.

FINIS.

LITTLE

BARTAS:

OR, BRIEFE

MEDITATIONS

ON

The Power,

Providence, Greatnes,

AND,

Goodneſſe of God,

IN THE

CREATION;

Of the VVorld, for *Man*:

Of Man,

For HIMSELFE.

Tranſlated; and dedicated

TO THE

Moſt Royall Ladie,

ELIZABETH.

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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TO THE MOST ROYALL LADY ELIZABETHA INFANTA of England; Princesse PALATINE of RHINE.

Sweet Grace *of* GRACES, Glory *of Your Age*,
Lustre *of* VERTUES (*Morall and Divine*)
Whose Sacred Raies (*already*) *far* out-shine
Your Princely State, *Your* Royall Parentage;
Here, to your HIGHNES (*With all Good-Presage,*
Congratuling Your little PALATINE)
I consecrate *This* LITTLE-*One of Mine*,
To serve Your Self *first*; *then* Your Son, *for Page.*
Your gracious Favours *to my former* Brood,
So binde *my Thoughts*, *so* bolden *my Desires*,
To shew Mee gratefull, *as I know You* good;
That Thus *to* You, *This* LITTLE *Mine* aspires:
Little in Growth, *yet of so great a* Spirit,
As (*happily*) *Your Graces grace may merit.*

To your Highnesse service,

Duely and Truely devoted,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

Sou haits
Royaux & Loyaux

Au Roy.

AInſi, *l'Ancien des Temps*, d'Ans, d'Honneurs, & Bonheurs,
Comblant ce Chef Royall ; couronne voz Labeurs :
Qui, pour le *Droict des Roys*, d'un Glaive tout divin,
Combattez *l'Antichriſt*, & ſon grand BELLARMIN.

Au Prince Charles.

AInſi, le Tout-puiſſant, de ſa main de PANDORE,
Face d'un *Charle-moindre*, un *Charle-magne* encore ;
Qui, ſuivant Voz *Vertuz*, derive, perennel,
Saincts-Sages-Preux STUARTS au Sceptre paternel.

Aux Princes Palatins.

AInſi, le Ciel benin de ſes *Treſors* beniſſe,
L'Hymen heureux & ſainct de FRED'RIC & d'ELIZE ;
De ſorte, que d'Iceux, leurs *Filz* & leurs *Neveuz*,
Nous naiſſent deſormais des EMPEREURS heureux.

Aux Anglois & Allemans.

AInſi, *Lions* ANGLOIS & *Aigles* d'ALLEMAGNE
(Triumphants, pour *la Foy*, de ROME & de l'ESPAGNE)
Terraſſent coup à coup les *Lunes* du TURQUOIS,
Pour planter tout par tout les *Lauriers* de la CROIX.

LITTLE BARTAS.

If wanton Lovers so delight to gaze
On mortall Beauties brittle little blaze;
That, not content with (almost) daily sight
Of those dear Idols *of their Appetite;*
Nor with th' Idëas which th' Idalian Dart
Hath deep imprinted in their yeelding hart;
Nor with their Pictures (with preciseſt charge)
Done by De-creets, Marcus, *or* Peak, *at large*
(And hang'd of purpoſe, where they moſt frequent,
As ſome faire Chamber's choiceſt Ornament)
They muſt have Heliard, Iſaac, *or His Sonne,*
To doe, in Little, what in Large was done;
That they may ever, ever bear about
A Pictures Picture *(for the moſt, I doubt):*
Much more ſhould thoſe, whoſe Soules, in Sacred Love,
*Are rapt with Beautie's-*Proto-Type *above*
(Sith, heer, they cannot ſee th' ORIGINALL;
Nor, in themſelves, now, finde his Principall)
Thirſt for Their Object; and much leſſe content
With th' ample Table *of the Firmament,*
And various Viſage of this goodly Globe,
Wherein, they ſee but (as it were) His Robe
Embrodered rich, and with Great Works emboſt,
Of Pow'r, of Prudence, and of Goodneſſe, moſt;
Yet, ſo far-off, ſo maſsy, ſo immenſe,
As over-ſwaies Their weak Intelligence:
Or with that leſſer Tablet *of their owne*
(The Little-World, wherein the Great is ſhow'n)
Which, neer and dear, though ſtill about they bear,
Such Clouds of Paſſion *are ſtill crowding there,*
That ſeld or never can they ought perceive
Of thoſe pure Raies it did at firſt receive]
Long for their Long-home, paſt the Gates of Grace,
To ſee their Love, in Glory, face to face.
Till when; awhile to entertain them here
With Proſpects fitteſt Their faint Thoughts to cheer
(In ſtead of That Great Univerſall Table,
Made in Six Dayes, with Art ſo admirable;
And, by My BARTAS, *in His* Weeks *divine,*
So large and lively drawn in every line)
Du-VAL, *and I (too ſhort of* Iſaac *'s Art)*
Have Thus Eſſaid *to play the* Limners *part,*
And draw in little (like a Quinteſſence)
That goodly Labours glorious Excellence;
For eaſe of Such, whom Publike Charge denies
Leaſure to view ſo large Varieties:
And Such whoſe Means may not affoord their Minds
So coſtly Pleaſures of ſo Gainleſſe kindes:
And (laſtly) Such, as, loving BARTAS *beſt,*
Would glad and fain ſtill bear Him in their Breſt,
Or in their Boſom, were Hee Pocket-fit,
As well Hee might; would Printers Gain *permit.*
Now therefore, Thou, All-forming ONELY-TRINE,
As, in the Large, Thou led'ſt His Hand and Mine;
Lend likewiſe here Thy gracious Help agen,
To guide aright my Pencil and my Pen;
To ſuite my Colours, ſweet my Shadows, ſo,
That This my Little, Thy Great Works may ſhow.
And grant, the while, I be not like the Hand
Which at S. Albons, *in the Street, doth ſtand*
Directing Others in the ready Way;
But, void of minde, it Selfe behinde doth ſtay:
Nor, like a Buoy, *which warneth from a Shelf;*
But lies ſtill wallowing in the Sea, it Selfe.

SUpernall Lord, Eternall King of Kings,
Maker, Maintainer, Mover of All things,
How infinite! how excellently-rare!
How abſolute Thy wondrous Works they are!
How-much Their Knowledge is to be deſir'd!
How, THOU, in All, to be of All admir'd!
Thy glorious Pow'r ſo ſuits thy gracious Will:
Thy ſov'rain Wiſedome meets thy Goodneſſe ſtill:
Thy Word effects thy Work; and, void of Pair,
Turns round the Heav'ns, & doth the Earth ſuſtain.
Thy Spirit, infallible and infinite,
Filling the World (yet not contain'd in it)
By Pow'r and Preſence, all, in All things dwels;
In Eſſence though, the Heav'n of heav'ns excels.
Eternally, before All Form began,
Thou, onely God, wert in Thy-ſelf, even than,
As abſolute; as after all the Term
Of All thy Works: They, changeful All; Thou firm.
The Revolution of This ample All,
Heav'ns hight, Stars light, the Oceans floud & fall,
To all Mankinde, in ſome kind, make Thee known;
But adde not Thee more Glory to Thine own.
To make a World, or mar it, Thou art free.
All coms and goes by Thy divine Decree.
Thou, at Thy pleaſure, haſt made All of Nought:
All at Thy pleaſure, ſhall to nought be brought.
Thy Name is (right) I AM: for without Thee,
Is None: all beeings of thy BEEING be:
All perfect *Unity*, proper *Exiſtence*,
Is onely found in Thine owne ſacred Eſſence.
Although the *World* a goodly Piece appear,
'T hath, to Thy Greatneſſe, no Proportion neer:
'Tis but a Point to Thine immenſe Infinity.
Then, what (alas!) is Man to Thy DIVINITY?
Yet haſt Thou Him a Tongue and Reaſon giv'n;
And Eyes erected towards Thy glitt'ring Heav'n,
To read and ruminate Thy Wonders there;
And afterwards proclaim them every-where.
The Heav'ns declare Thy Glory, and they preach
To Man, Thy *Works*, Thine *Excellence* in Each:
The Elements accorded Diſcords ſound
How good for us thy goodly *Works* are found.
The radiant Stars, in their eternall Sway,
Th' alternate Changes of the Night and Day,
The birth of beaſts, the growth of plants, each hour,
Teach every where Thy Providence and Pow'r.
From THEE, the Sun receives his Beauty bright,
And Soveraigne Rule of Each celeſtiall Light;
Whoſe Yearly Courſe, in certain Circuiting,
Makes Winter, Summer, Autumn, and the Spring.
Be't cloudy, cleer, Eclipſe, or Night, or Day;
His lovely brows are equi-lucent ay:

And, whether ſwift and ſoft Hee ſeem to wend,
His Speed is ſuch, Wee cannot comprehend.
Though us Hee warm, yet is himſelfe not hot;
Though red, or pale, Hee ſeem, yet is Hee not:
Though ſmall to us, His Orb is eight-ſcore times
And ſix, as big as All our Earthly Climes.
Did not Hee draw moiſt Vapours from below,
To drench our fields; here, nothing green would grow:
Did not Hee dry exceſſive Show'rs again,
Wee could not ſow, or mow, our Graſs, nor Grain.
Thou Lord, by Him, work'ſt all this Alteration,
And cauſeſt ſo all Creatures generation:
Prankeſt the Earth in diverſe-Flowred hew;
And yearly, almoſt, mak'ſt the *World* anew.
Thou haſt diſpos'd His oblique Body ſo,
That Riſe hee, Set hee, be hee High, or Low;
His Noon 's perpetuall: and hee makes at once
Day, Night; Summer, Winter; frying, freezing Zones.

When low to Us, to Others hee is high;
When Others ſee not, Wee behold his Eye;
When here hee Sets, hee riſes other-where;
When here direct, hee looketh glancing there.
When ſom, in Summer, hear ſweet Nightingales,
Then ſom, in Winter, hear but bluſtring Gales;
Som ſee but Buds, when ſom ſupply their Granges:
Each-where, the Sun thus Seaſons contre-changes.
When here, ther ſprings both leaf & gras together,
Elſe-where the Meads do hang their heads and wi-
So, in their turns, ſo in their times, he meaſures (ther:
His Gifts to all; and all partake his Treaſures.
In brief, each change of ſhort, long; Day & Night;
Of Seaſons, Times, Turns, and Returns of Light;
Which, in a whole Year, every-where hee forms:
That, in the whole *World*, daily hee performs.
So that, drad Lord, were not Thy ſacred Lore,
Man, above All, would likely Him adore
(As ſom have done); but Supreme Reaſon ſhowes,
That all His Glory unto Thine hee owes.
Things finite have Beginning and Beginner;
Things mov'd, a Mover (as the wheel, the Spinner):
Effects, their finall Cauſe; and (formerly)
Elder then Time, Nature or Faculty.
Even Thee the *Cauſe* of *Cauſes*: Sourſe of All:
Firſt, and *Laſt*, *Mover*; *Prime*, and *Principall*:
Infallible, involuble, inſenſible,
All *Self-comprising*, elſe incomprehenſible:
Immenſe, Immortall, abſolute Infinity,
Omnipotent, Omniſcient, DIVINITY.
Even Thee, in Whom alone begins all *Good*,
And all returns into thy bound-leſſe Flood.
By Order then of thy Decrees divine,
Th' haſt ſet the *Sun* o'r all the *World* to ſhine,
And (as the Subjects lightly ſuit their King)
With his fair Light, t' enlighten every thing.
His goodly Face, th' ungodly ever fly,
Seeking for *Night* 's black horrid Canapy
To cover Theft, Rape, Inceſt, murder too,
And all foul *Sinnes*, which, in the Dark, they doe.
By Him *Wee ſee thy Works* in their Propriety;
Diſcern their Beauties, learn their vaſt variety:
Where, without Him, the *World* would all return
To th' old firſt CHAOS, or in Blindneſſe mourn.

By Him, Wee calculate our Grandſires Dates,
Th' Increaſe of Kingdoms, and Decay of States:
By Him, Thou meaſur'ſt, Lord, to Us and Ours,
Yeers, Ages, Seaſons, Months, Daies, Minutes, Hours.
All Wits admire th' immenſe and wondrous way
His great bright Body circuits every Day:
The more his Orb is from the Centre far,
The longer Daily his great Journies are.
Beſides his Daily Courſe, his Courſers drive
One of three hundred threeſcore Daies and five,
Five Hours, three Quarters: of which Over-plus,
In every fourth Year, growes a Day with us.
Yet, Whoſo would the Year exactly rate,
In five-ſcore-five Years, muſt one Leap abate:
And, in threeſcore, for th' Error ready paſt,
Should no Biſſextile in our Bookes be plac't.
But though Wee erre, Hee never erres at all:
Nor, Since Thou didſt him in his State inſtall,
Hath Hee miſt Moment of the Task hee ought;
Though hee have ſeen Men fail and fall ſo oft.
Above all Creatures, Hee retains, of Thee,
Som-thing conform to Thine *Eternity*:
For, though Hee ſee our hourly Changes here,
His Light and Beauty ſtill the ſame appear.
How many Changes hath Hee ſeen on Earth!
Kings, Kingdoms, States, their buriall, & their birth;
Riſing and Falling of triumphant Races;
Raiſing and Razing of Renowned Places?
How often hath Hee ſeen Empires reverſt?
Rich Cities ſackt? Rare Common-weals diſperſt?
Fields turn'd to Flouds, and Seas return'd to Sands,
While ſtedfaſt Hee between his Tropiks ſtands?
Him, juſt betwixt Six Wand'rers haſt thou plac't,
Which prance about Him with unequall haſte:
All which, Without Him, could no Light reflect,
As is apparent by the Moons Defect.
By His Aſpect, her owne ſhee daily makes:
She, Wax-leſs, Wane-leſs, doth both wane & wax:
And, though to Us Shee ſeem a Semi-Ray,
Her full round Face doth never fall away.
By his fair Beams, as well by Day as Night,
The full whole Halfe of Her thick Orb is bright:
And, as Shee draws neer or far-off from Him;
So more, or leſſe, Our Half is cleer or dim.
Her upper Half is full in her Coition,
Her lower Half is in her Oppoſition:
Her other Quarters other Forms expreſſe;
And, up or down-ward, ſhew Her more or leſſe.
When We ſee little, then the Heav'ns have ſtore:
When Heav'ns ſee little, then have Wee the more:
Neerer the Sun, the leſſe Shee ſeems in ſight;
Turning her Horn, ſtill to her Oppoſite.
At Even, Increaſing, Shee the Sun ſucceeds;
At Morn, Decreaſing, Shee his Car preceeds:
So that, each Month the Sun environs Her,
On every ſide His Splendor to confer.
Her ſilver Light then onely faileth her
When th' Earth 's between Them (in Diameter):
Which Masks her Beauty with a ſable Cloud,
From Sight of Him, her Brother Golden-brow'd.
Good Lord, what changes doſt thou work by
Varieties; in Air, in Earth, and Seas! (theſe
Fair, or foul Weather; Winde, or Wet, or Thunder;
To dry, or drip; or cool, or warm Here-under.

If

If ſhee but Smile the fourth day, 't will be fair;
If then Shee bluſh, wee ſhall have bluſtring air:
If then her brows be muffled with a Frown,
Moſt of that month ſhall ſad tears trickle down.
Thus doth the Vigour of the Signs ſuperiour
Rule in the Vertues of theſe things inferiour:
But All are govern'd by Thy ſoverain Might:
O! happy Hee who underſtands it right.
Thrice happy Hee, who ſees Thee every-where;
In Heav'n, and Earth, in Water, Fire, and Air:
Who, due admiring Thy wiſe Works (of Yore)
Thee above All, Thee onely, doth adore. (too;
Who knowes Thee ſo, ſo needs muſt love Thee
And, with his Will, Thy ſacred *Will* would doe:
Still lifts his eyes to Heav'n-ward, to contemple
The ſtately Wonders of Thy ſtarry Temple:
Admires the ſet and meaſur'd Dance of Thine
All-claſping Palace, Azure-cryſtalline,
Rare-rich imboſt with glittering ſtuds of Gold;
And, more admires, the more Hee doth behold.
'Tis a wondrous thing to ſee That mighty Mound,
Hinge-leſs and Ax-leſs, turn ſo ſwiftly round; (ding)
And th' heavy Earth, prop-leſs (tho downward ten-
Self-counter-poiz'd, mid the ſoft Air ſuſpending.
On th' ample Surface of whoſe maſſie Ball
Men (round about) doe trample over all,
Foot againſt Foot, though ſtill (O ſtrange effect!)
Their Faces all be towards Heav'n erect.
Thoſe dwelling under th' *Equinoctiall*, they
Have, all the Year long, equall Night and Day:
Thoſe neer the *Tropiks* have them more un-even;
The more, the more that they are Nor-ward driven.
But thoſe, whoſe Tents to either Pole are neer,
Have but One Night, and One Day, in a yeer:
Yet All well compaſt by due ruled Rite,
Neither, then other, hath more Dark or Light.
Thus have thy Works, O All-diſpoſing *Deity*,
Som-what conform, for all their great variety:
Which Harmony, amid ſo diverſe things
In All, aloud Thy wondrous Wiſdom rings.
But, ſpecially, wee wonder at the Place
Which here thou haſt beſtow'd on *Adams* race:
To ſee our ſelves ſet on ſo Round a Ball,
So firmly hang'd juſt in the mid'ſt of all.
For, This our Globe hangs Prop-leſs in the Air;
Yet, but thy *Self*, can nothing ſhake or ſway-her:
No roaring Storm, nor rumbling Violence,
Can move the *Centre*'s ſad Circumference.
Which, whoſo ſhould oppoſe in Diſputation,
Might be convinc't by eaſie Demonſtration:
So, far doe they from Senſe and Reaſon erre, (ſtir.
Who think the Heav'ns ſtand, and th' Earth doth
The Parts and Whole of ſame-kind bodies, have
Same or like Motions; be they light, or grave:
Upward, or downward; round or overthwart:
Needs muſt the Totall move as doth his Part.
So, if wee ſee the Sun and Moon to veer;
Their Ample Heav'ns have even the like Career:
But, who hath ſeen a Selfly-turning Stone?
How then ſhould *Earth* turn her whole lump alone?
Let's therefore, boldly, with old Truth affirm,
That th' Earth remains unmoveable and firm:
And (if wee credit the Geometer)
Three thouſand leagues is her Diameter:
This Meaſure of her vaſt thick Depth, is found
By th' admirable Compaſſe of her Round;
Which hath, by Teſt of Arts Experiments,
More then nine thouſand leagues Circumference.
Yet, learned Mappiſts, on a Paper ſmall,
Draw (in Abbridgement) the whole Type of all;
And, in their Chamber (pain-leſſe, peril-leſſe)
See, in an hour, and circuit, Land and Seas.
This mighty Globe is but a Point, compar'd
With th' upper Globe: yet on his Point are ſhar'd
Millions of millions of Man-kinde, which plow
With Keel and Coulter its Twin Back and Brow.
Man, placed thus, in This Mid-Point, ſo even,
Sees alwaies Halfe of God's great Hall of Heav'n:
Th' other 's beneath him; yet abides not there
But in a Day doth to him all appear.
Ah, Soveraign Artiſt! O how few of us
Know right the Place where Thou haſt plac't us thus!
Alas! how many know not, to what end
Thy gracious Wiſdome did them hither ſend!
Yet, giving Man a quick Intelligence,
Thou ſett'ſt him juſt in the World's Midſt; that,
Seeing thy Wonders round about him ſo, (thence
Knowing himſelf, hee might Thee better know.
By th' uſuall Circuit of the Heav'nly Ball,
The Stars appear unto us (almoſt) all;
That Wee in time, obſerving all their Figures,
Might contemplate their Courſes, Natures, Vigors.
To view the Stars, is honeſt Recreation:
To ſearch their Courſe, deſerveth Commendation;
So wee beware, with ſome preſuming Sects
To pick things future out of their Aſpects.
Wee muſt renounce That Errors patronage,
That what ſom Dreamers by our Births preſage,
Muſt needs betide us; tying to their Lawes
Our nature, govern'd by a Higher Cauſe.
Perhaps the Signes ſome inclination bring,
Inducing hearts to ſome Affectioning:
But, by Gods grace, well may wee vary that;
As, never forc't by neceſſary Fate.
For, ſure if Man, by ſtrong Neceſſity,
Doe any Ill, ill meriteth not Hee:
Did Stars conſtrain us, neither Vertue, then,
Nor Vice, were worth Praiſe or Reproof in Men.
If any way the Will of Man be free,
On Theſe Effects what Judgement's ground can be?
What Certainty can from the ſtars be knowne
Of Weal, or Woe, Life, Death, or Thrall, or Throne?
When Kings are born, many are born beſide:
Muſt all be Deſtin'd to be Kings, that tide?
Oft, many at-once are hang'd, or drown'd, or ſlain:
Did all at-once their groaning Mothers pain?
Who can conceive, that ſuch or ſuch Aſpect
Is good, or bad; boads Life, or Deaths Effect?
Who can produce ſo ſure Prognoſtications
Of our frail Life, ſo full of Alterations?
Certain's that Art which ſhews the daily Courſe
Of reſtleſſe Stars, their Influence and Force:
But, Divination 's an uncertain Skill,
Full of fond Errour, falſe, and failing ſtill.
What booted, Lord, our humbleſt Vows to Thee,
Were their Concluſions certain Verity?
Diſaſtrous Fate would mate us with Deſpair,
And fruſtrate all religious Faith and Prayer.

Were it their Sayings, were right certain true,
Then of neceſſity muſt all enſue:
But, if Events their Verdicts often thwart,
Falſe is their Aim, and fallible their Art.
Obſerve the Works thoſe ſubtill Authors write;
Th'are ſo ambiguous, or ſo falſe out-right,
That if ſomtimes ſom truth they chance to hit,
They'll counterpoiz a hundred lies for it.
Too-buſie-bold with Thee, Lord they preſume;
And to themſelves Thine Office they aſſume,
Who, by Star-gazing, or ought elſe below,
Dare arrogate the Future to foreknow.
Wee hardly ſee what hangeth at our Eyes:
How ſhould wee read the Secrets of the Skies?
None knowes To-morrow what betide him ſhall:
How then fore-tell Yeers Fortunes yer they fall?
Then leave wee all to God's high providence;
Not liſt'ning for To-morrow-Daies Events:
Better then Wee, He knowes what's meet to ſend.
Then fear wee nothing, but him to offend.
O! Thou All-knower! Nothing more doth thruſt
Proud Man from Thee then this Ambitious Luſt
Of knowing All: for, by that Arrogance,
In ſtead of Knowledge, got Hee Ignorance.
Man nothing knowes, nor nothing comprehends,
But by the Power which Thy pure ſpirit him lends.
If then, Thy Wiſdom have ſo bounded His;
Why would Hee hold more then His Meaſure is?
Let's humbly ſtoop our Wits, with all Sincerity,
Unto thy *Word*: there let us ſeek the Verity;
And all Predictions that ariſe not Thence,
Let us reject for impious Inſolence.
Let us repute all Divination vain,
Which is derived from mans fuming brain,
By Lots, by Characters, or Chiromancy;
By Birds, or Beaſts, or damned Necromancy.
Let's alſo flee the furious-curious Spell
Of thoſe Black-Artiſts that conſult with Hell
To finde things loſt; and *Pluto*'s help invoke
For hoorded Gold, where oft they finde but ſmoke.
Hee's fond that thinks Fiends in his ring to coop;
Or in a knife them by a Charm to hoop.
Such as have try'd thoſe courſes, for the moſt,
Have felt in fine Their malice, to their coſt.
Woe, woe to them that leave the living God,
To follow Fiends, and Mountibanks abroad;
Seeking for light, dark, dreaming Sorceries,
And, for the Truth, th'erroneus Prince of Lies.
Condemning therefore all pernicious Arts,
Let's be contented with our proper Parts:
Let's meekly ſeek what may be ſafely knowne,
Without uſurping Gods peculiar Owne. (ſpend,
W' have Stuffe enough (beſides) our time to
And Our ſhort life can hardly comprehend
The half of half the Wonders licenſt us
To ſearch, and know, and ſoberly diſcuſſe.
The ſmalleſt Garden uſually contains
Roots, Fruits and Flowrs, ſufficient for the pains
Of one mans life, their natures to deſcry:
When will hee know all Creatures property?
Earth's but a Point, compar'd to th'upper Globe;
Yet, who hath ſeen but half her utter Robe,
Omitting All her Inwards, All her Water?
When ſhall wee then ſee All this vaſt Theater?

What here wee ſee, wee ſee is Exquiſite:
What 's This to That ſo far above our Sight?
Excelling fair, what to our Eye is ſenſible;
Even to our Soule, the reſt's incomprehenſible.
Who then can vaunt himſelfe Omniſcient?
More then All, ſin-leſſe, Pure and Innocent?
As none 's all-guiltleſſe, in thy glorious Eyes,
There 's none all-knowing thy high Myſteries.
Yet muſt wee praiſe and glorifie thee fit,
For that wee know; and for our good by it:
There is no Pleaſure can be comparable
To Contemplation of Thy Wondrous Table.
Thereon the more wee muſe, the more we may;
So our Delight, Deſire encreaſeth ay
Of finding Thee: and that divine Deſire,
Calming our Cares, quencheth our fleſhly Fire.
All other Pleaſures have Diſpleaſures mixt:
Joyes meet annoyes, and ſmiles have tears betwixt:
Yea, all Delights of Earth have ever been
Fellow'd or follow'd, by ſom tragick Teen.
But, who of Thee, and Thine, contemplates ever,
Scapes all the Fits of th' hot-cold cruell Fever
Of Fear, of Love, of Avarice, Ambition,
Which haunts all others, with ſmall Intermiſſion.
Man, labour-leſſe, receives a rare Delight,
When hee obſerves the ſettled Order right,
Whereby all Creatures (with, or wanting Senſe)
Subſiſt, through thine Unchanging Providence.
What more content can Wee have here below,
More high, more happy? then, but This to know
(This certain Sum) That, when This world began,
Thou mad'ſt Man for Thy-Self, and All for Man?
Th'Horſe was not made to glorifie thy Name,
Nor th' Elephant to magnifie the ſame:
Man, onely Man, hath mem'ry, voyce and wit
To ſing thy Praiſe, and ſound thy Glory, fit.
And, to ſerve Thee, as Hee is ſole ordain'd;
So, to ſerve Him, Thou haſt the reſt derrain'd:
All things that flee, that walk, that craul or ſwim,
Yea, Heav'n and Earth, and All, are vow'd to Him.
For Him, the Earth yeelds Herbs, Trees Fruits, & (To ſundry purpoſe, and of ſundry powrs) (Flowrs,
Corn of all kindes, in Vallies far and wide
(For Bread and Drink) and dainty Vines beſide.
For him, the Rocks a thouſand Rivers guſh:
Here, rouling Brooks; There ſilver Torrents ruſh;
Indenting Meads and Paſtures, as they paſſe,
Whoſe ſmiling Pride peeps in their liquid Glaſſe.
For Him, the Mountains, downs, & Forreſts breed
Buffs, Beefs, Sheep, Venzon; and the luſty Steed
To bear him bravely thorough thick and thin,
And ſilly Worms, his Silken Robes to ſpin.
For Him, the Bullock bears his painfull Yoak:
For Him, the Weather wears his curled Cloak:
For Him, the Birds their brooding-chambers build:
For Him, the Bees their Wax and Honey yeeld.
For Him, the Sea doth many millions nurſe;
With whom, the Air helps both his panch & purſe:
The Fire 's His Cook, to dreſſe th' aboundant Cheer
Which Air, and Sea, and Earth, doe furniſh here.
Yea, Dragons, Serpents, Vipers venemous,
Have Fel, Fat, Blond; or ſomwhat good for us;
In Leproſie, or Lunacie apply'd:
And Triacle is alſo hence ſupply'd.

Hee

Hee (briefly) Hee hath uſe of all that is;
Winnes the moſt ſavage of the Savages:
None ſo fierce Lyon, but to tame hee wonts;
Nor Elephant ſo high, but that hee mounts.
And makes, beſides, of his huge Bones and Teeth,
Haſts, Boxes, Combs, and more then many ſee'th.
Nay, more; for Him, the fell *Monocerote*
Bears in his brow a ſoveraine *Antidote*.
Yea, many ſoverain Remedies Hee findes,
For ſundry Griefs, in Creatures of all kindes.
All (in a word) wilde and domeſtick too,
Som way or other him ſom ſervice doe.
For food, Hee hath the fleſh of Beaſts and Birds:
For clothes, the Fleece, the Hair & Hide of Heards:
For houſe, each Quarr, and every Forreſt offers:
For mettals, Mines furniſh his Camp and Coffers.
For Him, the jarring Elements agree;
Fire cleers the Air: Air ſweeps the Earth wee ſee;
Earth bears the Water: Water (moiſtly milde)
Cools Fire, calms Air, & gets the Earth with-child.
So, All is made for Man; and Man for Thee:
To love, and ſerve and Laud thy Majeſty;
Thee above all, Thee onely to obey:
With thankfull ſoule walking Thy ſacred way.
This doth He well, that yeelds his Will to thine;
Full of deſires, if not of deeds divine:
Striving to ſtop, under the Spirits awe,
The members ſtubborn and rebellious Law.
For, Man conſiſts of diſcordant accords
(What the great World, the little World affords.
There heav'n & earth; here earth & heav'n there are:
There War and Peace; Here alſo Peace and War.)
Hee hath a heav'nly ſoule, an earthly Sheath:
That, ſoars above; This ever pores beneath:
That, lightly wing'd all creatures comprehends;
This, leaden heel'd, but to corruption tends.
The Spirit oft againſt the Fleſh doth fight;
And ſomtimes, vanquiſht by his Oppoſite,
Is carried Captive with the moſt diſhonor,
After his Foe; and forc't to wait upon-her;
Till rouz'd again, and raiſed by Thy Grace,
His ſtriving Will recovers wonted place;
With better watch, and braver reſolution,
To ſtand it out untill his diſſolution.
Survaying then both heav'n and earth about,
Hee bringeth in what hee hath ſeen without;
And marking well th' Effects of natures viſible,
Aſcends by thoſe unto their cauſe inviſible.
For, but two Organs hath our ſoule whereby
To finde and know th' eternall Majeſty:
Faith which beleeves the ſacred *Word* of God;
And *Reaſon*, reading all his *Works* abroad.
Thoſe Wonders ſend us, to their Author over;
Thoſe certaine Motions, to their certaine Mover:
Then *Faith* conducts us, where our *Reaſon* leaves;
And, what th' eie ſees not, that our *Faith* conceives.
Faith, firm and lively, doth our ſoules perſwade,
That Thy high pow'r of nothing, all hath made:
Thine ESSENCE is eternally-Divine:
The *World* beginning had, and ſhall have fine.
Wee muſt not ſay, *Of Nought is formed Nought*
(Although to Man it may be juſtly brought.)
Th' eternall Spirit can all of nought produce;
And inſtantly, to nothing all reduce.
Nor may wee aske, *What th' eviternall-One,*
That ſpace-leſſe Space could find to doe alone.
His TRINE-ONE-Selfe to know and to partake,
Is (Countleſs) more then Thouſand *Worlds* to make.
A paſſing Artiſt is no leſſe compleat,
Then in compoſure, in his rare Conceit:
For, in the Knowledge, Art's perfection lyes;
And, *Works* deferr'd vail not the *Work-man's* Prize.
The minde 's not idle, though the Hand awhile
Uſe neither Pen, Pencill, nor Gouge, nor File.
The Mind 's before the Work; and works within,
Upon th' *Idea* yer the Deed begin.
Would wee not ſay, the *World* were God indeed,
If from no other it did firſt proceed?
Eternall, onely is God 's proper tearm;
Alone preceeding Time, exceeding Term.
The *VVorld* ſupports not Thee, nor Thee ſupplies:
Thou doſt Thy-Self ſuſtain, Thy-Self ſuffice:
And groſly erres who-ever ſhall ſuppoſe,
Thee, Infinite, within a *VVorld* to cloſe.
And, as wee may not match the heav'ns extenſe
Unto Thy Circle, infinite, immenſe:
No more may wee to Thine eternall-age,
Compare the *VVorlds* ſhort, brittle little age.
Before all time, Thou *Everlaſting-One*,
Decree'dſt in time to make the Sun and Moone.
The *VVorlds* few dayes and ill (with little cumber)
Thy ſacred Book will teach us ſoon to number.
What Book, what Braſs, what marble ought can (ſhow
But of an hundred thouſand years ago?
Had Man been here, from an eternall Line,
Here muſt have been (ſure) ſome perpetuall Signe:
Of years, Millions of Millions muſt have paſt
From th' endleſſe Clue of th' eviternall-Vaſt:
In all theſe years, of all that did ſurvive,
Of all their acts, could none to us arrive?
Wee hear (and often) of the *Babylonians*,
Medes, *Perſians*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, *Macedonians*:
But, where's the Nation whoſe renowned glory
Hath liv'd an hundred thouſand years in ſtory?
Seek all *Greek*, *Latin*, *Hebrew*) Authors round,
Of All, will MOSES be the Senior found:
Who (To his times) in expreſſe tearms hath caſt
Th' age of the *VVorld*, with the *Deſcents* that paſt.
Now from his dayes to ours, what years amount,
Wee may with eaſe within few hours account;
And, adding Both, ſoon by the totall finde
Th' age of the *VVorld*, and of our crooked kinde.
Five thouſand years, five hundred, forty eight,
This yeer are paſt; ſince firſt this *VVorld* took date:
Since all the Heav'ns, Fire, Water, Air, and Earth, 1620.
Had, by thy WORD, their being and their birth.
Then was the *Heav'ns* Azure *Pavilion* ſpred,
And with *Spur-Royals* ſpangled over-head:
Then thoſe twin-*Princes*, with their train of *Light*,
Began their Kingdoms over day and night.
Then was the Air, the Earth, and Sea repleat
With birds, and beaſts, and fiſhes ſmall and great:
With plants, & trees, and fruits; each yeelding ſeed
To propagate their Kinds that ſhould ſucceed.
Then (laſtly) *Man* thy *Maſter-piece* of Art,
Thou did'ſt appoint to his Imperiall part;
Innobling him with *Senſe* and *Reaſon*'s light,
And in his *Soule*, graving *Thine Image* right:

Gav'ſt

Gav'st him *Possession* of this earthly Throne,
And gracious *Promise* of the heav'nly One:
Immortall Soule, thou daign'st him to inspire,
Equall (almost) to thine owne heav'nly Quire.
And, as thy Spirit all other Spirits excels
(Angell, or other that in body dwels:)
So doth his body all else bodies passe
For comely forme, and for Majestick face.
All creatures else low on the ground doe pore,
And groveling feed: but (as was toucht before)
Man hath an *Upright* and a stately *Stature*,
With head aloft, agreeing to his nature;
Which properly is to behold the Skies,
To lift to Thee his heart, his hand, his eyes;
And by his Soule's discursive pow'r to peiz
Things past, and present, and of future dayes.
For, onely Man can measure, number, waigh;
True, False, Good, Evill: know, cast, sound, survay.
Man onely hath an in-reflecting Knowledge
Of his owne selfe (from Natures onely *Colledge*:)
Knows his own fa.t, his form, his load, his strength;
Knows that he lives, knows he must die (at length:)
And, that a ruled sober life and sage,
Preserves his health, and may prolong his age:
Knowes how to finde ease in his owne disease;
And, if need be, his neighbour to appease:
And for himself and others, make of flowrs,
Fruits, herbs and roots, Unguents of passing powrs.
But none so powrfull (when his Term is spent)
As can his owne or others death prevent:
For, our short Date (*Coilde-age*, or *Wilde-age*) ends;
And now but seldome to *Old-age* extends.
Yet what is *Old-age* to ETERNITY?
To Man, expecting IMMORTALITY,
What is't to live some three or fourscore yeer?
Or yet ten more (in Languor) linger here?
Of all our time-past underneath the Sunne,
Nothing remains, save good or evill done:
Hundreds of years, once past, are lesse (in Summe)
Then a few daies, or a few hours to-come.
For, to say truth, of Times three pointed Powrs,
Onely the Present (instant) Point is ours.
W' have of the Past, but vain imagination;
Of that To-com, but doubtfull expectation.
But, to th' Eternall, are all times alike
Instant, and present, dead as well as quick;
Ay is To-day with Thee: Lord, in Thy sight,
Both Past and Future are even equall bright.
Though in times, terms, the heav'ns revolved be;
A thousand years are but one day with Thee:
And shortest moment of one onely day
With Thee is as a thousand years (for ay.)
But, our set dayes, to us are long, or short;
As them good accidents, or bad consort:
Sobriety and Peace prolong our life:
Which is abbridg'd by Surfet and by Strife.
Excesse or cares, now so cut-off our lives,
That of a thousand, not a man arrives
Neer to the Tythe of the admired age
Of those that liv'd in *Natures Pupillage*: (more;
Eight hundred years, nine hundred, some, some
In minde and body, full of Natures store;
To stock the earth with Issue rationall,
And learn the course of heav'ns Star-spangled ball;
Which first of all, Their long observance found:
Then by degrees, they taught their heirs the ground:
And wee, from them (so eas'd of end-lesse pain)
Derive that Art, wee could not else attain.
In their long age they learn'd heav'ns full Careers
(Not to be compast in our span of years)
Whence one of them might in his life know more,
Then in our dayes, successively, a score.
Of their so long age who so doubtfull is,
Let him but looke in sacred *Genesis*:
Where *Moses* mentions divers famous men
So old; and shews their years as ours were then.
Th'all-drowning-floud-year did 12 months con- (tain,
And every month did his due daies retain:
Which made up one year of that *Patriarch*,
Who liv'd sev'n fifties, having left the *Ark*,
And was six hundred when hee came aboord:
Teaching his Sons his wondrous skill, by word.
See, see, (alas!) how our unhappy life
Is now abbridg'd, and charg'd with mischiefs rife.
Had wee not pleasure in thy works O God,
Soon must wee sink under the heavy load
Of Cares and Crosses (in a thousand things) (brings.
Which this our wretched, sad, short, Way-fare
O! let us therefore bend our best and most
To magnifie Thee, Lord, in all thine Host:
And so contempling all thy goodnesse giv'n,
With true content, begin (in earth) our heav'n.
Man knowing Thee, knows all that can be known:
And having Thee, hath all that is, his owne:
To long for Thee, is endlesse joy, internall:
Dispos'd to Thee, to dye, is life eternall.
Not knowing Thee; to Live, is daily Dying:
To rest without Thee, is continuall flying:
But all extremes of torments passing measure,
In Thee, and for Thee, are exceeding Pleasure.
Yet, no man ought to offer wilfull force
To his own Self; nor his owne soule divorce:
But patiently attend thy cheerfull Call;
Then, to Thy hands gladly surrender all.
Nor may wee ween our souls (as beasts) to dye;
And with our bodies vanish utterly:
Death's but a passage from a life of pains,
Unto a life where death-lesse joy remains.
W' have, after death another life to see:
As after Storms, a calme and quiet Lee:
As, after Sickneſſe, Health: as, after Durance,
Sweet Liberty, with Safty and Assurance.
Two Contraries, oppos'd, in their Extreme,
Have this unfailing property in them:
That th' one's *Privation* is the others *Ens*:
So, death concluding, doth our life commence.
For, on each-other Contraries depend,
Chain'd (as it were) unto each others end;
Day after Night: Attonement after Strife;
And, after mortall Death, immortall Life.
Our soule's immortall then (wee must infer-it)
Having beginning of th' Immortall Spirit:
And they are brute (as beasts) that do contend,
That with our bodies, soules for ever end.
If there be God immortall, All-scient,
All-mighty, just, benign, benevolent;
Where were his wisedom, goodnesse, justice, power,
If Vice Hee damne not, nor give Vertue Dower?

Here,

Here, for the moſt, the godly ſuffer ſtill:
Th' ungodly here have moſt the winde at will:
Shall they not one-day change their difference?
And one-day look for diverſe recompence? (preſſe:
Here, proud, rich, mighty; meek, poor, weak, op-
Lions kill Lambes; Fox ſtrips the Fatherleſſe:
O! is there not another life imperible,
Sweet to the guiltleſſe; to the guilty terrible?
Who, for Thy ſake their lives have ſacrific'd;
In all the torments Tyrants have devis'd;
O! how unhappy were they, were there not
Crowns kept with Thee, for their eternall lot!
Then were we beaſts, or worſe then beaſts indeed:
For Hee were beſt that could the worſt exceed.
Then, *Let us eat, drink, dally*, might wee ſay:
If after this, there were no Shot to pay.
But leaving now that ſong of *Senſuality*,
Beleeve wee firm our bleſſed *Immortality*;
Bleſſed for thoſe, that in Perſeverance,
To Thee alone (Lord) their whole hopes advance.
Bleſſed for thoſe, who in ſincere Humility,
Acknowledging, as knowing their Debility:
Through th' old corruption of all *Adams* race;
Them-ſelves diſtruſting, onely truſt thy *Grace*.
Thou Lord (alas!) know'ſt all our Imperfections,
Our vain Deſires, our mutable Affections,
How prone wee are to fall; how wilde, how wood,
Purſuing evill, and eſchewing good.
Th' inceſſant ſway of our continuall ill,
Requires the grace of thy prevention ſtill;
And th' odious fruits our Nature wonts to breed,
Lord, of Thy mercies have continuall need.
Of frailty therefore, when our foot ſhall ſlip,
Or ſway, or ſtray, or turn-awry, or trip;
Yet flat wee fall, vouchſafe thy helping hand,
To raiſe us, then; and make us, after, ſtand.
For, without Thee, our Force is Feebleneſſe;
Our Wiſdome Folly, Will is Waywardneſſe:
Our Knowledge Ignorance, our Hope Deſpaire;
Our Faith but Fanſie, and our All but Aire.
Without Thee, Lord, meer Idols are wee all;
W' have Eyes, but ſee not; Feet, but cannot craul:
Ears, but wee hear not; Senſes without ſenſe:
Soules without ſoule; without intelligence.
Without Thee, all our Counſels and Deſignes
Are but as Chaffe before the boyſt'rous Windes;
Our preparations quickly come to nought;
Our enterpriſes vaniſh with a thought.
Without Thee, boot neither our foot, nor horſe;
From Thee alone all things derive their force:
Thou only giveſt Vertue, Wiſdome, Wealth,
Peace, Honour, Courage, Victory and Health.
Thou holdſt the hearts of Princes in thy hand,
Their ſtrength, and ſtate is all at thy command:
No chance of war, no pow'r, no policy;
But, changeleſſe, Thou giv'ſt loſſe or Victory.
By Thee *Kings raign*: bound equally to all
To weigh juſt Juſtice both to great and ſmall;
To reach the good their Scepters helpfull vigour;
And teach the lewd their ſwords ſevereſt rigour.
Who them reject, or their juſt Lawes repugne;
Thine honour, and Thine ordinance impugne.
They owe their Subjects juſtice and defence;
Their Subjects Them, honor, obedience.
Each ought to pay Them (in degree and manner)
Tribute, where Tribute; Honor, to whom Honor;
And to the people, They their beſt protection,
And each his Owne; without miſ-fond affection.
And thinke themſelves (the while) thy Subjects
And bound the more thy ſacred Lore to doe: (too,
To ſhew the more their vertues excellence,
The more their charge is, and their eminence.
Juſtice due Dooms ſlackly to execute,
Makes ſome diſloyall, others diſſolute;
Some too out-ragious, in wrongs greedineſſe,
Others (on th' other ſide) in all Exceſſe.
'T hath oft been ſeen (*and in our times and climes*)
Good Princes ſmart for wicked peoples crimes:
And ſometimes alſo for their Princes ſin,
Subjects are plagued outward and within.
But, O! how highly happy is the Land
Where a juſt Prince doth Prudently command!
And where the people in a Love-bred awe,
Pay willing ſervice, and obey the law.
O happy! both, People and Prince (in fine)
Where both obey thy ſacred Lawes divine:
Who grately uſing bleſſings great and ſmall;
Acknowledge Thee Owner and Lord of All.
Of Thee, in Fee, all Princes of the earth
Hold their Eſtates, Goods, Honors, Beeing, Birth;
And, without Thee, can neither keep, nor get,
Leaſt point of honor, nor of earth leaſt bit.
Their *Arcenals*, without Thee are but vain,
Their hoords of Treaſure, and their heaps of Grain:
'Tis vaine without Thee, to affie in force
Of Men, Munition, Champions, Charrets, Horſe.
Without Thee, Order is diſ-order'd ſoon,
Valour ſoon vanquiſht, Policy undone,
Number but Cumber: and a multitude
Of beaten Souldiers, beaten by few rude.
Thou, at thy pleaſure, mak'ſt the deepeſt ſea
Divide it ſelfe, to give thy ſervants way;
And ſuddenly, againe it ſelfe to cloſe,
To over-whelm Thine and their ſtubborn foes.
Thou from the rock mak'ſt plēteous rivers ſpout,
For Thine to drink in ſandy deſarts drought.
And there, from heav'n ſend'ſt them exceeding ſtore
Of Quails, for meat, till they can eat no more.
Thou fed'ſt them there, with Angels bread (a-
And gav'ſt them then a milk & hony ſoile: (while)
There, without ſtroak to conquer in the field;
And mine-leſs make their tumbling wals to yeeld.
To ſhew the uſe and pow'r of humble prayer;
And how to Thee behooves us ſtill repaire;
While heart and hands *Moſes* to heav'n doth ſtrain,
Renowned JOSUAH conquers in the plain.
Thou, at thy pleaſure, mak'ſt the Sun to ſtay;
And without night, to make one double day;
To give thy ſervants compleat victory;
And ever-raze their foes foul memory.
Thou to expreſſe thy pow'r (in *Gedeons* Raign)
Haſt by three hundred, ſix-ſcore thouſand ſlain;
And by one man, one Goad-groom (Silly *Sangar*)
Deſtroy'dſt ſix hundred in religious anger.
Thou canſt in one a thouſands ſtrength compreſs,
And place it ſtrangely in his ſlender Treſſe;
Which cut, hee loſt, and then re-grown, re-gain'd;
And dying, more then living, foes hee brain'd

Thou

Thou turn'dst to grasse a King of *Babylon*:
And set'st a Shepheard on a Regall Throne.
Thou slew'st a Gyant, by a gentle Lad,
Who, for a *Pistoll*, but a Pebble had.
How many troubles had that Prophet-Prince!
For happy service, hatefull recompence;
Through hill and dale, hunted from place to place:
Yet still preserv'd by thine assisting grace;
And set, at last, upon his Masters Throne,
Subduing all civill and forrain foen:
Then, in Thine honour warbles many-a Psalm;
And hoary, leaves his Son, his Kingdome calm.
By thee, his Son, renowned *Salomon*,
Obtain'd the Name of *Wisdomes Paragon*:
For, asking only That, Thou gav'st him wealth,
Honour and peace withall, and pow'r and health.
And, as good Princes thus Thou dost advance;
So bring'st thou down fell tyrants arrogance:
Such as transported in their Pride extreme,
Dare wrong thy Saints, or thy drad Self blaspheme.
Senacherib must this confesse, and rew,
With nine-score thousand which thine Angel slew,
Of his proud Hoast; besides th' unkindly slaughter
Of his owne Selfe, by his owne Sons soon after.
So that *Baal*-blinded, blood-soild, sin-soild Pair
(In whose sad dayes the zealfull *Thesbits* prayr,
For sev'n six months, seal'd-up thy heav'nly dewes)
Thy pow'r, truth, justice, in their judgement shews.
Oft-times, thy hook hales moody Tyrants back;
Oft-times the selves by their own swords to wrack:
Sometimes, by Womens weake unwarlike hands,
Thou conquer'st Captains, & confound'st their bands.
Yea, Lord, at all times, in extremest straights,
Thy sacred Arme, or secret Army waits,
To succour Thine (from famine, sword, and fire:
And all the plots that foes or fiends conspire)
And them so daily, to supply, support
(Their wants, their weaknesse) in so various sort,
That all thy wonders of this kinde to count,
Even past examples, past all numbers mount.
But, All thy mercies, unto all, and each (reach!
Of thine elect; what words, what thoughts can
What thou hast said, and done unto Thy *Vine*,
Thy *Love*, thy *Dove*, that little flock of thine!
To whom thou spakest divers waies of old;
In Visions, Dreames, Types, Figures manifold;
By Priests and Prophets; sealing oft thine Oracles
Of wrath, or mercy; with respective miracles.
And last of all, when Times full term was run,
Sent'st us from heav'n Thine owne and only Son;
Whom co-eternall God Thou didst ingender, (dor;
Thine owne *grav'n Image*, Thine own glories splen-
Th' eternall Word, by whom, when all began,
Thou madest All; and since, re-madest Man:
The *Mediatour*, and the *Umpire*, giv'n
To reconcile revolted earth to heav'n.
Who to impart to us his Immortality,
Took part with us in this our fraile Mortality;
And, in all things (except all sin alone)
A perfect Man, put all our Nature on.
Borne in the world, to make us born-a new:
In poverty, us richly to endue:
Humbling himselfe, that wee might raised be:
In servant's form, to make us ever free:
Came down to earth, us up to heav'n to mount:
Was tempted here, our tempter to surmount:
Dy'd to destroy the strength of death and sinne;
And rose againe, our righteousnesse to win.
How oft did hee visite the poore and sick!
Cure the Distracted, and Paralitique;
Restore the Blinde, Deaf, Dumb, and Dead revive;
And Satans Captives from his rage reprive!
How many Idiots did hee make excell
The *Wisest Masters* in all *Israel*!
How many rude, plain, silly fisher-men,
Rare pow'rfull Preachers; fishers (then) of Men!
How many sin-sick did hee inly cure;
And deep soule-wounded binde-up, and assure!
How many Proud, Loose, Cruell, Covetous,
Made hee Meek, Modest, Gentle Bounteous.
By him, dear Father, come wee Thee to know,
Thy *Word*, thy *Will*; to frame our own Will so:
By Him alone, Wisedome wee seek and find:
In cares and crosses, to confirme our mind.
By Him alone, Thy sacred truth wee learn
From suttlest errors cleerly to discern:
By Him all clouds of darknesse are dispell'd;
Idolatry and Heresie refell'd.
By Him, wee pray to Thee, and what wee crave
In lively faith, wee are assur'd to have:
Heav'ns kingdom first, soules feast, and bodies food,
Grace, Comfort, Peace, and every needfull Good.
By Him, be wee Thy Children of Adoption,
Co-heires of heav'n, and vessels of Election;
Becomming Man, Hee is becomme our Brother;
So, happy wee, have also Thee our Father.
By Him, of Thee, thine holy Spirit wee have;
Which in our hearts thy Law doth lively grave:
The Comforter, the Spirit of truth, of love,
Of Pow'r, of Peace, of Wisdome from above:
The Spirit, which stayes us, when in storms wee
And steers us steddy in our calmer Tyde: (ride;
Which kils the flesh, and chils infatiate fires;
To quicken soules, and kindle heav'ns desires:
Which brings the straies home to Thy holy Fold,
Gives Stutters Tongues, & makes the bashfull bold;
Opens the Sense of sacred Mysteries;
Gives form or life to every thing that is. (celling,
In Him, Thou built'st Thy heav'n of heav'ns ex-
Thy Court prepar'd for Saints eternall dwelling:
In Him Thou mad'st the World and All to move
In every part, as doth it best behoove.
Hee, to the fainting heart new heart procures,
Confirmes the feeble, fearfull soules assures;
Gives faith and hope, love, grace and godly zeal.
Happy those soules where hee delights to dwell.
For, Those Hee fils with his aboundant treasures,
In divers manners, and in divers measures:
As diversly befits thy Churches state,
To *Plant*, or *Prune*, or *Prop*, or *Propagate*.
To some hee gives a cleer, quick apprehension:
To som, deep judgement; som, divine invention:
To som, the door of gracefull Eloquence;
To som, the flore of Wisdoms excellence:
Som, to interpret with divine dexterity
The sacred secrets of th' eternall Verity:
Som (School-Jesse; Schollers; Learned, studi-lesse)
To understand and speak all Languages;

Som

Som (to confirm their Office, and Thine Oracles)
To work ſtrange Wonders, great & many Miracles;
Revive the dead, recover native evils,
Cure all Diſeaſes, and even caſt out Devils.
Such are th' effects, works, vertues, gifts, & graces,
Which by degrees, in divers times and places,
Thy holy Spirit to ſilly men hath giv'n;
From them, to Thee, to raiſe our hearts to heav'n.
And as in our fraile bodies (through variety
Of members fitted into one Society)
One very ſoule doth actions different,
Some more, ſome leſſe, noble or excellent:
So in the myſtick body of Thy Sonne
(Where many Members Love unites in One)
Thine owne One Sp'rit, works actions admirable,
Among themſelves more or leſſe honourable.
Yet orderly, each his owne Rank obſerves;
And properly, each his owne office ſerves:
Nor boaſteth any, other not to need:
For oft the leaſt, the moſt of all doth ſteed.
Therefore the ſtronger muſt the weak ſupport:
The ſafe and ſound, cheer the afflicted ſort:
The rich and mighty, not deſpiſe Inferiours;
Neither the mean, envie or hate Superiours.
Were All a Head, in this faire frame of *Man*;
Where were the Foot, the Hand, the Stomack than?
Were All a Tongue, where ſhould the Eye becom?
Were all an Eye, where ſhould the Ear have room?
O Spirit Eternall! which haſt all compos'd;
In Number, Meaſure, Order, All diſpos'd:
Make Charity Us (mutuall members) move;
Unite our Spirits in thy perpetuall Love.
Quench all contentions, errours, hereſies,
Which o're our mindes and bodies tyrannize:
Quench all concupiſcence, and foule deſire,
Which both our bodies and ſoules death conſpire.
Vouchſafe our ſouls reſt, without Schiſmick ſtrife;
Our bodies health, through chaſte and ſober life.
What could wee ask? what ſhould we rather crave,
Then in ſound bodies as ſound ſoules to have?
Sound is the body kept, by keeping chaſte,
With mod'rate exerciſe, and mean repaſt:
Sound is the ſoule, which reſteth (ſober-wiſe)
Content in Thee, un-vext in vanities.
Sound is the ſoule, free from all ſelf-ſedition
Of Pride, Hate, Envie, Avarice, Ambition,
And all the crowd of Mans concupiſcence;
Binding His will to Thy obedience.
Who is ſo bound (Thy Servant) is moſt free:
Moſt rich, who leaves all riches elſe, for Thee:
Moſt eaſie reſts, who moſt for Thee endures:
Moſt ſelf-diſtruſting, moſt Thy ſtrength aſſures.
So Thee to Serve, is even to *Reign*: in brief,
So to obey, is to command in chief.
To walke thy wayes, is onely *Liberty*.
To learn Thy *Learning*, ENCYCLOPEDIE.
O! happy thoſe that ſtand in ſuch a ſtate,
And in Thy Statutes alwaies meditate:
Or, if they ſlip, or trip, or faile or fall,
Return betimes, and for Thy mercy call.
For, though thy Law in fiery thunder giv'n,
Threat ſtill the ſtubborn, with revenge from heav'n,
Thy gracious Goſpel offers pardon free,
To humbled ſoules that ſigh in faith to Thee.
And Thou, who wilt not ſinners die, but live,
Haſt promis'd all, ſo ſuing to forgive.
This Word is truth: Thy promiſe to fulfill,
Thou (God of truth) haſt ever Pow'r and Will.
O! bounteous Thou, which doſt ſo oft repaire
Our broken ſoules, and keep'ſt them from deſpaire:
And bleſſed wee, whoſe faith in Love's Phyſicion,
Aſſures our hope of all our ſins remiſſion.
Who-ſo hath ſorrow for his ſinfullneſſe,
Purpoſe to mend, deſire of holineſſe,
Truſt in Thy mercy; hath no need to doubt
But by Thy grace his ſins are wiped out.
O Cordiall word! O comfortable breath!
Reviving ſoules, even in the gates of death!
From jawes of hell, raiſing our hope to heav'n!
Therefore, dear Lord, to Thee all praiſe be giv'n.
Who ſhall accuſe us now, if Thou acquight?
God being with us, what can us affright?
Our faith in Thee (O!) what can ſhake, or ſhock:
So ſurely fixt upon ſo firme a Rock?
What ſhall divide us, Lord, from love of Thee?
Shall ſhame? ſhall ſorrow? ſhall adverſity?
Shall famine? plague? war? wealth, or want? (in ſum)
Shall life? ſhall death? things preſent, or to come?
Stay, ſtay us, Lord, and ſteel our feeble hearts
Againſt the ſting of temporary ſmarts:
Draw, draw our ſoules neer to thy ſelf, O Lord,
With powrfull touches of Thy Spirit and Word.
Guide, guide our ſteps ſtill in Thy gracious way,
During our durance in this houſe of clay:
That when this Priſon ſhall be broken down,
Wee may with thee receive a glorious Crown.
So ſhall wee ever, with a voice divine,
Sing *Haleluiahs* to th' ETERNALL TRINE:
Record Thy mercies, which all thoughts ſurmount:
And thus the glory of Thy deeds recount:

SUpernall Lord, Eternall King of Kings,
Maker, Maintainer, Mover of All things,
How infinite! how excellently-rare!
How abſolute Thy Works, thy wonders are!
How-much Their Knowledge is to be deſir'd!
How, THOU, in All, to be of All admir'd!

FINIS.

FINIS.

Micro-cosmo-graphia:

THE LITTLE-VVORLDS DESCRIPTION;

OR,

THE MAP OF MAN

(From *Latin Saphiks* of that Famous, late, *Preacher* in London, Mr. HENRY SMITH.)

Translated;

AND

Dedicated

To the Right Honourable,

HONORIA,

Lady HAY,

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO

THE RIGHT-RIGHT HONOURABLE

HONORIA,

VVife of JAMES, Lord HAY, Sole Daughter and Heire of EDVVARD Lord DENNY.

EQually bound, *in humble* Gratitude,
To two *dear* Equals (*to You equall Dear*);
Unable (*yet*) *with* Both *at once to* cleer,
Unwilling *yet*, *with* Either *to be* rude:
Faine would I crave *to have my* Bond *renew'd*;
For a more Happy, *or more* Hopefull *Year*,
When gracious Heav'n *shall daign* to *set me* freer
From old cold Cares, *which keep my* Muse *unnew'd*.
Would You *be pleas'd* (Madame) *to interpose*
Your gentle breath, *I would not doubt to* speed:
Such vertue hath Your Vertue *still with* Those.
Therefore in Hope *of* Your *kinde* Help (*at need*)
This simple Pledge *I* Offer *at Your* Feet;
Altar of Love, *Where* both *Their* Vowes *do meet*.

Your Honourable Vertues

BY

humble Votary

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE MAP OF MAN.

Sing not, but (in ſighes abrupt)
Sob-out the State of MAN, *corrupt*
By th' old Serpent *'s banefull breath;*
Whoſe ſtrong Contagion ſtill extends
To every creature that deſcends
From th' old Little World *of Death.*
Drad-dear Creator, *new-create*
Thy Creature : Saviour *expiate*
This, *and all our Owne* Addition :
O ſacred Spirit, *Our Spirits renew;*
Informe, reforme, and tune Mee true,
To condole our ſad Condition.
In earth Man wanders (Pilgrim-wiſe)
Hopes, doubts ; deſires, faints ; freezes, fryes ;
Croſſed, toſſed to and fro :
Hee turnes, hee windes ; hee findes no good :
Hee ay complaines that Evill 's floud
(Farre and wide) doth over-flow.
His Birth (in ſinne) begins in tears :
His Life is rife in pains and fears ;
Will-hee, nill-hee, ſpoyling ſport :
His Death with groans, in doubtfull caſe,
Sends him, God knowes, unto what place :
Bleſt none reſt, but in the Port.
The Fleſh againſt the Spirit rebels :
The Spirit againe the Fleſh repels :
Ever ſtriving, never ſtill :
And ſuddenly, while theſe contend,
Their common Foe, the curſed Fiend,
Findes advantage Both to kill.
Earth (Step-dame-like) ſharp Rods doth yeeld,
To ſcourge her Sonnes : the Sea is fill'd
(Both above and under too)
With hideous Horrors, paſt report :
Th' Air whirling in tempeſtuous ſort,
Beats, and threats All to undoe.
The Countrey's rude, and foe to Fame ;
The Court more brave, and more to blame ;
Painted Faces, graces fain'd :
The Citie (There, O ! bad's the beſt)
Seat of deceit, and Miſers neſt ;
Gold their God, ungodly gain'd.
Jarre at the Barre : Stews at the Stage ;
In Way-fare, Theeves : in War-fare, Rage ;
Noyſe abroad : Annoyes at home :
In Churches, Purchaſe Profanation,
Fiends ſeeming Saints ; Abomination :
Every-where, no feare of *Doome.*
The Throne 's not given unto the Juſt :
The faithfull is not put in truſt ;
Prophets are not held for true :
Nor loyall lov'd, nor learned grac't,
Nor weary eas'd, nor Worthy plac't :
Nor hath any here his due.
The impudent, the inſolent,
The foole, the friend in complement,
And the ſly, wee ſee (by proofe)
Held eloquent, magnanimous,
Right pleaſant, kinde, ingenious ;
And the Wealthy wiſe enough.
Reward is heard : words are but winde :
Each Art is long ; Life ſhort confin'd :
Might makes Right in every Cauſe.
Phyſick is vile, and vilely us'd ;
Divinity diſdain'd, abus'd ;
Under-foot men tread the *Lawes.*
The Rich with rage, the Poore with plaints,
With hate the Wiſe, with ſcorne the Saints,
Evermore are curſtly croſt :
With painfull toile the Private-man,
The Nobler ſtates with envie wan,
Without end are torne and toſt.
If good, hee fares no better for't ;
If bad, no worſe they him ſupport :
Fortune ſerveth all alike.
Though ſhee ſimper, though ſhee ſmile,
Though ſhee laugh out right awhile,
Shee is alwayes ſlippery-ſleeke.
Who lately ſerved, Lords it now :
Who lately becked, now doth bow :
Valleys ſwell, and Mountains ſink :
Who lately flouriſht, now doth fade :
Who late was ſtrong, now feeble made,
Feeding Worms, in Duſt doth ſtink.
So Lowly reſts : ſo, Lofty rues,
Say that one might his fortune chuſe,
Under Heav'n to have his will ;
'T would be a doubt among the Wiſe,
Whether it better were to riſe
To high ſtate, or to ſit ſtill.
Phant'ſie conceives, Reaſon receives,
Paſſion repugnes (and patience reaves).
What I wiſh, What I deſire,
I ſee : and Senſe importunes ſo,
I cover, I commend it too :
Then againe it doth retire.
Senſe, whither now ? 'Tis griefe to ſee
What flits ſo faſt ſo ſuddenly.
Reaſon, whither roams thy reach ?
What hurts, were better ſtill be hid,

And ſtill unknowne: O! ill-beſtid!
Poor in ſtore, in Wealth a wretch.
When Fortune comes, ſhee meanes our Wrack;
And when ſhee goes, ſhee breaks our back:
Comming, going, all is one.
For, what ſhee gives ſhee takes away,
Unkinde and blinde, inconſtant ay;
Frank to few, and firme to none.
Oft have I canvas'd, whethers Caſe
Is Worſt; the Fall'n, or th' ever-Baſe:
Yet, ſcarce can I it decide.
The Fall proves plainly for the firſt:
Want pleads, that ever-Want is worſt;
Partiall to their proper ſide.
It irks the Fall'n to have been High;
Th' ay-Poor could wiſh hee had been By:
Either others ſtate would glad.
If even in gladneſſe ſadneſſe grow,
Were not I ſomewhat glad alſo,
How extreme ſhould I be ſad!
If Care wee take, it Health impaires:
If not, it takes us un-awares:
Whether ſhould wee ſeek or ſhun?
Whether (to paſſe unto the next)
The good or bad be moſt perplext,
Is another Queſtion.
The Guilty ſuffers for his fault:
The Guilt-leſſe doubts no leſſe aſſault
By Miſ-fortune: both deſire
To live on earth, to draw this breath;
Both feare to dye; and after death,
Torment of eternall Fire.
Hence, ſlow dayes labour wears us thin:
Hence, lightly, nightly fears begin:
Hence, rathe Riſing, and late Reſt:
Hence, tougheſt ſtorms, and rougheſt ſtreams:
Hence, griping Cares, and ghaſtly Dreams,
Waking, ſleeping, doe moleſt.
Winter's too-cold: Summer's too-hot;
Autumne too-moyſt (which breeds the Rot)
All the hope is in the Spring.
The lively Spring is lovely faire:
But if keen yce, then chill the Aire,
Little pleaſure doth it bring.
Seas drowne the Vales; the Winds do heave
The Hils to heav'n; the Rocks they cleave.
Bold Ambition ſtands amaz'd,
Expecting where to build a Fort
So ſtrong, and rampyr'd in ſuch ſort,
That it never may be raz'd.
Peace is too-drown'd in luſt and ſloth:
Warre is too-drunke with bloud and wrath;
That, too-gaudie: This, too-grim.
Mens mindes are all ſo delicate,
So ſoft, and ſo effeminate,
Small things, all things, grievous ſeem.
Either the Head doth alwayes ake,
Or Palat ſlip, or Palſey ſhake,
Or our Belly roars within;
Or elſe with Choler wee abound,
Or elſe with Phlegm, or elſe (unſound)
Tumour's humours, ſcald our ſkin.
What dread of Death, What greedy Luſt,
What Surfeir, Sloth, and Deeds unjuſt,
Daily plunge in perils riſe;
What ſword conſumeth every houre,
And what the Plague doth quick devour,
Lengthens Phyſick, ſhortens life.
Where's now *Æneas*? Where's his Son?
Where's *Hercules*? Where's *Salomon*?
Where is *David*? Where is *Saul*?
Where's *Cyrus*, *Cæſar*, and the reſt?
Ah! Hee and They are all deceaſt:
I muſt follow: ſo muſt all.
Hark: Thou, whom moſt the People hailes;
The wiſeſt erres: the juſteſt failes;
Strongeſt limpeth now and than:
The humbleſt ſwels; the ſobreſt ſips:
The holyeſt ſins; the varieſt ſlips:
God is fault-leſſe; never, Man.
Too-curious or too-careleſly,
Too-laviſh or too-ſlaviſhly,
By the Foole or by the Knave;
Too-craking or too-cravenly,
Too-hatefull or too-gratefully:
Haſte or waſte marrs all wee have.
Ambition 's end is Rule and Reigne:
Crueltie 's Conqueſt: Guile's is Gaine,
To grow rich by hook or crook;
Juggling, and ſtruggling, ſtrife in all:
No Triumph without Fight will fall;
War-leſſe, none for Peace may look.
Wee think, but never can intend,
Good thoughts well to begin; or end
If perhaps they be begun:
Or, if wee end them, never finde
(How-ever rare, in any kinde)
Recompence when wee have done.
Our heart it hath an in-borne Gueſt,
Will-ill (it hight): it poſteth preſt
To the Tongue, ill words to vent:
Deſire, then ruſhes to ill Deeds:
Vengeance anon the Fact ſucceeds:
Thus comes Ill to puniſhment.
If ſafe, this Snake, wee choak or charm;
Within, againe wee hug it warm,
Daring, doubting, up and downe;
Till Luſt, as lighter, up doth furge:
And th' horror of the fearfull ſcourge,
Fall, as heavier, to the ground.
Come fleſh, be frolike, take delight,
Let 's revell now: 't will once be night:
Shall a little Gout, or Colick,
Or ſudden Qualm, or ſullen Care,
Or addle fit of idle Feare
Mar thy mirth? Come Fleſh be frolick,
What ſeeks, wee ſhun; What ſhuns, wee ſeek:
What helps, wee loath; What hurts, wee like!
Bird in hand wee leave for buſh.
For, what wee want wee panting crave;
And looſely laviſh what wee have:
Brag of that ſhould make us bluſh.
With-child with mirth, wee bring-forth ſcorn;
Wee bring up Furie; over-born
(Mov'd and moving) either way:
Too-ſorry, or too-merry-mad:
The happy Meane is never had,
VVhile wee wretches here doe ſtay.

Wee reigne and ſerve; wee want and flow:
Wee joy and mourne; wee freez and glow:
Vowes wee make and break (together):
Wee build and batter; joyne and jarre:
Wee heap and ſcatter; make and marre:
And wee flouriſh, and wee wither.
Wee look to Heav'n, and leap to Hell:
Our Hope and Fear (by turns) rebell;
Plunging down, or puffing-up:
Pleaſe would wee faine, but finde demurre;
Pleaſe might wee well, did Will concurre:
Sloth doth ſtay, and Luſt doth ſtop.
So ſtill wee ſtand, and whine the while;
Nought labour boots, nor love, nor wile:
All is loſt, when 'tis too-late.
Evils to th' evill and the good
Are dayly ſent: and if with-ſtood
Wee but faſter foſter *Fate*.
I will at once give-over quight
Both to be wicked and upright,
To doe either right or wrong:
For, goods well-gotten, grow but thin,
Get hardly up, come ſlowly in:
And th' ill-gotten laſt not long.
What ſhall I doe? If I forbear
My cauſe-leſſe Foe, I bluſh, I fear
His Deſpight and my Diſparage.
If to revenge mee, I reſolve;
It ſatisfies, when I revolve
None 's all-faultleſſe, in all Carriage.
When I have ſpar'd, I wiſh t' have ſpoke:
And when I ſpeak, I would revoke;
Better pleas'd t' have held my peace:
Would God I could (as Wiſer-ones)
Both ſpeak and hold my peace at once;
So to live at quietneſſe.
Deare Minde, how doſt Thou? Frayle and ſick,
My Fleſh implores thy ſuccour quick:
Canſt? O! canſt thou cure her griefe?
O! daign (I pre-thee) then with ſpeed
To help thy ſervant now at need;
Send her Reaſon for reliefe.
For, *Faithfull* Minde 's firm Reſolution
Cures oftentimes th' ill Conſtitution
Of a body ſick-inclin'd:
But, then the Body (late deplor'd
For weak eſtate) to health reſtor'd,
Grows a burthen to the Minde.
O Sin-bred hurt! O in-bred Hell!
Nor full, nor faſting, never well?
Never ſound? what ſhall I ſay?
Once all was well, and would be now
Better then ever, if that Thou
Curſed ſin wert quite away.
But now (alas!) all miſchiefe lyes
In Ambuſh with all miſeries,
Mans Confuſion to conſpire:
Deſire and *Feare* at-once torment:
Fear is a Tyrant; Mal-content,
And inſatiate is *Deſire*.
Who fears? who mourns? who wants? who wanders?
Ah! onely Men (Wils ill-Commanders).
Man alone abounds therein.
Loud Lamentations, laſting Terrors,
Heart-wounding Wants, and wilfull Errors,
Had not been, had Man not been.
Here Peſtilence, there Hungers Jaw;
Here Drink, there *Duel*, there the Law,
Snatches one or other hence.
Here croſſe, there care: or (better bleſt)
Who hap theſe Haps to ſcape the beſt,
Age devoures without diſpenſe.
Perpending This in minde perplext,
The miſerable (Envie-vext)
Cryes, *O Beaſts, O Fowles, O Fiſh!*
You happy, harmleſſe, ſtormleſſe things,
Preciſe in *Natures* Leſſonings,
Live you long: You life may wiſh.
But, I think, better not be borne;
Or, born, hence quickly to returne
To our Mothers duſty lap;
Then living, daily here to dye,
In cares, and feares, and miſerie,
By Miſ-heed, or by Miſ-hap.
While hunger gripes mee gut and gall,
While burning thirſt for drink doth call,
While for cold I quake: alas!
In languor long I linger-on.
O! happy Thoſe, whoſe Woes, whoſe Mone,
Ridding quick doth quickly paſſe.
The Stout, the Coward, and the Meek,
All skirmiſh under *Fortune* like,
Striking all with Miſchiefs ay;
The Stout repugns, the Patient prayes,
The Hare-like Coward runs his wayes;
Fortune differs not, but They.
Too-peeviſh This, Too pleaſant That,
(Too-fierce, or too-effeminate)
Golden Mean can hardly ſtand
Betwixt theſe Two Extremes, upright;
'Tis worn ſo weak, and waigh'd ſo light:
Error playes on either hand
Wedlock, with Wife and Children clogs:
The Single-Life, Luſts heavier Logs:
(Rare's the Gift of *Continence*).
The Young-man ſtalks, the Old-man ſtoops,
That over-dares, This ever droops:
Th' Infant craules through Impotence.
Maſters taxe Servants, proud, ſlut, ſlow;
Servants, Churle Maſter, Miſtreſſe Shrow:
Either Others Fault can finde.
The Daughter thinks her Mother froward;
Mother her Daughter deems un-toward:
Kit (they ſay) will after kinde.
Princes doe envie Subjects Wealth;
Subjects doe envie Princes Health:
Each doth envie others Good;
All, all doe envie *Learnings* Honour
(If any be confer'd upon her)
O! ô wicked, wretched Mood!
The Souldier likes the Ruſticks Calm;
The Clowne affects the Souldiers Palm:
Thus doth *Envie* inly fret-her:
Our Paſtures parch, our Heards be poore;
Our Neighbour thrives in every ſtore:
Others Crop is ever better.
Fond Lovers languiſh at their eyes:
The Wrathfull foſters and defies

Frenzies, Furies, (wayward Elves:)
What need yee call for Whip or Scourge?
Their punishment what need wee urge?
Their Selves-errors scourge themselves.
Fear hunts the Coward at the heel;
The Cruell, still revenging steel;
Ruine Him that Ruine seekes;
Heavy Revenge on haynous Crimes:
Yea, in the sin, the Plague, some-times;
Heav'ns just hand so justly strikes.
Sorrow and Shame, for what is past;
Care, of the present; Fear (fore-cast)
-- Of the danger yet to-come;
Make all false pleasures shorter seem,
And sharper too in pain extreme,
Then even Paine it selfe to some.
If I be merry, I am mad
(Say the Severe:) if Sober-sad,
Merry Greeks mee Meacok call.
Is't possible for any-Man,
At-once to please (do what hee can)
God, Himselfe, the World, and all?
Who *Greatnesse* hautily affects,
Who *Great things* happily effects;
That is hated, This envi'd:
But, hoping *Greatnesse*, who so haps
To faile (or fall in After-claps)
Him the Vulgar dare deride.
VERTUE is vanquisht by her foes,
Whose Triumph even their Fore-head showes,
'Tis a shame to be ashamed;
But shall I tell (and tell thee true)
Thy Fate (the fruit that shall ensue
Shame-lesse shamefull life untamed)?
This Fate then falls to be Thine owne,
Such shalt thou reap as thou hast sowne:
Wages like thy Work expect.
Who here their Dayes in evill spend,
Shall suffer evills, without end;
Such is *Minos* Doom direct.
Then, swagger, stagger, spend and spoile;
Steal and conceale, and keep a coile.
Quickly shalt thou all forgoe;
Kill, conquer, triumph: down againe
Shalt thou be cast; bouz, beat, disdaine:
Th' End's at hand, and comes not slow.
The wise bewaile mens follies rife,
And faine would cure their vicious life
With *Receits* of heav'nly Skill:
But sin-sick Fooles (what-ever prick,
Benum'd by Custome) lethargike,
Care not, fear not, feel no ill.
Who knoweth much, much ill hee knowes:
Who little reaks, much good forgoes.
Hence perplexed doubts hee casts;
What is great Knowledge? What so much
Of Learning? or of Book-skill such?
But great Blazes, and light Blasts?
While *Plato*, sportive, doth despise,
The sullen *Cynike* Sloven-guise:
Hee as fast (on th' other side)
Doth *Plato*'s pomp as much condemn
And trample-on: Were both of them
Who can tell mee?) Wise, or Wide?

Democritus, here, laughs a-good:
Heraclitus, there, weeps a floud.
Glad and sad would mend us faine:
But now, so stubborn-stiffe is Man,
That Tears, nor Tunes, nor ought else can
Faults restore, nor Fates restrain.
Sloth nere wanteth Want for Mate;
Thrift, Sweat and Labour macerate;
Either in their issue languish:
So, Health is never without sin,
Nor Sickenesse without paine with-in:
Outward Ache, or inward Anguish.
Service is to th' lofty minde
A Curb, a Spur to th' abject Hinde;
Seld or never stoops the Will:
The Vulgar voice, the Common cry
Is, *Welcome, Welcome, LIBERTY*;
Good for good, but ill for ill.
A griefe it is alone to be;
But more, to have ill company:
More or lesse (alas!) by This,
Appeareth plaine, when all is done,
(As Proofe hath found) that under Sunne,
Here's no full, no perfect *Blisse*.
Who never yet himselfe could please,
What can content? What use? What ease?
What availeth Wealth at will?
Needy and naked here I live:
To die, it doth mee nothing grieve;
But to perish, and live still.
I look to heav'n and there (alas!)
With feare I see my Judges Face,
Auditing my summes of sin:
I thinke of Hell, and then I burne
Like *Ætna*: then to earth returne,
Cares and Fears there never sin.
This feel I, thus I justly fare:
O Man! learne quickly, and have care
Sacred Duties to observe,
This life is rife in troubles sore:
But yet (alas!) a Million more
Our Rebellion doth deserve.
Much like, or worse then *former* Age,
The *futures* Face wee may presage:
Better seldome comes, they say.
Now right, now wrong; now Good, now ill;
Now Fiend, now Friend; now Good, now Will,
Seem to have alternate Sway.
Nothing is *gratis* given nor got:
Each labours more or lesse (God wot)
With the hand or with the head:
None without Art or Vertue thrive;
Nor Art, nor Vertue all atchieve:
Onely, these, not alwayes sped,
What should I seek or sue for much,
To live at Rest? Content is Rich.
Fortune often is too-free,
And often kils where shee's too-kinde:
But, had wee once an equall Minde
VVee should all contented be.
But every one is too-secure,
In sunny Dayes; and in obscure.
Too-dejected in Desire:
Hence, over-faint, or over-full;

Too-

Too-pyned, or too-plentifull,
Fry wee all with inward Fire.
Now, Duſt her duſtie Brood expects:
Come, Earth to Earth (of either Sex).
Pleaſure trembles at her Call;
Cryes-out of Haſte, complains of Heav'n:
But Paine and Sorrow (narrow-driven)
Are well pleas'd, and eas'd withall.
Who gives mee grace to guſh-out Tears,
And lends mee ſpace to poure forth Prayers;
Yet, both ſeeming to neglect?
'Tis God the dreadfull, Sinners Scourge;
The gracious God, which oft doth purge
Ills with Pils, in his Elect.
Behold mee, Thou that didſt beſtow
Thy Son on Mee; Forgive mee, Thou
That didſt ſuffer for my Sin:
Aſſiſt and ſtay mee evermore
Thou, Thou that here ſo oft before,
In my breſt a Gueſt haſt bin.
Regard us, Lord, unworthy though;
Thy Glory ſeek, thy Mercy ſhow;
Enemies approach apace:
Wee faile, wee fall, wee cannot ſtand,
Our Foes will have the upper hand;
But Thou help us with thy Grace.
Witneſſe my Self that here lie ſlain,
But, by Thy Touch reviv'd again;
Glad to live, to live to Thee:
And yet deſire to be diſſolv'd
(When my due Date ſhall be revolv'd)
As more happy far for Mee.
Shew mee the *Holy Land*, which flowes
With Milke and Hony (*Saints Repoſe*)
Traine mee in the new commerce,
In the New Art of *Better Life*:
Then fare-well *Muſes*, fare-well Strife:
In Thy Courts I will converſe.
I cannot ſtrike Apollo's *ſtring*,
Study for Heav'n and timely ring
Sacred Aaron's *golden Bell*;
Nor ſing at-once the Theſpian *Songs*,
And ſerve my Countrey, as belongs:
Therefore, MUSES, *here Fare-well.*

FINIS.

CERTAINE EPIGRAMS OF The ſame Maſter *H. S.*

Tranſlated; and Dedicated
To my dear-affected, due-reſpected,
Dr. Hall, and Dr. Hill.

Owe you Each *a larger Summe:*
Why bring I then to Both *a crumme?*
To ſhew you Both, *my* Shifts, *to live,*
Even faine to Borrow, *what I* Give:
But Better ſo, then (bluſhleſſe) ſteale
Others Conceits; *or Debts* conceale.
Till more my Might, divide *this Mite:*
A Larke (*they ſay*) is worth a Kyte.
Some Greater, greater things preſent,
Of leſſer Worth, *or worſer* meant;
God meaſures *not our* Work, *but* Will:
Doe You *the* like: *and* love *mee ſtill.*

J. S.

1. Of a King.

Extirp, extoll; know, keep; love, learne (from High)
Bad, Good; Thy Self, The Lawes-path; Peace, to Dye.

2. Of a Lawyer.

Live juſt (Juſtinian) *ſtill: ſhield, ſhun, ſuppreſſe;*
Good-mens Good-Cauſe, Bribes, Brawling-Peeviſhneſſe.

3. Of a Phyſician.

Hee that can Cure the Sick, and keep the Sound,
Shall be My Leach (Whether Hee Kill, or Wound).

4. Of a Divine.

Know God; know'n, teach Him; as thou teacheſt, tread:
So ſhall thy Flock be as well taught, as fed.

5. Of a Judge.

Both blinde and lame I judge Thee beſt to make;
Leſt that thine Eyes miſ-give, thy Hands miſ-take.

6. Of a Husbandman.

Good-morrow bids the Cock, th'Owle bids Good-night,
To Countrie-Cares: I bid, God *ſpeed them right.*

7. Of a Captaine.

In War and Peace, Christ *is the ſole Commander,*
To lead to God-ward: follow ſtill His Standard.

Of all the Seven.

So Rule, Plead, Practiſe, Preach, Doom, Delve, Direct;
Climes, Cauſes, Cures, Christ, *Crimes, Turves, Troops ſelect.*

FINIS.

THE

MAIDENS BLUSH;

OR,

JOSEPH,

MIRROR

Of Modeſtie, Map of Pietie,

Maze of Deſtinie,

Or rather,

DIVINE PROVIDENCE,

From the Latine of *Fracaſtorious*,

Tranſlated;

AND

Dedicated

To the High-Hopefull

CHARLES,

Prince of Wales,

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE HIGH HOPEFULL-HAPPY PRINCE CHARLES, PRINCE Of VVALES, Duke of CORNWALL, and Earle of CHESTER.

AMong the Preace that to Your Preſence flowes,
With joy-full Honours, as this time requires;
Inſtead of coſtly Suits, of curious ſhowes,
Of precious Gifts, of ſolemne Panegyres:
Accept a Heart which to Your Highneſſe owes
Whole Hecatombes of Happy-moſt Deſires;
Praying All proſperous to your blowing Roſe,
In All, to equall or excell Your Sire's:
That in All Vertues of a Prince complete,
All Princely Glories may attend you ſtill:
All that may make a KING as Good as Great:
All JOSEPHS bleſsings (from th' Eternall Hill)
Whoſe Happy Legend comes to gratulate
Your High Creation, and Your Birth-dayes Date.

Prince ARTHURS Caſtle, chiefeſt ARTS chaſt LURE;
Now, Now, or Never, Daign my Hearts laſt CURE.

LIke ſad Arion on his Dolphins back,
Amid the Ocean of my Carefull Feares,
Nigh ſtript of all, Now ſtept in hoary haires;
Sit (I poore Relique, of Your Brothers wrack.)
My Harp-ſtrings quaver, while my Heart-ſtrings crack:
My Hand growes weary, and my health it wears;
To ſtir Compaſsion in ſome Powerfull eares,
At laſt to land mee, and ſupply my lack.
You, You alone (Great PRINCE) with Pities grace
Have held my Chin above the Waters brinke:
Hold ſtill, alas! hold ſtronger or I ſinke.
Or haile mee up into ſome ſafer place,
Some, Privie-Groom, ſome Room within your Doores:
That, as my Heart, my Harpe may all be Yours.

In Effect, as in Affection, To your Highneſſe
ſervice, Ever humbly devoted;
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE

THE MAIDENS BLUSH; OR *JOSEPH.*

CHaſte *Muſe* of *Muſes*, that in ſacred Layes,
With ſtreins unwonted, doſt delight to raiſe
From black *Oblivion* 's ſad and ſilent Tents,
Th' Heroick Geſts and Noble Monuments
Of antike *WORTHIES*, and their fames revive
Through every Age to all that ſhall ſurvive;
Now, Now revolve th' Authenticall *Records*
Of th' *Holy Nation*, whom the Lord of lords
Choſe for his owne, (Whoſe Line directly came
From Princely Loins of faithfull *ABRAHAM*):
And ſweetly tun'd to th' ſacred voyce of Truth,
Sing That Religious, That rare-Modeſt *Youth*
(Good *Iſaac* 's Grand-child, and great *Jacob*'s Son)
Whom *God* indu'd, by *Dreams*, of things yer done
To tell the iſſue: Tell, O! tell Thou All
That Hee indur'd through ſwelling Envies Gall;
Till at the laſt, triumphing of his Foes,
Through *Pharao*'s grace to Princely Place hee roſe
(As *Egypt* 's Viceroy) by divine Decree
Fore-ſent a Friend and Founder there to be
Of th' happy People and the holy Seed,
From whence ſhould hope of future Life proceed;
And whence *Salvation* ſhould be freely given, (*von.*
Through th' heav'nly Key that ſhould re-open *Hea-*
And, O! Thou Glory of Great STUARTS ſtem,
Great Jacobs *Heire*, Great-Brittains *Joy and Gem,*
CHARLES, King of Hopes, and hopefull Prince of
My great Mecœnas, *to enchoire my Pen,* (*Men,*
Aſſiſt Thou alſo: and with gentle Gales
Of Help-full Favour, fill my Hopefull Sailes:
That, maugre Envie *'s Rock and* Fortune *'s Storm,*
My ſacred Voyage I may ſafe perform,
To th' onely glory of my Ghoſtly Guide,
His Churches Profit, and Your Praiſe beſide;
While under JOSEPH's Wondrous Temperance,
His Pietie, His Prudent Governance,
I prophecie Your Princely Vertues Crop
(Your Parents Prayer, and Your Peoples Hope)
God ſay Amen. But, Tide for none doth ſtay:
I muſt aboord, I muſt my mine Anchor waigh.
Away to Sea; the Winde is wondrous good:
Spread all our Canvas, O how ſwift wee ſcud!
Through all the Weſtern, and the Mid-land Seas,
Arriv'd already to deſery (with eaſe)
The Coaſt of *Joppa*, and *Samarian* Hills,
With wealthy *Sichems* goodly Groves and Fields.
Already (running 'twixt his winding banks)
Jordan begins to waſh our wel-come Planks,
Where *Hebron* 's valley our glad Welcome ſings,
And even *Mount Tabor* with the Eccho rings.
Th' Old Serpent knew (for, much to know is given
Unto that Hell-god, by the God of Heaven)
It was decree'd by everlaſting Date,
And promiſed, that there ſhould propagate,
From *Abraham* 's happy Stock, a holy Stem
Which ſhould confound th' Infernall Diadem.
In doubt whereof, perplext and vexed ſore,
His Jealouſie of *Jacob* grew the more.
The more hee envies *Sichem* 's Shepheard-Prince
As well becauſe, with duer Reverence
Did None obſerve and ſerve th' Eternall Lord,
Nor juſter liv'd, nor righter him ador'd;
As for the goodly bleſſings of his bed,
(Twelve luſty Sons) likely alone to ſpread
Into a People holy and devout.
Therefore hee labours, and hee layes-about,
With all the Engines of his helliſh Hate,
That, That dear Iſſue to exterminate.
Eſpecially, that lovely Lad (whoſe Birth
Had happy Stars, preſaging holy Worth;)
JOSEPH, the darling of his Fathers age,
Borne of his (firſt-lov'd) ſecond marriage:
Whom, *Nature-grac't*, the *Graces* nurtur'd fine
In liberall Arts, and love of Law divine;
Inſpir'd his Soule with skill of future things;
His minde aſpiring with celeſtiall wings:
To elders modeſt, to his equals milde,
With *Piety* and *Prudence* paſt a Childe. (make,
Now, as from flow'rs whence Bees their honey
The loathſom Spider doth his poyſon take;
Hence did the Fiend in th' other Brethren hatch
Cloſe deadly Hate, him harm-leſſe to diſpatch:
Nor would Hee let the firſt occaſion ſlip,
That might advance his wily workmanſhip:
For, for the moſt, to each mans Inclination,
Hee knowes in time, to offer his Temptation.
It hapned then, upon a Summers day,
When as the Sun had with his parching Ray

Driven

Driv'n all the Brethren all their flocks to drive
To the coole Covert that the Woods would give;
Them-ſelves ſet round under a ſhady Oake,
Young JOSEPH thus gently the reſt beſpoke:
Brothers, I'le tell you my ſtrange dream to night;
Heare it, I pray you (what ere meane it might,
It was an odde one.) Early when the Stars
Were all call'd in (excepting *Lucifer's*,
Dayes daily Uſher) ſlumbring ſweet this morne,
Mee thought Wee all were in a field of corne,
All binding Sheaves; and when wee each had One,
My Sheafe, mee thought, ſtood bolt upright alone,
And all your Sheaves did inſtantly incline,
And lowly bow their bended tops to mine.
Then *Judah*, nettled with no little hate
Againſt the Lad, began him thus to rate:
Why, ſaucy Boy, What phantſies doſt thou fable?
Is this your Dreame, you deem ſo admirable?
Hath not perhaps ſome Spirit inſpir'd you ſo?
No doubt there hath: the ſpirit of Wine I trow.
But, pray, what *Augure* doth your wonder bring?
That you (belike) ſhall of us all be King.
Good King of crickets, line thy Crown with baies,
Leſt drunken Vapors ſome Rebellion raiſe.
The reſt concurr'd to gird the harmleſſe Boy
With flouts and ſhouts of *O God give you joy:*
God ſave your Grace, your Majeſty to come;
And tell, in Scorne, their Father all the ſumme.
Hee, good old man, (not without *God* within)
Hee ponders all that hee had heard and ſeen;
As if diſcerning ſomewhat in the Lad
Of higher ſtraine, then every ſtripling had:
Yet to conceale it from the reſt hee ſeems,
And bids the Boy beware of guileſull *Dreams*.
But, Hee, to whom GOD greater Honors meant,
Soon after dream'd of graver Argument.
Him ſeem'd, that, ſet in ſtately Eminence,
Before his Feet, with humble Reverence,
The Sun and Moon and Eleven Stars hee ſaw,
Stooping unto him in obſequious awe.
Which well recording (for by heav'nly grace
That Gift hee had) within a little ſpace
Hee tels his Brethren of his ſecond Tranſe:
Who, re-incenſt with rageſull Arrogance,
Soon ſhew their Father, with his fatall *Dream*,
Their rancor, ſpleene, and cank'red ſpite extreme.
Jacob at firſt, amazed, calls his Son;
And, as interp'ring, thus to chide begun:
What! Sirra; ſhall I, and your Mother too,
And all your Brothers bow our Necks to you?
Shall you be mounted on your Chaire of State,
And Wee come All baſe Beggars to your Gate?
If ſuch a folly hath befum'd your brain,
And fill'd your phant'ſie with preſumption vain,
With idle Hopes: away with thoſe Conceits,
Truſt not to *Dreams*, liſt not to ſuch Deceits
So reaſon-leſſe, ridiculous, and light;
Monſters, *Chimera's*, ſhadows of the Night:
Which (if not good) it is not *God* doth ſend,
But ſom Illuſion of the ſubtle Fiend,
To train our Weakneſſe to ſome ſinfull Trap;
Or, to betray us to ſome dire miſ-hap:
As from his Cels falſe Oracles hee wreſts,
From flight of Birds, & Tripes of mangled Beaſts.
Haſt thou not heard of *Belus*, *Anubis*,
Ops, *Hecatè*, and other *Deities*,
Whom the blinde *Heathen* in their Temples have,
Frequent their Altars, and their Rites obſerve;
Waiting their Altars with the humbleſt Awe,
All which is hateſull to our *Holy-Law*?
Therefore be Wiſe: and look henceforth wee hear
No more ſuch *Dreams* of ſuch phantaſtike gear.
Hee, thus diſmiſt, the reſt hee milde beſpake
To calme their ſtorme, and kindly bade them take
The Flocks to Field, and drive them ſoft and fair
To *Sichem* Woods, to feed in cooler aire.
Their Fathers bidding they eſt-ſoones obay'd
(Young JOSEPH yet at home with him hee ſtaid)
Paſſing the fruitfull Vales and flow'ry Greens
Of plenteous *Hebron*, to thoſe ſhadie Screens.
But, nor the Verdure of thoſe Hills nor Dales,
Nor ſong of Birds, nor ſhade of Woods, nor Gales
Of whiſp'ring Winds, could kill or cancell quite
Thoſe odious *Dreams* they dream-on day & night:
Rather, they gather daily more diſdain,
Sharpen their Envie, give their Rage the rain,
With Threats and Vows; while th' evill ſpirit too
Still ſtirs and ſpurs their hateſull Jealouſie. (nigh,
Now, twice the Sun had run his Journy ſwift,
When the next morning they prepare to ſhift
To *Dothan's* pleaſant Downs for freſher Feed,
And to be further off from home (indeed);
And ſo the longer ere they could revert;
Which they even loath'd, and hated at the heart.
Wherefore (night after night, day after day)
When, paſt their wont, their Father ſaw them ſtay;
In muſefull care his JOSEPH calls hee quicke,
And bids him thus; I pre-thee Boy go ſeeke
Thy Brethren out (on *Sichem* Downes they feed,
Or neer about) and bring mee word with ſpeed,
What uncouth Reaſon of their ſtay there is:
My minde miſ-gives mee ſomewhat is amiſſe
With them, or with their Cattle: hye thee Lad.
Away ſcuds JOSEPH (no leſſe ſwift then glad)
As far as *Sichem*: but there looking round.
Neither his Brethren, nor the Flocks hee found.
Perplexed then, hee calls them one by one;
Howw, Brothers! *Reuben! Levi! Simeon!*
Then, whoops and hallooes with a treble throat,
So loud and ſhrill, that, to his warbling Note
With doubled *Ecchoes*, Woods and Caves reply:
But not a Brother anſwers Eare or Eye.
By chance, a Wood-man that an Oak did ſhrowd,
Hearing the Lad, and knowing, call'd him loud,
And told him thus; I heard your Brethren ſay
They would to *Dothan*: Thither, that's the way;
There ſhall you finde them with their Cattle ſafe,
In better Paſture then is here by halfe.
Thanks thinks the Lad: and *Sichem* out of ſight,
As ſwift as Roe hee runs to *Dothan* right.
When, from a Hill, his hateſull Brethren ſpi'd
Him yet far-off: O! yonder comes (they cry'd)
Our King to-come, whom both the Sun and Moon,
And all the Stars muſt ſerve and worſhip ſoon.
Wee, wee baſe Hinds, born but for Heards & Neat,
Drudging all day in the Suns ſcorching heat,
Lodging all night in holes or hollow Trees,
Clad but in Lether, or in courſeſt Freeze,

And meanly fed with Bread and water moſt;
While hee is ſet-up with his Sod and Roaſt,
His Meſſe of Goats-milk, and his fill of Wine,
In change of Coats, pranked and painted fine;
Snoring all night upon his eaſe-full bed,
Where, from the Forge of his phantaſtike head,
Hee feignes theſe *Dreams* in meer diſdain of us:
But, Brethren, ſhall wee, ſhall wee ſuffer thus
Him and his Scorning? Shall wee be ſo blinde
T' indure him ſtill, till grown a man, his minde
Grown big withall, and bearing proud upon
His Fathers fondneſſe, Hee ſupplant anon
Our Haps and Hopes, uſurping All our due,
And ſo (in fine) fulfill his *Dreams* too-true?
O! Wee are Buzzards, Blockheads, Cowards all.
Why rather here, where none deſcry us ſhall,
Where all things ſort, where hee is come ſo pat,
Shall wee not kill him, and make ſure for that?
For, in this Pit wee may him deep interre,
And ſay (at home) ſome hungry Wolfe or Beare
(Whereof the Deſarts, not far off, have ſtore)
Him quick devoured, and to peeces tore.
While theſe dire Counſels they together caſt,
Reuben (who all, in years and pity, paſt)
Cry'd, GOD defend, O Brethren, GOD defend,
Againſt our Brother wee ſhould ſo offend;
O! in his bloud doe not your hands imbrue,
Leſt Heav'ns drad Vengeance that dire fact purſue
On Us and Ours. Though no man witneſſe be,
GOD, GOD himſelfe is witneſſe, and doth ſee
And heare us all: from him is nothing hid;
Hee's all an Eye that never cloſeth Lid.
But, if you needs will of the Lad be quit,
Sanz bloud or ſlaughter, put him in this pit,
There leave him to his Fate. This hee advis'd,
That, reſcu'd thus from preſent death devis'd,
Hee, late at night returning to the Cave,
Might hale him up, and th' harmleſſe ſtrippling ſave,
To bring him ſafe unto his aged Sire,
And calme at length his Brethrens envious Ire.
Their Elders Words them All a little mov'd,
And his advice they all at once approv'd:
Him down unſlain, into the pit to ſlide,
His worſe or better Fortune to abide.
Then *Ruben* ſaid; BeWitneſſe GOD for mee,
How clear I am from this your Cruelty:
And as hee ſpake, him from them far withdrew
Into the Woods to wait what would enſue.
By This, was JOSEPH (full of lively cheer
For having found them) even arrived neer:
When, fell and furious, they incloſe him round,
Lay hands on him, his tender hands they bound,
With braving Threats; Now ſhall you ſee (ſay they)
Your *Dreams* fulfill'd: Muſt not wee all obey
Your Mightineſſe? *Our ſheaves muſt ſtoop to you:*
Yea, *to your State, Sun, Moon, and Stars muſt bow.*
Wondring & frighted with their uncouth guiſe,
In vein (alas!) in vain hee calls and cries
To them for pity of his Innocence;
While inly Rage, with more Impatience,
Still egg'd them on, with fell *Erynnis* brands:
And helliſh *Pluto* (who too-ready ſtands,
Weening to croſſe the *Deſtinies divine*)
Doth all their Edge 'gainſt him alone incline.
When he perceiv'd (poor Boy!) no vows, no tears
Could molliſie thoſe ſtony hearts of Theirs
To hold their hands, already heaving him
With violence unto the Dungeons brim;
His eyes lift up towards th' *Emperiall Pole*
Thus loud hee groaned from a grieved ſoule:
Great GOD of *Abr'am, Is'ac, Jacob* too,
Who kenneſt all things, and canſt all things doe;
If I ſincerely have ador'd thee ſtill:
If I have gladly done my Parents Will;
If I have lived pious and upright:
Lord looke upon mee in this wofull plight.
Or, if it pleaſe thee, that I here expire;
Yet ſpare, O Lord, O ſpare mine aged Sire.
And, O! my Brethren (whom, with due reſpect
Of Elderſhip, I ever did affect)
How-ever Mee you pity not, I pray
Pity our Father (leſt untimely gray
His hoary head come to the grave for griefe)
Let not him heare it: rather ſay ſome Theefe,
Or knot of Theeves, Mee (by the way) bereft;
That ſome falſe hope may of my life be left,
To lengthen his: though here alas!) I lye
Dead in theſe ſands, and hid from any eye:
And as hee ſpake, his tears ſo faſt did fall,
They ſtopt his ſpeech, and almoſt ſtaid withall
His Brethrens rage; till Ruth-leſſe *Iſſachar*
Re-fand the fire. Nay having gon thus far,
Wee may not now, Wee cannot ſafe deſiſt;
For why? whereon I need not now inſiſt;
Your ſelves (ſaid hee) can quickly gheſſe, I trow,
Miſchiefs enow, if now wee let him goe.
Let us therefore go on as wee decreed,
Let's let him down. Hereto they all agreed,
With heart and hand, and did it inſtantly;
And then remorſeleſſe, on the Graſs hard by
Made no more bones, but ſate them down to dinner.
O! the dull Conſcience of a hardned ſinner!
But, from th' *Emperial*, through th' *Ætherial* Pole,
GOD looking down upon the harmleſſe Soule,
In tender pity, and eternall love
Towards his Owne, among the Troops (above)
Of winged Heralds that are ever preſt,
Expecting gladly his Divine Beheſt,
To one hee beckens, and hee bids him Thus;
Right Truſty, hy thee quickly down from us,
Toward *Samaria*, well thou knoweſt where,
And whom thou know'ſt one day ordain'd to bear
A glorious Part, in honourable Place,
Good *Is'ac*'s Grand-Child, now in piteous caſe,
Crying for ſuccour from a dark deep Cell,
Againſt his Brethrens envious Furie fell:
Goe comfort him, poor heart; but in what kinde
I need not ſay. Thou ſeeſt, thou know'ſt my mind.
So, with his gratious All-directing Nod,
Th' Angell, diſmiſt, in th' inſtant ſpreads abroad
Æthereall wings on his Aëreall ſides,
And through the woundleſs Welkin ſwifter glides
Then *Zephyrus*; or, than (when mounted high
With many Turnes, and towring in the Skie)
The ſtout *Ger-Faulcon* ſtoopeth at the *Herne*,
With ſudden Souſe, that many ſcarce diſcerne:
Such was the ſpeed of this Celeſtiall Bird
(To proſecute, and execute the Word

Of his great Master) towards *Dothan* Down,
Alighting first upon *Mount Tabor*'s Crown,
Amaz'd to see his Groves so sodain green,
And Lawns so fresh, with flow'ry tufts between.
The Hill-born *Nymphs* with quav'ring warbles sing
His happy *Well-come*: Caves and Rocks doe ring
Redoubled Ecchoes; Woods and Winds withall,
Whisper about a joyfull Madrigall.
But th'Heav'nly Herald from the Mountain eying
The Vale about, sees there the Brethren lying
Along the Grasse, and busie at their Vittle,
And from a Hill(thence distant but a little)
Th' *Arabian* Merchants with their Camels,hard
(As God would have it)driving thither-ward:
Thence instantly hee casts his gentle Eye
On wosull JOSEPH; and immediately
Descending swift, stands on the dungeons brim,
Now shining bright with sudden light from him.
Wherewith the Lad at once dismai'd and joy'd,
The sacred Torch-man(to that end imploy'd)
In lovely Shape, with sweet and lively grace,
Thus cheers the Lad (himselfe a Lad in Face).
Feare not, dear JOSEPH, dear to God above.
Thy Fathers God, who All doth guide and move,
Hath sent mee hither from his heav'nly Throne,
To comfort and confirm thee, in thy Mone.
First, Hence thou shalt be freed: yet, behold,
Twice,as a Slave, thou shalt be bought and sold,
Transferr'd to *Memphis*, and for many a year
Shalt live a Servant and a Pris'ner there.
But if thou still have in abhomination
Strange Womens Love,and strange gods adoration:
If still with all thy strength, with all thy heart
Thou serve the Lord, and from him never start:
If in his Wayes thou walk, and doe his Will,
Hee will be with thee, for thee, in thee still:
So that where-ere thou goe, what-ere thou doe,
Favour and Fortune shall attend thee too.
And that thou maist with greater confidence
Contemne thy wrongs, and trust his Providence;
Know for a certain, hee hath destin'd thee
A high Estate, and glorious Emperie;
And time will com,when thou with me shalt view
Thy former *Dreams* in every part prove true;
When as thy Brethren with selfe-guilty brow,
And thy good Father shall before the bow:
When thy Compassion,paying good for ill,
Shal save their lives,(ô meant thee first to kil:(sterve,
Shall feed their mouthes that thought thee once to
And buy them seats that sold thee forth to serve;
And not alone receive themselves to grace,
But them and theirs within thy Kingdome place;
That grown at length in number like the sand,
Thence the Almighty with a mighty hand
(In spight of *Envie* and *Ambitious* sway)
May bring them dry-shod through the crimson sea,
Directed safe in all their uncouth Way,
By Fire by Night, and by a Cloud by Day;
Through the dry *Desert*, plentifully fed
With Quails from Heav'n,& *Manna*(Angels bread)
Into a Land where milk and hony flow;
The happy signe of happier substance though:
Where, in due Time(O haste yee Times away.)
A *Golden Age* shall see a *glorious Day*,
A *Day* full oft to be fore-typ't, fore-told,
Fore-promised by Prophets manifold;
When from the Bosome of th' Eternall SIRE,
Th' Eternall SON(What may wee So admire!)
(The Spirit *o're shadowing of a Virgin-Mother*)
Shall take mans Nature, and become your Brother;
Old Adams Guilt, and Yours to expiate,
And wide re-open Heav'ns long-locked Gate.
Concluding here, to Heav'n the Angell hy'd.
JOSEPH, though first distract and stupefi'd
With such a glory(and confus'd a-space)
Him re-collects, and re-erects his Face;
Inly rejoycing, deeply rumining,
All in his minde maturely pondering.
And future Hopes confirm him passing strong,
'Gainst present fears, and all his Woes and Wrong;
That cheerly thus, with heart and hands erect,
His holy vowes hee doth to Heav'n direct:
Great King of kings, that rulest All-abroad;
My Fathers, Grandsires, and Great-grandsires God,
Almighty Guide and Guard, still gratious be
To Us and Ours, whose trust is all in Thee.
Especially, thy Favour, Lord I crave
Towards my Father, ready for the Grave:
And as for mee; how-ever please thee, deale
Mee sowre or sweet, or send mee woe or weale;
It shall be welcome, and I well content.
Onely deare Father, if that death prevent
Mine eyes(unworthy)of that wished Day,
That long long-hoped, happy *Holy-Day*,
When from thy Throne(whose glory hath no end)
Thine onely *Son* shall into *Flesh* descend;
At least vouchsafe mee, though in shadow dim,
As in a glasse to see and knowledge Him;
And(thorough Faith)to feel the *saving Savour*
Of this thrice-sacred, gratious,pretious *Lavor*,
So,with an inward and deep sigh, hee ceast.
The while, *Arabians* (Merchants of the East)
With Camels loaden with their Countrey Ware,
Myrrhe, *Storax*, *Incense*, the most choyce and rare,
Comming from *Madian*, towards *Ægypt* bound,
Were passing by, where on the grassie ground,
The Shepheard Brethren sate to eat and talke:
And busie yet, their Teeth and Tongues did walk,
Till on the sudden they descry'd the men.
Whence *Judah* thus begins: O Bretheren,
Behold how GOD doth better far provide,
Then wee could plot(more safe for either side).
For, to these merchants if wee sell the Lad,
First, a good peece of money will be had;
Next, of our Brothers blond wee shall be cleer:
And last of all, be sure no more to hear
Or news, or noise,or name of JOSEPH here,
Whether to *Memph's* or *Marmorid's* they wend.
Therefore forthwith one to them let us send,
The mart to offer, and the price to make,
As of a Slave; and bring their answer back.
They all agree, and one is sent away
To drive the Bargaine; while the rest assay
About a Tree-trunk fastning fit a rope,
And letting 't down to hale their Brother up.
And up hee comes as fresh as Mayey-Rose,
Or Daffadill that in a Garden growes;
As lively Form as yerst, as lovely Face,

Shining

Shining with signes of GODS assisting Grace.
By this, the merchants with their Broker came,
To see the Ware; and did so like the same,
They stood not hucking, of the price to bate
(So good, and so good cheap, who would not ha't!)
But, who would ween (*good God!*) that ever Hee,
That was præ-destin'd to such dignitie,
To whom such Wealth and Honour should befall,
Should thus be sold, and for a price so small?
Save that my *Saviour*, Heire of Heav'n and Earth,
That *God*-begotten, holy *Virgins*-Birth,
Whom Angels serve, whom Cherubins adore,
To *Jews* his *Judas* sold for little more;
(Woe to His Soule, Woe to my Sins therefore!)
As, *Twenty Pence*. O base and cursed Thrall!
But, both sides pleas'd, *Joseph* must suffer all.
Now must hee mount on his new masters pack
Upon his Camels double bunched back,
To trot to *Nile*-ward (never heard-of *Nile*)
As proud and glad of such a Load, the while
His gentle Beast, now easiest of the Troop,
Aptest to stop, humblest at need to stoop
To this new Rider, with a cheerfull Neigh,
Lifts light his feet, and still hee leads the way.
Well: Now the Brethren have their Brother rid,
How shall his Fate, how shall their Hate be hid?
Who to their Father the sad news shall bring?
This is the doubt: This they are hammering.
In fine, they jump; first to send home his Coat
(For they had stript him) and in bloud of Goat
Deep dipping it, *Dan* is instructed fit
In this sad manner to deliver it
To aged JACOB, doubting nothing lesse,
Then His mis-hap, or their so Hatefulnesse.
Father (said *Dan*) ranging within a Wood,
Our Cur did find this Coat, thus stain'd with bloud.
Not knowing therefore, whence, nor whose it is,
Nor how it came, wee thought it not amisse
To shew't you first, and after hearken further,
As you think fit, in case of Maime, or Murder.
But, Father *Jacob* had no sooner spy'd
The spotted Coat, with bloud and dirt bedy'd,
But, drown'd in Tears, hee teares his hoary haire,
With Ashes sprent, and rent his garments there;
And cries, Alas! dear JOSEPH, staffe and stay
Of all mine Age, so sudden ta'n away!
O! O! My Son, Who? How? What did befall,
To murder Thee, to murder Mee withall?
Doubtlesse, no Man: some savage Beast it was,
Som hungry Boare, some hairie Beare, alas!
Where are your Brethren? Quickly all of you,
Through all the Woods go take a thorow view:
You may perhaps at last yet light on him,
Or finde at least som Part, som mangled Lim,
Som wofull Relique, which I pray bring home,
That I may give it his last Rites, a Tombe:
Or rather, let mee goe my selfe to seeke,
And finde my dead Son, or a Death, his like:
And saying so, downe in a swoune hee slid,
With much adoe to be recovered.
On th' other side, sad *Reuben* towards night,
When th' Evening Star began to twinkle bright,
When Sheep and Shepheards to their Cotes were
All but himself, himself comes all alone (gone
Unto the Cave, and calling twice or thrice,
Why! *Joseph*, *Joseph*; when as none replyes,
Dismaid, and doubting, lest in their disdaine,
His Brethren there the silly Lad had slaine;
Hee makes a shift to cut an Holmen Pole,
And by that help, gets downe into the hole,
Lookes round about; but finding nothing there,
Gets up againe, as full of griefe and feare:
Then hopelesse, leaves that search to seek the others;
And by the Sheeps track, tracking of his Brothers,
Soon findes them out; and out of them will know
Both how, and where, they JOSEPH did bestow.
They tell him truely how it did befall.
A little eas'd (though little pleas'd withall)
To heare the Lad was yet alive and safe
(Though for his thraldome hee did inly chafe)
Hee thus advises; Brethren, let us hye
Home to our Father, and our best apply
To comfort him; Let us informe him this
That the *Arabians* (as their manner is)
Spying the Lad alone upon the Way,
Pursu'd him, took him, stole him quite away;
And while hee struggled from them to have got,
With a light hurt hee bloudied all his Coat.
Which let some Shepheards boy or other bring
(As having found it) to aver the thing;
For there be many can affirm (no doubt)
They lately saw *Arabians* here-about.
This fitted thus, together home they goe,
And doe their best to cheer their Fathers woe.
But though perhaps with som small hope reliev'd,
Perpetually (alas!) hee mourn'd and griev'd,
Nor could the Torrent of his tears retain,
Nor outward Solace inly entertain;
But day and night a bitter life hee led,
Mostly alone, although alive, as dead.
Mean-while the Merchant well content: and glad
Holds on his Journey, bears away the Lad
Wondring to see all things so suite his will,
Weather so temp'rate, and the Windes so still,
The Wayes so dust-lesse, and so dirtlesse faire,
The Sun so friendly, and so fresh the Aire;
Above their wont: for, having Heav'n to friend,
With JOSEPH, *Graces*, *Hope*, and *Hap* do wend.
Now, having past *Judea*'s confines quite,
From a steep Hill, they have anon the sight
Of stately *Memphis* lofty Tow'rs and Walls,
With glitt'ring roofes of high and sumptuous Hals.
Amid a rich and pleasant Plaine, repleat
With goodly Heards of Cattell, Sheep, and Neat,
With goodly Corn-fields, here and there between:
And, neer the City, on a spacious Green,
They might behold, as in som Martiall Muster,
Thousands of Youth in severall Troops to cluster;
Attending all, som manly Exercise;
Some, light and speedy, running for a prize:
Some, strongly active, wrastling for a fall,
Some, hurling Sledges, till they sweat withall:
Some, on swift Horse-back to out-swim the wind;
Some, to shoot backward at their foes behinde:
Some, with their Launches ready couch't in Rest,
Wheeling about, to charge in Flank or Breast:
Some, at the Tilt, in strong and steady course,
To break their Staves, or bear down man and horse.

Wheron th' *Arabians*, with th' *Israelian* Lad,
(Now very neer) stood gazing, as right glad,
And almost greedy of so various sorts
Of Manly Proems, of so warlike sports.
An *Eunuch* of the Kings, one much esteem'd,
And master of those Martiall Games (it seem'd)
Seeing those Strangers, with so much delight
Stand still so long in viewing all the Sight,
Sends to invite them kindly to com neer;
And then perceiving that they Merchants were,
Began to ask What Ware, what rare device,
They had to sell? Nothing, said they, but Spice,
And this young Lad; Whom, if Your Lordship like,
Accept as Yours, and freely, wee beseek;
Or, if you nill accept him *gratis*, prize
As please your selfe; your favour shall suffize.
Yes, said the *Eunuch*, I accept your Love,
And of Your Present I so well approve,
And prize it so, You could not bring mee better:
The more my hope, the more am I your debter,
Such grace his face presageth to my minde;
So shall you never mee ungratefull finde,
Said *Potiphar*: and then hee takes the Lad;
And, causing him to be right seemly clad,
In Silken suit gives him a Livory
Of Purple, guarded with Embroderie.
Then on a goodly Horse hee sets him up,
The stillest, yet the statelyest in the troup.
JOSEPH right joyfull, from a bashfull Brow
Returnes dumbe *Homage*, with a gracefull Bow
Unto his Lord: then, re-erect, appears
Taller and trimmer then were all his Peers.
Him, home before (thus furnisht) with a Guide,
Sends *Potiphar* unto his lovely Bride.
Now *Hesperus* the Evening on did bring;
When, leaving Fields, the youthfull troops do ring
About their Captain, and attend, in State
To guard him home triumphant to his Gate.
And lovely JOSEPH, having had by this
A view of his faire *Lady-Mistresse*;
And of his Office, tutured at large,
What him belong'd in his *Lords Chamber* charge,
Him humbly ranked (of his owne accord)
Among his fellows to go meet his Lord.
As burnisht Gold amid a heap of Sand,
Or Orient Pearle among the Pebble Strand,
Such seemed Hee, among ten thousand Squires,
Whom men and matrons, young and old admires:
His pase so grave, his Face so gracious,
His eyes and Feet still so officious
About his Lord, as fixed still on Him,
With steady Looks, and with as ready Limbe:
No lesse within doores then hee was without,
Active and apt in all hee went about;
On all occasions, in what-ever kinde,
Of bodie's labour, or of birth of minde.
But above all, his faithfull diligence,
And mature Wisdome in all managements,
So well accepted and admired are,
That not alone unto his trusty Care
His Lord committed what before hee had:
But over All, him onely *Steward* made.
For, *Potiphar* perceiv'd that under him,
What-ere hee had did thrive and prosper trim:
His Fields and Flocks more fruitfull then before;
His Favours greater, and his Honours more:
All which inspired by some secret Test,
To this young JOSEPH hee ascrib'd, as Blest.
And th' *Oracles* of *Egypt*, then a-foot,
Seem'd even to point at, and perswade unto't.
There was a *Peach*-Tree growing then amid
God-Canosh Temple, to him consacred,
Which, brought from *Persia* long agoe, they say,
When *Isis* yerst did all the World survay,
By her own hand was planted for Posterity,
To be a famous Monument of Verity.
Hereon, arriving from far wanderings,
Bright-shining *Apis* with change-colour'd wings,
Faire *Apis* settled; after whom did muster
A mightie Swarm, which hung all in a Cluster
Upon one Bough. This wonder blown abroad
Among the *Bards*, they vouch that it did boad,
Some stranger should from forrein parts arrive;
And after him, a mighty people hyve;
Through whom the house of *Potiphar* should rise
To wondrous Wealth and goodly dignities.
Weening therefore these *Augures* all fulfill'd
In JOSEPH now, him every one well-will'd,
Him every one accordingly respected,
Him every one for this the more affected.
But, fair *Iempsar* (wife of *Potiphar*)
Above the rest, his Parts did high prefer;
Him more then All shee inly did admire,
And still beholds him with a young desire.
Yet, ignorant what furie would ensue
The pleasing Passion shee did so pursue;
What wily *Godling* to beguile her, sought
To snare her freedome in a servile thought;
As yet shee vented neither Sigh nor Teare:
All yet was sweet, no bitter Fit, no Feare.
Which th' envious Prince of *Styx* and *Acheron*,
Malignant Father of confusion,
Mans deadly Foe, observing; and beside,
That *Isaac*'s seed still happy multipli'd;
In fell despight, and full of desp'rate rage,
Hee calls a bird of his infernall Cage,
A cruell Harpy, full of wicked Wile,
A thousand wayes the wisest to beguile.
Goe, hye, saith Hee, my darling hye thee quick
To faire *Iempsar*; shee is *Phant'sie-sick*
Already: Therefore so insinuate,
That more and more thou her intoxicate:
Breathe in her bosome, blow-in new infection,
Kindle the Tindar of her light affection,
To such a flame, that neither Gods nor men
May be of pow'r to put it out agen:
And doe the best (for that I most desire)
If possible, set JOSEPH (too) a fire:
But if on him, thou nothing canst prevaile,
Return to her, her Phant'sie re-assaile,
Fill her with Phrenzie, and with furie double
Still burn her fell, till all her Friends shee trouble:
Till with disgrace, disdain'd, and desperate,
Shee turn her dear Love to as deadly Hate:
Till then, desist not; but persist and ply
To play thy Part with Art and Subtilty.
Hee, glad and ready for the worst of Ills,
With *Stygian* puddle halfe a Viall fills,

Blending

Blending some bitter, sharp-sweet wine withall.
Then snatching quick one of the snakes that craule
About *Alecto*'s grim and ghastly Browes,
Away hee hyes to *Potipher* his House,
Within his bosome hiding what hee had,
And formally just in the Form him clad
Of *Iphicle*, the Lady *Tempsars* Nurse;
With better credit, to beguile the worse.
Then to her Lady having made a Duck,
Sweet *Madame* (said shee, fie on all ill luck)
What sad disaster, what misfortune rise,
Hath made poor JOSEPH weary of his Life?
My selfe, of late have seen him oft, forlorne
Sit sole and sighing, and have heard him mourn,
Wishing for Death. And when I sought to know
The secret cause of his exceeding woe:
O! Mother (said hee) whether I conceale it
Needs dye I must, or whether I reveale it.
Inquire not therefore; for, 'tis better end,
With my sad life my sorrow's cause unkend.
Not so, my Son (said I) for oft a wound
Discover'd, is recover'd, and made sound;
Which, hid a while, would gangrene to the bone:
Tell boldly (Lad) art thou in love with none?
If that be cause of thy distresse; Why Boy
Be of good cheer, Thou shalt thy Dear enjoy,
Hope well, and have well: So shalt thou; or else
I'll charme *Loves Passion* with some stronger spel.
With bashfull Blush, then said hee, Yes, I love:
Be witnesse, *gods*, how earnest I have strove
To strangle it! How I have labour'd long!
How loth (alas!) my Lord in thought to wrong!
More wishing Death: Death, now make good my (triall:
Happy were I to live and dy so loyall.
And, saying so, on his fair Cheeks hee pours
A Sea of Tears, in Pearl and Crystall showrs:
So that I see, without quick Remedy,
For love of you, *Madame*, the Youth will dy.
Alas! then said the Lady, Woe is mee
For his Mistortune and his Misery;
To mee right tragick is the tale you tell:
For, truth to say, I love him but too well,
And would enjoy him if I could or durst;
But, O! I cannot: O! I may not: first,
For sacred Lawes, for *Hymen*'s secret yoke,
(Which never any yet, unpunisht, broke)
For fear of danger, and dis-honours brand,
And dreadfull vengeance of my Husbands hand.
Why, my dear Daughter, damned Nurse replies,
The gods do laugh at Lovers injuries:
And with thy Wedlock thou maiest well dispense,
On so good ground of so great consequence,
As is the saving of a Life so young,
So innocent, that never yet did wrong;
Unlesse it be a wrong to love too much,
Or dy for love. (Who would not die for such?)
Lovers must dare, and Wise-men must not dread
The worst of dangers that is threatened:
For, even the gods have Lovers in their guard,
And *Love* and *Pity* they will still reward.
I have a *Water* of a soverain use
(Th' extracted Spirit of many a *Chimick-Juice*)
Which inly ta'n in a perplexed Case,
Expels the Doubt, and shews *Truth*'s naked Face:
That, far from *Ambage*, th' undistract affection
May of the better freely make election.
If therefore, *Madame*, yet you stand divided,
What Part to take; to have your doubts decided,
I'll give it you: and, as shee spake, shee gave
The hellish *Philtres*, made of *Stygian* wave.
Thanks, dearest Mother, said her Ladiship:
And, taking all, not with a fearfull sip,
But full Carouse, lifting her hand on hy,
Quaft off the poison, drew the goblet dry.
This done, the *Damon*, with a Beldams face,
Tow'rds *Josephs* chamber hies with hobbling pase;
Where hee was praying, and devoutly praysing
The God of gods, for his so gracious raising:
But when the false Fiend in his Portall spi'd
A heav'nly Warder (both his Guard and Guide)
With threatfull brandish of a shining Blade, (made
More speed then good, headlong hee downward
In dreadfull Maze; and, as the fouleſt Fowle,
Transforms him quick into a *Screeching-Owle*,
Night's horrid Monster, hov'ring long aloof,
At last pearcht on *Tempsars* Chamber roof.
Wretched *Tempsar*, having quaffed up
The brim and bottome of the *Stygian* Cup,
Now all alone, shee feels her all a-fire,
Bloud, bones and Marrow, burning in desire;
Sad, silent, sighing: in a wondrous Fit;
And all for *Joseph*, nigh beside her wit:
Now on her bed shee fals, anobby and by
Flings up again; and to and fro doth fly
From place to place; soon weary of the best,
Runs every where, and no where findeth rest;
Like one whose breſt a burning Fever fryes,
Or whom some Serpents sting doth agonize.
At last shee breaks out; and Alas! quoth Shee,
What, what is this that thus tormenteth mee?
O! is it Love? or was it not the Drink
I took right now? No: it is Love I think,
'Tis surely Love, Love in extremity,
And but fair JOSEPH gently help, I dye.
Then help, Sweet-heart, come, be thou boldly mine:
Come be my Love, and I will still be thine.
Both living loving, wee 'll die guiltlesse both
Of eithers bloud: Be witnesse gods how loth
I would incur so fell, so foul a stain,
To kill such Lover with unkinde disdain.
Duly and truly, while I ought and could,
I served *Hymen*, till (alas!) controul'd
By higher Godheads more Imperiall Right:
Hee favour mee, as now I feel his might
Far, far exceed weak Womans opposition.
Hee will no doubt; and daign us both Tuition.
Sith wont, himselfe, to love, bee as a Lover
Will pity Passions and our pleasures cover.
Thus having said, impatient of delay,
Efren shee calls (*Efren* a Maid, that aye
Us'd, as most trusty, diligent and chare,
Her Mistresse Errands to and fro to carry)
Goe quickly *Efren*, seek mee JOSEPH out,
And if the businesse hee is now about
Be not too earnest, and too instant too,
But what hee may as well hereafter doe,
Bid him forth-with to come and speak with Mee.
Wing'd with her words, about it strait runs shee,

And after ſummons, JOSEPH comes anon
Up to his *Lady*; who then all alone,
Firſt with a Bluſh, and baſhfull glance among,
From quiv'ring boſome with a ſhiv'ring tongue,
Thus breaks the Yce (ſtill bidding him com neerer)
Dear, my dear *Joſeph*, then mine owne Eyes dearer;
Shall I intreat thee, what I might command,
To anſwer truely what I ſhall demand?
Madame, ſaid hee, Should I be falſe to you?
What ere it be, I ſweare to tell you true.
I hear (quoth ſhee) that thou art deep in Love:
If it be true (thou muſt thy Truth approve)
Thou maiſt not hide it; though my ſelfe were ſhee,
For whom thou ſuff'reſt, thou muſt tell it mee:
Confeſſe it freely: and I muſt confeſſe
As much to Thee; for, Thee I love no leſſe:
So, loving Both, wee ſhall have mutuall Fewell,
Nor thou to Mee, nor I to Thee be cruell.
Joyne hands, joyne hearts, how happy manifold!
How great! how grac't! how will I heap thee gold!
Thus ſhee proteſts, and with a ſudden kiſſe
Upon his Lips ſhee ſeales her Promiſes.
Hee, red for ſhame, ſelfe-ſadly ruminates
His heav'nly Angels ſacred *Caveats*
Againſt temptation and Attempts unjuſt,
Of Idols ſervice, and unlawfull Luſt:
Internall praying for ſupernall Strength,
In modeſt manner Thus replies at length:
Madame, what ever of my Love you hear,
How-ever fervent, or how deeply-dear;
If you have heard it as (perhaps) impure,
Unchaſte, unhoneſt Love; I you aſſure
None love I ſo: nor wiſh I (I proteſt)
So to be lov'd: and of my Lady, leaſt.
My Lord, you know, hath nothing from mee kept,
I all command, onely your ſelfe except:
And ſhall I then, diſloyall, Traitor prove
Unto my Lord; and to my *God* above?
No, *God* forbid: No; rather let mee dye;
And in the ſands unburied ever lye,
A prey to Birds and Beaſts: and as hee ſpake,
Her and her Chamber did hee quick forſake.
Shee, ſeeing then her Hopes ſo ſudden daſht,
Her ſelfe deluded; as with Lightning flaſht,
Stands firſt a while moveleſſe, amaz'd and mute;
Then grindes a Groan, and many ſighes purſue't;
Then wrings her hands, falls backward on her bed,
Diſtract in minde, her colour pale and dead.
All which obſerved by that *Divell-Owle*,
Upon the Roofe, hee putteth off the Fowle,
And re-puts-on Nurſe *Iphicle* a ſpace,
To ſee *Tempſar* in ſo piteous Caſe.
Alas! quoth ſhee, What ailes my Lady deer?
My tender Nurſling, what hath hap'ned here?
Why are you daunted and dejected ſo?
Be of good Cheer; be of good comfort: Lo,
I, I am here; look on mee, look, my Lamb,
Your helpat need, your loving Nurſe I am.
At name of Nurſe, her ſomwhat ſhee erects,
And with theſe Taunts a frowning glance reflects:
Nurſe, once a Nurſe or Mother more then Nurſe,
But now a Step-da me, or ſome Furie worſe. (me:
Thou, thou haſt kill'd mee, thou haſt quite undone
Thou told'ſt mee *Joſeph* was enamour'd on mee
Deep, to the Death; and when I come to prove him,
Alas! hee loves not, nor will let me love him:
Nay, Prayers, Proffers, Preſents cannot move him.
Thou, thou haſt made mee make my ſelfe a mock,
To ſhame my Name, to ſtain my Houſe and Stock,
To wrong my Lord, to break my Faith, to fall;
Thou wert the Author, thou the cauſe of all.
What wanteth more, but with a murd'rous blade,
This guilty Soule to ſend to endleſſe ſhade?
Falſe *Iphicle* doth her as ſharp reprove;
Ah, fooliſh woman, unexpert in Love:
What wonder was it, if a baſhfull boy,
Untrain'd, untoucht (as Virgin) firſt were coy
To heare of Love, a Novice, yet, a Stranger,
Doubtfull of you, perhaps; fearfull of danger.
'T was not the courſe: you have miſcarried it.
Then be not heartleſſe, neither hopeleſſe yet;
For I will once more undertake the matter,
I'll chide his rudeneſſe, and inſtruct him better
How to behave him: Have you Patience
But for three dayes, and on the fourth from hence
Will reigne a gracious Star, whoſe milde Aſpect
On Love and Lovers gently doth reflect;
Under whoſe Radiance, in Conjunction ſweet,
Hymen and *Cupid* in one inſtant meet.
With theſe her Words *Tempſar* part re-chear'd,
Her ſinking heart again a little rear'd:
Then Goe, ſaid ſhee, the Gods grant better ſpeed:
And that wee may the better now ſucceed,
Wee will the while the ſacred Pow'rs implore,
Frequent their Altars, and their Shrines adore.
Next morning therefore, by what time the Sun
With glitt'ring Rayes had gilt the *Horizon*,
Tempſar decks her, goodly to behold,
In Scarlet, ſet with Jewels and with Gold
(But much more goodly for her lovely grace,
And native Beauties of her Forme and Face)
And to the Temple with a Train ſhee tends,
Of Matrons, Maidens, Servants, Nighbours, Friends.
Among the reſt the Steward alſo went,
Faire-featur'd JOSEPH, with his Eyes down bent,
As inly pitying with a griefe unſhown,
His Ladies Paſſions as hee did his own:
For, hee ſuppos'd her gaite to Church had bin
To ſeek for Mercy and forſake her ſin:
But, nothing leſſe; Shee all the gods requires,
To friend her love, and further her deſires,
And ſo the next day, and the next enſuing,
And every day ſtill greater Gifts renuing,
The reaking Entrailes of her Offrings viewing.
But, when the fourth, long-wiſhed wel-com day
Tytan 'gan burniſh with his burning Ray,
Haile, happy day (ſaid ſhee) haile holy Lights,
That favour Lovers, and that love delights:
And by your pow'r and gracious Influence,
Preſerve the Worlds perpetuall Increments.
And then ſhee ſends for the beloved Lad:
Who, ſelfely good, ſuſpecting nothing bad,
Suppoſing now his Miſtereſſe minde reclaim'd,
At leaſt from daring what before ſhee aim'd,
Comes inſtantly: Shee, by the Nurſe ſeduc't,
Preſuming All to her content conduc't;
No ſooner ſpies him, but ſhee ſprings for haſte,
About his neck her Iv'ry Armes ſhee caſt:

Shee

Shee holds him, hugs him, saying, Welcome Mine,
Mine, Mine thou art, and I am onely thine:
Then, Why delay wee? Why defer wee thus
Our joynt-delights, sith none can hinder us?
Why burn wee day-light? Hence with fear & sloth,
Let's mixe our loves. This bed will serve us both.
Shee leaps upon't; and like a nay-lesse Wooer,
Holding his Cloak, shee puls him hard unto her.
The goodly Youth, as beautifull as blameleſſe,
Amaz'd, asham'd, to see his Lady shameleſſe,
Replies, Alas! (Thus sharp reproving her)
Late Noble Wife of Noble *Potiphar*,
What mood, what madnes hath obdur'd your mind,
To dare these Pranks, unco mly and unkinde?
To shame your Selfe, your Sex, your Houſe, your
To wrong my Lord, and mee unfortunate? (State,
These are the fruits of easefull Idleneſſe,
Of wanton Pride, of wastefull Pampredneſſe:
From whence the Fiends (our foes) advantage cull,
To kill our Soules, and fill our Sins-sack full:
For, 'tis not *Iphicle*, your Nurse, your Friend,
As you suppose; no, 'tis a helliſh Fiend,
A Hag, a Furie sent from Sulph'ry *Styx*,
That thus deludes you with deceits and tricks:
Shee dar'd, and did attempt to tempt mee too;
But, God forbad: shee mee no hurt could doe.
I saw her shrinking out as I came in:
I know the fained forme shee masketh in:
I feele the Sulph'ry fume, the filthy Sent
Shee left behinde her, when away shee went.
Hee having spoken from behinde the dore,
The subtle Fury (lurking there before)
With sudden rush did crush the poſts in sunder;
And comming in, fills all with feare and wonder;
When ghaſtly squinting, griezly, Thus shee spake
With helliſh voyce: Indeed you doe miſtake,
False, *Iphicle* I am not: I am one
Of th' odious Sisters, sent from *Acheron*,
I'll make you prove it now: then forth shee drew
A pois nous Snake, and it at JOSEPH threw:
But th' Heav'nly Warder still repell'd it back,
And all th' endeavours fruſtrate still did make.
Unable therefore Him to hurt at all,
Towards *Iempſar* doth it softly crawle,
With slippery windings, wriggling to and fro:
Into her skirts at length it twineth so,
That up it creeps, and quick into her gets,
Gnawes all her bowels, and deſpiteſull spets
His helliſh poiſon in her inmoſt heart.
The Lad, thus frighted, quick away did start,
To his owne Chamber: and perplext in minde,
Forgetfull hee had left his cloak behinde.
Seeing him fled, and feeling in her wombe
The fretting Venome; wholly overcome,
In rageſull fury, suddenly shee falls,
And, *Help, Help, Help*, with a loud Cry shee calls,
So loud and shrill, that all the Court it heard,
And all the houſe, and neighbours neer, it scar'd;
As if within had been som sudden fire
Which instantly would to the roof aſpire.
Help, Women, Help, quick, quickly. O! the Slave,
The Jew, the Raſcall, the young Hebrew Knave,
Even now (O Gods!) finding mee here alone,
(O the bold Villaine! Hath the like been know'n?)
Dar'd t' have defil'd great *Potiphar* his Bed;
And, but my Nurse mee timely reſcued,
Had raviſht mee (O, horrid thing to think!)
But hearing Help, away the slave did slink,
And left, for haſte, his cloak behind him here,
With Hue and Cry, purſue him far and neer,
Lay hold on him, and lay him faſt in Hold;
And let my Lord of his abuſe be told.
Thus fell *Iempſar* her complaint prefers,
All which, and more, false *Iphicle* avers,
And aggravates adjudging him exempt
From pitie, fit to hang for such attempt
So insolent, so impudent; and whets
The hearers hearts. Then close away shee gets,
Unseen, and *Owl-like* in a Clowd involv'd,
Her borrow'd Body into Air dissolv'd:
Deſcending swift from whence shee came, to tell
Her good-ill service, and succeſſe, in Hell.
Poore JOSEPH then his fellowes felly seaze;
And, hasty, hurry him tow'rds Little-Eaſe:
Fain would hee speak, but none would hear a word;
None, none at all, and least of all his Lord,
Whom the Report already had incenst;
Yet not with Death to have him recompenc't:
But, in a Dungeon (worse then Death) to dwell,
For worſt Offendors the moſt loathſom Cell;
There, kept close Priſner to be barely fed
With puddle-water, and with barly-bread.
But, better kept by his supernall Keeper
(Yet, more his dear, the more their woes be deeper)
A winged Watch-man shining heav'nly bright,
Is sent to JOSEPH (when the firſt sad night
With sable Courrain had beclowded all)
Who entring (through the Wicket and the Wall)
Into the Priſon, with a new-come Ray
Lightning the dungeon, driving Night away,
With spirituall Comforts, and with speeches kind,
Cancels his fears, and well confirms his minde.
This, from a Tow'r th' Egyptian Keeper spy'd:
Som God, som God is in the Light hee cry'd.
I know, such Splendor, and the speech I heard,
If it be God it muſt be needs inferr'd
This Lad is guiltleſſe of the crime pretended.
For, Innocence juſt *JOVE* hath ay defended.
Thenceforth, to JOSEPH bare hee great reſpect,
A kinde of Reverence, with a kinde Affect;
Took off the Irons from his hands and feet;
Fed, lodg'd him better, made his Priſon sweet;
Visits him oft, intreats him friendly fair
With loving Comforts, lets him take the Air.
Now, twice four Roundles *Phœbe* had compleat,
When on ſuspicion of some treacherous feat
Of pois'ning *Pharao's* Bread (as went the Fame)
Two were committed from the Court (by name
The Kings chiefe Baker, and chiefe Butler, too)
To the same Gaole where JOSEPH hath to doe.
For, now his Keeper truſted him so deep,
Hee made him Keeper, and of nought took keep.
In short time after, Either, in one night,
Dreamed a Dream; whence the next morrow light,
Pain'd and perplexed, what they might portend,
Too sadly serious seem'd they to perpend.
Which JOSEPH noting; Gentlemen, I pray,
How hap (quoth hee) you are so sad to day.

To night (ſaid they) wee dreamed each a Dream,
But none wee finde that can interpret them:
And that's our trouble. Can you tell them mee?
Come let mee heare them, if you can, quoth hee;
It may pleaſe God wee may have ſight therein.
Right gladly, ſaid the Butler, I'll begin.
Mee thought I ſaw a green and goodly Vine,
With three fair Branches, budding, blowing fine,
Then flowring freſh, then ſwelling Cluſters bluſh,
Whoſe ſpumy Juice in *Pharao's* cup I cruſh,
Which with my hand into his hand I raught,
Whereof the King took-in his wonted Draught.
Then, thus the Lad: I'll tell your Dreams portent.
Firſt, by that goodly Vine your Life is Meant;
The Buds, Flow'rs, Fruits, be fruits your ſelf have bore,
Your Services, your Vertues here-tofore,
Which ſhall be guerdon'd, you reſtor'd to grace;
The three fair Branches are but three dayes ſpace,
When in your wonted manner you ſhall bring
The wonted Cup unto your Lord the King.
Then, when with *Pharaoh* you ſhall gracious be
(If I be worthy) but remember mee,
And that unworthy I am here detain'd.
The Baker, hearing This thus right explain'd,
Said, Let mee alſo, if you pleaſe, I pray,
Report my Viſion; and your Verdict ſay.
Mee thought I had three Baskets on my head:
Two full of Flow'r, the third of fineſt bread,
Made with moſt Art and Cunning that I might;
But, all anon the Birds devoured quite.
Then ſaid the good Interpr'et: Things to come
Are known to GOD; Men often faile in ſome:
Yet, what I gheſſe and gather of this matter,
I'll tell you true; I cannot, may not, flatter.
That which you ſaw the Baskets filled with,
Of divers kinds, your Life betokeneth:
The Flow'r your former, ſimple and ſincere;
The Bread, your later, compound (as it were)
Of all deceits, Theft, Plotting, Poyſoning,
Treaſon, and all diſcover'd to the King;
Who, for reward of theſe foule Crimes, by Law
Will hang you up: and then the Birds you ſaw
Rav'ns, Vultures, Eagles, Kites, and carren Crowes,
Shall eat your Carcaſſe, peck your Eyes and Noſe.
Within three dayes, your Baskets number notes:
Yet I may erre, and you may change your Lots.
For, God doth change, when men doe change from ill.
His mediate Work, not his immediate Will.
This paſt, their Parts, Both, divers pondering,
On the third day came Warrant from the King,
To clear and to declare the Butler Quit,
And hang the Baker, at firſt ſight of it.
Accordingly, from Priſon both are brought;
But, to a divers End, with divers thought:
Th' one with reproach, th' other with good report;
Th' one to the Cart, th' other to the Court;
Th' one to the Gallowes, the other to be grac't
Of Prince and Peer, and in his room re-plac't;
With Caps & Claps, with cheerfull ſhouts and ſongs
Welcom'd, rewarded, honor'd for his wrongs.
Thrice through the *Zodiak* had *Hyperian* pranc't,
And fourthly now his fiery Teem advanc't,
When quiet ſtretcht upon his Ivory bed,
In ſweeteſt ſleep, well toward morning-ſted,
To mighty *Pharaoh* the Almighty ſent
A double *Dream*, of ſo deep Conſequent,
That wondring much, the King awoke withall,
Conceiving it ſome high *Prognoſtic all*.
Wherefore, forth-with he ſummons far & wide,
Through *Ægypt* and *Chaldea*, from each ſide,
All that had knowledge in *Aſtrologie*,
Cunning in Spels, or skill in Prophecie,
Or could fore-tell by Magick from below;
Or from above, by Oracles fore-ſhow;
Or by in-ſight of ſacrificed Heards,
By Fire, by Water, or by flight of Birds,
Or by their ſongs; by Sand, by *Geomancy*;
Or by what-ever *Heathen* Feat or Phant'ſie.
Then ſwarm'd the Court with Sages of all ſorts,
Of divers habits, and of divers ports.
Som on their heads wore hornes, hairy and horrid,
Som wth thick Turbands did ſurroud their forehead,
Som with high Miters, ſom with trailing whoods,
Som with rich Garlands ſet with precious Studs;
But, broad long-bearded all adown their Chin,
With ſad aſpect, and of a ſallow skin.
Whom when before him *Pharaoh* had admitted,
Hee tels his *Dreams*, firſt then (as him befitted)
Propoundeth Honours and rich Recompence
To whomſoever ſhall expound the ſenſe,
And ſets them dayes, & nights, & times, and houres,
To bring their Anſwer: But, (beyond their pow'rs)
Daies, nights, times, hours, they break, none doth appeare
T' explaine the *Dream* or the Kings doubt to clear:
Neither their Spheres, Spels, Circles, Sorceries,
Birds, Beards, nor Mirers could decypher This.
Angry therefore, and thence-forth grieving deep,
The King would heare none, but did private keep.
The Butler then remembring (at the laſt)
During his Durance what before had paſt,
(Which hitherto, as Courtiers, yet, for moſt,
Good turnes receiv'd, hee had forgot, or croſt)
How truly JOSEPH by their Dreams did tell,
What to the Baker and himſelfe befell;
Fell on his knees, and cryes unto the King,
Pardon, my Liege, my ſtolid lingering
To tell your Highneſſe, in this manner mov'd,
What (late) in priſon I both ſaw and prov'd.
Your Majeſty (no doubt) remembers yet
Your Baker and my ſelfe you did commit
To your High Marſhals Tower; where then wee found
An Hebrew Youth, a Priſ'ner (on falſe ground,
As may be gheſt) late Page to *Potiphar*.
Both grown in time with him familiar,
Both of us dreamed in one very night;
Both of our Dreams to Him wee did recite;
Both hee expounded; and both did ſucceed
To both of us, as hee of both did reed.
To mee, ſaid hee, Thou ſhalt in three dayes ſpace
Returne to Court, recover Place and Grace:
But, to the Baker; Thou (ſaid hee) that day
Shalt be hang'd up, for rav'ning Birds a Prey,
Unleſſe thy faults thou canſt ſo quick repent,
That change of life thy threatned death prevent:
(For, God doth change, when men do change from ill,
His mediate Work, not his immediate Will.
All which for True, before your Eyes is cleer;
The Baker hang'd: and I your Butler, here.

Upon

Upon my Life, my Lord, your hidden Dream
That Lad will read: hee hath ſom Spirit ſupreme.
Herewith the King re-cheer'd, and inly glad,
Commands him ſtraight, Go, quickly fetch the Lad,
And in Our Name him inſtantly inlarge.
Forthwith hee hies him to performe his charge;
Gets forth the Priſ'ner, ſhifts him, ſuits him preſt,
Of his owne coſt, and hath him barb'd and dreſt;
And then conducts him, baſhfull, to the King;
Who well beholds the Lad, likes every thing;
Then queſtions thus: They tell mee, Youth, that you
Interpret Dreams; now, tell mee, Tell they true?
My gracious Lord, ſaid JOSEPH, God alone
Immediately knowes dreams; and other none,
Save onely ſuch, to whom that ſacred Gift
Th' Almightie daignes: I may my prayer lift
Unto my God for you, my Lord, and ſhall:
It may be, Hee will grant this grace withall:
For, ay with ſpeciall care hee guides the things,
That long to Kings; as onely King of kings.
A while then inly did hee meditate:
Then prayes the King his Viſions to relate.
Mee thought, ſaid *Pharaoh*, by *Nile's* bank I ſtood,
And ſuddenly from out the ſilver Flood,
Came ſeven fair Kine, which ranging far and wide,
Fed in the Meads along the Rivers ſide,
On Ox-lips, Cowes-lips, Trifole and the reſt,
Which for the Altar fat our Beaſts the beſt.
Scarce had I turn'd mine eye, when on the ſhore,
Me-thought in th' inſtant came up ſeven Kine more,
With ſtaring haire, too-weak to ſtand alone,
Ill-favour'd, lank, and leane, bare skin and bone;
As, poorly fed, with Holly, Broom, and Heath,
Anatomies, or living forms of Death.
Amaz'd with this, yet was I more anon,
When theſe (mee thought) for hunger ſet upon
The former ſeven, and ſo to work did fall,
That ſuddenly they had devour'd them all.
Here-with I waked: and anon agen
Sweet ſlumber caught mee, and I dreamed then
I ſaw ſeven goodly full faire Ears of Corne,
Riſe from one ſtraw, ſcarce able to be born:
And by and by, ſeven other Ears there ſprung
Light, chaffie, blaſted, thin and cloſely clung,
Which in like manner greedily did eat
And quick conſume the ſeven full Ears of Wheat.
Theſe were my *Dreams*, which I have oft propoun-
To many, yet by none can be expounded. (ded
Now, if for Thee this Honour be reſerv'd,
If Thee alone my deeper *Dreams* deſerv'd;
Then, happy Youth rejoyce with all thy heart,
Eternall Fame ſhall trumpet thy Deſert:
And with reward wee ſhall ſo richly ſtore thee,
That in all Ægypt none ſhall be before thee.
Great King, ſaid *Joſeph*, both your *Dreams* be one,
Sent down from God, to be reveal'd by none
(How-ever wiſe, how-ever full of Parts,
How-ever compleat in all depth of *Arts*)
Save by ſome Veſſell of his owne election,
To whom hee daignes the grace of his direction:
And therefore could your Sages nothing ſhow,
Not knowing God, though all things elſe they know.
Know this, O King: God by this Viſion ſends,
To let you know what ſhortly hee intends.
Your ſeven fat Bullocks are ſeven fruitfull years,
Which through all Ægypt ſhall oreflow your ſhiers,
While *Nile*, far fatter then to-fore he wont,
Shall farther ſpread his ſlimy ſweat upon't;
When happy *Memphis* ſhall ſuch plenty ſee,
That your old Barnes ſhall all too little be:
Your Ricks, your Garners, and your Barrons all,
Too narrow for your Crops, too ſhort, too ſmall:
And, to confirme it, that it ſhall be ſo,
Your ſeven full Ears but the ſame thing fore-ſhow.
Now be you pleas'd, my great and gracious Prince,
To hear the reſt with heed and patience: (low;
For, ſeven poor years theſe ſeven rich years ſhal fol-
Whoſe Penury their Plenty ſoon ſhall ſwallow;
When *Nile* ſhall ſhrink into his Channell, nye
Leaving the Ridges and the Furrows dry,
Fields ſcorched, parched, burned even to duſt,
Both Solſtices like deawleſſe and aduſt:
No Torrents guſhing from the Mountain tops,
Nor (under *Cancer*) on the *Æthyops*
Any return of Winter's Moiſt again,
Nor any help of ſweet and timely Rain:
So that the Husband cannot plough his Land:
Or if hee could, hee ſhould but plough the ſand,
And caſt his Seed amid the flame to burn,
Without all hope of any Crops return,
Or of increaſe: but rather preſt for need,
To quit his Plough, and on his Oxen feed.
Your ſeven leane Bullocks, and ſeven ſlender Ears,
Devouring, ſhew theſe ſeven devouring years.
This is your dreame, O King; and doubled thus,
That more aſſured, more ſolicitous,
More ſpeedily you may provide before
(Thus warn'd by God) a ſalve unto this Sore.
Which, how to doe (of mee if you demand):
I would adviſe you firſt through all the Land,
To build new Garners, long and large enough,
From time to time to ſtore up all the ſtuffe,
That may be ſpared throughout all your State,
During thoſe years of Plenty fortunate;
Allowing onely for each Houſholds need,
And for their Land a Competence of Seed.
You muſt have alſo Treaſure ready ſtill
To buy this ſtore, if well proceed you will:
And to this end, let there a man be ſought
Diſcreet and wiſe, to wield it as it ought.
Let him have pow'r as in your Royall Name,
Through all your Kingdome to diſpoſe the ſame;
And underneath him to ſubordinate
Sub-Officers, to ſerve him and the State. (King,
Thus JOSEPH counſell'd: and the while the
With ſilence, all maturely pondering,
At laſt breaks out in joyfull admiration,
There is (no doubt) a Divine inſpiration
In this young man, Without a ſpirit Divine,
Of future things, none could ſo deep define:
There is none like him, none to match him neer,
In all *Chaldea*, nor in *Ægypt* here.
Then, on his neck, ſhedding a ſhowre of Joy,
The King imbrac't, and kindly grac't the Boy;
Then, thus beſpake him: Seeing God hath giv'n
Thee this to know, and to fore-ſhew from Heav'n;
I know not one ſo wiſe and ſo diſcreet,
Nor for this Office then thy ſelf more meet.

Thee

Thee, next to Mee, shall all my people serve,
And call thee Saviour; Thou dost them preserve.
Then, on his back a purple robe hee dons,
Embossed round with rich and Orient Stones;
About his neck a massie Chaine of gold,
And on his finger (as they wont of old)
A royall Signet, a most precious Ring
(Not to be worne by any but the King,
Or his Vice-gerent, whom hee doth esteeme
And will have deemed *Second unto Him*)
Which *Pharaoh* there then pluckt from his own,
To put on JOSEPH's, that hee might be known
To be the *Second to Himselfe*, in all.
Then, on a Steed, the second in his Stall,
(Or second Chariot) in his solemne Pompe
He makes him ride, and with the sound of Trumpe
Proclaimes, before him that they bow the knee
To his Vice-gerent, to this *Second Hee*,
To this Preserver of their State; or rather
To this (adopted Sonne) their Countries Father;
This Prince of worth, this more then man, this mi-
This happy, holy, Heav'n inspired Oracle; (racle,
Who, the Kings Dreame in time interpreting,
Had sav'd themselves, their Country & their King.
With all these honors, and with wealth conferr'd,
With all applause good JOSEPH is preferr'd
To rule all Ægypt: which with great dexterity,
Wisdome and worth, care, courage, and Sincerity,
Hee executes: And first, his Circuit rides
Ore all the Land; Barnes every where provides,
Which in those plenteous years he fils with Store
Of every kinde. And, sith it is no more
Vertue to purchase then preserve what's got,
Hee slips no time, but prudently doth plot
To kill all Vermine, cut off all excesse
Of Gluttony and beastly Drunkennesse;
Abates their needless beasts, Dogs, Mules, & Horse,
Rids idle Rogues and Vagrants that be worse;
And rather buyes in from the Coasts about,
Then by a Licence lets a Corne go out.
Thus hee proceeds: and GOD so blest his hand,
That all things prosper'd over all the Land.
There was a City call'd *Heliopolis*,
(Whose Surname from the Sun derived is)
Whose Prince (a Priest too, to *Apollo's* Grace)
Had one faire daughter (faire indeed of Face
And outward Feature; but, much more divin'd
For inward Beauties, Graces of the minde)
Whom *Phœbus* oft consulted with, had show'n
Not to be search to any of their Owne:
But by a higher Fate reserv'd to be
A Strangers Bride, with Greater dignity
To raise her Name, and honour her Posterity.
This Oracle at JOSEPH points in Verity,
Thinks *Phœbus* Priest and great King *Pharaoh* too:
And to this end th' *Isaëan* Prince they wooe.
When Ægypt now seven happy years had had,
All plentifull, all prosperous and glad;
It pleas'd the King, with Royall Pompe and State,
These Nuptiall Bands to knit and consummate
With sumptuous feasts; and (to prolong their joyes)
With Tilts, & Tourneys, Dances Maskes, & toyes,
So long, that now the seven rich years at last,
Were ended all, and all their plenty past.

And now, *Sol's* Palfreys having past the Twins,
Where posting hotly towards *Cancers* Inns,
When the Ægyptians could no more perceive
Nile's over-flood, nor any mud to leave;
But pure, unpuddled on the sand to slide,
And in his Bottom him well-neer to hide:
Their whilome fertill soyl now sorely rives,
Yawnes wide for thirst, no hope of Harvest gives:
If any seed be sown, it never springs,
Or never buds, or never bears, or brings
Unhappy Darnell, or Dry Poppy seed,
Or is devour'd by Vermins hungry breed.
So that they live of former Years remains,
Which hardly yet the first hard Year sustains;
But men are fain to Grasse and Rats to fall,
To harmlesse Creatures, unclean Beasts and all.
Then, to the King, City and Countrey fly
To sue for comfort, and to seek supply:
Hee to his *Vice-roy* JOSEPH them refers;
Hee instantly to under-Officers,
Who (by his order) furnisht all their wants,
At equall price: yet do so high advance
The Kings advantage, that from far and nye
The Wealth of all runs to his Treasurie;
His Chequer's full: yet had they past (alas!)
Scarce four hard years, and had three more to pass.
What shal they do, poor souls? How will they shift?
Now nothing have they, but their bare Lands left:
Those they would sell; but, who (alas!) should buy?
None hath the Purse, except the King. They try
The Prudent *Vice-roy*: who approves the thing,
Bargains and buys a fift part for the King.
This Famine raging fiercely every where,
Fame bruits abroad (which came to *Jacobs* eare)
That yet in Ægypt they were stor'd so well,
That they had Corne enough, and some to sell:
Old *Isr'el* therefore calling up his Sons,
You see, saith hee, our short provisions:
You see how like wee are to starve and pine,
And perish all, without the hand Divine:
I heare there's Corne in Ægypt to be bought;
Mee think ere-now, you should your selves have
It time to go. Go get you quickly thither, (thought
Take Coyne and Sacks: goe hye you altogether,
Save *Benjamin*. The other Ten agree,
And, furnisht fit, set forth immediately.
Arriv'd in Ægypt, they eftsoons enquire
The great *Corne-Master*; lowting low, desire
Corn for their mony. JOSEPH knows them brim
To be his Brethren: but they know not him.
Hee well remembers their unkindnes past, (fast.)
(And wrong receiv'd draws strong revenge too
Yet, for Gods sake, his Fathers, and his Brothers
(Young *Benjamin's*) hee spareth all these others;
And speaks to them, but strangely and austere:
Whence? what are you? you (Sirs) that cluster there?
My Lord, your Servants are one *Jacobs* Sonnes,
We come from *Canaan* (where our Father wonnes)
Compell'd by Famine (which there rageth sore)
To seek your Favour: of your happy store,
To daign us for our money what you may.
Our Father hath great houshold to defray,
Himselfe, Eleven of Us, our Little Fry,
Shepheards and Bondmen a great company:

And

And therefore hither are wee come, my Lord,
To crave the help your Favour may afford,
To ſave ſo many lives, that may be able,
And ſhall be willing(ſom way ſerviceable)
To thank your Lordſhip: for,our Father reigns
As King in *Sichem*, and hee ſtocks the Plains
With goodly flocks of many thouſand Sheep,
And ſtore of Cattle of all kinds doth keep:
Vouchſafe us therefore of your Corn, wee pray,
That wee may live, what ever price wee pay:
For, wee come hither, not to beg, but buy.
*To buy? ſaid JOSEPH; nay, I doubt to ſpy:
Spyes are yee all; ſo many ſturdy Clownes
To troup at once through all our Forts and Townes,
To view and to ſurvay our ſtrength and ſtore,
And ſo the weakneſſe of the Land explore.
Yee tell mee of your Father and your Brother:
But I beleeve neither the one, nor other: (Teſt?
Where's your Commiſſion? Where's your Fathers
Why came not that one Brother with the reſt?
Or why came you ſo many? It is clear
*You come to ſpy: and you ſhall buy it dear.
Thus, though his heart doth melt, his bowels yerne;
Hee faines him fierce, and bears him roughly ſterne.
They, proſtrate all, beſeech him not ſuſpect
Them any ſuch. Our comming was direct,
Wee ſwear(ſay they): The witneſſe wee implore
Of th' onely God our Father doth adore,
Our Father ſent us; Famine drove us hither;
For Corn wee come: and that wee come together,
Our need, our number, and our diſtance crave
At once as much as wee at once can have;
Our other Brother is but yet a Lad
(And all the comfort that our Father had)
Too young to travell ſuch a journey yet;
Which upon us our Father laid, more fit.
Wee thought on no Commiſſion: for, indeed
In ſuch a caſe wee thought there none ſhould need.
Be good unto us, good my Lord, wee pray,
Pity our Father, and (if pity may
Pierce you at all) pity our Brothers caſe,
Pity our Babes, the hope of all our race.

'Twixt over-joy'd, his eies will needs run over;
Which, yet a while, he turns aſide to cover:
Then thus returns; your cunning anſwer ſhowes
That you are falſe. Truth needs not ſuch a Gloſe:
I am reſolv'd; and can beleeve no other.
By th' life of *Pharaoh*, till you fetch your Brother
You ſhall not hence, one Hoſtage ſhall remaine,
The reſt ſhall goe well loaden home with graine:
This favour will I doe, expect no other,
Nor move me more, untill you bring your Brother,
To teſtifie your Stories are not lies:
Elſe by the life of *Pharaoh* you are Spies.
(Here, Sirra, Marſhall, take them to your charge,
Look none of them be let to goe at large)
Ile give you three daies Reſpit to revolve;
Then let mee heare what herein yee reſolve.

They (inly prickt in their owne conſcience
For cruelties committed now long ſince,
'Gainſt this their unknown Brother, now a Prince)
Among themſelves debating what was beſt
(Seeing the *Vice-Roy* did ſo deep proteſt)
Thought moſt expedient, and reſolve in briefe,
To ſend home Nine, loaden with ſuch reliefe,
To fetch their Brother; leaving one behinde:
Which Part by lot, to *Simeon* was aſſign'd;
Whom they for Hoſtage to the Prince preſent,
(Upon the third day) with their full intent.
Then he commands their Sacks with Corn be fill'd:
They pay for it; but, ſecretly hee will'd,
That each mans money ſhould again be put
Into his Sack, and then the Sack re-ſhut.
So now their Hoſtage in ſafe cuſtody,
They lade their Aſſes, and full heavily
Leave Ægypt and their Brother; hying home,
Unto *Samaria*: where no ſooner come,
But, their old Father, forthwith miſſing one, (on?
Cryes, Where's your Brother? Where's my Sime-
What, is hee ſick, or dead(I doubt mee rather)?
Neither, ſaid *Juda*, dead, nor ſick, good Father:
Hee's well in health but doth for pledge remaine
In Ægypt, till wee all go back again,
And bring with us our brother *Benjamin*:
For, ſuch conditions muſt wee enter in,
Or elſe we could have brought you nothing thence.
The Man wee dealt with, a great Man, a Prince,
Next to the King, at our arrivall there,
Askt many queſtions, whence, and what wee were:
Whether wee had a Father, or a Brother,
In what eſtate, how old; and many other.
Wee doubting nothing, told him truely all:
Then, more auſtere, and more Majeſticall,
Now I perceive(ſaith hee) that you are Spyes,
And all your Anſwers are ſo many Lyes:
You come but to ſurvay our ſtrength and ſtore,
To finde our weakneſſe, and our wants explore:
Yee tell me of your Father and your Brother:
But, I beleeve neither the one, nor other: (Teſt?
Where's your Commiſſion? Where's your Fathers
Why came not that one Brother with the reſt?
Or why came you ſo many? It is clear
You come to ſpy: and you ſhall buy it dear.
Wee anſwer'd for our ſelves the beſt wee could:
All would not ſerve: Th' iſſue was this; we ſhould
Leave one for Hoſtage, and the other Nine
Should bring home Corn, and bring him *Benjamin*,
Or never to returne unto that place,
Or never dare to look him in the Face:
For, by the Life of *Pharaoh*, wee were Spyes,
(That is his Oath) and all our Words were Lies.
Good Father *Jacob*, having heard all this,
With many a ſigh(as ſorrows manner is)
Is there, ſaith hee, under the Heav'ns bright Eye,
Another Father ſo diſtreſt as I?
One Sonne is loſt; another priſ'ner left
In a ſtrange Land; another now bereft
(By your device, or your advice at leaſt)
And all of you(I doubt mee) all the reſt
To be extinct, while I ſurvive in feares
Of ſo bad news to come to my ſad eares.
Firſt would to God(ſo God were not diſpleas'd)
My dayes were ended, and my ſorrows eas'd.
Thus ſpeaking wept hee, and thus weeping ſpake.
His Sons with Comforts ſeek his Care to ſlake,
Saying, The godly ſhould not fear ſo deep,
Sith God his Servants will more ſafely keep.

Then

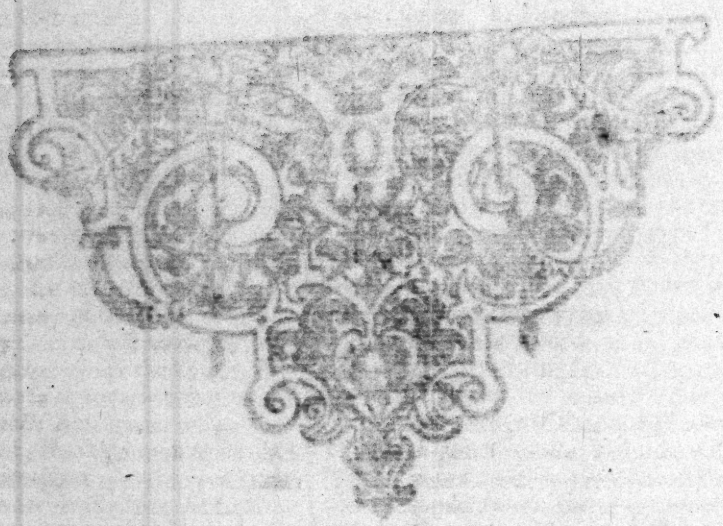
Then to their sacks; Each having his unknit,
Each findes his money in the mouth of it.
Amazed all: sad *Jacob* thereupon,
Sons, Sons (said hee) there lackt but this alone:
This is enough to kill all hope (as vaine.)
For, if to Ægypt you returne againe,
The mighty man that fain'd you Spies before,
Will find you Theeves now; & what need he more,
Having so sifted and so sought your Coat,
To finde a hole, that hee might cut your throat?
No, no (I sweare) my *Benjamin*, my Boy,
Mine onely Comfort left, mine onely Joy,
I will not hazzard on so tickle ground:
You, you shall goe that are so promise-bound,
If you think good, and God will have it so:
And when you are determined to go,
I'll give you all the golden good I have,
Jewels and Coyne, your Brother to un-slave
And save your selves; and to bestow in Corne,
If God be pleased that you shall returne.
On th' other side, against his Fathers feares,
Sad *Judah* thus intreats him, even with Teares:
Deare Father, heare us first; and then I pray
Have care of us, and of your selfe this day.
For, how shall wee unto that Man returne,
Who solemnly hath by his *Pharao* sworne?
Except wee bring our Brother *Benjamin*,
Nor wee, nor hee that is there cooped in,
Shall be dismist: nor shall wee have the grace
To hear his voyce, or ever see his face;
Where, God hee knowes, what shall of us become:
And how much better shall you be at home?
How will you live? Where will you have to feed
This multitude, if there wee do not speed?
Father, for Gods sake follow my advice:
Upon my perill, stand not off so nice.
This Lad will save both us, and you, and all;
And on my life, no hurt shall him befall:
Two tender pledges leave I here of mine;
If hee miscarry, let them pay the Fine.
Then doubt not, Father, lay your feare aside,
And prudently for you and yours provide.
That thus our money was return'd; no doubt,
By his direction it was brought about:
But for a pit-fall, or for Pity rather,
It is uncertain: this is certain, Father,
Hee is reported, over all that Coast,
To be a good man, and a godly-most;
And, if the Whole be partly ghest by Part,
Wee saw some tokens of a tender heart:
For, while to him wee there did sad relate
The sad distresses of our present state,
Of You, and of our Brother, and our Brats;
Our miseries bee so compassionates, (hide,
That hee even wept: which though hee thought to
And turn'd away, yet many of us spy'd.
Wherefore, good Father, let us lose no time;
Prolong no longer, neither doubt the Clime,
Nor feare the man, nor faint for any thing:
Wee shall be safe under th' Almighties wing.
This urg'd with teares; the Old man overcome,
Cryes, Go on Gods name, God ne-guide you home:
Go when you will, and with you take the Lad,
And some best Presents that may here be had
In this hard time: *Mirrhe*, *Storax*, *Almonds*, *Hony*,
Gumme, *Cinnamon*, and therewith, double mony,
Both for the former, which you brought againe,
And for the New, if Now you shall obtaine.
And Wee the while, will pray and pay our vowes,
To th' everlasting Patron of our house,
The *Lord of Hosts*, our Fathers God and ours,
To prosper and protect you with his pow'rs.
Blushing *Aurora* sweetly peeping out,
When *Sol* againe had brought his Teem about,
The Father and the Sonnes, together all,
All up and ready, on their knees doe fall
In due Devotion, as they daily wont:
Then to their Breakfast (not to dwell upon't)
Furnisht of what their Journey did require,
Gifts, money, *Benjamin*. Their tender Sire,
Weeping, Him kissing, and imbracing, thus
Bids sad *Adieu*: Dear Son, Ay prosperous
Thy journey be. If Fates the safe restore,
Then wish I life; for teares hee could no more.
Then to the rest; imbracing, blessing all,
While all for blessing on their knees do call.
They to their long-hard journey settling them,
Leaving *Samaria* and *Jerusalem*;
Past *Idumæa* Palmy Groves, and past
Syrbonian Moors, Arabian Desarts vast;
At length arrive on *Egypts* wealthy Coast,
And reach at last their *Memphis* wished most.
Whom gladly JOSEPH entertaineth there,
And instantly lets out his Prisoner.
Admitted then to gracious Audience,
Thus *Reuben* spake: When wee, right Noble Prince,
Returned home, had to our Father done
Your high Commands, touching his younger Son,
Whom you required to be hither brought;
Opening our Sacks to shoot the Corn wee brought,
In every Sack wee found our severall summe
(Which God he knows, we know not how should
Our Father hearing what was com to pass, (come.)
And, seeing it, deep-sighing, cry'd, Alas!
Alas! My sonnes, I see som sad Mis-hap
Hangs over us: and all our old good-hap
Is croft and cancell'd. Sees Heav'ns glorious eye
Another Father so distrest as I?
Twelve sonnes I had, and one (alas!) is lost:
Another Pris'ner in a forrain Coast;
Another, now (mine onely comfort left)
Surrepted Thus, and You withall bereft:
And all of you to goe I wot not whither
(Made theeves) perhaps to perish all together.
We comfort, We thus press with all our pow'rs;
O Father trust our Fathers God and ours.
And for the man that now in Ægypt swayes
Hee is most just, most gentle. Him they praise
For their Preserver, and their Father there
Pious and pure; then, What is thence to feare?
Wonne with our words, at last with much adoe,
Hee granted us to bring his Darling too.
Go then, said hee, God to and fro direct you;
And with his wings of Favour still protect you.
Take with you *Benjamin*; and take withall
(Such as your Countrey yeelds) these Presents small,
Gumme, liquid *Storax*, bitter *Almonds*, *Hony*,
Mirrhe, *Cinnamon*: take also double mony,

To

To pay both for the Corne you had before,
And for as much as now you ſhall bring more:
And to that juſt Man (as you ſay) commend
Mee and my Sonne: pray him to ſtand a friend,
To pity Him, and You, and Mee, and All.
So all good hap to Him and You befall.
While this he ſpake; The Prince with much adoe
Refraining tears, cries, Welcome all of you,
Your Selves, your Preſents, and your Brother here,
Who quits you from ſuſpect: Be of good cheer,
Goe waſh your weary Limbs from ſoyl and ſweat,
And ſoon I pray come ſit with mee at meat.
Thus ſaid the Prince. The ſervants, ſom prepare
Bath for their Feet; ſom Veſſels; ſom their Fare;
Buttry and Pantry, ſom; ſom ſpred the Table;
And other-ſom as buſie in the Stable.
Him-ſelf the while diſpatcht affaires of State,
Heard Suits for food, appointed each their Rate;
And then returns unto his Gueſts again;
Shows them his ſtately Houſe, his Stuffe, his Train;
His gold and ſilver Plate, ingrav'n, imboſt,
Couches and Carpets of a wondrous Coſt;
And round about, moſt ſumptuous to behold,
Deep Arras Hangings, all of ſilke and gold,
Of ſundry Stories there ſo lively wrought,
That almoſt living were the Figures thought;
Such ſprightly Poſtures, and ſo ſpeaking Geſtures,
So native Viſages, ſo nat'rall Veſtures.
Faith-famous *Abra'm* after Heav'ns beheſt,
Leads here his *Is'ac* to be kill'd as Beaſt.
The Lad here loads the Aſſe with Holmen ſprayes:
The Father makes the Pile: Hereon hee layes
His bond-led, blind-led Son: his hand heav'd up,
An Angell holds, and there is held a Tup.
There *Jacob*, flying his rough Brothers wrath,
Hyes him amaine towards his native Path,
His Fathers ancient Seat, and happy Realm,
Betwixt ſwift *Tigris*, and th' *Euphratean* ſtream;
There, at a Well his Uncle's Daughter aides,
Drawing up Water for the tender Maids:
There on the Downs he tends their Fathers ſheep,
Serving for *Rachel* double Prentice-ſhip.
While *Iſr'els* glad Sons (at this wealth amaz'd)
Now full of hope, on theſe things greedy gaz'd,
Great JOSEPH calls (for Supper was gone up)
Come, give us Water: it is time to ſup:
Then, tall, hee ſets him in his Ivory Chaire,
And bids them ſit, and treats them wondrous faire.

Here, Death preventing Fracaſtorious,
This late begun, Hee left un-ended Thus.

FINIS.



THE PARLIAMENT OF VERTUES ROYALL;

(Summoned in France, but aſſembled in England)

FOR

Nomination, Creation, and Confirmation

OF

The moſt Excellent Prince

PANARETUS.

A Præſage of Pr. DOLPHIN;
A Pourtrait of Pr. HENRY;
A Promiſe of Pr. CHARLES;

Tranſlated,

AND

Dedicated

TO HIS HIGHNES,

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

To the Honourable, Sir *Robert Carie*: Sir *James Fullarton*: Sir *Robert Carr*: Sir *David Foulis*: Master *Thomas Murray*.

GRave *Guides* and *Guards* of Hopefull CHARLES *his Wayn*,
Leſt I incurr the leaſt of Your Diſdaine;
If, without leave, I (over-raſhly rude)
Uſurpe Your Rooms, or on Your Rights intrude;
I humble crave your *Licence*; and your *Loves*,
For my *Addreſſe*, when my *Acceſſe* behooves.
I know the *Field* of his Young HIGHNES heart
So duely *till'd* by your deep *Care* and *Art*
(Adding his Fathers *Royall golden Writt*;
And goodly *practiſe* to demonſtrate it:
His (late) rare *Brother*'s Pattern, of Renowne:
With Honeſt *Quin*'s new-caſt *Prince-worthy Crowne*:
And *holy Promptings* of that reverend Payre,
Milborne and *Hackwill*, from the *ſacred Chaire*)
That little needs Hee the *Stagyrian*'s ſtore,
The *Corduban*'s, or th' *Attick-Muſe* his Lore:
Much leſſe (alas!) my ſilly *Muſes* Myte,
With *borrowed Feathers* to advance his Flight.
Yet, ſith, too often, to a tender Ear,
Too-ſerious *Lectures* ſound but too-ſevere;
Eſpecially, to *Princes* dainty Taſte,
They ſeeme but harſh, and will not downe in haſte
(As wholeſom'ſt Diſhes, if but homely dreſt,
Some queaſie Stomacks hardly can digeſt):
Let mee preſume (with your good leaves) a while
To imitate *Phyſicians* honeſt Guile;
Who, oft, in *Sugar* ſheathe their bitter *Pills*,
The better ſo to *Cure* unwilling *Ills*,
When wayward *Patients* for the *Sugars* ſake,
Take-in their *Health*, which elſe they would not take.
Sad Rules of *Patience*, *Abſtinence*, *Auſteritie*,
Humilitie, *Frugalitie*, *Sinceritie*,
Religion, *Labour*, *Care* of *Common-wealth*,
And *Many*, meet for *Prince* and *Peoples* Health;
Which hardly can, in their *Owne Likeneſſe*, ſink
In *Youth-full* mindes (ſcarce in their Eares, I think)
How gravely oft, with greateſt Diligence
Preſt, and impreſt with *Tullian* Eloquence:
Sweetly *diſguis'd*, in artificiall Sutes,
Dancing the *Meaſures* after *Delphian* Lutes,
Waſhed in *Nectar*, wrapt in ſugred *Verſe*,
Enter more eaſily, and more deeply pierce.
This I endeavour; and to this Intent
I ſummon CHARLES to *Vertues* PARL'AMENT.

TO THE HIGH-HOPEFULL

CHARLES, *Prince of Great-Brittaine.*

WHere witty Bertault (*in his* Fancy) *meant*
But a faint Præſage *of His Prince of* France;
Our Hopes of Ours *the better to advance,*
Wee *have preſum'd to* call *a* PARLIAMENT;
Where Royall Vertues *from* Olympus *ſent,*
By ſeverall ACTS *of ſacred Ordinance,*
Conform, confirm Your *future* Governance;
So pleaſe it Heav'n Your heart *and* hand *conſent.*
O! pleaſe it Heav'n, You *may be bleſſed Thus,*
Theſe Works *to imitate, Theſe* Acts *to act;*
To prove Your ſelfe, This ſame PANARETUS,
When future Age ſhall ſee our Hopes *in* Fact.
Which, while I pray; ſweet Prince, in humbleſt ſort
I cite Your HIGHNES *to* This Soveraign Court.

To your Highneſſe Service

humbly devoted,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE Lords *Spirituall and Temporall*; The Knights and Burgesses of the Lower-*House*:

And to all generous and ingenuous Readers.

PResuming all your Lordships will appear,
Not by your *Proxies*, but in person, here;
And in your turnes say (Every-one) *Content*,
To every *Act*, in *Vertues* PARLIAMENT;
I humbly bring You every-one A *Briefe*
Of every *Bill*; or, at the least, *the Chiefe*.

An *Act against* Duels, *desperate* Combats *and* Roaring Boyes. *Page* 432
An *Act for better* Execution *of the former Act.* 433
An *Act against* Hypocrisie. ibid.
An *Act against* Superstition. 434
An *Act against* Abuses *in the Courts of* Justice. ibid.
An *Act for some* Mitigation *of the former Act.* 435
An *Act for due* Execution *of* Justice *in generall.* 440
An *Act against* Persian *State, in proud* Retiredneſſe. 442
An *Act against profuse* Prodigality. ibid.
An *Act of exceeding* Love *and excellent* Resolution. ibid.
An *Act of rarest* Pietie *in a Prince.* ibid.
An *Act for* Imitation *and* continuance *of the former Act.* ibid.
An *Act for right* Imployment *of Publike and Private* Treasure. ibid.
An *Act against* Ingratitude. ibid.
An *Act against* King-Killers, Powder-Traitors, *and their Abetters.* 443
An *Act for* Clemency, *and against* Impunitie. ibid.
An *Act for* Propagation *of Princely* Pietie. ibid.
An *Act against the* Mitred Monarchy. ibid.
An *Act of* Admiration. ibid.
An *Act for* Reading of Histories. ibid.
An *Act against* ignorant *and ignominious* Chroniclers. ibid.

THese All are *Publike Acts*; *Private* this *Session*
Hath passed None; but in the next *Impression*,
Your *Acts of Bounty*, and the rest of *Marke*,
Shall be recorded,

By your under-Clarke,
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

NAMES OF THE NOBLES IN This *Parliament*,

Interpreted.

PANARETUS:	*ALVERTUOUS.*
Andria:	*Prowesse.*
Phronesia:	*Prudence.*
Pistia:	*Fidelitie.*
Eumenia:	*Clemencie.*
Evergesia:	*Liberalitie.*
Hypomoné:	*Patience.*
Cateria:	*Constancie.*
Aletheia:	*Truth.*
Dicea:	*Justice.*
Eulebia:	*Pietie.*

Interpretation of other terms used in This *Parliament*.

Dysidiamoné:	Superstition.
Eridea:	Contention.
Merimné:	Carefull vexation.
Dapania:	Charge or cost.
Adicia:	Injustice.
Ovat.	Crowns for unbloudy Victors.

PANARETUS.

YEARS timely Turnes unto a Luſtre run,
Brought forth at laſt the long-long wiſhed Sun,
Whereon our hopes our juſt deſires purſu'd,
To ſee our PRINCELING with a *Name* indu'd
(*Which ſince* WEE *ſaw, or heard that happy ſound,*
Saturn's ſlow Teem had trotted twice the Round)
When, lo, Th' *Etern All-Maker's* Majeſty,
Quick-darting down his All-diſcerning Eye,
Whereby his goodneſſe all his Works doth guide;
And ſeeing preſt the ſacred Pomp and Pride
(As in ſo ſolemne Myſteries is wont)
T' adorn the *Altars* and the hallowed Font;
In th' inſtant ſummons with a gracious beck
Nine nimble Scouts, which ſcudding light & quick,
Diſpatch more ſpeedy then a thought the things
Above injoyn'd them by the King of kings,
Who with a mildly-moſt-majeſtick geſt,
In heav'nly words, his pleaſure thus expreſt: (now
The young *French* DOLPHIN is even ready
To take the *Name* my fore-Decrees allow:
A frequent *Name* of Kings, and famous farre;
Wonders in *Peace*, Thunders in dreadfull *Warre*;
And one of them, more Excellent in *Grace*,
Among my *Saints* hath juſtly held a place.
But yet beſides that *Name*, which *France* affects
For one Man's vertue, and for due Reſpects;
Beſides that *Name*, which onely men have giv'n,
I'll give him one my Selfe as ſent from Heav'n:
And ſuch a one, as one-day, by Events
Shall prove it a true *Preſage* of that *Prince*;
And, in *One Word*, myſteriouſly contracts
The *Hiſtory* of his ſucceeding *Acts*.
Go therefore, quickly from all Quarters cite
The rareſt *Vertues*, and moſt requiſite
For Royall boſomes, that did ever reſt
Within the Cloſet of a Kingly breſt.
Tell them, it is Our pleaſure and *Decree*,
That to this *Prince* they all *God-mothers* be:
And Shee among them that is found moſt fit,
And beſt behooves in *Crowned ſoules* to ſit,
Shall at the Font, her ſacred *Name* impoſe;
And from thence-forth inſpire him, as hee growes,
With all her pow'rs, to correſpond the ſcope
And full Extent of that great Empires Hope,
Whoſe *Limits* yet unlimitted appear,
Where Sire and Son to mee are equall dear.
I ſee th' *Ægean* ſtreams, and *Thracian* ſtrand,
Already trembling under his command:
And th' horned *Creſcent* (which hath ſcorn'd to vale)
Before the Beams of this new Sun growes pale.
To greareſt Ships (as Guides of all the Fleet)
The cunning'ſt Pilots evermore are meet:
Mine, moſt Immediate, ſeems the ſoverain care
Of *Soverain Kings* (who but my Subjects are);
And therefore, I, that have behight *This Lad*
An ampler Rule then ever Monarch had,
As, of the WORLD to make him *Emperour*,
I'll have his *Vertues* equall to his pow'r:
I'll make them ſo: and to approve it, all
The Earths foure Corners I to witneſſe call.
This publiſht thus: eſt-ſoons the winged poſts
Addreſſe them quick to theſe inferiour Coaſts:
And (ſwift as arrow) hee that took to finde
Faire *Andria*, or great and goodly minde,
Among the many Idols of our dayes
That counterfeit her faſhion and her phraze,
Spy'd her at laſt, for her here ſlight account,
Ready to leave us, and above to mount
A winged horſe, in hope elſe-where to get
A new Renowne, 'mid ſtranger Nations yet.
Her Helmet (ever as her head ſhee ſtirs)
Seemed to twinkle with a thouſand Stars:
A ſtately grove of Azure Plumes did wave,
And proudly ſhadow'd her gilt Armour brave:
The bright keen Blade that by her ſide ſhee wore,
Inur'd to bloud in Battels long before,
As it were, weary of that ruſting reſt,
And greedy longing for his wonted feaſt,
Seem'd male-content and his proud ſheath diſdain'd
(The golden Priſon that him ſtill detain'd) (ſtrife)
Whereon were grav'n (with *Arts* Art-paſſing
By ſuch a hand as could give Metall life,
The nobleſt feats of *Valour* (moſt extold)
In later Times, and in the Dayes of old,
Of greateſt *Monarchs* that yet ever were,
Whoſe marks the World (unto this day) doth bear.
There, by the Banks of *Granic* dy'd in graine
(As then: no Banks, but rather Hills of Slaine)
Philips Great Son (in ſpite of multitude)
To his ſole Scepter the whole World ſubdu'd.
There, valiant CÆSAR (*Rome's* firſt Emperour)
Quaſhing the Senats and the Peoples pow'r,
And ſtopping all their Lawes to his Sword's Law,
Tramples the Trophies of his Son-in-Law;
Who pale without, and all appall'd within,
Flyes from *Pharſalia*, and his hoaſt, unſeen.
Why flyes Great *Pompey*? ſo (at once) to loſe
Th' Honors ſo oft wonne from ſo many foes?
Becauſe Thine fainted, muſt Thou faulter too?
O yes! with *Cæſar* thou hadſt here to doe.

There's thy Excuse: & though Thou lost the Game,
Thy Victor yet some-what abates Thy Shame.
There (on the Chape of massie gold, unmixt
With other Metall plain or wrought betwixt)
Our own, Great HENRY, smear'd with bloud and dust,
Pursues th' *Iberians* with keen fauchin just; (dust,
And justly keening his courageous sp'rite
Against those daring *Demi-Moores* despite,
Beats out of breath the bravest of their Troup;
Who, bleak for fear, begin to faint and droup:
The gold, there loose, seems even to fly and (more)
Looks pale in faces full of pride before.
But Hee (well marked by his milk-white Plume)
With Kingly scorne, disdaining th' odious fume
Of vulgar bloud, in valiant Fury runns
Upon the proud Commanders, *Dukes* and *Dons*,
Who (either proud of Port, or rich Attire)
Had by his hand a sudden death for hire.
Their royall Pattern all his Troups take after
And of the rest they make a glorious Slaughter:
Whence streams of gore that to their Center scud,
Met in a Ruby, make a Lake of bloud.
Such costly Sheath sheath'd in such workmanship
The sheen keen Blade on *Valour's* brawnie hip
(Hung in an Azure Scarf, all over-sow'n
With Crowned Swords, and Scepters over-thrown.)
A thousand other famous Battels fought
At sundry times, with cunning-cost were wrought
Within her Crimsin Bases, waving low
About her Calves, in Buskins white as snow.
Shee seem'd like *Pallas*, 'gainst the Giants prest;
Or (on Mount *Ida*) against *Mars* addrest.
At sudden sight of Heav'ns bright Messenger,
In milder port shee straight composed her;
And when Hee briefly to her heedfull thought
Had done the sacred Arrand that hee brought,
And (by the way) had question'd her (beside)
Whither her Haste was bent, shee thus reply'd:
Cœlestiall Herald, While th' Heroick Prince,
Whose gentle Yoke his *Celticks* so contents,
Carv'd with his Sword a Statue to my Name,
To stand triumphant in the house of *Fame*,
Nothing could hold mee from his steps a-part;
My hand did guide his hand, my heart his heart:
Yea, I was with him, nay, within him prest,
His spirit's familiar, and perpetuall guest.
But sithence *Peace* Him now hath quite disarm'd,
And keepeth *Mars* within her Temple charm'd;
I did give way to my keen Swords Request,
(Which can no longer lie and rust in Rest)
And, while his heart, now all in love with *Peace*,
Hath left his hand, for mee, no businesse,
I meant to seek som other *Strand* for Stage
To act my Wonders, in Warres dreadfull rage;
That in brave Battels I again might reap
The Palms Hee wonted on my head to heap.
For, with the sparkles of my glorious fire,
Th' incensed brests of Younglings to inspire,
I can no more finde in my heart; sith they
So rashly rush to cast themselves away,
So oft, for Trifles (bred of idle breath)
So madly run to an untimely death;
So daily sacrifice their Life and Soule,
In som so foolish Quarrels, som so foule,
That, in the issue (fatall for the most)
The Victors Selfe may rather blush then boast;
And such, as for such to usurp the Sword
(Besides the Conquest's even to be deplor'd)
Is nothing else but to profane the same,
And to blaspheme mine Honour and my Name.
Not that I blame (where Bloud & Nature binds)
In point of *Honor* (Idol of brave mindes)
A Cavalier, so sensible of wrongs,
To hazzard Life and all that him belongs;
Sith, void of Honour, hee is void of sense,
That holds not Life a deadly Pestilence.
But I would have them rightly learne before
(Not, of a heart meer valiant and no more;
But of a heart valiant at-once and wise)
Wherein that point of precious Honour lyes,
For which, hee's happy that his Life shall lose;
And curs'd hee that careless it forgoes.
For, such a cup-fume over-flowes the brain
Or such whose Soules this error entertain,
That One will ween his Honour interest
To bear a Word, though spoken but in jest;
Who never thinks it tainted with a Lye,
Nor toucht with base and wilfull Perjury;
Nor with his Treason, when for som pretence
Hee hath betraid his Countrey or his Prince,
Or yeelded-up som un-distressed Place,
Or fled the first to save a Cowards case.
So th' Hypocrite, through superstitious Error,
Thinks hee hath done som Sin of hainous horror,
When by mis-heed, or by mis-hap, hee coms
Un-hallow-washt, into the *Sacred* Rooms;
Yet makes no Conscience, yet hath no Remorse
To have undone, or done to death, by force
Of un-just Doom, or fraud of Evidence,
A many poor and harmeless Innocents:
Nay, laughs at Widows and at Orphians tears,
By his deceit, dispoyl'd of all was theirs.
Those valiant *Romans*, Victors of all Lands,
They plac't not *Honour* there where now it stands;
Nor thought it lay, in making of the Sword
Interpreter of every private word;
Nor stood upon *Punctilios*, for Repute,
As now a-dayes your *Duellers* pursue't.
But from their Cradle, train'd in Rules more fit,
They neither knew th' abuse nor use (as yet)
Of Challenges, *Appells*, and *Seconds*-aid.
But, when the Lawes their Bridle loose had laid,
For publike Glory, 'gainst a publike Foe,
There Honours point, there Valors proof to show.
But, when beHoov'd, bravely and first to front
An Armies force, or bear their sudden Brunt;
Or, larded thick with darts, victorious, dy
Upon a Breach, or on a Rampire high;
Or, leap alive into a yawning Hell,
To save their City from Infection fell;
Liv'd never Men that lesser feared death,
More-daring Valour never yet had breath.
Witnesse (unto this day) th' undaunted hearts
In *Curtius*, *Decius*, and *Horatius* parts:
With many Worthies more, Immortaliz'd,
Which for their Countries have selves sacrific'd;
And Whose brave deeds, whose honours whose deserts,
Move more despair then envy in mens hearts: (serts,
For,

For, dying ſo, Garlands and glorious Verſe,
Not Cries and Tears, honour'd their happy Herſe;
Their Flower of Fame ſhall never, never ſhed,
Becauſe their Death, their Country profited:
Whereas the death wch brings now brain-ſick youth
Unto their Grave, deſerves but Tears and Ruth;
Their Courage caſts them even away, for nought;
Without Memorial, ſave a Mournfull Thought,
Which banning but the fury that inflam'd them,
Honours enough, if that it have not blam'd them.
O what a number of courageous Knights,
Abortively, have in theſe *Single Fights*
Loſt the fair Hope the World conceiv'd of them,
Hate idiely fruſtred, of their Valours gem,
Their gracious Prince, who juſtly might expect,
Againſt his Foes, their forward Worths effect;
And, ſacrilegious, to their Wrath have given
And heady Rage (whereby they have been driven)
The ſacrifice, which (with more ſacred zeal)
They ought to God, their King, their cõmon-weal!
Yнow to make (could they return from death,
Such as they were, when here they loſt their breath)
Not a Sole Squadron, but an hoaſt of men,
Whoſe Acts alone would furniſh every Pen;
An Hoaſt of *Hectors*, and *Achilleſes*,
Ceſars and *Scipio's*, who, by Land and Seas,
Following great HENRY for their Generall,
Mought (if hee would) have made him Lord of All,
Where, now, they lie in an inglorious Toomb,
Longing for Light untill the Day of Doom;
Or lower, in eternall Dungeons dwell,
With Ghoſts and Shadowes skirmiſhing in Hell.
This miſchief therefore, ſpringing day by day,
And ſpreading ſo, as nought his courſe can ſtay;
And ſeeing (too) mine Honour blurr'd with blame,
When theſe raſh Mad-caps do uſurp my name;
To be from hence-forth, from the Rage exempt
Of ſuch as turn my glory to contempt,
And thus deface my Vertues grace with Vice,
I hop't elſe-where ſome holier Exerciſe;
And rather would, hearts ſo intemperous
Should not enjoy mee, than imploy mee thus.
Here *Andria* ceaſt: The Angell, gracefully,
Humours her Anger with this milde Reply:
Certes, fair *Nymph*, your Plant hath right & truth;
But yet, excuſe the boiling heat of Youth;
Perhaps 'tis harder then you ween (preciſe)
To be at-once a *French-man*, *Young*, and *Wiſe*.
This Evill from this in-born Errour ſprings,
That a *Brave Minde*, when wrong'd in any things
Hee weens himſelfe (if ſo hee *Armes* profeſſe)
Muſt no-where ſeek, but in his Sword redreſſe:
And that an Eye, a No, a Nod, a Nick,
'S enough t' offend a Noble ſenſe and quick,
Pernicious Errour, which doth undermine
Both *Martiall* Thrones, and *Civill*, and *Divine*!
For, to no end the *Publike* Sword ſhall ſerve,
If every man may with his *Private* carve.
And then, in vain are Soveraign Princes Lawes,
When Subjects dare themſelves decide their cauſe.
But, I beleeve, This Madneſs will no more
Præcipitate their courage, as before.
The curb of Law, which by their prudent Prince
Is now new made againſt This Inſolence,
Will bar their boldneſs, and (directing mean
How (This deer Honour ſaved whole and clean)
A gallant Spirit, wrong'd in any kinde,
May lawfully his Satisfaction finde)
Will binde their hands, & even glue-in their blades,
Till, when ſome Foe their Common Right invades,
In forward Zeal of their dear Countries good,
It ſhall be honour (even) to dive in blood.
Diſpoſed therefore to expect Amends,
Diſpatch the Order which Heav'ns Monarch ſends;
And goe not hence, where thou art ſo renown'd,
Till all the World be but This Empires bound:
Were it for nothing but that *Riſing Sun*,
Whereon all Eyes already have begun
(Both Friends & Foes) to fix their hopes and fears,
That brave *Young Prince*, who from his cradle bears
Thine Image in his eyes, and in his arms,
Thine Exerciſe in every kinde of Arms.
Surely, ſaid *Andria*, 't had been hard to finde
A ſtronger Charm here to arreſt my minde
(Chiefly, here living my Soules *Sympathy*,
His Father; rather, that ſame other, I):
For, as in th' one I am a Miracle,
So will I be a match-leſs Spectacle
In th' other too, when to his Ancient Right
His daring Sword ſhall make his Claim by Fight;
Whether his Armies royall-Front aſpire
Thoſe craggy Hils whoſe name is ta'n from Fire;
Or tend unto thoſe fruitfull Plains which ſpred
Toward *Bootes*, and *Hyperions* Bed,
Whoſe Princes, in their Fables Antique-fram'd
Counts among *Kings*, *Kings* among *counts* are nam'd.
After theſe words, pronounc't with voyce & geſt,
As Oracles are wont to be expreſt,
Both took their flight through the thin cryſtall air,
Towards the place appointed for Repair
Of all the reſt of *Royall Vertues* Band, (mand.
Which were convented by Heav'ns high com-
Royall *Eumenia* was already come,
And ſimple-maner'd *Piſtis* (thought by ſome
Long-ſince exiled from the World); and Shee
Who from afar doth all Events fore-ſee.
There was (apparent by illuſtrious things)
Fair *Euergeſia*, Ornament of Kings,
And firm *Hypomone*, with her Twin-ſiſter
Craterie, and Shee whoſe Patron and Aſſiſter
Are often ſhent, *Alethia*, little known
To mortall men (no ſcarce among her own)
With nails and cloaks they do be-cloud her ſo,
Whoſe ſpotleſs Selfe ſhould rather naked goe.
In brief, of all the *Vertues* ſummon'd here,
There wanted none but *Dicea* to appear:
And St. *Euſebia*, in her Shadowes hid,
That long it was ere Her the Angel ſpid.
For, here among us a queint *Idol* haunts,
Whoſe ſimple habite, whoſe ſad countenance,
Whoſe lowly look; whoſe language mildly-meeke,
Whoſe zeal-like geſtures, and whoſe poſtures like,
So counterfeit Her, with the Mask it makes,
That many times the wiſeſt it miſtakes.
You'd think, her heart had onely God for Joy,
Her Exerciſe onely to faſt and pray;
That ſhee abhors the World; and, lodg'd therin,
Lives as the Fiſh that out of water bin;

That

That burning zeal of Heav'n consumes her so,
That all seems bitter that shee tastes below.
Yet all the while, This hollow *Holy-Tricks*
Doats but of Honours, dreams of Bishopricks,
Thirsts for Promotion, thrusts for Primacy,
Hunts Glory still, yet seems it to defy.
Never does good but for som great applause,
Nor ever did good, for meer *Godnesse* cause.
This Bane of Soules, and that same Foppery
(Of old) sirnamed *Dysidæmonie*,
Whose heart, deject with terrors over-strong,
To fear God's *Justice*, doth his *Mercy* wrong
(Right *Servile Fear*, with Errors foolifi'd)
Hath driven *Eusebia* hence, else-where to bide;
Because th' one loves not, th' other mis-beloves
What best to fear, and least presume behooves.
The Angell therefore ferrets every nook,
And narrowly her wonted haunts doth look.
In every Cloister, and in every Cell,
Where Folk beleev'd that shee did ever dwell:
Yet nothing findes hee of her, any-where,
Save som old track or footing here and there;
No, though hee visit the austerities
Of famous *Abbeies* and fair *Nunneries*:
But, in her stead, hee meeteth evermore
One of these Hags in every *Covent* Door,
Drest in a habite of so humble show,
That hard it was the difference to know.
Yet, at the last, prying on every side,
Her (as conceal'd) in a by-place hee spy'd,
Where, with incessant tears, shee staid to rew
And to bewaile our Errors old and new;
Amid an humble Troup, whom like Desire
To loath the World, and from it to retire,
Had made preferre a poor and mean estate,
Yea Want it self, in place so separate,
Before the Wealth, the Honours and Delights,
Wherewith the World inveigles, as invites:
As choosing rather here to lose all These,
Then lose thereby their Soules eternall Ease.
In this sequestred place, prostrate in Praier
(Best *Antidote* 'gainst *Hopes pride* and *Despair*;
The two grand poysons of Soules Faculties)
The Angell found *Eusebia* on her knees.
Their Talk was short, the Time importun'd so:
In briefe therefore hee doth his Message show,
Acquaints her quickly whence, and why hee came.
Then shee eft-soons consenting to the same,
Away they post in a swift Aire Coach
Towards the place where all the rest approach,
The generall *Rendez-vous* for all this Act:
Where yet (alas!) the Lady *Dicea* lackt.
For, th' Angell, tasked to goe seek her forth,
Sees her no more conversing on the Earth,
Nor findes her sitting (as shee wont of-old)
On Princes Thrones, and Prelates uncontroul'd;
Nor among Magistrates, which are the Tongue
And life of *Law*, t' interpret Right and Wrong.
Where-at amazed, and desiring more
To sound what reason men could yeeld therefore,
Assumes a body, bearing in his hands
A bagg of Writings and seem-Deeds for Lands:
Comes to a Hall, all full of Murmuring
Of people pricked with the angry sting
Of fell *Eridan*, who her Venome sheds
Even into Bootes and Paisants hearts and heads,
By her keen fury (as with Brizes) stung;
And by *Mermnæ* and *Dapuia* wrung:
In this great Hall, unknown unto Repose,
Stalks that stern Furie, either among those
Of her owne Frye, or 'mong the wretched Crew
Whom her hard gripes had made (in vain) to rew.
A Rank of Seats, each unto other fixt,
And every one a sundry Name affixt,
Bordred the Walls, smokie with age, and soule;
Perches of many Plumie-pounced Fowle,
Whose nimble Quills have learn'd to fly for that
Rich Minerall, which makes men peace and prate.
There was no Order: a lowd-buzzing Presse
With whirling Eddies hurry'd without cease,
Full of all Sorts; of Priests, of Gentlemen,
Merchants, Mechaniks, Grooms and Husbandmen:
Each justled other, crowding to and fro,
As here and there the stream did ebb and flow.
This yauld, that brawld, another beat the Barr;
One woo'd the Judge, another urg'd him farr;
This proves *Default*, That pleads a *Warrantie*;
This avoids *Witnesse*; That *Appeals* more high;
Another, fleering, doth his adverse flowt.
With Rod in hand the *Ushers* trudge about:
A world of *Lawyers* swarm'd; yet som had leasure
(As least imploy'd) the Places length to measure.
All boyl'd with *Discords*; one no sooner done,
But instantly another New begun;
With such a Noyse as soundeth neer the Shoare
When towards a Storm, the Sea begins to roare.
Hard-by this Ocean, which Night onely still'd,
Appear'd an Old-man (as one deeply ill'd,
And inly galled for som grievous losse)
With eyes lift-up, pale cheeks, and armes across;
Whom th' Angell spying, towards him hee speeds;
And (seeming Mortall by his shape and weeds)
Good Father, said hee (so to sound his minde)
Where might I (think you) Lady *Dicea* finde,
Whom I have sought already far and neer,
And surely thought now to have found her here?
Dicea, my sonne, said the Old-man (well-nigh,
Gushing out Tears which stood in either eye;
And sending forth a deep-fet sigh, before)
Dicea, alas! is in the World no more.
That Fire which only Death hath pow'r to quench,
That fell Desire no Deluge else can stanch;
The burning Thirst of Worldly goods and Gold,
And all Sins, taught to war against her, bold,
Have forc't her to forsake this wretched Frame,
And fly again to Heav'n whence first shee came.
Or, if in Earth shee yet have any Stance,
'Tis with the *Cymois*, *Turks*, or *Scythians*:
But in this *Climate* hardly doth appear
Any small signe, to show shee hath been here.
Cruell *Adicea* in her Room is set:
Hate, *Favour*, *Fraud*, *and* Madame *Counterfeit*
(Out of all *Courts* hunting all *Conscience* quite)
Make of Right Crooked, and of Crooked Right.
Art and *Deceit* keep there their open Schooles:
Reason and *Law* are but the phrase of Fooles.
For, *Law* and *Reason* are now waigh'd (by sleight)
In *golden Scales*; where onely GOLD is waight.

Thus

Thus, the old-man proceeding ſtill complain'd;
Till th' Angel, thus, his Blaſphemies reſtrain'd:
Alas! good Father, your freſh Griefe (I ſee)
For ſome great ſuite, late loſt unhappily,
From your ſad lips this bitter language draws;
Excuſable (perhaps) for your Grief's Cauſe:
But th' eye of Paſſion ill diſcerns the truth.
This having ſpoken; the Celeſtiall youth
Turns to another, leſſe diſturb'd in minde;
And likewiſe asks, where he might *Dicea* finde.
Hee more diſcreet, and milder-ſpoken, far,
Replyes: My Son, ſure very few there are
(Yea of the wiſeſt, who beſt underſtand)
That eaſily can anſwer thy demand.
For one perhaps will think her to be there;
Whereas, another (ſeeming wrong'd) will ſwear
By Heav'n, and all that in it Heav'n contains,
That not a ſpark nor mark of her remains:
Each holding her, preſent or abſent, ſtill
As his own cauſe hath thrived well or ill.
But I 'll aſſure the (and paſt all Appeal)
That in this place ſhee doth not alwayes dwell.
Sometimes ſhee comes, and brings for companie,
Honour, and *Faith*, and old *Integritie*:
But the ſtrange Tricks of a bold babbling Dame
Call'd *Quidds-quirk*, as barbarous as her Name,
Moleſt her ſo, that ſoon they drive her hence;
For, both at once have no-where Reſidence:
And *Plutus* too, her many-times diſmaies; (ſwaies,
With that ſweet Power whereby the world hee
Cauſing her oft return with heavy cheer:
And that 's the Cauſe ſhee ſtaies ſo ſeldome here.
Oft have I ſeen her on the ſoveraigne Seat
In that high *Senate* whoſe *Edicts* compleat
Sway all the Kingdome; and (if any where)
I ſure beleeve, you yet ſhall finde her There,
If thoſe Abuſes whoſe bold Tyranny
From other Thrones hath driven her openly,
Have not crept in by ſome cloſe Golden Port:
But, far be that from ſuch a reverend Court.
Here ceaſed Hee: and inſtantly, withall
Loſing his ſight, the Angel leaves the Hall;
His airie body to the Air repaies.
And while hee takes to other Courts his waies,
Hee happily the wiſhed *Lady* meets:
Who, inly joy'd (which outward geſture ſweets)
Becauſe in Judgement ſhee had overthrow'n
Wrongs proud ſupport, & giv'n poor right his own,
Came from deciding of a Cauſe of waight,
Before the Peers and Counſell of Eſtate.
But, her content was doubled when ſhee heard
Heav'ns ſacred will (as th' Angel had averr'd)
And his high pleaſure (whoſe Omnipotence
The Heav'ns adore) for *Surname* of the Prince:
With him therefore Her ſpeedie ſhee directs
Towards the troupe which onely her expects.
Now all theſe *Nymphs* aſſembled ſeemed preſt
(All diverſly with Joy and Hope poſſeſt)
To take their flight to that King-favour'd Place
Where (pre-ordained for this Work of grace)
They ſhould impoſe the Royall Infants Name,
The worlds main hope (as moſt conceive the ſame)
When ſuddainly there did among them breed
A noble ſtrife, which ſtayd their forward ſpeed;
Through great deſire to ſee the radiance
Of that young Sun which ſhould enlighten *France*,
Haſted their haſte: and though on every ſide
As well the ſacred Pomp as civill Pride,
The King himſelfe, Princes and Princely Dames
Glittring in Gold, ſparkling in pretious Flames,
And all the Court adorn'd in rich Array,
Seem as offended at the leaſt delay.
But yet, becauſe Heav'ns Monarch had decreed,
That of the *Vertues* Shee which ſhould exceed,
As moſt conducing to Kings happy ſtate,
Should with her name this Princeling nominate;
When one of thoſe high Heralds urg'd them on,
Among themſelves This to conſult upon.
Conſult? ſaid *Andria*: Why conſult about
A Point, whereof (I think) was never doubt?
Mine, Mine 's this Honour: for, among us all,
Who more adorns a Kings Memoriall,
Or better keeps a Scepters Majeſty
At his full height in Royall hands, then I?
I fill his Name with Glory and Renown:
I make him fear'd abroad of every Crown:
I, with the terror of his Arms, deterr
Ambitious Tyrants that they dare not ſtir
Offenſive War againſt Himſelfe or His,
How ever ſpurr'd by Spite or Avarice;
His famous Valour gaining This, for Meed,
That at the laſt hee ſeems it not to need:
Unleſſe he liſt his conqueſts to extend
Throughout the World; then is it I that bend
The proudeſt Mountaines under his command,
The ſtrongeſt Holds I render to his hand:
I fill with feare, I chill with trembling Ice,
The boldeſt hearts of oldeſt Companies
That dare reſiſt his quick and thick Alarms,
With th' onely luſtre of his glittering Arms.
I often onely with his Trumpets ſound
(Without a ſtroke) his Enemies confound:
And, dreadfull make the moſt redoubted here
Think it no ſhame to flee his fierce Career,
As if (no Steel, of proof to ward his blows)
'T were Raſhneſs more then Valour to oppoſe.
Such were of-old thoſe hardy *Heroes* found,
For Proweſs, Then for *Demi-gods* renown'd:
Such, He whoſe ſhoulders ſhor'd *Olympus* walls:
Such, He who conquer'd th' Empire of the *Gauls*:
Such, that Great *Macedon*: and ſuch (again)
Thoſe famous *Paladines*, whoſe Fables vain
(Yet uſefull Tales) th' old *Romans* fain to fit,
That even they ſeem by *Morpheus* fingers writ.
But what they had *Idéally* from Art,
That *Really* I to a Prince impart.
Who knows not, that I, onely us'd in Field,
Serve all the *Vertues* both for Sword and Shield?
Your ſelves indeed ſeeme to agnize no leſs,
Although in words you ſhame it to confeſs.
For, when the Fury of Wars dreadfull Showers
Begins to thunder neer your dainty Bowers,
All pale for fear, all trembling, all diſmaid,
To Mee yee flee, to Mee yee cry for Aid;
Under my wings yee creepe to keepe you ſure;
Where (& but there) you thinke your ſelves ſecure.
And, rather I, then Any (who expoſe
My Self alone againſt the Hail of blowes)

Begin

Begin Estates, beget and bring them forth;
And plant (in bloud) the Empires of the Earth.
Th' admired height of *Romes* great Scepter yerst
(As that of *Greece*) was but My work at first;
And that same Other famous, glorious throne,
Whose Greatness yet, doth in its Cinders groan.
For, though by War, with Fire and Sword, I waste
What Heav'ns Decree hath doom'd to be defac't;
Even while I raze, I raise; and, of the Rubble
Of petty States, I build one hundred double:
As horrid Dragons grow so lingely great,
Of many Serpents that alive they eat.
You are indeed extoll'd (and worthily)
For knowing well, to use a Victory:
But, without Mee, You can have none to use;
Without me then, your Knowledge nought accrues.
Therefore, your honour's less; at least, 'tis such
As (at the best) on mine dependeth much.
In brief, in all the sacred works wee doe,
Our Merit's divers, and our Honour too:
You rule the humble, I the proudest tame:
You adorn Kingdomes, and I conquer them:
You can direct, and I protect a Crown:
You do besiege, I dare assault a Town:
You shew the utmost of Mans Wit and Art,
I act your aimes with valiant hand and heart:
You (lastly) plot, in shady Chambers seel'd,
What I perform abroad, in bloudy Field.
But, in all these, I pass you All, as far,
As to subdue the stoutest Foes in War;
To see about one (Lightning-like) to flash
Millions of Shot, Millions of Swords to clash;
To hear no noise but Canons roaring Thunder,
Divorcing Soules from Bodies past in sunder;
To march in bloud even to the knees; and yet
In all undaunted, not dismai'd a whit,
Is both more painfull and more Princely too,
Than clearing of a cloudy Fraud, or two;
To shield by counsell Equity oppress;
To gain the Fame of Wisedome with the best;
To fast and pray, or give abundantly,
Or get the name of gracious *Clemency*.
Then well fare *Valour*: and, long live the Story
Of Valiant Princes in the Fane of Glory:
No humane *Vertue* hides so well as I,
Obnoxious stains when Princes step awry;
An ALEXANDER, ARISTIDES seems,
Because the splendor of my spreading beams
With radiant lustre dazles so the sight,
That nought is seen but great and glorious Light.
Where if hee lack my Rayes, or my Renown;
Boast hee of double or of treble Crown,
Be hee benign, be hee munificent,
Just, wise, religious, learned, eloquent,
Precise of Promise (both to Friend and Foe)
Princes abroad little regard him though;
Yea, might he justly all (else) *Vertues* vaunt;
Yet, wanting mee, hee seemeth all to want.
His hare-like heart at wars least noise doth quake,
And to his Beads hee doth him all betake:
His fear strikes fear in his best Refuges,
And his no-courage doth discourage His.
In brief, as blest with *Peacefull Vertues* rare,
Hee seems far fitter (in a time of War)
With *Keyes* and *Crosiers*, a POPE's Part to play,
Than *Sword* and *Scepter*, as a KING, to sway.
As *Andria* had ended here her part;
Shee, in whose School wee learn the heedfull art
Of never fondly Undertaking ought;
Soft, soft, said shee: To boast our selves, wee ought
Not blame our Equals; nor (with proud Exchange)
To our own Praises their Dispraises change:
Andria, I grant, Thy Merit's great; but Mine
Is, if not greater, full as great as Thine;
Sithens, to raigne in Soule of *Majestie*,
There is no *Vertue* to be matcht with Mee.
For let a King be full of High-designes,
Let him be valiant as your *Paladines*;
Let him be gracious, just and liberall;
True of his word, and so devout withall,
That at his Feet all Vices prostrate ly;
If Mee hee lack, that am all *Vertues* Eye,
Blind-fold hee uses (nay, well-neer abuses) (ses:
These divine Gifts, which bounteous Heaven infu-
And right resembles a fair Ship, for sea
Already rigd, and furnisht every way
With every Needfull; Men, Munition, Beef,
Beer, Biscuit, all: onely shee wants (the Chief,
The Life and Soule, the Sense, the Law, the Light
Whereby shee lives, moves, stirs, and steers aright)
A skilfull Pilot, with *Discretions* hand
Her winged manage rightly to command
With hempen Rains and wooden Bridle; so,
That never wry shee sail, nor wrong shee row:
Without whose guidance, if the puffing gales
Into the Deep transport her huffing sails,
Shee runs at random, and with ruefull Knock
Soon splits her selfe upon some Shelf or Rock.
Even so it fares with Princes when they make
Or Peace, or War, and not my Counsell take;
Or, without mee, as it were blind-fold, use
Their other Gifts the gracious Heav'ns infuse:
They thrive so little, that (as in a Wrack)
Their own rich burden often breaks their back.
Their forward Valour but sad Fruit doth yeeld;
They win the Victory, yet lose the Field:
They bravely fight, and yet are bravely foil'd:
Some Error still hath all their Actions spoil'd.
Their bounty bindes not, but unbindeth, hearts:
Their Clemency, much more than Rigor, smarts:
Their Zeal it selfe proves to themselves pernicious;
And unto others, blinde and superstitious:
Their Vice and Vertues them so inter-nex,
That scarce can one distinguish their Effects.
Not that *Ill* still is not *Good*'s Opposite;
But that, They, wanting Mee, their onely Light,
Doe (even) Good evill; or do, out of season,
A Good, which is not good, done without Reason;
And of fair *Vertues*, fruitfull Seeds of Glory,
Reap blasted Buds, which stain their goodly Story.
What famous conquest ever yet was got,
Which to the Victor I prepared not?
Thou fightest bravely and in Victories
Of bloudy blades, getst the first Crown, for prize:
But I, by th' art of Providence dispose
To glorious issue thy courageous blows.
I wisely take the fit advantages.
Of Time and Place, to second Courages;

I skilfully the Squadrons range and ranke;
I marshall them to shew their Front or Flanke
As best befits (by warlike Stratagem)
T' inclose their Foes, to clip, or curtall them;
Or, brest to brest (as angry Lions wont)
With brave incounter, charge them full afront:
I, by an ambush, laid with lucky speed,
Oppress with number, help thee at thy need:
I many times prevent thy like mis-hap.
When seem-flee Foes would train thee to the trap:
I, to be brief, with ever watchfull brain
Assist, to make thy Valour never vain.
But, if a Prince must needs want one of us,
And mought not be both *Wise* and *Valorous*;
Sure, Reason would our glorious parts assigne;
Thine, to brave Souldiers; to great Captains, Mine;
Because, my Pow'rs are proper to command,
As thine to execute with hardy hand.
But though our humours so far divers be,
Yet may wee Both, in one brave Spirit, agree:
And, for this age, wee need no Witnesse else
But famous HENRY, who in both excels;
With so great Wisdome ruling on the Throne
Which with such Valour hee hath made his own:
His Victories, yet, making Men dispute,
To which of Us, they should them best impute.
Yet hundred Laurels never widow-curst,
And hundred *Ovals*, which no skin have burst,
Prove I have often Conquer'd without Thee:
But never wert Thou Victor without Mee.
For, I have oft seen Armies dissiped,
And proud, strong Cities often rendered,
(Well mur'd, well manned, & well stor'd with food)
Without the spilling of a drop of bloud;
Using no other then the ancient Wile
Of wasting fields; where Publique losse (the while)
Return'd this Gain, to stoop by famine Those
Which could not else have been subdu'd by blows.
Besides th' off-cutting of All Passages,
As well of Succours as of Forrages;
Is even to conquer by uncasuall course,
Fight-lesse to fight, and without force to force.
Great Captains therefore did Us never part:
Sith either, sole, is as a head-lesse Dart;
Or (if not head-lesse) heed-lesse thrown (as ill)
From feeble Caster without aim, or skill.
'Tis said of *Pallas*, in the *Trojane* Broil,
That Shee in fight stern *Mars* himselfe did foil;
To show how far *Wise-Valour* doth excell
A rash Excesse of *Courage* boiling fell;
Whose fume-blind force, wanting Discretions beam,
Resembles right a sightlesse *Polyphem*.
But, whether joynt or sever'd be our Pow'rs,
My Cunning still yeelds fairer fruits and flow'rs,
Then doth Thy Violence (though oft it spread
Bright vertuous rayes about Thy glorious head).
For, onely then are Thy stiffe arms imploy'd,
When stubborn war dares to have all destroy'd.
But, when sweet *Peace* fils crowns with Coronets,
Thou art lockt up in Princes Cabinets;
Among the Corselets which now warlesi'd
Through love of *Peace*, they have new laid aside;
Or those, which idlely (through times alteration)
Hang by the Walls, both out of Use and Fashion.
But I, indifferent, serve in *War* and *Peace*;
I breed her, feed her, and her years increase,
By prudent Counsails, provident Decrees,
Kinde turns, calme treaties (fitting all degrees);
In brief, by all means meet to render Kings
Mutually friends; and rule their Underlings:
Whence to their States if happy fruits accrew,
Th' honour of all to Mee alone is due.
But, in the world, what State hath ever thriven;
Or rather, which hath not to wrack been driven,
Where lackt My Conduct, and where onely *Chance*
Hath steer'd the course of Publique Governance?
What humane action, what design, what thought,
Without Mine aid hath ever come to ought?
What Private stock, what Publique stem of Bloud,
Without my rules hath sprung, or long hath stood?
All noblest arts, all nimblest works of worth, (forth,
Which humane brains conceive, and hands bring
Hold they not Mee for rich and fruitfull wombe,
From whence their births (both first & secõd) com?
The kindest Counsails, without Mine among,
May wee not call them Treasons of the Tongue,
When blind and bad advice (though malice-lesse)
Ruins the Friend to whom it meant Redresse?
Nay nothing, nothing under Heav'n, may misse
The Minds-guide rayes of my Resplendencies:
I am the true Sun of all humane acts;
Without Mee, *Fortune* all their praise exacts.
If ought I leave to *Fortunes* doubtfull deed,
It shall appear well set, though ill succeed:
But where My Scepter hath a soveraign sway,
Fortunes false Die hath little power to play.
Then, be 't on Cedar, with a Pen of Gold,
For *Memory* and *Glory* too inrol'd,
That *Of all Soule-adorning Giftes divine,*
The Majesty, the Monarchie is Mine:
That I, Their Queen, life of Their Lawes and spring,
Am, of all VERTUES, *worthiest of a* KING.
To whom, I seem so much more requisite
(Being both his Guide and Eye to give him light)
As hath a Guide (so judge the most discreet)
More need of Eyes, then either hands or feet.
Here ceast *Phronesia*: *Andria* instantly,
Weening her wrong'd, seems willing to reply,
And to her Selfe already soft shee sayes,
Shee hath lesse skill in Phrases then in Frayes;
But, to maintain the honour of her Cause, (drawes.
Where need requires, not words but swords shee
Then St. *Eusebia*, joyntly raising fair
Her Soules pure zeal, and her sweet Voyces air,
See, see said shee, how proudly insolent,
Vain men admiring, and too-confident
Of their fond *Wisdome*, and frail *Fortitude*
(Forgetting heav'ns quick Eye and Arm) conclude,
That their own strength, or their owne providence,
Hath foil'd their foes, or giv'n their own defence;
As silly children (set on fourm or stool)
Whose hands are (first) held at the *Writing-School*,
Forming som Letter, vaunt it for their Owne,
And think their Art-lesse fingers skilfull growne.
But, O fond Mortals! Neither is't your Art
Of mystike State, nor your high hand and heart,
Which in your Borders Peace and Plenty brings,
Or ends your Battels in your Triumphings:

But

But Heav'ns Right-hand, invisibly addrest
To rescue You, death hath it selfe repress;
Repell'd all Perils, put-by all Mis-haps
(Ready to quell you with tempestuous claps):
And then retorting all upon your Foes,
In lieu of *Laurels* (which they did propose)
Sends Terrors, Errors, or Disorders rise,
Or Mutinies, or other Civill strife,
Or other Mischief, which confounds their pow'rs
With their own swords, or maks them fall on yours:
So that your hands, victorious Thus, doe bear
Right glorious Palms, and Olives every where
Adorn your Coasts with their rich oily tresse,
And all with you is *Victory* or *Peace*. (love,
Yet you, ingrate the-while, through blind Selfe-
Not seeing, that these Gifts come from above,
Sacrifice to your Selves, confer the honour
Of all, to all, save to their owne right Owner.
O curs'd Soil! O barren Sand and dry!
Not better'd ought by any husbandry;
Hardned with Heav'nly dews, the more the worse:
More worthie nothing then a heavie Curse.
O wretch! refer, refer aright, and bring
These sacred Streams birth to their sacred Spring,
That perfect Good, which can no more desist
To doe thee good, then thou him to resist.
Through all thy Province let his name be prais'd:
If to a Crown his favour have thee rais'd,
Rear Him an Altar in thy Soule anon;
And, for Burnt-Offring lay thy heart thereon:
His pow'r (alone) adore, implore and trust;
And in thy Selfe kill every kinde of lust:
So shalt thou not, what-ever Hap succeed,
Neither so much Courage nor Counsell need.
For covering thee with his protecting hand,
Did all the World in Arms against thee band,
Besiege thee round, assault thee in such sort,
That nought could save thee; neither force, nor fort:
Amid all dangers which might fright thee there,
Hee, hee would free thee from all cause of fear;
And thine, preserv'd from death and deadly Foes,
Would be amaz'd to conquer without blowes.
Thy Prayers would put a hundred Hosts to flight,
Had each a *Cæsar* to command them right:
Yet, fighting on thy knees, with arms across
Thou, thou (alone) shouldst conquer; without losse.
Again, His Angell would assume the Sword
Wherewith somtimes th' *Assyrian* swarms he gor'd;
Again, *Senacherib*'s braving Blasphemies
Should finde a King, with water in his eyes,
To vanquish him with vows: and, as with charms,
Thou shouldst do more with Tears, then hee with
Why then thus vainly dare we here consult (arms.
Of others Right, or of our Own insult?
Shee, shee that gives to God (nay, giveth God)
On Her of right this Crown should be bestow'd;
Sith, her possessing, they all Good possesse:
But, wanting her, All else is emptinesse.
Let neither *Prowesse* then, not *Prudence* ween
Her Self *Kings Glory*, neither *Vertues* Queen:
I have seen Valiant Kings, and Prudent too,
And such as knew in all turns what to doe,
And such whose Constance was incomparable,
Live wretchedly, and dy as miserable;
Yet, never saw I but a happy end
Of Pious Princes, which on God depend;
And in all doubts, all dangers (from their Birth)
Have (facing unto Heav'n the thoughts of Earth)
With eyes ay-fixt on that *Suns* sunny side,
Beleev'd his Love their guard, his Law their guide.
Not that I would a Prince, secure and idle,
Should so let-goe his Empires Rains and Bridle;
To cast on God the Cares, the Managings,
And glorious labours that belong to Kings:
Nay, rather would I, that with Vigilance,
Constancy, Justice, Wisdome, Valiance,
And all else Vertues which his God hath giv'n,
Hee second still th' assisting hand of Heav'n:
Ay well assur'd, that God will not neglect
Just-armed Prayers of his own Elect.
But, to His onely Bountie must they give
Th' honour of all the fruits they shall atchieve
By their most noble Cares, most royall Pains:
Not to the depth of *Machiavilian* Brains,
Not to the vain Effort of humane force,
Nor martiall courage, mowing Men and Horse,
Which in effect (how glorious Name it bear)
Is but a Publique (lawfull) Massacre.
In brief, what Worth, or Wit in King may be,
Heav'ns King comands hee make Them wait on
Make That, the Spur; Me, Rain of each Intent; (me:
This, of his Counsail; Mee, the President:
Credit them often, Mee continually,
That they inspire his Heart; his Judgement, I.
And, that in nothing They with Mee compare;
Nor any else (how Royall) *Vertues* rare:
But make Mee sit in Honours fourm the first;
Yea, without Mee, esteem his State accurst:
Hold Them for *helpfull*, Mee for *necessary*:
And firm beleeve, when Times are adversary,
Rather to faile, with *Prowesse* and *Policy*,
Nay fall, with All; then flourish without Mee.
Through such a *Faith*, that great *King-Prophet*
With little force, so many Foes reverst: (yerst
So oft escap't so many Snares of Death,
Which Envies hand had set to stop his breath:
So fortunate, in every jeopardy,
Hee almost seem'd t' have wedded *Victory*.
What Monarch would not gladly be the Heire
Of these high fortunes of His *Vertues* fair?
Who would not purchase at the deerest rate
Of all his Pains, the glorious Praise hee gate?
And yet, the *Vertue* which advanc't Him so,
And on his Acts such honours did bestow,
Was not his *Prowesse* (though hee durst enough)
Neither his *Prudence* (though of famous proof);
But his religious *Piety* and *Zeal*
To serve the Lord, the God of *Israel*:
Zeale, which, consuming him with heav'nly flame,
Made him to consecrate his Facts, his Fame,
Himselfe, his Sword, his Scepter, and his Song,
As th' Authors feet, to whom they all belong:
At still esteeming that hee held his Crown,
By his support who had it first bestow'n;
Not by the Prowesse, or the Policy,
Of his owne darefull hand, or carefull eye.
Let noblest Princes imitate this Part,
This pious zeale of his religious heart:

And

And let them know, that nor their Heed in sway,
Nor their Good-hap (wch seems t' attend them ay)
Their Knowledge, Courage, nor Victorious fame,
About their heads so glorious Garlands frame,
Neither from Heav'n so many blessings bring,
Neither so much doe magnifie a King,
Nor dignifie the Scepter in his hand
So many millions justly to command;
As I, who, after this worlds *Diadem*,
Find them a-new, in new *Jerusalem*:
That God himselfe vouchsafes to *watch* their state,
Becomes their *Counsell*, their *Confederate*,
Their Rock, their Refuge, from their Enemies,
And gets them daily glorious Victories:
That, without Mee, no *Vertue* is complete;
And that, in That which maketh truely Great,
I pass the rest, and all the best they can,
As far as God in Greatness passeth Man.
Eusebia here concluding her discourse,
Dicea began her Title to enforce:
I have (said shee) long lent you ear a-like,
Yet from your Reasons and your Rhetorike
I gather nothing, from the most of you,
But Usurpations of mine honours due;
While mine own Nursling from my side you steal:
Wherein, with *Justice*, you scarce justly deal.
For, if of *Vertues* any worthy be
To raign, as Kings eternall Companie;
And with more lustre their great Names doe grace,
I, I am shee may justly claime that Place;
As shee alone, who, by One duety, doo
Make happy Kings, and happy Subjects too:
Shee, that of all the graces from above,
Acquire them most their Peoples hate or love:
Shee that the Stock of Traytors doth extinguish,
She that good Kings from Tyrants doth distinguish:
Shee that to Each due recompence imparts
According to their good, or bad Deserts:
Shee, without whom, the rife-full strife-full sound
Of *Mine* and *Thine*, would all the World confound.
Not that I am so inly blunt, or blinde,
As not to value *Valours* valiant minde;
Or not to see, What benefits to Kings
Sacred *Eusebia*, and *Phronésia* brings:
But save *Eusebia* (whom I honour more
Than all the Greatnesse worldlings most adore)
Not one of you produceth her effects
So fortunate and free from all defects,
But oftentimes some evill them succeeds
Which equals oft their good, sometimes exceeds:
Much like some Herbs, of doubtfull fame and force,
Which cure one Grief, and cause perhaps a worse.
'T's a glorious Work triumphing worthily,
To win by force a famous Victory,
To flowr a field with dead, to swim in bloud,
To glass ones Valour in a Crimsin flood;
But, what's all this, but a meer Massacre
Of furious Lions (not a humane War)
Unless the Right of the bright Sword Victorious,
Make the Cause just, and the Effect as glorious?
And are not those so bloudy Palmes (the while)
Gathered in countries ruin'd with the spoile
Of Wars dire fire, flaming on every side
Of those sad fields, forsaken far and wide?
O bloudy *Vertue*, for Warre onely fit,
And for the Mischiefs that do wait on it!
Yet lest (alas!) her thirsty Steel should rust
Within her Sheath, too-long restrained; must,
Must men wth tears see their dear countries spoil'd,
Their fields with heaps of slaughtred bodies pyl'd,
Their cities sackt, their houses all inflam'd, (sham'd,
Their treasures shar'd, their wives and daughters
Their tender babes (which have no help but cries)
Brain'd, broached, broyl'd, in horrid Sacrifice?
Sure Noble Furie of heroike hearts,
The hideous Stage whereon thou act'st thy Parts,
Is too-too-costly to a State; too-dear
Are all thy Palms; thy Glory walks too-neer
Deep Miseries, Pains, Perils, Dolours, Deaths,
And dire Events; which not alone the breaths
Of Foes bereave, and Foraign States undoe;
But wrack withall thine own Domesticks too.
For, what Effects, but such nefarious things,
Have been the fruits of thousand *Valiant* Kings?
Whose memories so ring of Battailes yet,
That even with bloud their Stories may be writ:
Leaving their Names, just Arguments of terror,
Loading the Earth with Monuments of horror,
Filling both Land and Sea, with Gore, with Gall,
And, to no purpose, topsie-turning all:
Sith all the gain of all their Victories,
Is but a fame of Valiant Robberies;
Reproachfull praise to Soveraign Potentates,
To *Supreme Pastors*, to high Magistrates:
Yet most of These have reapt no other fruit,
From bloudy labours, but this odious Bruit:
Whereas They should (onely) their Powrs imploy
To salve, to save; and never to destroy.
One onely King (no further Name is need)
Justly constrain'd to arme, and mount his steed,
By force to enter to his own by Right;
Hath sacred all his Art, his Heart, his Might,
To's Empires good: and, chasing War away,
Makes Peace approv'd his Valours daughter ay,
The rest, still greedy of new *Isles*, new *Indes*,
Have rais'd such stormes wth their ambitious winds,
As in their own Seas have nigh sunk themselves,
And cast their Subjects upon Rocks and Shelves,
Where (through more woes) they, even with tears, behold
How ill it is to have a King too Bold.
Now, for your Prudent (but meer Prudent) Kings,
Too much discourse, wch frō their judgement springs,
Oft makes them timorous, loth to take-in-hand;
To lose their time, while waiting Time they stand;
And, daring nothing, but Discoursing still,
To Erre as much as those that dared ill;
Or, makes them, more (in Worldly matters, here)
Subtile and sharp, than loyall and sincere.
So that as they of dangers heedfull are;
Of Them, no lesse behoves it to beware.
I will not say that many times the grounds,
Whereon the worlds blind, foolish wisdom founds,
Are contrarie unto the solid Base (place.
Which Heav'ns true wisedome every where doth
So that, one Thought never it selfe extends
(Nor can) at once, to two so divers Ends:
No more than can the sight of mortall eyes
In one same instant, Heav'n and Earth comprise.

What ſhall I ſay of Thee (and doe thee right)
Sweet S^t. *Euſebia*, Gods own dear Delight?
Thou filleſt Kings, indu'd with thy deſires,
With ſacred fervour of Celeſtiall fires;
Thou mak'ſt their Lives a lively ſpeaking Law,
To rule their Subjects more by Love than Awe;
But yet, thou mak'ſt (if thou alone be theirs)
Them too-too-ſlack in other Kingly Cares;
Too-mew'd in Peace, in War too-ſcrupulous;
And think ſo much of Heav'n that Earth they loſe.
And *Euergéſia*, praiſing Thine Effects,
Amid the beſt well may wee doubt defects:
For, what in Kings more Heav'n-like ſeems to all,
Or God-like more, than to be *Liberall*?
Yea, *Liberall* Princes ſeem even Gods on Earth,
Com-down from Heav'n to hunt deſpair and death,
Care, Indigence, Incumber and the reſt,
Where-with poor *Vertue* often is oppreſt.
Yea, even as Gods their names are honour'd here,
And, for their Service nothing is too-deer.
(The ground of which ſo great Benevolence,
In ſome, is Hope; in ſome Experience):
So that all Vows, all Voices end in Them,
And as the Sun, Their Scepters brightly beam.
Yet, oftentimes, thoſe *Bounties* of thy hand
Prove *Publike Burdens*, bitter to a Land;
When fluent Princes (leſt their Favours ſource
Should be exhauſted) have too-oft recourſe
To Tributes, Impoſts; and ſome worſe withall;
Whence *Flowers* too few, too many *Thornes* befall:
And *Avarice* her ſelfe unjuſtly fills
With what *Profuſion* over-fondly ſpills.
Nor thou, *Eumenia*, though extoll'd ſo high
As liveleſt Type of Heav'nly *Clemency*,
And onely Shield of ſuch as dare infringe
My ſacred Rules, to ſave them from Revenge:
Thou canſt not cleer thee from the confluence
Of Evils us'd to follow *Indulgence*,
For, by too-ſparing, Thou doſt vices ſpread;
Thou loſeſt ſound, to ſave corrupt and dead:
And filling Cities with home Enemies,
Thy *Pardons* turn to publike *Injuries*.
But I, by practice of unpartiall Rigor,
Maintain good Orders, keep the Laws in Vigor:
Make Kings at- once belov'd and feared too
(Feared, alone of thoſe that evill doe)
Their Subjects (ſet on happie Plenties knee,
In their poſſeſſions from Oppreſſions free)
Bleſſe them, adore them, hold them (ever dear)
Their Countries Fathers, nay their gods well-neer.
In brief, no Bleſsing can befall a Realm,
But theirs enjoy, from, by, or under Them.
For, as it is, of the *Wild-Aſh-Tree*, ſaid,
That th' onely ſavour, nay the onely ſhade,
Inſtantly kils (by ſtrong *Antipathie*)
What ever Serpents underneath it lye:
Such, to the Snakes of Vice, thoſe Princes are
Which 'gainſt *Injuſtice* have proclaimed War,
With no leſs Care to make my Rules to raign,
Than their own Scepters in their hands ſuſtain.
Can no rebellion ſpring, at leaſt, none ſpeed
In their Dominions, neither Factions breed;
Sith gracious Heav'ns vouchſafe them this accord,
For having us'd ſo equally My Sword
(To all degrees, in City, Field and Town)
In Civill War they ſhall not weare their Own.
Their People feeling in their happy Sway,
What Hap, what Reſt, what freedome they injoy,
Deeming them as their gods, and meeting (rife)
Their length of Bliſs by their dear length of Life,
Watch for their Safeties; and can ſuffer nought
'Gainſt them to be miſ-done, miſ-ſaid, miſ-thought;
No more than 'gainſt their Publique 's Proſpering
Whereof they hold their *Juſtice* onely Spring.
For, of all rareſt Vertues that may meet
In a juſt Prince, they onely take the ſweet
Of Mine Effects; and of that *Equall Care*
Of not ſurcharging more than they may bear.
What boots it that their Majeſties be *meek*,
Magnanimous, *frank*, *pious*, *politique*,
And of a ſp'rit ſurpaſſing each Extreme?
Miſſe they but Mee, thee little reck of them:
They love them not, they liſten far and neer
Some welcome newes of their wiſht death to hear:
When, if they uſe My ſacred Exerciſes,
Though they be ſtain'd (perhaps) with other vices,
They hold them perfect; and, in ſpite of Fate,
Even after death, their Names they celebrate;
As living *Reliques*, ſtill preſerv'd above
In *Fames* fair boſom, and their Peoples love.
Witneſs, unto this day that *Norman* Prince,
Brave *Rollo*, ſtill belov'd (though dead long ſince)
Still call'd upon (as for His *juſt* Revenge) (fringe.
When ſome new Wrong doth their old Right in-
Henceforth therefore, O Princes, that deſire
To have your Names to higheſt Fames aſpire,
To leave behinde you Monuments of Worth,
To give your Glories, after death, new Birth;
Endeavour not to dazle proudeſt eyes
With Tow'rs of Marble mounted to the skies;
Neither by War (whoſe Train is plague and dearth)
With fire and bloud to mingle Heav'n and Earth;
To thouſand Perils to expoſe your lives,
Wherby your greatneſs, not your goodneſs, thrives.
Onely, love *Mee*; let *Mee* be reverenc't
Through all your lands, by all your hands defenc't:
Let *Mee* ſit by you on an Awfull Throne,
To daunt the Lewdeſt with my looks alone;
And with my Sword ſtill drawn to prune away
Luxuriant Twigs that break my *juſt* Array:
Let My *Tribunals* be the Poors Refuges;
Let thereon ſit no mercenary Judges:
Let *Innocence* finde there her ſureſt Fort;
And who wants Right, there let him want ſupport:
There let My *Balance* by impawn'd to none;
But, as his Right is, let each have his own:
In brief, with You let Mee be ſet ſo high,
That abſolute as you doe Raigne, may I:
And I ſhall more enrich your laſting Stories, ries,
Than all your golden Tow'rs, your conquering glo-
Your precious Gifts that with full hand you give,
Or ought beſides, whereby your Names can live.
Dicea as yet did her Diſcourſe purſue
(Though milde *Eumenia*, loth to loſe her due,
Loth longer to endure her Vaunts ſo high,
With open mouth was ready to reply;
And ſo her Siſter *Euergeſia* eek,
Some little choler colouring her cheek)

When

When from th' *Empyreall*(right *Imperiall*) Court,
Came a new *Nuntio* with a new Report,
A trustie Truch-man of supernall Pleas,
Their gentle Jars thus gently to appease.
Immortall Beauties of past-humane Soules,
Hee, that both Globes in his own hand-gripe holds,
Does you to weet, that his high pleasure is
(To quench for ever all your Differences)
You All have th' honour to impose the *Name*,
To whom hee means such favour and such Fame,
PANARETUS (for an auspicious Signe
Y'have markt him all with all your Types divine)
That all transform'd into that *reverend* Clark,
Heav'ns hallowed Organ, for this sacred work;
Eusebia, Thou(Whom hee resembles best)
Shalt *Name the Child*, in name of all the rest;
After that Hee hath six times sounded tho
That other *Name* his *Nation* fancies so.
Hy, hy yee then: Time calls you; for the throng,
These Rites expecting, thinks each minute long.
And I, the while, with no lesse speed must spy
Th' Unholsome Den where *Pestilence* doth ly,
And in Heav'ns name, her straitely countermand,
That Shee presume not once to lift her hand,
Nor from her Quiver shoot one Arrow out
At any of the Royall Courtly Rout
Assembled for the sacred *Mysterie*,
During the Pomp of That *Solemnity*.
Here-with the Angell henc't, and bent his flight
Tow'rds Our sad Citie, which then deeply sigh't
Under the furie of that Monster fell.
Hee found her out in a hot-humid Cell,
About to arm her, and to scout abroad, (forbode
Even towards the Place which now the Heav'ns
Foul seam-rent rags(wch som old Robe had bin)
Cas't here and there her yellow-sallow skin,
Where-in hot fiery *Carbuncles* were fixt,
With poys'nie *Rubies*, here and there betwixt:
A quench-lesse Thirst, with a continuall Feaver,
Broil'd in her breast, boil'd in her body ever;
Her very breath was as a deadly stroak:
Her cursed Stance ready with stink to choak:
So close it was, that never Wind could fan,
Save th' unrefin'd autumnall *Affrican*,
Whose noysom air a stuffing fog did pen
With musty Vapours of a moisty Fen.
All round about her, by her side did ly
All sorts of Fruits that soonest putrefie,
Millions of Milions; Pears, Plums(passing numbers)
Most-humour-poys'ning, crudie-cold Cucumbers;
Green Grapes; and that soft *Persian* Fruit(so deer)
Banefull at home, and little better here.
The Angell, wonted to Heav'ns Blisse-full Hall,
Made little stay in this unholesom Stall:
But, loathing soon that thick contagious air,
Hee speedily dispateht his Message there;
And Heav'n-ward quickly from the *Furie* flew,
Whose horror yet so seem'd him to pursue,
That hee had fainted to have been so nigh-her,
Had hee not felt him of th' immortall Quier.
Th' immortall *Sisters*, in one troup the while
(Which from their owners every Vice exile)
Transported swift upon a winged Cloud,
By their Arrivall made the Palace proud.
The pompous Scaffold, for this purpose rear'd,
Seem'd at their sight to tremble(as afear'd):
The stately Towers of th' antique Edifice,
The massie Porch, and Arch, and Frontespice,
Seem'd round about to lighten smiling flames,
As at their Entrance to adore these Dames.
They, shuffling them(unseen) amid the throng
Of those *Good-great*, whom (as they past along)
A soft sweet Murmur, for their Vertues, blest;
Served with Them(each in her office prest)
That goodly *Rising Sun*, whose Rayes, new spred,
So rathe a Spring of flowring Hopes have bred:
And, after both his favour'd *Names* were given,
The humane first, then that they brought fro heav'n,
All, in a ring, about him did appear
(Under the form of som faire Princesse neer,
Or som great Prince then present there in view)
To doe his Name the honours justly due:
Each cheering Him to follow for direction
The Propertie Shee brings to Kings perfection.
Maist thou(said one, as his sweet Eyes shee kist)
Great-little Prince, be of the Heav'ns so blist,
That, though *Augustus* fortunes Thine surpasse,
Thy Fortunes yet may give thy Prudence place:
Maist thou abound in royall Bountie so
(Another said) that *Trajane* thou out-goe:
May(said another: how my Hopes aspire!)
Thy Valour, one-day even excell thy Sire:
May there(said one) one-day appear in thee,
Thy Martiall fathers match-lesse Clemencie:
And, maist thou from thy Child-hood(said another)
Exceed in *Zeal* thy Mother and God-mother.
In brief (*Pandora*-like) each offered there
Their precious Gifts, in Præsage(as it were)
Till with advantage gracious Heav'ns produce
Their *Wished Counsails* into act and use.
Grant, God Almighty, King of kings, that Hee
When on these Thrones his royall Turn shall be,
Hee may have care t' accomplish every-where
What all our Hopes have for him dar'd to swear;
And what his Looks, Words, Maners, Motions, seem
In every part to promise still for Him.
May Hee, his People tender, love, protect;
Delight in *Justice*, yeeld them her Effect:
May hee forbear to over-charge their backs
With novell Tributes, or with needlesse Taxe:
And let them see that of all Titles given
To all the Kings that have been under Heav'n,
Hee holdeth *Good* the best; better then *Glorious*,
Wars-thunderbolt, *Earths-Terror*, *Great*, *Victorious*;
Whose loftie sound makes Princes oft become
Abroad more feared then belov'd at home.
High swells the Ocean, when the Moon's at full,
And with proud Billowes threats both hill & hull;
But sinks againe, and shrinks into his Bed,
When *Cynthia* mues her never-constant Head:
So(swelling proud; so, surly browd the while;
So, temper-lesse; tempted with Fortunes smile)
Ignoble Natures are too lightly pusht;
And with her Frown as basely counterbusht.
Far other be his firm and generous Minde,
Whether his Fate be curst or be shee kinde;
Yea, fawn-shee, frown-shee, (firm indeed to none)
Be Hee still like Himselfe, *The same*, *still one*;

Still bountifull, ſtill milde-majeſticall,
And ſtill vouchſafing free Acceſſe to all:
So that no Bar (a *Barbarous* device)
But due reſpect doth ſever Him from His.
For, be a Prince never ſo mighty *Great*,
If betwixt Him and His a Bar Hee ſet;
At length hee ſets one (which ſcarce ought repairs)
'Twixt their affections and his own affairs.
Leave hee to th' idle Pomp of *Preſter-Jans*,
To miſt-proud *Sophyes*, and ſoft *Aſians*,
That Care, to keeep their tawny Majeſties,
From Subjects ſight (ſave once a year or twice)
And let him daily (like the Sun) goe out
To cleer and cheer the cloudy World about;
To doe the poor oppreſſed Widow right,
To help the Orphan, over-born by might;
To eaſe the juſt ſighs of ſad Labourers:
And alwayes (like that beſt of Emperours)
Think That no Day, nor think it loſt (for nought)
Wherein hee hath not ſom ſuch action wrought;
Or that hee lives not then, or lives in vain;
Or as a Subject, not a Soveraigne.
Conſume not Hee in frivolous Expence,
What gold a juſt Love's gentle violence
Shall for his Succour (in extreme Affair)
Force his poor People from their hands to ſpare
(Nay, frō their mouths, nay rather frō their bellies)
Perhaps drawn-dry with Pump of former Tallies.
But rather, counting it (with ſom Remorſe)
Not Gold, but Bloud; may Hee with greater force
Abhor to laviſh, upon idle Vains,
His Subjects ſoule, and th' humour of their Veins.
That great *King-Prophet* (ſo renown'd for Song)
Once for the water of a Well did long,
Which at the Poſtern of a Citie roſe,
Amid an Hoaſt of his moſt deadly Foes:
Three of his *Worthies* (in deſpight of death)
Brake through their armie, even to underneath
The very wall whereas the Well did ſpring;
Whereof they drew a portion for the King.
Then, off again they bravely come their wayes
(Cover'd with wounds, but more with worthy
And re-arriv'd in their own camp, their prize (praiſe)
Unto their Prince preſent in humble wiſe.
But Hee, bethinking through how many deaths
Thoſe dreadleſſe Champions had then fetcht their
In fetching of that wiſhed Water ſo; (breaths,
For all his thirſt, hee would not drink it tho:
For, what is This (ſaid hee) but the heart-bloud
Of theſe that thus have ventur'd for my good?
So to Gods will, His, willing to accord,
Hee offers it on th' Altar of the Lord.
So, may Our Prince another-day imploy
The publique Treaſure, which with carefull Joy,
His loving Subjects ſhall (as ought the loyall)
Yeeld to ſupport his Port and Charges royall.
May Hee preſent to th' in-ſight of his Thought,
With how much Sweet and Sorrow it is bought:
What Rigor (uſed in his Name perhaps)
Extorts it from oppreſſed Widows laps, (Swains,
From wretched Crafts-men, from hard-wracked
Whom Poverty at her own Meſſe maintains;
And, in Compaſſion ſay (with tender grief)
This is my Subjects bloud, my Peoples Life:
This muſt not then an idle Pompe and Play
(As water ſpilt) be ſpent and caſt away.
Then (doubting leſſe the damage then th' abuſe)
Vow it to God, as to the rightfull Uſe.
And, 'tis to conſecrate, and vow it right
(And in a faſhion pleaſing in Gods ſight)
To poure it out in Royall (right) Expence;
Either in War-works for his Realms defence,
Or for his Honour; to all Times to ſeale
His King-like Bounty, Providence, and Zeale.
Cloſe-fiſted therefore may Hee never be
To the true *Seed* of ſacred *Memorie*;
To thoſe whoſe luſtre doth adorn Renown,
And honours Kings more then their orient Crown:
To ſtately Structures, ſpeaking Eminence,
So as their Uſe match their Magnificence:
To wall high-waies; to heaw down harmfull ridges:
To parallel Eld's Aquæducts and bridges:
Found Hoſpitals, or to endow them founded;
To ſtop Sea-Breaches where they have ſurrounded:
To fence with Peers and Piles of ſundry ſorts
From *Neptunes* furie his importing Ports:
To build fair Shops for th' *Helyconian* Looms,
T' advance their *Arts*, and give chiefe Parts chiefe
And (as with living Nets) by Beneſits, (Rooms;
To catch both *Valiant* Spirits and *Learned* Wits.
Millions of Verſe have ſounded loftily
The Prudence, Proweſſe, Pitie, Pietie,
And ſacred Juſtice of our Soverain Sir,
As divers Gales their divers Sails did ſtir:
But not a Voice, in low or lofty vain,
Hath of his Bounty ever ſung a ſtrain:
Yet yeerly from his *liberall* hand doth come
A million (a more then Royall Sum)
Among thoſe (happy) whom his goodneſſe graces,
Or whom their own in his opinion places,
Which of his Predeceſſors (firſt or laſt)
In Gifts or 'Guerdons theſe fair limits paſt?
Not one of them did ever reach ſo high;
Yet Vulgar bruit (halfe falſe, halfe flattery)
Gives ſom of them the great and glorious Name
Of *Liberall* Princes, of illuſtrious fame.
And ſhall not wee then, bear through th' Univerſe
His worthy Praiſe upon the wings of Verſe?
Shall not wee ſay that his renowned hand,
As worthily (in Peace) with bounties band
Can binde unto him whom hee worthy knowes,
As bravely conquer (in the Field) his Foes?
Be mute that liſt, and muzzle they their ſtile,
On whom his Bounty never daign'd to ſmile
(Were 't throw their own miſ-fate, in having none,
Or having Vertues, not to have them known).
But I, whoſe hap hath been to march with thoſe
Towards whoſe laps his golden River flowes,
My Voice and Verſe ſhall trump-it far and nigh
To modern ears, and to Poſterity.
And (without Flattery) ſay, that all the ſcope
Of Wiſhes waiting on our future Hope,
And all our prayers for a compleat Prince
(As in the reſt of Royall *Ornaments*)
Need of the Heav'ns no greater Hap require,
But that in This, the Son be like the Sire;
And that hee may (obſerving golden mean)
Give like a King that means to give again:

Yet,

Yet, with ſuch fervour to this glorious Part,
That ſtill hee give Ieſſe with his hand then heart.
Vouchſafe th' Eternall Deſtinies-diſpoſer,
Kings ſole Advancer, and Kings ſole Depoſer,
That maugre Tyrants wrath, and Traytors wile
(Whoſe Maſter-peece wee Heer have ſeen yer-while)
Hee may wax old (after his aged Sire)
In Peaceſull Raign, untill his Raign expire:
And never but at Tilt, or Tourney, feel
The combrous burthen of a Caſe of ſteel;
Or, when juſt furie ſhall inflame his ſp'rite
Againſt Uſurpers of His ancient Right.
But, whether law-leſſe Need or Glories love,
Him drive or draw, his Force in Field to prove.
May Hee in Counſail, Courage, and Succeſſe,
Match his great Parents conſtant Happineſſe,
So as there be no need to ſpur Him forth,
With brave remembrance of His matchleſs worth.
But, *Laurell* burnt, crackles in vain; and of-it
Champing the leaf alone, makes not a Prophet,
If that his Tutors have not more to doe,
To hold him from, then to incite him to;
To cool, then kindle, that courageous heat,
Which makes men fear no death, no dangers threat:
But, as once *Theſeus*, ready to be kill'd,
Was known to be the Kings ſon, that ſo will'd;
By his gilt Sword and Signe engrav'n thereon:
Hee ſhall be known to be His Fathers Son,
By the Exploits of His, in ſuch a Rank,
As would have made the two firſt *Ceſars* blank.
Be Hee Benign, ſo as his Indulgences
Breed not Bad-Boldneſſe, Feed not Inſolences;
Like to ſome Winters, over-milde and warm,
Which neither kill the Weed, nor chill the Worm;
But breed the Plague, Pox, Murrain and the reſt,
That rotten humours make, in Man and Beaſt.
Not, but I know it far more honourable
To ſave then ſpill (in Caſes tolerable)
Sith here a World of Duſt-bred Creatures live,
Can reave Mans life, which onely God can give:
But too-oft Pardoning oft too-many draws
T' have need of Pardon, through contempt of Laws
And Magiſtrates; whom the Audacious reak
But Bugs, and Bridles to baſe mindes and weak.
In Mildneſſe then, be Hee ſo moderate
(For his own ſafety and the publique State)
That neither Horror taint his Executions;
Neither his Favours harbour Diſſolutions:
And, too-remiſſe, by His too-oft Reprieves,
Turn Pities Temple to a Den of Theeves.
May he fear God, love, worſhip, ſeek, & ſerve him,
Know, it's Hee ſole doth ſtabliſh and preſerve him:
That Kings, as his Annointed, have Regard:
That but he guard them, little boots their Guard.
May hee beleeve His Word, honour, obey;
Take it for Compaſſe in this Worldly Sea,
Make it the Meaſure of Kings Power, in all;
And counting That of Laws the principall;
Have it ay written in his hearts deep rooms;
But, as a Prince, not as a Prieſt becoms.
Under th' old Law (now abrogate long ſince)
One might be both a *Pontife* and a Prince,
For nothing ſeemed then to hinder them
From matching ſo Mitre and Diadem:
But now their Functions are divided far,
And Monkiſh Kings, now but contemned are:
There Man and Maſter but *Hail-fellow* is; (Prieſts.
And Subjects play the Kings, where Kings play
May Hee be loyall, conſtant in ſincerity;
In ſoule, abhorring lies, and loving verity:
That as his Deeds ſhall (for the moſt) be Miracles,
So may his Words be altogether Oracles.
Th' Almighty grant, that during all His dayes,
All ſparks be quencht which factions wont to raiſe;
For, for the moſt (to double Miſerie)
There be two Kings where two great factions be.
But, if there ſhould (which God forbid) ſucceed
Such Miſchiefs here as here-to-fore there did,
May hee not want ſound Counſails happy Light,
To guide him in his Fathers ſteps aright:
Who reaving th' eldeſt Emperours their Palms,
Suddenly turn'd ſuch Tempeſts into Calms,
By means ſo milde, that it was rather thought
By heav'nly Hap, then humane Wiſdome wrought.
But, were it Wiſdome, were it Happineſſe,
Match Hee our *Wiſhes*, and His *Wiſe ſucceſſe*:
Th' one of Himſelfe, th' other from Heav'nly hand,
That Peace may proſper over all his Land.
I know that Princes being born for th' Arts
Which Counſels, Camps, & dangers ſchool imparts,
The Books moſt needfull and peculiar Theirs,
Are *Politiques*, of State and State-affaires.
But, ſith ſo few yeers doe our *Age* compriſe,
That even the greateſt of the greedy-Wiſe,
Should know but little, if no more they knew
Then from experience of one *Age* they drew:
That hee, at once, may ſee all Accidents
Of all *paſt Ages*, with his own 's Events;
May Hee propoſe and ſet before his eyes
The goodly Tables of all Hiſtories;
And there contempling all the true Records
Of other Monarchs, mighty States, and Lords,
Obſerve their acts, their Counſells, their Diſcourſe,
All (notable, or rare) in all their Courſe;
Both what to follow there, and what to ſhun,
And whether Fame or Shame their lives have won:
May Hee there glaſſe himſelfe, and mark it brim,
Whether the ſame ſhall not be ſaid of Him.
For here, Our *Verſes* ſmoothly ſing and ſmile:
But *Hiſtory* will *hiſſe*, in other ſtile:
And Kings that here have been compar'd to Gods,
Entomed once, though under golden Clods,
If in their lives they have deſerv'd it, firſt;
Shall have their Names torn, & their Fames accurſt.
What may I add unto Theſe Wiſhes *more?*
No more but this; that All here wiſht before,
And All preſaged of the DOLPHIN *here,*
Concur in CHARLES: *that all his Parts appear*
A living Picture of all Parts of Worth
Of all thoſe Worthies *Whence Hee takes his Birth:*
That gracious Heav'ns (which promiſe even as much)
In all theſe Vertues daign to make Him ſuch,
That really hee give royall Aſſent
To all the Acts *of Vertues* PARLIAMENT:
That in his Tern, the Ages after Us,
May finde, and know him for PANARETUS:
And, ſith That Name *muſt needs Immortall be,*
That no prophane hand blurr His Hiſtory:

But some sweet Daniel, *or some sacred* Hall,
Or civill Hayward, *(milde-majestike all)*
With purest faith, in a peculiar stile,
A glorious Worke *of his great* Works *compile:*
Or, if that any of more worthy Skill-is,
Be hee the HOMER *to This new* ACHILLES,
GREAT BRITANS *great hope of great hap to-come;*
Phœnix arising from a Phœnix dust:
In whom the heavens (as mercifull as just)
Restore our great losse in great HENRY's *Tombe.*
Long, long and Happy (in thy Brother's *roome)*
Succeed Thou CHARLES, *ever as Good as Great:*
Deriving, old, to thy old Fathers Seat,
Wise, Great, Good STUARTS, *till the Day of Doom.*
Which while I pray, sweet Prince vouchsafe a space
To read and rue Your humble Bead-mans *Case.*

FINIS.

HEre (like LEANDER in the *Helleſpont*)
Toſt in a Tempeſt in the darkeſt Night.
Diſtract with fears, divorced from the ſight
Of my *High Pharus* which to guide mee wont:
Spying *Bôotes* in your HIGHNESSE Front,
For life I labour towards your hopefull Light
(May never Care beclowd that Beam ſo bright,
Come never Point of leaſt *Eclipſe* upon't)
Yet, though (alas!) your gracious Rayes have ſhow'n
My wracked limbes a likely way to land:
Unleſſe (by Others Help, or by your Own)
The tender Pity of your Princely hand
Quick hale mee out, I periſh inſtantly,
Hal'd in againe by *Six* that hang on *Mee*.

SIxe-times already, ready even to faint,
With grievous Waight of guiltleſſe Want oppreſt,
BARTAS and I have bow'd and vow'd our beſt
Before the *Altar* of our *Soveraign Saint*:
And yet, the Eare that heareth every Plaint
The Heart that pities every poore Diſtreſt;
Alone (alas!) ſeems deafe to my Requeſt;
And onely, is not mov'd with my Complaint.
Yet muſt I needs (NEED ſtill importunes ſo)
Importune ſtill, till ſome mild Soule relent:
But (under Heav'n no Help, no Hope, I know,
Save You alone my Ruine to prevent:
You onely may, *Now* onely, if at all:
Paſt Help, paſt Hope, If *Now* You faile, I fall.

Your Highneſſe's
moſt humbly-devoted,
and obſervant Servant,
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE SECOND SESSION OF THE PARLIAMENT OF VERTUES ROYALL:

(Continued by Prorogation)

FOR

BETTER PROPAGATION

of all true Pietie,

AND

Utter Extirpation

of

{ATHEISME, & HYPOCRISIE;
AVARICE, & CRUELTIE;
PRIDE, & LUXURIE.}

(From the Originall)

Transcribed,

AND

Inscribed

To the High-Hopefull

CHARLES,

Prince of Great Britaine,

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

A

DIVINE AND TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY;

IOB TRIUMPHANT

IN

HIS TRIALL:

OR

THE HISTORIE

OF

HIS HEROICALL

Patience,

IN

A measured

METAPHRASE.

A

DIVINE AND TRAGICOMEDY;

IOB

TRIUMPHANT

AS

HIS TRIAL

OR

THE HISTORIE

OF

JOB.

Plainely,

IN

A Poeticall

METAPHRASE

*
To
ARTHUR'S
CASTLE
(call'd by
ART'S CHAST LURE)
****

*
My
Hope
Heere
Haſtneth,
For My
HEARTS LAST CURE.
** ********

Sir, You have ſeen, In my PANARETUS,
A SVVEET IDEA Of——Our hopes in You:
A REAL ACT of *that*—Ideal VIEVVE,
In My St. LEVVIS Roy—All-Vertuous.

Here (more HEROIK, and more HOLY-True)
I bring Your Highneſs
Yet a Higher Peece
(*Paſt all the Patterns*
of old Rome & Greece)
Faith's PATIENT Champion, in His Triumph due.
Farre be His Croſſes
From my Prince, *I pray:*
Neer be His Courſes
(*As the moſt complete*
In ſacred GRACES that beſeem The GREAT)
Tow'rds God & Man; in cleer or cloudy Day;
So much more needfull
In This Sin-full Age,
By how much Satan
(*neer his end*) *doth rage:*
With Whom and His, the better Aye to wraſtle,
Great *Michael* gard & ſtrengthen ARTHUR'S CASTLE;

Praies

Proſtrate

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

To the Right Reverend & Honorable FATHER
GEORGE ABBOT,
Lord ARCH-Biſhop
OF CANTERBURY.

* *

IN Grate-full HONOR
Of your MANY *Giftes*
Of GRACE & NATURE
(Apted to your Place)
Thi- DORIKE *Pillar*
My DEVOTION *liftes;*
To ſhew Here——— After
What Wee owe your Grace ;
Both , for your Prudence,
And your Pious Zeale;
Learning *And* Labour
In your Double Charge ;
Swaying the CHURCH,
Staying the Common-Weale ;
Moſt STUDIOUS *Ever*
EITHER to Enlarge:
And Laſt (not leaſt) of all,
For CONSTANT *ſtanding*
On Right's *weak Side ,*
Againſt the Tide of Wrong ;
When PHILISTINES,
And Daliladies *banding ,*
With Armes or Charmes
Would binde or blinde the Strong :
InHonour of theſe Honours,this I bring
To Reverend ABBOT, & his Second;KING.
VESTER—SYL—VESTER
Deditiſſimus.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, the Lord ELESMORE, *L. High Chancelour of England,*

*THOMAS EGERTONUS: (*Anagramma*)

*NESTOR THEOMAGUS.

GRave; *GOD-WISE NESTOR; *Never did a Name*
(Save A JUST MASTER) better ſpeak a man
(As Court and Councell, with Mee, witneſſe can)
Then doth Your Owne, in this Your Anagram.
Should I a Volume *of Your* Vertues *frame,*
Broad as my Breſt, and Thicker then my Span;
Could I ſay More, more True, more Duely, than
The Character *concluded in* This ſame?
For, *Pious-Prudence *cannot but be* Juſt:
And Juſtice *cannot but be* Temperate:
And Temperance *from* Courage *iſſue muſt,*
So that Your Name *doth your whole* Life *relate,*
So NESTOR-*like, for grace-full,* *Godly Sage,*
That Nothing wants, but (what wee wiſh) His Age.

Ex Animo exoptat

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, VVILLIAM HARBERT, *Earle of Pembroke,* Lord Chamberlaine &c.

PATIENCE prevailes (*when* Paſsions *are undon*)
This doth This Volume *truely intimate:*
So doth Your Vertue, *firm, and fortunate,*
Now cheer'd *with Radiance of our* Royall Sun.
O! long and Happy may Hee ſhine *upon*
So Noble *a Plant (no* Such *to propagate)*
So Grace-*full,* Uſe-*full, both in* Court *and* State;
Help-*full to All,* Hurt-*full at-all to None.*
Among Thoſe Many *whom your* Worth *hath won*
(Of either Sexe, of every Age, and State)
With glad *Applauſes to congratulate*
The worthie Honour *of your* Charge *begun*
(Though not, perhaps, ſo long and lowd, as Many)
Accept My AVE, *as Devout as* Any.

Your Lordſhips moſt obliged

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Sir EDWARD COKE, Knight; *Lord Chiefe Justice of England, and one of his Majesties most Honourable* Privie Councell.

*EDWARDUS COCUS:

(*Anagramma*)

*SUCCEDO, ARDUUS.

*HArdy *and* Happy *may You long* Succeed,
In all the Courses of your Christian Zeale,
To scourge Abuse, and purge the Publike-Weale,
Of vicious Humours, with auspicious Speed.
Hardy *and* Happy *Never more did need,*
To meet with Malice, and with Might to deale;
And fist the Drift the Serpent would conceale.
How happy Heav'n You for these times decreed!
Hardy *and* Happy *may You still proceed,*
Untill you finde, confound, and suffocate,
The Viperous Vermin that destroy the State.
Hardy *and* Happy *be Your Mirae and Meed*
With GOD and Men: applauded and approv'd
Of Prince and People; of All Good, belov'd.

Ex Animo Exoptat

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lords *Spirituall and Temporall*;

The Knights and Burgesses of the Lower-*House*;

And to all generous and ingenious Readers.

YOur prest *Assistance*, and *Assistance* past,
Vouchsafed here, when you were *summon'd* last,
Binde and imbold mee once more to present
My humble *Briefs*, in form of PARLIAMENT;
Hoping no lesse *Consent* of Your good-wills
In *Passing* These, then of Our former *Bils*;
So-much more *Need*-full in this *Weed*-full Time,
By How-much *Vice* doth over *Vertue* clime.

An *Act against* Atheisme *and* Irreligion.
An *Act of pious and humble* PATIENCE.
An *Act conformable to the former.*
An *Act confirming both.*
An *Act of humane* Frailty, *to teach the Best*, Humility.
An *Act of the* Weaker Vessell.
An *Act of* Imitation, *with better Application.*
An *Act (of many Branches) concerning the* Justice *of* GOD *in his* Judgements.
An *Act of* exhortation *to* Repentance *and* Humiliation.
An *Act against* Presumption *of our selves.*
An *Act touching* GOD's Omnipotence, Omniscience, Al-regency, Al-sufficiency.
An *Act against* rash *and erroneous* Censures.
An *Act against* Partiality *in Judgement*, false Witnesse, Suborned *Evidence.*
An *Act, intimating the* Comfort *and* Confidence *of a good* Conscience.
An *Act averring the* shortnes of Life, *and uncertaine Certainty of* Death.
An *Act against* Saducees *and* Epicures.
An *Act against* Puritanisme.
An *Act intimating the effects of an* evill Conscience.
An *Act against the* Security *and* Insolence *of fat and easefull* Epicures *and* Oppressors.
An *Act against* Hypocrites.
An *Act against* Bribery, Brokery, Usury.
An *Act against uncivill* Indiscretion *in visiting of Friends, Especially against* Aggravation of Griefs.
An *Act for our* Imitation.
An *Act against* Flattery.
An *Act of* Terror *to the* Wicked *in their sudden and fearfull* Fall, *Anno* 1615.
An *Act against* Ambition, *conformable to the former.*
An *Act against* Unkindnesse of *Kinsmen, Neighbours, Friends, Servants, Wives, &c.*
An *Act of lively* FAITH, *against all* Saducees, Epicures, Atheists.
An *Act of* Animadversion, *that wee stumble not at the* Prosperity *of the* Wicked.
An *Act for the* Last Assise, *and finall* Sentence *&* Execution *of the Ungodly.*
An *Act against* Merit *of* Works.
An *Act against* Works *of Supererogation.*
An *Act against the Children of* Darknes; Murderers, Adulterers, Burglers, &c.
An *Act against all* greedy Wringers, Wrongers, Usurers *and* Oppressors.
An *Act of* Meditation *on the manifold* Manifest Works of GOD, *mighty and marvelous.*
An *Act of* Invincible Faith *and* PATIENCE.
An *Act against* Tyrants, Extortioners, Rackers, *and All Unrighteous and Unrelenting Rich.*
An *Act, limiting Mans* Wit *and* Industry from *the illimitable* Wisdom, *and inimitable* Works of God.
An *Act against loose and* idle Education *of Youth.*
An *Act against* Wandring *and* Wanton Eyes.
An *Act against* Pride *and* Vanity *of all kindes.*
An *Act against* Cousenage, Concupiscence, Cruelty, Briberie.
An *Act against* Adulterie.
An *Act against impious and* imperious *Masters and Mistresses.*
An *Act against* dilatory *Almners, and solitary* Nabals.
An *Act against the* Uncharitie *of our Dayes, suffering so many Poor to dye without Doores.*
An *Act against all* Injury, Inhumanity, &c.
An *Act against* Avarice *and* Infidelity: Superstition *and* Idolatry, Sacriledge *and* Surquidry.

An *Act against* insulting *over Misfaria.*
An *Act against all manner of* Extortion *and* Cruelty.
An *Act touching the* right use *and happy* issue *of* Afflictions.
An *Act of the proneness of* Mercy *toward the* Penitent.
An *Act against* empty *and* idle FAITH.
An *Act (by implication) against the* Popes *depriving and depraving of* Princes.
An *Act containing a* Divine Lecture *of* Naturall Philosophy, *to the last Chapter: which is the* Last Act *of This Holy* PARLIAMENT.

WHose severall *Acts*, of sweet & soverain *Use*
To cherish *Vertue*, and to check *Abuse*
(Too rough transcribed, by too rude a hand,
For so high *Statutes* of the HOLY-LAND)
Are here presented, as fit *Precedents*
Of sacred Rules for your High *Parliaments*;
By (th' once least Moat in th' Upper-Houses Sun)

Your Under-Clarke,

Unworthily Undon

(By over trusting to a starting *Bow-Yer*-while too strong, to my poor Wrong and Woe)

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

IOB TRIUMPHANT IN HIS TRIALL.

The Proem.

A Solid Rocke, farre ſeated in the Sea
(Where many Veſſels have been caſt away)
Though blackeſt Storms of bluſt'ring Winds do threat,
Though boyſterous Rage of roaring Billowes beat;
Though it be rak't with Lightning and with Thunder;
Though All, at once aſſault, and Each aſunder;
With maſsie Bulk of it Selfs Marble Tower,
Still, ſtill repels th' inevitable Stower;
And ſeems ſtill firmer, and more permanent,
The more the Tempeſt hath been violent:
Right ſo the Faithfull; in whoſe humble Breſt
Religious feare of GOD is deep impreſt:
What-ever Stroak of Fortune threat his State,
What-ever Danger him diſcommodate,
What-ever Miſchiefe that beside him ſhall,
What-ever Loſſe, what-ever Croſſe befall:
Inflexible, invincible purſues
The ſacred Footing Hee did ever uſe:
And ay more conſtant and conform'd is Hee,
The more extreme his ſad Afflictions be.
If any Spirit inſpir'd with holy-mood,
Carefully-Curious of the publike Good,
Would lively limne th' immortall Excellence
Of ſuch a Patterne of ſuch PATIENCE,
As neither Elements diſplaced quite,
Nor envious Starres, nor angry Foes deſpight,
Nor all the Fiends inſatiate furie fell
(By fraud or force) could ever quail or quell:
'Twere labour loſt, to fable (Homer-like)
The ſtrange long Voyage of a wily Greek;
The Paines, the Perills, and extreme diſeaſe
That hee endured both by Land and Seas;
Sith ſacred Truth's Heav'n-prompted Books preſent
In Conſtant JOB a worthier Argument.
Thou then, Urania, to whom right belongs
The ſacred Conſort of Celeſtiall Songs,
Tune Thou my Voice, Thou teach mee to record
Who did incite, what did invite the Lord,
With Miſeries ſo rewfull and ſo rife,
So to diſturbe his quiet happy life;
What hainous Sin, what horrid high Offence,
Th' Almighties vengeance moughte ſo deep incenſe:
Or elſe what Cauſe, what Object elſe might ſtir-it.
Boiles there ſuch wrath in an impaſsive Spirit?

BUt, O Preſumption! Why have I begun
(Alas! no Prophet, neither Prophet's Sonne?
No Prieſt, no Levite; nay, no Iſraelite
(Such as Nathaniell) but a Cananite
Full of corruption, foule of hand and heart)
To touch the ARK? to under-take This Part?
Ah! pardon Lord; O! purifie mee all
From all profaneneſſe; from ſin's bitter Gall:
And as yer-while it pleas'd thee to infuſe
In mine un-ſchooled and unskilfull Muſe
(By vertue of Thine All-ſufficing Grace)
Immediate pow'r du-BARTAS Track to trace:
So as how-ever weak, and Art-leſſe, I)
That Worke findes Welcome with the graveſt Eye:
Now more good Lord, my Wits and Words refine,
To treat divinely Matters ſo Divine:
O! ſacred Spirit, now ſanctifie my Stile;
Let not my ſenſuall, thy pure Senſe defile:
But tune mee right, to Eccho, as belongs. (Songs.
Thy HUSSIAN's Sighs, and then thy JESSEAN's
And to that end, vouchſafe mee (at thy pleaſure)
Leſſe Need-full Life, in a leſſe Care-full leaſure.

CHAP. I.

NEare where Idumē's dry and ſandy Soil (while,
Spreads Palmfull Forreſts, dwelt a man yer-
Of Life unblotted, and unſpotted Fame;
God-fearing, Juſt, Sin-flying JOB by Name.
With due reſpect to Heav'ns and Nature's Law
In Wedlocks ſweet Yoke did hee ſeemly draw:

Whence, by that Bounty, whose all blessings be,
Seaven Sons hee had, and lovely Daughters Three.
Great was his Substance: for, of fleecy Sheep
Upon the Downs seven Thousand did hee keep;
Five hundred yoke of Oxen did hee owe;
Five hundred Ass-shees, Camels six times so:
Great Train within doores, & great Train without,
Made him esteem'd through all the East about.
His Sons, by turns, their Sisters did invite
And feast each other, in a daily Rite:
JOB blest them every Even; and every Morn
When first *Aurora*'s rosie beames return,
The good Old-man, to GOD in humble-wise,
For each of them did offer sacrifice:
Lest they might have *mis-don, mis-said, mis-thought,*
Or (in their Feast) offended GOD by ought.
While hapy JOB thus brought the year about,
It came to pass one day when all the Rout
Of Light-full *Angels* did themselves present
Before the foot-stoole of th' *Omnipotent*,
There also came the Executioner,
Th' ambitious Prince, Malicious *Lucifer*:
With whom the Lord expostulating, thus
Said; *Sathan*, say, Whence comest thou to Us?
I come, said Hee, from walking in and out,
And compassing the Earthly Ball about.
Hast thou not then survei'd my Servant JOB
(Reply'd the Lord) whose like in all the Globe
There is not found; so full of loving-feare,
So faithfull, fruitfull, rightfull, and sincere?
Is it for nothing, said the subtle Foe,
That JOB adores, and loves and fears Thee so?
Hast thou not hedg'd him safe on every side?
Hast thou not heapt him blessings far and wide?
But, for a while with-hold thy Favour's stream,
With-draw thy hand, & hide thy bounteous beam,
Then shalt thou see (or double my disgrace)
Hee will anon blaspheme thee to thy Face.
Lo, said th' *Eternall*, from this instant how'r
All that hee hath is in thy hand and pow'r;
All, but Himselfe, Himselfe I sole exempt.
Satan eft soons assumes his bold Attempt.
As all his Children were together met,
Their elder Brothers hearty Cheer to eat,
Came one to JOB running, and breathlesse nigh,
Scarce could hee speake, yet weakly thus did cry,
'Ah! woe is mee to be the Messenger
Of so sad news as now I bring you, Sir,
As all your Oxen under painfull yoke,
Their pointed Journeys in your Fallowes broke;
And as your Asses in the Meads did feed,
Sabèan Theeves came forth with furious speed
And tooke them all, and all your Servants slew,
I onely scap't, to come and tell it you.
While Hee yet spake, there came Another in,
Hared and hot, and thus did Hee begin:
Sir, From the heav'n's a sudden Fire did fall
Among your Sheep, and hath consum'd them all,
And slaine your Servants yet they could eschew;
I onely scap't to come and tell it you.
While Hee yet spake, Another came, amaz'd
And sadly said; Sir, while your Camels graz'd
In your owne Pastures up and down the lands,
The proud *Chaldèans* in three armed Bands,
Surpriz'd them all, and all your Servants slew;
I onely scap't to come and tell it you.
While Hee yet spake, Another came and cry'd
In piteous Fright (as if himselfe beside)
O, Sir! your Sons and Daughters (all the rest)
Were met to day at my young Masters Feast,
Where, from beyond the Wilderneese anon
A sudden Whirle-wind rose and rusht upon
The corners of the house, and shooke it so
That instantly it fell from Top to Toe,
And with the fall them altogether slew;
I onely scap't to come and tell it you.
Then starting up, JOB 'gan his clothes to rent,
Shaves his hoare haire, his head with Ashes sprent;
As in a swoune falls to the ground with grones,
And sadly sighing, Thus himselfe bemones:
Ah! Naked came I from my Mothers wombe,
Naked shall I returne unto my Tombe:
The Lord hath taken what himselfe hath giv'n:
Blessed be God, th' Almighty Lord of heav'n.
Yet did not JOB, for all that him mis-fell,
Murmur at God, nor inly sink or swell;
Nor sin against th' eternall Providence,
But suffred all with humble *Patience*.

CHAP. 2.

ANother day, when all the sacred Bands
Came all attending their high Kings com-
Came also Hee, whose Envie (since He fell (mands,
From heav'n) hath striv'n to hale down man to hell;
With whom the Lord expostulateth thus:
Now *Satan*, say, Whence comest Thou to Us?
I come said hee from walking in and out,
And compassing the Earthly Ball about.
Then, hast thou found, replyes th' *Omnipotent*,
In all thy circuit, man more confident,
Or minde more constant, or more faithfull Soule,
Then JOB my servant: whom thine Envie foule,
Late urg'd my Leave by sharp assaults to try?
How hast thou sped? what hast thou got thereby?
Alas, said hee, I reft him but the things
That fly from men with transitory wings;
And therefore hee regards his losse the lesse:
But would thy pow'r him som-what neerer presse,
Would'st thou permit mee touch him to the quick,
I yeeld mee conquer'd if hee doe not kick;
If more hee serve, trust, pray, or praise thy Grace,
If hee, in fine, blaspheme not to thy Face.
Pinch but his body, and then *skin for skin*,
Hee'l winch without, and sudden flinch within.
Go Fiend, said God; sith th' art so obstinate,
Fall on my JOB, him felly crutiate:
Touch not his Soule; his Body onely touch.
Hence *Satan* hyes, glad that hee might so much.
Without delay then, with the most despight,
Hee sets on JOB; and in most piteous Plight,
With ulcerous anguish fils his body so
That crusted all in Scabs from top to toe,
Amid the Ashes, sad and desolate:
Scraping his Sores with shels (or sherds) hee sate;
Yet constant still, still calmely *Patient*,
Without a word of grudging Discontent.
Then said his Wife, What helps Integrity?
What boots it, Man? Alas! curse God and dye.

Goe,

Goe, fooliſh Woman, the good man reply'd,
Thy rebell heart doth thy raſh tongue miſ-guide:
Shall wee, from God, of Good receive our Fill;
And, at his pleaſure not partake of Ill?
So JOB as yet, for all that him miſ-fell,
Diſpleas'd not God, but bore it wondrous well.
By this, the light-foot, feather-tongued Dame
Had far and wide ſpred and diſperſt the fame
Of JOB's Miſ-fortunes (from the firſt begun)
That Hee was halfe dead, and was whole undone.
His Friends then, *Eliphas* the *Themanite*,
Bildad the *Shuite*, the *Naamathite*
Zophar (as others) hearing this report,
As ſoon as might be towards him reſort;
Reſolv'd with Comforts, to relieve in part
Their Friends Affliction, and aſſwage his ſmart.
But, there arrived, at the very ſight
Of his ſo wofull and ſo wretched Plight,
They all amaz'd, their Garments ſadly tore,
Their heads with aſhes all beſprinkled o'r;
And for ſeav'n daies and nights in ſorrows drown'd,
Lay grieving, by him, groveling on the ground,
Without word ſpeaking, leſt untimely trouble
Amid his anguiſh ſhould his Dolours double.

CHAP. 3.

JOB therefore ſtraining his obſtructed voice,
Began Thus, ſadly with a ſhivering noiſe:
O! Woe be to the Day when I was born:
O! be it ever of the Light forlorn:
O! may it ever under Darkneſſe lye,
And never Sun vouchſafe it cheerfull eye;
Nor God regard it: let a deadly Shade
O'r-cloud it ay, as ever Diſmall made.
O! woe be alſo to the Night Wherein
May Mother my Conception did begin:
Lightning and Thunder thrill it evermore,
Whirle-wind and Tempeſt may it ever roare:
Of Fogs, of Froſts, of Show'rs, of Snows, of Hail,
Of Miſts, of Mil-dews may it never fail:
May it no more in *Calender* be plac't;
But, from the Roll of Months and Years be rac't:
May th' Evening Stars be dark: No light returning:
May it no more ſee th' Eye-lids of the Morning,
Becauſe it clos'd not, at my wretched Birth,
The fruitfull Dore that brought me weeping forth,
But let me paſſe unto this wofull Light,
To undergoe ſo miſerable Plight.
O! Why, when ſhapeleſſe in my Mothers Womb
I lay as dead, Why did not Death ſtrike home?
Why not (alas!) amid the bearing Throes,
When I began to feel Mans feeble woes?
Why did the knees ſupport mee? Why the breaſt
Supply mee ſuck? why was I ſwath'd and dreſt?
Sith elſe (alas!) I had now lien at eaſe,
Had been at reſt, had ſlept in quietneſſe,
Among the high and mighty Potentates,
Kings, Counſellors, great Lords, and Magiſtrates,
Who in the World to leave their Names renown,
Have built them bowers wch others ſhall pul-down:
And thoſe rich Princes that have heapt of-old
Their houſes full of Silver and of Gold.
Or, Why (alas! as an abortive Birth),
Was I not hid and buried in the Earth?
There, Tyrants ceaſe from their imperious Pride:
There, Vertuous Workers at their reſt abide:
There, Pris'ners reſt from their Oppreſſors Braul:
There, Slaves are free from their fell Maſters Thrall:
There, High and Low (without Diſdain, or Dread)
Reſt all together in one Common bed.
O! wiſhed Death (more to be wiſht then Life)
Thou break'ſt the Force of Envies Ingines rife:
Thou cutteſt-off our travails tediouſneſſe:
Thou kilſt our cares, Thou calm'ſt our moſt diſtreſs.
O! to the wretched why is Light imparted?
Why Life (alas') unto the heavie-hearted?
(Who longs for Death: and if it linger long,
Would fainer ſeek it then even Gold (among)
And gladder finde it (as of Joyes the Chiefe)
Within their grave to burie all their Griefe)
Eſpecially, to Him whoſe Way is hid:
Whom God hath ſhut-up, ſtopt and ſtreightened?
Sith, yer I eate, My Sighs reſell my Food,
My Roarings guſh out like a raging Flood.
For (though my Plenty never made mee proud;
My Power imperious; nor to pleaſure bow'd:)
What moſt I doubted I endure, (alas!)
And what I feared is even come to paſſe.
For Care and Feare, I had no reſt before;
Yet Trouble's come and trebbles more and more.

CHAP. 4.

JOB ceaſing ſo; began the *Themanite*.
Inly perplext, an Anſwer thus to dight:
If wee preſume to comfort thee, dear Friend,
Will our Diſcourſe (I feare it will) offend?
Will thy Diſeaſe our kinde Good-wills diſdain?
But in this Caſe (alas!) Who can refrain?
Who ſo hard-hearted, ſo uncivill-bred,
That can unmoved ſee thee thus beſted?
To ſee and heare Thee in this deep Diſtreſſe,
Who can keep ſilence? Who can hold his peace?
Why! Thou wert wont, in thy Proſperities,
To ſtay weak hands, and ſtrengthen feeble knees;
To counſell thoſe that in their Courſe had ſtray'd,
To comfort thoſe whom Croſſes overlay'd:
Now that Miſ-hap on thine own head hath hit,
Now that the Storm hath thine own veſſell ſmit,
Now that the Caſe is thine, how art thou ſunk
From thine own Succour! from thy ſelf how ſhrunk!
Where is, alas! where is Thy confidence,
Thy Conſtancy, thy Hope, thy *Patience*,
Thy Pietie, thy Faith, thy Fear of God,
And th' upright Path which thou haſt ever trod?
O! ponder this: who ever Innocent
Hath periſhed? Hath the Omnipotent
Eternall Juſtice ever plagu'd the Juſt;
Deſtroy'd the Righteous who him onely truſt:
As I have ſeen Thoſe that have plough'd and ſow'n
Iniquity, reap ſuddenly their own;
When with the blaſt of God they blaſted fall,
And with his breath are quick conſumed all?
God, in his Fury ſtarveth in diſtreſſe
The roaring Lion and the Lioneſſe;
Their rav'ning Whelps are ſcattered far away,
Their Teeth are broken, and they pine for Prey.
I'll tell thee more: Once in a certain night,
Silent, I heard a Voyce, and ſaw a Sight.

(About

(About the time when Sleep begins to seaze
Our drowzie Lids, our daily Loads to ease)
Amaz'd with feare my hair began to heave,
My heart to tremble, every part to leave
His proper Part; when to mine eyes a-space
Appear'd the Image of an unknown Face:
One stood before mee, whence (yet more dismaid)
I heard a *Voice*, and thus (mee thought) it said:
Shall Man be juster then his God (said Hee)?
The Creature purer then his Maker be,
Behold, hee found not in his Angels bright
Firm Fealty, but Folly in his sight;
How much more, then, in Those whose habitation
Is but of Clay, but Dust their best foundation?
Whose brittle Vessels here so little last,
That yer they know them they are often past:
Whose fickle Garment (how-so-ever loath)
Shall be destroy'd and done, before the Moath:
Whose doubtfull Dayes, yer they begin, be gone;
Cut down by death, when least they think thereon:
Whose Dignities (how-ever grac't, or great)
Shall die with them, and them the Worms shall eat.

CHAP. 5.

NOw call thou loud, if any will reply: (eye?
Among the Saints where wilt thou turn thine
Two sorts of Fooles (th' Idiot and Envious) die;
Of anger th' one, th' other of Jealousie.
I have beheld the Fool fair rooted yerst:
Yet have I soon his Habitation curst;
Because his Children succour-lesse shall suffer
By *Justice*-Doom, and none shall Pitie offer:
Himselfe withall confounded void of Hope,
To gather-in his long expected Crop, (snatch;
Which th' hunger-starved from the Thorns shall
The Thirstie shall his substance all dispatch;
A Misery, which God doth oft permit:
For, th' Earth it selfe is not the Cause of it;
Sith, were not Sin it should not barren be,
But, Man, for Sin, must toile him servily,
In Sweatfull Labour, born for labour 's end
As properly as Sparkles to ascend.
But were My Case, as Thine; in this Distresse,
Rather to God would I my selfe addresse:
Him would I seek, of Him would I enquire,
Whose works are great, whose wonders all admire;
Unspiable, Unspeakable by Man;
Immutable, Inscrutable to scan:
Who on the Earth the rain at pleasure pow'rs,
And in the Streets distils the liquid Show'rs:
Who lifts the lowly up, brings down the lofty;
And rears sad Mourners unto Health and Safety:
Who dissipates the craftiest Policies;
And dis-appoints the Counsels of the wise:
Who takes the wariest in their proper wiles;
And wicked ones in their own guile beguiles;
So that they meet with darknesse in the day,
And, as at Midnight, grope at Noon their way:
But, Hee preserves the poor, from sword & tongue,
And cruell hands of Tyrants, prone to wrong:
So that the Poor shall have their blessed Hope;
But wicked ones their cursed mouths shall stop.
Lo, then, how happy hee whom God correcteth!
Repine not therefore that hee Thee afflicteth.
Hee wounds, and heals; hee strikes and hee restores:
Hee sendeth Plagues, and Plaisters for the Sores:
Hee in six troubles shall deliver thee;
And in the seaventh, thou shalt be danger-free.
Hee will preserve thee from fell Famines rage;
And from the Sword of War thee dis-ingage:
Thou shalt be safe from scourging tongs of momes,
Nor shalt thou fear Destruction when it comes:
Nay, thou shalt laugh at it, and Dearth deride;
Not dreading Beasts of fellest Pawes and Pride.
Stones, rhorns, and thistles shal be friends with thee:
With thee the Beasts in constant league shall be.
And, as without, thou shalt have Peace within
Thy house; thou shalt behold it, and not sin.
Thou shalt perceive thy Seeds seeds seed to spread
As Grass in Fields, and Flowers in every Mead.
In a full Age to thine owne Grave shalt thou,
As, in due Time, Corne to the Barn or Mow.
Lo, this is Truth; and thus wee daily try-it:
Consider it, and to thy Selfe apply-it.

CHAP. 6.

JOB then reply'd: O! were my Sorrows waigh'd,
And with my Suffrings in just Balance lai'd,
They would exceed the Seas wet Sands in poize:
Therefore (alas!) they swallow up my voice:
For th' Arrows of th' Almighty, keen and quick,
Have thrilled mee, and still within mee stick;
Their Anguish makes my spirits faint and quail me.
Alas! the Terrors of the LORD assail mee.
Braies the wilde Asse if hee have grass his fill?
Or lowes the Oxe if hee have fodder still?
Unsavory things who without Salt can eat?
In whites of Eggs is there a taste of meat?
Yet am I fain, alas! and forc't (indeed)
Of what my soule abhorred most to feed.
O! that the LORD would daign mee my desire,
Grant mee my Longing, grant what I require:
Which is but This; that Hee would end my dayes,
Let goe his hand, and let mee goe my wayes.
So should I yet have Comfort (though I burn
In bitter pangs of Death, I will not spurn,
Let him not spare mee) for yet doe not I
The holy Word of th' *Holy-One* denie.
But O! What Power have I to persist?
What may ensue, if I shall long subsist?
Am I as hard, as tough, as strong (alas!)
As strongest Stones? or is my flesh of Brass?
Nay, am I not already Impotent,
My spirits consumed, and my strength all spent?
In crosses, comforts should friends most afford:
But men (alas!) have left to fear the LORD.
My Brethren have deceiv'd mee as a Brook.
As rising Flouds, they have mee soon forsook;
Which, foule and deep, in Winter all ore-flow,
Or, crusted thick with yce, no moisture show;
Or else, in Summer, by *Sols* thirsty ray
Are licked-up, and quickly dry'd away,
While Travellers to *Thema*, and *Saba* thought
To water there, and for their supper sought;
But failing quite, and frustrate of the same,
They are confounded, and they blush for shame:
Even such are you, you see mee ill appay'd
In dismall plight, and you are all dismai'd:
Why are you so? when have I bid you bring,
Or out of yours, supply mee any thing?
Or crav'd of you auxiliarie bands
To rescue mee from foes, or tyrants hands?

Shew

Shew mee mine Errour, where I have gone wrong:
Tell mee my Fault, and I will hold my tongue.
But, bold and free's the ſpeech of Innocence:
Which of you can reprove; and what Offence?
Think you advantage of my words to have,
As if Affliction made mee wildely rave?
Then on the Orphan doth your furie fall;
You dig a Pit to catch your Friend withall.
Therefore, vouchſafe mee better to reviſe;
Wrong mee no more: My words be neither lyes,
Neither my deeds (as you ſhall finde, I truſt,
If you returne) in that behalfe unjuſt.
Complain I cauſeleſs? Doe I counterfait?
Is not my mouth with anguiſh all repleat?

CHAP. 7

HAth not Man's warfare his ſet limits here,
As hath the Hireling (by the day, or year)?
As toyled ſervants for the Night attend;
And weary Taskers for their Labours end;
So have I looked, but (alas!) in vain,
For end of Sorrows, and for eaſe of Pain.
Perpetually my fruitleſs Months proceed;
My tedious Nights inceſſantly ſucceed:
No ſooner laid down but I long to riſe,
Tired with toſſing, till the Morning ſpies.
My Fleſh is clad with Worms, with excrement
Of lothſom duſt, my Skin doth rot and rent:
My Dayes flit faſter then the Shuttles ſlide
From Weavers hands, whipping from ſide to ſide.
Conſider, Lord, my Life is but a Blaſt:
Mine eye no more ſhall ſee the Goodneſſe paſt:
Who now beholds mee, ſhall no more, anon:
If thou look-on Mee, I eft-ſoons am gone.
As Clouds doe paſſe, and quite away doe flit,
Whoſo deſcends aſcends not from the Pit;
Neither returns unto his wonted own;
Nor of his place is any more be-known.
Therefore (alas!) I will not ſpare to ſpeak;
I cannot hold, needs muſt I ſilence break,
Amid the anguiſh of my Spirits diſtreſſe,
And in the depth of my Soules bitterneſſe.
Am I a Sea? or Whale? that with a Guard
Thou girteſt mee, and keep'ſt mee in ſo hard?
If I have ſaid, In ſilence of the Night
(When drouſie Humour ſiels-up every Sight:
When all, above, in, under Air, Earth, Seas;
In quiet Slumber ſeem to take their Eaſe)
It may be that my painfull Pangs ſhall ceaſe:
It may be that my Paſſions ſhall have peace:
With fearfull Viſions then thou doſt affray mee,
With Dreams and Fanſies dreadfully diſmay mee:
So that my Soule had rather chuſe (at once)
To die, then live in Durance of my Bones.
Wearie of life, live alwayes ſhall I not;
Then leave mee, Lord, alas! my dayes are nought.
O! What is Man that thou extoll'ſt him ſo?
That Thou on Him doſt even thy heart beſtow?
That every Morning Him thou viſiteſt?
And every Moment Him examineſt?
How is it that Thou leav'ſt mee not a little?
Alas! nor lett'ſt mee ſwallow-in my ſpettle?
O! Thou Preſerver of Mankind, I know,
And I acknowledge I have ſinn'd, but, O!
What ſhall I ſay? what ſhall I doe to Thee?
Why in thy wrath doſt thou incounter Mee?
Why mak'ſt Thou mee (alas!) the mark and white
To thy Diſpleaſure, in my Self's deſpight?
Remit, O Lord, what I have ill omitted:
Remove (alas!) what I have miſ-committed.
For, now I goe down to the duſt, to lie:
And, if Thou ſeek, to morrow, none am I.

CHAP. 8.

BUt *Bildad* then (loth longer to refrain)
Said; JOB, How long wilt thou this Plea main-
With words, as high as Tempeſts vehemence
Blow'n by the breath of thine Impatience?
Dar'ſt thou averre, that God doth Right ſubvert?
Or that th' Almighty Judgement doth pervert?
Though, Sith thy Sons had ſinned them hee ſent
To the due Place of their ſinnes Puniſhment;
Yet, if thou early unto God repair,
And to th' Almighty make thine humble Prayer,
If Thou be pure, and in his ſight ſincere;
Hee will again awake to Thee: and rear
Thy ruin'd State; thy righteous Houſe reſtore
With Peace and Plenty, manifoldly more.
Ask of the Ages paſt: inquire (I pray)
Of th' Ancient Fathers (for, of yeſterday
Wee Novices know nothing in effect;
Our dayes are but a Shadow in reſpect)
Will not they teach thee (without wiles of Art)
And truly ſpeak the language of their heart?
Can Ruſhes ſpring? are Sedges ſeen to grow,
Where is no moiſture; where no waters flow? (ther,
Say that they ſhould: yet would they ſooner wi-
Though never cut, then all elſe graſs together.
Such is the way of all that God forget:
So failes the Hope of th' Holy-Counterfait:
His Hope ſhall be cut off: his Confidence
Like buſie Spider's brittle Reſidence:
Hee ſhall be leaning on his Houſe, but it
Shall not be able to ſupport him; yet
Hee ſhall hold faſt, and thereon fix him ſure;
But that (alas!) ſhall never long endure:
As doth the Tree, which growing in the Sun,
O'r-ſpreds an Orchard with freſh Boughes, anon,
His happy Roots among the Fountains winding,
And round about the rockie banks them binding:
If from his Place to pluck it any ween,
It will deny; as ſafe as if not ſeen:
Lo, by this means it will rejoyce, the while
That it may proſper in another Soile:
So, God will never the Sincere reject,
Neither the wicked by the hand erect.
Till hee have fill'd thy mouth with meriment,
Thy lips with triumph (in intire content)
Thy Foes ſhall all be with confuſion clothed,
Wrapped in ſhame, diſperſt, deſpis'd and loathed;
Th' ungodly ſhall be razed to the ground,
Their Tabernacle ſhall no more be found.

CHAP. 9.

JOB then reply'd: I know, I grant you this;
In God's reſpect, that no Man righteous is.
No: if Hee argue, if Hee queſtion;
O! Who can anſwer of a Thouſand one?

What

What heart ſo conſtant! O! what ſoule ſo cleer,
That dares for Juſt before that Judge appear?
Hee is All-prudent, and All-powerfull too: (doe?
Who thrives, that ſtrives with what hee minds to
Hee mounts the Vallies, & he vails the Mountains:
Hee ſhakes the Earth, hee opes and ſtops the Foun-
Hee bids the Sun ſhine, and forbids it ſoon: (tains:
Hee ſeals the Stars up; hee conceals the Moon:
Hee ſpreads alone the Heav'ns large Canapey:
* Orion. Hee treads upon the bound-leſs ground-leſs Sea:
Hee makes *Arcturus* Star, the * *Stormy youth*,
The *Pleiades*, and *Climats* of the *South*:
Hee worketh mighty things and manifold,
Miraculous and more than can be told:
Hee paſſeth by mee, and repaſſeth ſo,
Unſeen of mee, and unperceived tho:
Hee, when him pleaſeth, if a Prey hee take,
Who can compell him to reſtore it back?
Nay: who ſo bold into his acts to pry?
Or, who dares queſtion what hee doth, or why?
His anger is not ſtopt, nor ſtoopt a whit;
But ſtrongeſt helps are fain to ſtoop to it.
Then, how-much-leſſe; O! how-much-leſſe am I
Able (alas!) with Him my Caſe to try?
No, were I juſt, I were not abſolute;
But, to my Judge would I make humble Sute:
And, to my cry if hee reply, yet hard
Can I beleeve that hee my voyce hath heard.
For, with a Tempeſt hee deſtroyes mee ſtern;
And wounds mee Cauſeleſs (for ought I deſcern);
Nor ſuffers mee ſo much as breathe at all;
But fils mee ſtill with Bitterneſs and Gall.
If Strength wee ſpeak of; Who is ſtrong but He?
If Judgement; then, who ſhall mine Umpire be?
If I would juſtifie my Selfe (with him)
Hee by mine own mouth will mee ſoon condemn:
If I would plead mee perfect and upright,
Hee, Hee would judge mee wicked, in his ſight,
Though I were perfect (to my Selfe) from Sin;
Alas! I know not mine own Soule within.
Therefore (thus vexed and perplexed rife)
I loath alas! and I abhor my life.
Yet, grant I not, but that the Lord doth ſmite
(Which you deny) both wicked and upright;
Elſe, when Hee ſtrikes a People (old and young)
Would he ſeem ſmile at good mens ſtripes among?
Would Hee beſtow upon th' ungodly moſt
Earth's Soveraintie, and let them rule the Roſt?
Would Hee permit prophane Bribe-blinded ones
With blunted Sword to ſit on *Juſtice* Thrones;
While that the Vertuous to the wall are thurſt?
While th' Innocent are troden in the Duſt?
For, who, but Hee, directs, acts, orders all
In all the world, what ever doth befall?
My Daies far ſwifter than a Poſte have paſt;
Paſt without ſight of any Good (to-laſt):
As ſwifteſt Ships, ſo have they ſlid-away;
Or as the Eagle haſting to her prey.
If that I ſay, I will forget my Greife,
Forgoe my wrath and yet re-hope Reliefe:
Ah! then my Torments all afreſh affright,
With terrours, leſt Thou wilt not quit mee quight.
For, if I be Ungodly, all in vain
I cry to Thee, and to no end I plain:
Or, if Unguilty, clean, and white as Snow
(In mine own ſight) in Thine I am not ſo;
But in the ſight of Thy pure Eyes, as ſoil'd,
And with the Garment that I weare defil'd.
GOD is not Man, as I (in equall Sute)
That I with Him ſhould argue or diſpute:
Nor is there (ſhould wee meet) a Moderator,
Twixt Him and Mee to arbitrate the matter.
Let Him leave-off his hold, take-off his rod,
Lay-off his awfull Majeſtie, as GOD;
Then will I ſpeak, and freely, void of Fear:
But, as it is, I muſt, I will forbear.

CHAP. 10.

AS dead alive, upon my Selfe I'll lay
My ſad Complaint; and in mine anguiſh pray
Thus to the Lord: O Lord, condemne mee not;
But ſhow mee, why thou hunteſt mee ſo hot.
Lord! art thou pleaſed to oppreſſe mee thus?
O! doſt thou judge as do th' Unrighteous
(Unheard, untry'd, and unſuſpect) to trip
And caſt-away thine own hands Workmanſhip?
Seeſt Thou, as Man? or haſt Thou carnall Eyes?
Years as Mans years? daies as Mans daies, who dies;
That thus thou rack'ſt Mee, and prot ract'ſt Me ſtill,
Searching and ſifting to finde out mine Ill?
I cannot ſin, Thou know'ſt, but thou muſt ſee:
For, from thine hands can None deliver Mee.
Thy hands have made Mee, all, and every part:
And wilt thou now thine own hands work ſubvert?
Remember, Lord, how frail and brittle ſtuff
Thou mad'ſt mee of (then uſe mee not ſo rough)
Even of the Clay, as is the Potters Cruſt:
And wilt thou then re-cruſh mee into Duſt?
Thou pour'dſt me out as milk (within the womb)
Thou mad'ſt mee there, as Cheeſe, a Crud becom;
With Skin and Fleſh Thou cloth'dſt mee fair & fit,
With Bones and Sinewes faſt together knit;
Inſpir'dſt mee Life and Soule, Reaſon and Senſe;
And ſtill preſerv'dſt mee by thy Providence.
Theſe Things as hidden in thy Boſome be:
But well I know, that it is ſo with Thee.
If I have ſinned, Thou wilt ſift mee neer;
And of my Guilt Thou wilt not hold mee cleer.
If wicked I have been; then woe to mee:
If righteous; yet ſtill will I humble be;
Though deep confounded and amazed much,
To ſee, and feel, my ſad Affliction Such.
But, be it more: come, Lion-like ſet on-mee:
Returne and ſhow Thee marvelous upon mee;
And ſo (indeed) Thou doſt: for, Thou renew'ſt
Thy plagues on mee: and me more fierce purſew'ſt:
Changes of woes, Armies of pains extreme,
Afreſh invade mee, and mee round behem.
Then, why (alas!) why did'ſt thou bring me forth
From fruitfull Womb (being no better worth)?
O! that I there had periſhed unſeen:
And that I were as if I had not been,
Brought from the womb (one tomb, unto another)
To Earth my Mother, from my Earthly Mother.
Is not my Glaſs neer out? My Date neer done?
O! let him ceaſe, and leave-off laying-on;
That I may take a little Comforts breath,
Yer quite I goe to the dark land of Death,

A Land of Darkneſſe, Darkneſſe Selfe (I ſay)
And Shade of Death: where is no Light, no Day.

CHAP. 11.

THen anſwered *Zophar, the Naamathite:* (right?
Should words prevail? Shall prating paſſe for
Should all be mute? Shall no man dare reply,
To mock thy Mocks, and give thy Lie the Lie?
For, Thou haſt ſaid (and that too-vehement)
My words, and deeds, and thoughts, are innocent;
Pure in thine eyes. But O that GOD would ſpeak;
That Hee would once His ſacred ſilence break,
To ſhew thee Wiſdom's ſecret's: Thou might'ſt ſee,
Thou merit's double what hee layes on Thee;
And ſurely know that (in his *Juſtice* ſtrict)
After thy Sins, Hee doth not Sores inflict:
But ſeems to have forgotten, or forgiven
Thy Treſpaſſes againſt himſelfe and Heav'n. (find?
Canſt Thou, by ſearching, GOD's deep counſell
Conceive th' Almighty? Comprehend His mind?
Reach His perfection? It doth Heav'n excell
In Height; in Depth exceeds the loweſt Hell:
Longer then Earth: larger then all the Seas. (theſe?
O! what? when? where? How wilt thou meaſure
If Hee cut-off, ſhut-up, collect, reject;
Who can divert Him? Who his Courſe correct?
He knows vain men: he ſees their harts & hard them
In Guiles and Wiles, and will not hee regard them?
That fooliſh man, made wiſe, may be reclaimed;
Born brute and dull, as an Aſſe Colt, untamed.
If therefore, by Repentance thou prepare
Thine humbled heart: if that, in hearty Prayer,
Thou ſtretch thine hands unto his Throne above:
Though thou haſt ſinn'd, if thou thy ſin remove:
If thou remove it, and permit no more
Iniquity to dwell within thy Doore:
Then ſhalt thou, doubtleſſe, free from fault & fear,
Settled and ſafe, thy Face again uprear:
Then ſhalt thou ſure forget thy miſery:
Or, but eſteem it as a Stream paſt by:
Then all thy Dayes be then the Noon more bright;
And thou ſhalt ſhine, as Morning after Night:
Then ſhalt thou reſt ſecure and confident,
Hopefull and Happy, in thy proper Tent,
In thine own Dwelling: where, for Eminence,
Sutors ſhall flock, with ſeemly Reverence.
But, as for ſtubborne, wilfull Wicked-ones,
That ſtill run-on in their Rebellions,
Their helps ſhall fail, and all their Hap ſhall fall;
And as a Gaſp, their Hopes ſhall vaniſh all.

CHAP. 12.

THen ſaid the *Huſian:* You, undoubtedly,
You are the Men: Wiſdom with you muſt dy:
Yet, (would yee knew it) ſomwhat know I, too;
I underſtand perhaps as well as you.
Nor will I yeeld you in this Jarre a jot:
What you have urg'd I know: and who doth not?
Yee ſay, I lie; yee tell mee that I mock:
But I am made my Fellows Laughing-ſtock:
Who calls on GOD, and whom Hee heareth preſt,
Th' Upright and Juſt is (indeed) made a Jeſt:
And Hee that's going down (in ſtate forlorn)
Like dying Lamp, is to the Rich a Scorn;
While (for the moſt) Oppreſſors proſper, ſure;
And God-provokers, ſafely and ſecure,
Have in their hand (GOD in their hand hath put)
The Horn of Plenty, them at will to glut.
Ask but the Beaſts; inquire of Earth, or Seas;
Or Fowls, or Fiſh: for, which is it of Theſe,
But knows, and ſhows, and plainly tells thee this;
That GOD 's their Maker: and of all that is:
That in his hand 's the Life of all that lives:
That Hee alone, to all Men, breathing gives.
Doth not the Eare try ſpeeches (bad or good)?
And, for it Selfe, the Palate taſte the food:
So, Wiſdome ſhould be to the many-year'd;
And Underſtanding to the hoary-hair'd.
With him it is (with th' *Antienteſt of Dayes*)
With him is Counſell, Wiſdom, Pow'r and Praiſe:
Lo, Hee deſtroyes, and no man can reſtore:
Whom Hee ſhuts-up, can be let out no more:
Hee ſtops the Streams; then dry they up and ſhrink;
Hee ſends them forth; then all the Earth they ſink.
With Him is Strength: with Him is all that is:
Who erreth, and who maketh erre, are His:
Hee doth diſtract the Counſellors of State;
Hee makes the Judges as infatuate:
Hee breaks the Bonds of Kings Imperiall aw;
And brings them bounden under Others Law:
Hee leads the Princes as a Captive prey:
Diſmounts the Mightie; and, with ſtrange diſmay,
Hee duls the Learned, dumbs the Eloquent,
And reaves the Judgement of the Ancient:
Hee powres contempt upon the Noble-born;
Hee ſtrips the Strong, Hee leaves the Stout forlorn:
Hee deepeſt Secrets ſoon diſcovereth:
Hee brings to light the darkeſt ſhades of Death:
Hee multiplieth People; and Hee mowes
Them down again (by Famin, Plague, or Blowes):
Hee ſends them forth in *Colonies* to ſpread; (dread):
And brings them back (by wracke, lacke, ſacke, or
Hee reaves the hearts of thoſe that rule the Earth,
And maks them roam throw deſart ſands of dearth,
Where none goe by; They grope as in the dark;
They have no Light, no Sight; no certaine Mark;
They ſtray; they ſtumble; to and fro they wheele:
And Hee, Hee makes Them, Drunkard-like, to reel.

CHAP. 13.

ALl this my eyes have ſeen, my ears have heard:
All this my heart hath waigh'd & wel cõferr'd,
So that, in This what you have known I knew;
And am not herein to give place to You.
But, as You wiſh, I alſo wiſh: O! would
Th' Almighty pleas'd that I might be ſo bold
(In his own Preſence, at his Bar to ſtand)
To plead with him the Cauſe I have in hand!
For, You, indeed, are too Sophiſticall:
Silly Phyſicians, for my Sickneſſe, all.
O! that you therefore had ſtill held you mute:
So might you ſtill have held a wiſe Repute.
But, liſt you now unto my Arguing:
Mark well my Reaſons, and the Proofes I bring.
Will You ſpeak falſly for th' Almighty Lord?
Will you for Him pronounce a Guilefull word?
Will you be partiall for His perſons ſake?
Will you for Him, with Cavils under-take?

Shall

Shall it avail you? will Hee con you thank
At his great *Audit*, for this double Prank? (ther?
(Or, ween you, ſmoothing, theſe Deceits to ſtho-
Or, but to mock Him, as one Man another)? (it,
No: you ſhall know, Hee will not brook nor bear
But chide you ſharp; how-ever ſecret were it.
Shall not the brightneſſe of his Face affray you?
His majeſtie with awfull Rayes diſmay you,
Meer Earth and Aſhes (daring thus to play)
Your beſt but Duſt: your reſt but Dirt and Clay
Hold you your Tongues: no more your ſilence break:
But (at my Peril) give Mee leave to ſpeak.
Why ſhould I teare mee (as one out of Senſe)
With mine own Teeth? or doe Selfe-Violence?
No: ſhould Hee ſlay mee, I would hope again
(Though in his ſight I ſtill my right maintain)
For, Hee himſelfe will ſave and doe mee right;
And cleer mee from your doom of Hypocrite:
Sith, in his preſence Such can have no place,
Nor hope ſuch help of his aſſiſting Grace.
Give therefore eare unto my words; and waigh
With due regard What I ſhall truely ſay.
Lo, here I ſtand, as ready to be try'd
(And well I know I ſhall be juſtifi'd)
Come, who will charge mee, and oppoſe my Pleas?
(Alas! I die, if now I hold my peace)
Onely, but ſpare mee in Two things: with-draw
Thy heavie hand; with-hold thy glorious Awe
From frighting mee; then, from before thy face
I ſhall not hide mee: nor betray my Caſe:
Then, at thy choice, be in this cauſe dependant
(I am indifferent) *Plaintif*, or *Defendant*.
What, and How-many are my Sins (pretended)?
Shew mee wherein, and how I have offended,
That Thou ſhould'ſt ſhun, & turn thee from me ſo;
And handle mee as thy moſt hated Foe.
Doſt thou vouchſafe a wither'd Leaf to cruſh?
Againſt dry Stubble doſt thou daign to ruſh?
That in ſo bitter and ſevere a ſtile
Thou doſt endite mee; and recite (the while)
My ſins of Youth (them re-recording freſh,
With th' Heritage *inherent* unto Fleſh):
And putt'ſt my feet into the Stocks ſo ſtrait;
Watcheſt my wayes, and at my heels doth wait,
To finde ſome hole in my fore-acted Life
(Scourging mine Errors with thy Terrors rife)
While, rotten-like, it waſteth, as a Cloth
Grown full of holes and eaten by the Moth.

CHAP. 14.

MAn born of Man's and Womans loynes, alas!
Hath but few daies, and thoſe full ſad, to paſs.
Much like a Flower hee ſhooteth up and fades;
Quickly cut down: hee vaniſheth, as Shades;
Of no continuance [here] Yet, doſt thou daign
To frown at Such? and ſtrive with mee ſo vain?
Who, from Pollution, can pure thing extract?
O! there is None; none that is ſo exact.
Sith then his dayes thou haſt determined;
Sith that his Months with thee be numbered;
Sith thou haſt ſet the certain time hee has
(To Him uncertain) which Hee cannot paſſe,
Forbear awhile, and from him look away,
Till (as the Hireling) hee hath done his Day.
For though a Tree be felled; from the Root,
Yet is there hope that Branches will re-ſhoot:
Though in the Earth the Root be old and dry,
Though on the Earth the Trunk as dead doe lie;
Yet, by the Sent of the neer-winding Floud,
It will revive, and, as a Plant, re-bud:
But Man (man's Body from his Soule bereft)
Man down and dead; O! what of Him is left?
Sith as Sea-waters, paſt, re-paſſe no more;
As rivers, dry'd, returne not to their Shore:
Man, dead-aſleepe, ſhall never wake againe;
Nor never riſe, till Heav'n no more remaine.
O! wert thou pleas'd, mee in my Grave to hide,
Untill thy Wrath were paſt and pacifi'd!
Or that there were ſome time, or term aſſign'd me,
When thou wilt ceaſe; and in thy mercy mind mee!
Or ſhall a Man *neer* dead, *here* live againe;
Still living-dying in continuall paine;
And ſhall I ſtill, in this diſtreſſed ſtate,
Wait, all the Dayes of mine appointed Date,
Untill my Change (my *Renovation*) come;
When Thou ſhalt call mee: hee ſhall I be dumb,
But anſwer thee: Then, then thou wilt approve
That thou the works of thine own hands doſt love;
Though now my ſteps thou numbreſt ſo exact;
Not'ſt all my Sins, and ſeem'ſt them to have packt
As in a Bagge, ſafe ſealed; yea, to add
New Treſpaſſes unto the old I had.
So that, as Mountains, mouldring down do ſink;
As from their places ſhiver'd Rocks doe ſhrink:
As waters break the Stones; as Show'rs ſurround
The duſty Earth; Thou doſt Man's hope confound;
And tryumph'ſt ever over Him, dejected;
Transform'd in face as from thy face rejected.
Nor knoweth hee, whether his dear Poſterity
Shall poorly fare, or flouriſh in proſperity:
But, while his Soule his Body bears about,
That ſhall have Woe within; and This without.

FINIS. THE

JOB.

THE SECOND BOOK.

CHAP. 15.

TO This of His (ſo hot and vehement)
Thus *Eliphas* (in the ſame Element):
Should one ſo wiſe (as thou doſt vaunt thee here)
Diſcourſe ſo vainly? bring ſuch idle gear?
Vent from the Centre of a ſwelling breſt
As noyſom Gales as the unholſom Eaſt?
Trifle the Time (about I wot not what)
In idle and unprofitable chat?
Nay: nullifie Religious fear and *Pietie*,
Not praying to, but pleading with the *Deitie*?
Which thine own mouth hath witheſt too-too-far,
With ſubtill Cavils of a Sophiſter.
Yea, thine own mouth (not mine) ſhal thee convince;
Againſt thy ſelfe thy lips give Evidence.
Why Man! wert Thou the firſt man on the earth?
Or, wert thou borne before the Hills had birth?
Haſt Thou alone GOD's Secret underſtood?
And haſt Thou onely Wiſdome, in thy Hood?
What is't Thou knoweſt, that wee have not kend?
What underſtand'ſt Thou, but wee comprehend?
There are of Us as old as Thou; or rather,
Some (I ſuppoſe) more ancient then Thy Father;
And doſt Thou ſlight our Comfort (godly ſent)?
Or haſt Thou of thine Own more excellent?
Why doth thy heart, and whither, thee tranſport?
Why doſt thou cloſe thine eyes? that in this ſort
Thy Spirit turns (ſhall I ſay ſpurns?) at GOD,
And from thy Lips ſpets words ſo bold and broad?
O! what is man, that hee ſhould clean exiſt?
Or womans Son, that hee ſhould Juſt perſiſt?
Behold, hee found, his Angels ſtood not ſure:
Neither, the Heav'ns, in his pure ſight, are pure:
Then, how much-more, before him, filthy ſtinks
Stock-ſtained Man, who Sin, as Water, drinks?
I'll therefore ſhew thee (hark, & mark me well)
What I have ſeen; I will declare and tell
What, from their Elders, Sages yerſt have know'n,
And to their Heirs ſucceſſively have ſhow'n.
Such as, indeed, have had the Helm in hand,
To ſteer their Own, and Strangers to with-ſtand.
The wicked Man's in-labour, all his Life;
In bitter Pains, in Pangs, in Paſſions rife:
Number of years are ſeldome his to ſum;
A Sound of Fears ſtill in his ears doth hum;
Or, if at all hee ſeem in eaſe to ſwim;
The ſwift deſtroyer ſhall ſoon ſeize on him,
Hap-leſſe, and hopeleſſe ever to recover;
Seeing the Sword, him ever hanging over.
Needy, indeed; or greedy ſtill of more
(Pining in Plenty, ſtarving in his Store)
Hee wanders, ſeeking of his Bread about;
In dread of want; of a Black Day, in doubt:
Trouble and Anguiſh ſhall him deep affright;
As royall Armies ready for the Fight.
For, hee hath ſtretched his proud hand at Heav'n;
And ſtubbornly hath with th' Almighty ſtriv'n;
Running at him, ruſhing upon his Neck;
Yea, on the Boſſes of his ſhield ſo thick:
Becauſe his Fat, his full broad Face doth cover;
And lardy Collops on his ſides hang over;
And dwels in Houſes, rather Towns of late
(By him) diſ-patron'd and depopulate;
By him, re-built, re-gilt, re-gloſt, re-glas'd;
By him, re-*Named* (ready to be ras'd).
Yet, ſhall not hee be rich; nor in Proſperity
Perſiſt; nor leave Poſſeſſion to Poſterity:
Nor, out of Darkneſſe ever get ſhall hee;
Nor ever other than inglorious be:
His branch ſhall wither, and with flame be waſted:
Himſelf ſhal, ſodain, with GOD's Breath be blaſted.
Then, let not (hard-beleeving haut humanity)
O! let not the Deceived truſt in Vanity.
For, Vanity ſhall be his recompence:
Before his time ſhall hee be ſnatched hence:
His Spring ſhall never ſprout, his Flowers ſhall fall,
His Fruit, yer ripe, ſhall be off-ſhaken all
(As Grapes and Olives with untimely Froſt)
The Lord ſhall ſhake them, and they ſhall be loſt.
For th' Hypocrites Diſſembling Congregation,
Shall be diſperſt, and brought to Deſolation:
And ſuddenly ſhall Fire conſume the Tents
Of *Bribery*, with all their Inſtruments.
For, They conceive but Miſchief, breed but Guile,
And bring forth vain Iniquity the while.

CHAP. 16.

HEE pauſing here, JOB Thus replyes him, ſad:
Yet more of This? This have we often had:

You are indeed a ſort of Viſiters;
A Crew of cold and wretched Comforters.
Shall idle, addle, airy, words furceaſe?
Or what doth make you dare to dwell on theſe?
Could I, as you, if you were in my Caſe,
And I in yours; your Soule in my Soules place:
Could I, againſt you, words have multiply'd?
Inſulted on you? at you ſhook my head?
No: I ſhould rather have taught you Relief,
And with my ſpeeches have aſſwag'd your Grief.
But, though I plain, my Grief's not mitigated;
Either, forbear I, what is it abated?
For, hee hath wearied mee: Yea, Lord, thou haſt
Spoil'd mee of all; and laid mee wholly waſte:
The wrinkled Furrows on my brow and back
(Bare skin and bone) bear witneſſe of my Wrack.
My Foe's fell Wrath hath raakt and rent me ſore:
Hee ſtrives againſt mee; and ſtill angry more,
More eager ſtill, gnaſheth his Teeth upon mee;
And with his eyes keen flaſhing frowneth on-me.
My Friends (alas!) they laugh at mee the while.
They buffet mee, and bitterly revile;
They gape upon mee, and together gather,
Not to relieve mee, but to grieve mee rather.
Thus hath God hemm'd mee with ungodly hands,
And turn'd mee over into wicked hands.
I was at eaſe; when by the Neck hee took mee,
Brake mee a-ſunder, and to ſhivers ſhook mee:
And (whether for Diſport or for Deſpite)
Made mee his Butt, and ſet mee as his White.
His cunning Archers doe beſet mee round;
Hee cleaves my Reins; and ruth-leſs, on the ground
Pours-out my Gall: with doubled blows he cruſhes,
And Gyant-like, upon mee fiercely ruſhes.
I have in Sack-cloth ſadly ſow'd my Skin,
In Duſt and Aſhes have I humbled bin,
I have (alas!) beſmear'd my Face with Tears,
On mine Ey-lids death's Shade hath ſwom, in fears:
For no foule Sin, neither, for Faſhions ſake,
To ſeem a *Saint*: pure Prayers did I make,
Pure and Sincere: elſe never may they come
In Heav'n, to have either regard or room.
Neither, O Earth! if ever bloud I ſhed,
O! let it not by thee be covered.
But lo, my Witneſſe is in Heav'n above;
My Record there, my Conſcience to approve:
My friends contemn mee, and condemn mee too:
But, drown'd in teats, to GOD appeale I doe.
O! that one might (as Man with Man, in Sute)
That, Neighbour-like, one might wth GOD diſpute.
For the few dayes of my ſet number gone,
I goe the Way from whence return is none.

CHAP. 17.

MY Spirit's ſpent, my daies are don (& leave me)
The Grave's already ready to receive mee.
Yet are there wth me none but thoſe that mock me:
Doth not mine eye ſtill ſee them ſtill provoke me?
But, put mee in a Surety, give mee Pledge,
To anſwer mee what I ſhall then alledge.
Who 'll undertake it? who will give his hand,
That to the Triall thou wilt daign to ſtand?
Sith Thou, O Lord, their hearts haſt hidden quite,
From underſtanding, and from judging right;
And therefore wilt not, for their Arrogance,
Admit of them, nor them ſo high advance. (neither:
Not, that I would, they ſhould have ſooth'd mee
For ſuch ſhall periſh, and their Seed together.
But, to the Vulgar I am made a Song,
A Tale, a Tabret unto every Tongue
(Through grief whereof, mine eye decayes & dims;
And as a Shadow are my other Limbs).
The better ſort amazed at my Plight;
The Innocent, judge mee an Hypocrite.
Yet ſhall the Righteous ſtill hold on his Courſe;
And the Sincere ſhall ſtill adde force to force.
Therefore, my Friends, return, recant, re-call
Your hard Opinions, and miſ-Cenſures, all:
For, of you all, not one wiſe man I finde;
Nor fit *Phyſician* for a troubled minde.
My Dayes are paſt; and my Deſignes undone;
Yea, even my hopes (my hearts Poſſeſſions) gone:
My Noon (alas!) is changed into Night;
Small ods there is 'twixt Darkneſſe and my Light.
What can I look for, but among the Dead
To make my houſe? to have my Grave, for Bed?
For, to Corruption, thus aloud I call;
Thou art my Father: to the Worms that crawl,
You are my Mother, and my Siſters all. (pear,
Where 's then my hope? how ſhall that Hap ap-
Which you yer-while did ſo re-promiſe, here?
Thoſe things with mee ſhall down into the Deep:
And, with my Duſt, amid the Duſt ſhall ſleep.

CHAP. 18.

THen ſaid the *Shuhite*: Will you never ceaſe
Your tedious Talking? Never hold your peace?
Forbear a while; give eare a little now:
Obſerve our Speech, and wee will anſwer you.
But, why, as beaſts, are wee upbraided thus?
And why ſo baſely doe you count of us?
Hee, rather ſeems to be beſides his Senſe,
That wounds himſelfe in his impatience.
Why? Shall the Earth, for thy ſake be forſaken?
The Rocks remov'd? and ſolid Hills be ſhaken?
No, no: The Light of Wicked-ones ſhall out:
His Fiery Sparkle ſhall not ſhine about;
Within his Doores ſhall Darkneſſe be for Light:
With him, his Candles ſhall be quenched quite:
His Strength ſhall fail him (or be fatall to him):
His Counſells caſt him; his owne Wit undoe-him:
For, his own Feet ſhall bring him to the Net
And willingly upon the Gin ſhall jet:
Him, by the heel the ſubtill Snare ſhall catch:
Him, ſhall the Theeves and Robbers over-match:
For him are laid the Meſhes of Miſ-hap;
Trains on the ground, and in his wayes a Trap:
Him, on all ſides, ſad Terrors ſhall affright;
And ſudden drive him to his Feet, to flight:
His plenteous Store ſhall Famin ſoon devour:
Deſtructions Sword ſhall hunt-him every-hower,
Conſume his Sinews, and un-bare his Skin;
And Peſtilence (Death's Heir) ſhall rage within.
His hope ſhall hop without his expectation;
His confidence ſhall from his habitation

Be

Be rooted out, and razed(as it were)
And bring him down to the drad king of Fear;
Who ay shall dwell within his Tabernacle,
(Because not his, not his own Habitacle):
Som secret harm,som flash, som Sulph'ry shower,
Shall sudden spread amid his cursed Bower:
His Roots below shall rot amid the Clay;
His Boughs above be cut and cast away:
His Memory shall perish from the Earth;
His Name here nameless (as before his birth)
Hee shall be driv'n to Darkness, from the Light;
And forth the World hee shall be hunted quite.
Nor Son, nor Nephew shall hee leave behind;
Nor in his Houses any of his Kind.
So that, the Ages, present, and to come,
Shall stand amazed at his dismall Doom.
And this is sure the Lot, the heavy Load
Of wicked-ones, that fear not, know not GOD.

CHAP. 19.

IOB then reply'd: Alas! how long will Yee
Torment my Soule, with words; & torture mee?
Ten times yee have with too obdurate minde,
Reproacht mee This: uncivill and unkinde.
But, put the Case, that I have sinn'd, indeed:
Must not I bear it? Then (alas!) what need
You load mee more; and magnifie your wit,
To amplifie my Guilt, and Grief of it;
Seeing you see that GOD hath cast mee down,
And with his Net hath compassed mee round?
Lo, I cry-out of wrong and violence;
Aloud I cry; yet have no Audience,
Nor Ease at all: hee hath so hedg'd my way,
I cannot passe: My Paths, in stead of Day,
Are Dark beset: hee hath my Glory reft;
And from my head hee hath the Crown bereft:
Hee hath destroy'd mee, every-way undone:
My hope, removed(as a Tree)is gone:
And more, his wrath against mee fiercely fryes;
He reckons Mee among his Enemies:
His Troups assembled, march against Mee egre;
And round about my feeble Tent beleguer:
Hee hath dispersst my Brethren from mee far,
To Mee, my Kindred as meer Strangers are;
My Neighbours fly mee; my Familiar Friend
Hath now forgot mee(as if never kend):
Nay: mine own Household; men, maid-servants, all,
Count mee a Stranger, care not for my Call,
Nor will come at mee; though I speak them fair:
Nay: to mine own wife(for the noisom air)
My Breath is strange, though I beseech her, sad,
By those dear Pledges wee together had.
The Basest scorn mee; and when up I rise,
They spet their spite in bitter Obloquies.
Mine Intime-most, Those that I loved best,
Abhor mee all, and mee the most molest.
My Bones, in stead of flesh, cleave to my skin;
And that not sound, save what my Teeth grow in.
Then pity mee, O! pity mee, my Friends;
Sith GOD on mee his heavy hand extends:
Ah! Why doe you yet persecute mee, rough,
As GOD? alas! hath not my Flesh enough?

O! that my words(the words I now asfever)
Were writ, were printed, and(to last for-ever)
Were grav'n in Marble with an yron pen
With Lead in-yoated(to fill up agen).
I surely know that my Redeemer liveth:
And that Hee shall (This firm my Faith beleeveth)
In th' end of Time, return and rise from Dust
(The First and Last) to judge and save the Just:
And, that I shall, when worms have eat this Clod:
I shall awake, and in my flesh see GOD:
Yea, I shall see him with these Eyes of mine;
And with none else: though now in Pains I pine.
The rather, therefore should you now retract,
And thus Your-selves discreetly now correct:
Why persecute Wee him? Why hate Him, VVee?
Sith This foundation is thus fixt in Mee.
Then, be you warn'd; beware, and fear the Sword:
For wickedness and cruelty [in word]
Incenseth Wrath: know, there shall Judgment com,
To doom them right, who Others(rash)misdoom.

CHAP. 20.

SCarce had hee done; when the *Naamathite*
Replies him thus: therefore my thoughts incite
My sudden Answer; therefore am I spurr'd
(Regarding light thy sharp and shamefull Gird)
With speed to speak, unto the Point in hand,
What I conceive and rightly understand.
Know'st thou not this of old, through every age,
Since first on Earth began Man's Pilgrimage;
That the triumphing of the wicked Sort,
The Joy of th' *Hypocrite* is ever short?
Although to Heav'n hee mount his glorious top;
Though to the Clouds his head be lifted up;
Yet shall hee perish, as his dung, for ay:
And who hath seen them, shall ask, where are they?
As Dreams forgotten, shall hee take his flight;
Yea chas'd away, as Visions of the Night:
Th' Eye that hath seen him, shall not see him twise,
Nor shall his Places him againe revise.
His Children shall be fawning on the Poor,
And his Extortions shall to them restore:
His Bones are full of his Youth's sins(his Lust)
Which shall not leave him till hee lye in dust:
Though to his Taste his Sin be passing sweet,
Though under-neath his Tongue hee cover it,
Though there hee spare it, and not spet it out,
Though on his Palate still it roule about;
Yet is his meat turn'd, in his Bowells, all;
And is, within him, as the *Aspic*'s Gall: (train
H' hath swallow'd wealth, but God shall make him
To spue it out, to cast it up again:
Hee shall the *Aspic*'s direfull Poison suck:
With Vipers tongues hee shall be deadly stuck:
Hee shall not see the Oylie Rivers Currents,
Nor Brooks of Butter, nor the Hony Torrents:
His Labour never shall regain his Losse:
Hee shall restore whom hee before did crosse:
The Restitution shall be all his state;
Hee never shall digest, nor joy thereat;
Because the Poor hee crushed, and forsook;
And Others houses violently took.

Sure hee ſhall have no quiet Calm within;
Without, no Store of what hee joyeth in.
There ſhall be no Remainder of his meat;
And his Reverſions none ſhall wait to eat.
Nay: in his Ruffe, and at his greateſt height,
Hee ſhall be ſtocked in full many a Strait:
Continuall hazzards ſhall him round enring;
Each ſpitefull hand ſhall have at him a fling:
When hee is ready for his rich Repaſt,
On him will GOD his fiery Fury caſt;
Amid his Feaſts his drad Diſpleaſure thrilling
In ſtead of Food, his breaſt with horror filling;
If hee eſcape the Sword; from Bowes of ſteel
Steel-headed Arrowes ſhall him thorough thrill:
The naked Swords bright-ſhining terror ſhall
Peep through his boſom, creep through guts & gall.
Horrors ſhall haunt him: and ſo, hard-beſtid,
From hiding him, all Darkneſſe ſhall be hid.
A Fire unblow'n him ſudden ſhall conſume:
And woe to them that tarry in his Room:
Heav'n ſhall diſcover his Iniquities,
And Earth for witneſſe ſhall againſt him riſe;
All his Revenews, all his ſtate, and ſtay,
Shall flow to Others in his wrathfull Day.
This is the Portion of the Wicked: This
His heritage by GOD appointed is.

CHAP. 21.

SO, *Zophar* ceaſt. Then JOB reply'd: I pray
Hear heedfully what now I have to ſay:
Be this the Comfort you vouchſafe, alone;
Let Mee but ſpeak; and, afterwards, mock on
Doe I complain, or make my moan to Man?
Why doe you croſſe, or interrupt mee, than?
If I have cauſe of Grief ſhould not my ſpirit
Be mov'd withall? Can fleſh and bloud forbear it?
Behold mee well; and be withall diſmay'd:
And let your hand upon your mouth be layd.
Thought of the like (elſ-where) would mee affright,
And daunt my Fleſh: how then, my preſent ſight?
How comes it that the Wicked live, live long,
Grow rich, grow great; wex eminent, and ſtrong;
They ſee their Children, and Grand-children, riſe
Settled about them: In their Houſe no Striſe;
No Feare; no Foe: They feel not any Rod,
No ſtripe, no ſtroke, of the drad hand of GOD.
Their Bullock genders, and proves ever fit:
Their Heifer calves, and never caſteth it:
Their little ones, like Lambkins ſend they out;
Their Striplings play and skip, and daunce about;
They tune their voice to ſweeteſt Inſtruments,
Harp, Pipe, and Tabret; to delight their ſenſe:
In Wealth and Health they live; ſcarce, ever, ſick
Of long diſeaſe; but to their Graves goe quick.
Yet Theſe are Thoſe, that to th' Almighty ſay,
Depart from us; wee will not learn thy VVay:
VVho is the Lord, that wee ſhould him obey?
VVhat ſhould wee profit, if to Him wee pray?
They have not ſure the power in their own hand,
To get and keep their wealth at their Command.
Be therefore far, be ever far from Mee,
Their works, and words, and thoughts, Impiety:
Far be their Counſells; far be all their Wayes:
And far the Peace of their ſo proſperous Dayes.
And yet, how often is their Lamp put-out?
How often are they compaſſed about
With ſwift Deſtruction? In his Fury ſtrict
How oft doth GOD their payment here inflict?
How oft, as Straw before the winde, are They,
And as the Chaff with Tempeſt whift away?
How oft doth GOD, in the Ungodly's ſight,
For Their own Guilt, their own dear Iſſue ſmite?
Or, lets Themſelves here ſee Themſelves undone;
Drinking the hot Wrath of th' Almighty-one?
For, what is it to Them? or what care They (clay)
(Their mouths cut-off, their mouths once-ſtopt wth
What hap their houſe, what hazzard follow ſhall:
What weal or woe, unto their Heirs befall?
But herein, who GOD's wiſdome ſhall impeach?
Or, who ſhall him, that rules the higheſt, teach?
One dyes at eaſe, in Strength's perfection growing;
His breſts with milk, his bones with marrow flow-
Another dyes in anguiſh of his ſpirit; (ing.
And never did good Day or Night inherit:
Both are, alike, layd in the Duſt together;
And Worms, alike, doe caſe and cover Either.
Lo, I conceive your miſ-conceits, from hence;
Your miſ-collections, and your wreſted Senſe:
For, where (ſay ye) where's now the Princes Court?
And where the Palace of the wicked ſort?
Have yee not asked thoſe that travaile by?
And doe yee, can yee, yet their Marks deny?
That (for the moſt) the wicked moſt are ſpared,
Reprived here; till that dread Day prepared
For dire Deſtruction: and then (for their Errors)
Shall be brought forth, in that *great Day* of Terrors.
For here ſo Mighty and ſo Great they are;
Who, to their face ſhall their Offence declare?
Who dares diſcloſe it? Who ſhall proſecute?
And their due Sentence who ſhall execute?
Nay (notwithſtanding) to their Grave in peace
They paſſe, with pomp of ſolemne Obſequies;
Accompany'd, attended (in their kinde)
With Mourning Troups, before them and behinde:
Entomb'd among their Anceſtors; and reſt
In gloomy Vales, as happy as the Beſt.
How doe You then, Mee comfort, or confute;
While vainly thus, and falſly you diſpute?

FINIS.

JOB.

THE THIRD BOOK.

CHAP. 22.

TH' old *Themanite*, as mov'd withall, replyes,
Can Man, to GOD (as to Him-selfe, the Wise)
Be profitable? any pleasure is't
Unto the Lord, if righteous Thou persist?
If Thou be just, if perfect and upright;
Is GOD the better? Gaines th' Almighty by't?
For fear of Thee, will Hee reprove thee (strict)
Enter in Judgement, and thee thus afflict?
Is not thy Sin great and thy Wickednesse;
And infinite thy foule Unrighteousnesse?
Yes: thou hast ta'n thy brothers Pledge for nothing,
And stripped even the Naked of their Clothing:
Thou hast not giv'n the wearie, Drink at need:
Nor to the Hungry, wherewithall to feed:
The Eminent and Mighty had their fill:
They held the Earth, and sway'd thee at their will:
But silly Widows hast thou empty packt;
And th' arms of Orphans have bin crusht & crackt.
Thence is it now, that Snares beset thee round,
And sudden Fears thee trouble and confound:
Or a black Darknesse that thou canst not see;
And a huge Deluge that o'r-whelmeth thee.
Is not the Lord in th' High *Empyreall* Blisse?
Behold the Stars, how high their Distance is:
And then (saist thou) What can th' Almighty mark?
How judgeth Hee? What sees he through the dark?
Clouds cover Him from spying so far hence:
Hee walketh in the Heav'ns Circumference.
But, hast not Thou observ'd the ancient Track
The wicked trod, to their untimely Wrack; (stood,
Who, quick cut downe, supplanted where they
Had their Foundations swallowed with the floud?
Who said to GOD, Depart from us; and thought,
What can th' Almighty doe to us, in ought?
Yet, with good things Hee fill'd their habitations.
But, far from mee be their Imaginations.
This see the Righteous; safe the while, and glad:
And laugh at them, in their Destruction sad.
For, Wee shall stand; our Substance not decay:
But their remainder shall the Fire destroy.
Therefore, acquaint thee (and that quickly too)
With GOD; make peace: & thou right wel shalt do;
Receive (I pray thee) from his mouth Direction;
And in thy heart, lay-up his Words instruction.
If, to th' Almighty thou at-once return;
Thou shalt be built-up: and shalt bravely spurn
Iniquity far from thy Selfe away;
And from thy Dwellings put it far, for ay.
Then, as the dust thou shalt have Gold, at will;
Pure *Ophyr* Gold, as Pebbles of the Rill:
Yea, the Almighty Thy defence shall be:
And store of Silver shall be still with Thee.
For, in the Lord thy Pleasure shalt thou place;
And unto Him shalt thou lift up thy Face:
Him shalt thou pray-to; Hee shall hear thy Layes,
And grant thy Sute; and thou return him Praise:
Thou shalt decree, and Hee shall make it good,
(So thy good purpose shall not bee withstood):
And on Thy Wayes, and in all Works of Thine,
His Light of Grace (and Glory too) shall shine.
Nay: when-as Others (as Thy selfe art now)
Shall be cast down; re-comfort them shalt Thou,
And thus re-cheer them: Yet, yet may you rise,
For God will save such as have humbled eyes.
Yea: on the Noxious will hee pitie take,
For th' Innocent; and spare them for thy sake.

CHAP. 23.

THen answered JOB: Tho to this day my mones
Right bitter be, my Grief exceeds my Grones;
How is it then, that I, as yet, am held,
For having plain'd, as if I had rebell'd?
O! that I knew, that som would shew me, where,
I might goe finde my Soveraign Arbiter!
That I might speedy unto him repair;
And even approach to his Tribunall Chair!
I would before him plead my just defence,
And fill my Mouth with pregnant Arguments.
Then would I know what should his answer be:
And understand what Hee would say to mee.
Would hee oppose mee with his Power divine?
No: rather would hee steel and strengthen mine,
There might the Just in his just Plea proceed:
And I should ever from my Judge be freed.
But, Whether to the West I take my way;
Or to the pearly Portall of the Day;

Or, to the Norward, where hee worketh rife;
Or, to the South, the Cell of bluſtring ſtriſe:
Whether I look before mee, or behinde;
On This, or That ſide: Him I cannot finde. (cry'd:
Yet, knowes Hee well my Way: and hath mee
And I, like Gold, ſhall come forth puriſi'd.
My Foot hath walked in his ſteps: His Way
Have I obſerved; and not gone aſtray:
Nor have I ſtarted from his Precepts ſet,
But priz'd them more then my appointed Meat.
Yet, Hee perſiſteth in one purpoſe ſtill.
Who can divert him? Hee doth what hee will;
And will perform what is of mee decreed.
And many ſuch things are with Him, indeed.
Therefore, before Him, am I wonder-ſmit:
Affraid of Him, when I conſider it.
For, GOD hath ſuppled and made ſoft my heart,
And deep perplext mee in my inward Part:
Becauſe my Languors neither end, nor I:
Nor can I ſee, nor ſound the Reaſon, Why.

CHAP. 24.

BUt, can it be, (how can it other be?)
But that the Times of the Divine Decree
(Concerning Judgements more or leſſe ſevere;
When, why, & who, and how, and what, and where)
Hidden with GOD, and hidden from his Own;
Should to the World, and wicked be unknown?
They ſhift the Land-marks frō their ancient ſeat:
They take by force mens flocks, to feed, or eat:
They drive away the ſilly Orphans Aſſe:
They take for Pledge the Widows Ox (alas!):
They turn the Needy from their neereſt way:
They make the Poor together hide them ay:
Lo, like wilde Aſſes in the Wilderneſſe,
They ramp about their bruciſh Buſineſſe:
Riſing betimes for Boot (like Free-booters):
The Deſart Field yeelds Food for them and theirs.
They reap them Each a Crop, from Others Crop:
They gather Each a wicked Vintage up:
They cauſe the Naked without Clothes to lie,
Quivering for Cold, no Covering but the Skie;
Waſht with the Showers that from the Mountains
Embracing Clifts, for Shelter; Rocks for Bed: (ſhed;
They pluck the Pupill from the tender Breſt:
They take from Poor a Pawn of all their beſt;
They leave them Naked; Nay, the Hungry ſoule
Even of his Sheaf, and gleaned handfulls poule:
Yea; Labourers, that in Their ſervice toyle;
That tread their Wine-preſs, & that make their oile,
That trudge and drudge in their Affairs; in fine
They let them ſtarve, and even for thirſt to pine.
The City groanes under their wicked Thrall,
Th'oppreſſed, ſlain, and wounded, cry, and call:
Yet, 'tis apparent (as the Sun is cleer)
GOD doth not alwayes ſmite (nor cite) them heer.
Yet, Theſe are Thoſe, that ay the Light abhor;
Know not their Way, nor keep, nor care it for:
The Murd'rer riſes (early) yer the Light;
To kill the Poor: and robbeth (late) at night:
Th' Adulterer's Eye doth for the twy-light wait;
And, muffled, ſaies, None ſees my quaint Deceit:
They (Burglars) dig through houſes in the Dark,
Which in the Day, they for their owne did mark.
But, Light they loath; Morning to Them is death:
Death's Terror, Day; which all diſcovereth:
On Waters ſwim they light and ſwift, for fear:
On Earth, as Vagrants, fly they here and there
(Their curſed portion) every-where undone:
By-wayes they ſeek, and the High-waies they ſhun.
As Heat and Drought diſſolve, & drink the ſnow;
The wicked-One the Grave ſhall ſwallow ſo.
The Womb that bare him, ſhall him quite forget;
And, to the Worm hee ſhall be wel-come Meat.
Hee ſhall, with Men, no more remembred bee:
But broken-off, as is a withered Tree.
Hee weds the barren that brings never forth;
And, if a Widow, leaves her nothing worth.
Yet, by his power, Hee drags the Mighty down;
And none is ſafe, if Hee in Fury frown:
No; though, with Preſents they his Patience buy,
And build on it; on Them hee caſts an eye.
Such, for a little, are aloft: Anon
As low as Others; as all others, gone:
Soon taken hence, ſhut-up, cut-off, and ſhorn
As (with the Haile) the tufted ears of Corn.
If thus it be not, who will (I deſire)
Diſprove my Speech; and prove mee now a Lyer.

CHAP. 25.

TO this, the *Shuite* anſwered ſhortly Thus:
Hee is Almighty, Dradly-Glorious;
Whoſe Power imperiall, and All-humbling Aw,
Rules his High Places in moſt peacefull Law.
Is any number of His Armies known?
What Light ſo bright, but His hath over-ſhone?
How, then, may Man, with GOD, be juſt defin'd?
Or, Hee be Clean, that's born of Woman-kinde?
Behold the Moon, before Him, is not bright:
Stars are not pure in his All-piercing) ſight.
Then, How-much-leſs? How-much-leſs man (alas!)
The Son of Man: a Worm, a Worthleſſe Maſſe?

CHAP. 26.

IOB, hereunto replyes incontinent:
Well have yee ſaid; but how Impertinent!
How haſt Thou holp the weak, and feeble wight?
How fit defended him that hath no might?
How ſweetly taught the ſimple and unwiſe?
How full declar'd the Matter, as it lyes?
To Whom doſt Thou this Speech of thine direct?
What moves thee to it? and to what effect?
For, I (for My part) know, that, Not alone,
Th' Eternall rules, on his ſupernall Throne
The things above, in their harmonious Courſe;
But here below, the Better and the Worſe.
Beneath the waters, dead things formed bin;
And, dumb (their own Inhabitants) within:
Hell is not hid from him: Deſtructions Cave,
From his inſpection can no Covering have.
Hee, th' ample heav'ns over the Void extends:
Hee, upon Nothing the ſad Earth ſuſpends:

Within

Within his Clowds He bottles up the rain, (twain:
Which with its weight tears not the Clowds in
Hee hath in-bow'd the fore-front of his Throne,
And ſpread his Clowdy Canapey thereon:
He hath begirt the Waters with a Liſt
Shall ever laſt, till Day and Night deſiſt.
The maſſie Pillars of the Pole doe ſhake
If hee but chide; and at his check they quake.
Hee by his pow'r doth the deepe Sea divide:
His prudence ſmites her, in her felleſt pride:
Hee by his Spirit, the Spangled Heav'ns hath dreſt
With glittering Signes; the Serpent and the reſt.
Lo, theſe are parcels of his wayes ſupreme:
But, O! how little doe wee heare of him! (ders
Who can conceive? Who underſtands the Thun-
Of his more ſecret, and moſt ſacred Wonders?

CHAP. 27.

WHile none repli'd, Job gravely thus goes on:
As lives the Lord, th' Almighty *Holy One*,
Who ſeems a ſpace my *Verdict* to ſuppreſs,
Loading my ſoule with brunts of bitterneſs;
While Breath is in mee; till my Spirit, inſpir'd
By God, be gone, and from mee quite expir'd;
My Lips ſhall ſpeak no wickedneſſe, no wile;
Nor ſhall my Tongue deliver any guile.
No; God forbid that I ſhould juſtifie
Your raſh miſ-judgement. Mine integritie
I'll not abandon, to my dying day:
Mine innocence I never will betray:
My righteouſneſſe ſtill will I faſt retain;
And, my cleer conſcience, while I life maintain.
But, as the wicked, be mine enemies:
Thoſe, as unrighteous, that againſt mee riſe.
For what's the hope of th' hollow Hypocrite
(Though hee hath heaped Treaſures infinite)
When God ſhall take (in a diſaſtrous day)
His Land (his Life) his Goods (his Gods) away?
Will God regard, or heare his howling Cry,
When hee is compaſt with Calamity?
Or, in th' Almighty can he comfort take?
Will hee to God continuall Prayer make?
I'll ſhow you, how th' Almighty hand doth deale:
God's wonted courſe I will not now conceale:
Nay; you your Selves, you all have ſeen it too.
Why talke yee then thus vainly as yee do?
This is, with God, the Portion and the Part
Of the ungodly and the cruell heart:
This heritage ſhall impious Tyrants have
From the Almightie, This they ſhall receive:
If many Children hee ſhall leave behinde,
As many ſhall the Sword or Famine finde:
Or, if that any in Remain be left;
They by the Plague, ſhall, unbewail'd, be left.
If hee have heaped Silver, as the duſt:
And Clothes, as Clay; hee may: but ſure the Juſt
Shall 'joy his Silver, and his Treaſures ſhare;
And weare his Ward-robe, how-ſo rich and rare.
If brave hee build; it is but like the Moth
(On others ground, as that in others Cloth)
Soon diſpoſſeſt: or, like a Watch-houſe, ſoon
To be ſet up, and ſuddenly pull'd down.
Such Rich, ſhall dye; and lie without regard,
Ungather'd to his Fathers Toomb prepar'd:
Nothing of him remaines in Memorie:
Hee vaniſheth in Twinkling of an eye.
Horrors ſhall ſeize him, as a Flood, with Fright;
And as a Tempeſt hurry him by night.
An Eaſtern Storm him quite away ſhall chaſe;
And as a Whirle-winde, hurle him from his place.
So pitileſſe, in wrathfull Jelouſie,
(While glad and fain hee would his fingers flie)
Will God purſue him; and good men ſhall ſmile,
And clap their hands, and hiſs at him the while.

CHAP. 28.

SUre, there are Mines & veinlings (under ground)
Whence Silver's fetcht, and wherein Gold is found:
Iron out of Earth, & out of ſtone the Braſs
Is melted down (into a purer maſs).
Beyond the bounds of Darkneſs Man hath pry'd
And th' excellence of under-ground deſcry'd:
The rareſt ſtones, and richeſt minerals,
From deadly Damps, and horrid Darks hee hales:
And if ſome Torrent come there ruſhing in
(Such as no foot hath felt, no eye hath ſeen)
Hee can revert it, or divert it, ſoon,
Without Impeachment to his Work begun.
Earth's ſurface yeelds him corn & fruits for food;
Her under-folds, ſome burning Sulphury flood:
Amid the Quars of ſtone are Saphires ſtore:
Among the Duſt, the precious Golden Ore
(Where never Bird, before did Path deſcry,
Where never Vulture caſt her greedy eye,
Where ſavage Whelps had never-never trac't;
Nor furious Lion ever by had paſt):
On Cliffs of Adamant hee laies his hands;
Their height and hardneſs hee at will commands;
Slents them wth ſledges, crops their clowdy crown:
Hee by the roots turns Mountains up-ſide down:
To let out Rills, hee cleaveth Rocks in ſunder:
His eye perceives all that is precious under:
Hee binds the Waters, that they ſhall not weep;
And dives for Riches in the deepeſt deep.
All this, and more, hath Man. But where is found
That ſoveraign Wiſedome, ſacred and profound?
That underſtanding of the Waies divine,
Of God's ſupreme and ſecret diſcipline?
Man knowes it not; nor kens the worth of it:
It is not found in any living Wit.
The Deeps confeſs, the Sea acknowledgeth;
'Tis not in mee; nor with mee, th' other ſaith.
Nor gold, nor ſilver, nor all gems that are,
Can purchaſe it, nor equall it by farre:
No wedge of *Ophir*, never ſo refin'd;
No *Æthiopian Topaze*, *Pearle of Inde*,
No precious *Onyx*, neither *Saphire* pure
(*Corall* and *Cryſtall* paſſe I, as obſcure)
No *Carbuncle*, no *Diamant* ſo rare;
No One, nor All, with Wiſedome may compare.
But, whence is then, and where is to bee found
That ſacred Wiſedome, ſecret and profound?
Sith it is hidden from all humane eyes;
And from the ſight of every Fowle that flyes;

Death

Death and deſtruction lay; Wee of the ſame
Have with our eares but onely heard the Fame.
GOD, GOD alone doth underſtand its way;
And knowes the place where it abideth aye.
For, hee, at once beholdeth all that is
In all the World: All under heav'n hee ſees,
To poyze the Winds, and portion (at his pleaſure)
Unto the Waters their due weight and meaſure.
When for the raine hee ſtabliſht a Decree,
And for the Thunder's Lightning Mutinie;
Then did hee ſee it, and fore-ſee in fit:
Hee numbred, pondred, and prepared it:
And unto Man this *Maxime* did apply;
GOD's Fear is Wiſdome and from ſin to flie.

CHAP. 29.

JOB yet proceeded, and ſaid furthermore,
O! were it with mee, as it was of yore,
In my fore-paſſed Months, my former dayes,
When God preſerv'd me; when with gracious rayes
His lightfull Lamp reflected on my head,
Whereby I walkt through Darkneſs, void of dread:
As in my younger times, when yet the Lord
Vouchſafe mee bleſſings of my Bed and Boord;
When yet the Lord was with mee in my Tents,
And ſhowred there his hidden Providence. (ter,
When, where I went, my waies were bath'd in but-
And Rocks about mee Rills of Oyle did gutter:
When I had gone unto the publike Gate,
To take my place where all our Senate ſate,
At ſight of me, ſhould yong men hide them thence,
And th' elder ſort ſtand up, for reverence;
Nobles were ſilent if I preſent were;
And if I ſpake, they turn'd their Tongue to Eare:
And th' Eare that heard me bleſſed me: and th' Eye
That ſaw mee, witneſt mine Integrity.
For, I delivered every Poor oppreſt,
The Orphan and the Helpleſſe I redreſt:
Hee bleſſed mee that was well-neer undon;
The Widows heart I cheered: I put-on,
I put on *Juſtice*, as a ſeemly Gowne;
It was unto mee as a Robe and Crowne.
I, as an Eye unto the blind became;
And as a foot unto the Halt and Lame:
A Father was I to the Poor: and where
The Caſe was dark, I would diſcuſs it cleer.
I alſo brake th' Oppreſſors greedy Jawes,
And tooke the Prey out of his Teeth and Pawes.
Then thought I, ſure, to dye at home in reſt:
And ſaid, I ſhall with long good dayes be bleſt.
For, by the Waters was my Root out-ſpred:
Upon my top Heav'ns nightly Deaw was ſhed:
My Wealth increaſt, mine Honour daily grew,
My Bow of Health (my ſtrength) did ſtill renew.
When I had ſpoken, every Eare was preſt
To give mee Eare, and in my Counſels reſt,
Without Reply: and as the later Rain
The thirſty earth, my Words they entertain.
If I had laught or ſmil'd on any neer,
They took no notice, nor would change my cheer.
I ſate as Chief, I onely rul'd the roaſt,
Dwelt as a King amid an armed Hoaſt;
And as a man, amid a mourning Rout,
That from his lips pours lively comforts out.

CHAP. 30.

BUt now (alas!) my Puiſnes Mee deride:
The meaneſt mock me; Yea, and thoſe (beſide)
Whoſe ragged Fathers I refus'd to keep
My Shepheards Curs, much more to cure my ſheep.
For, to ſay truth, what ſervice could they doe?
So idle bred (both Young and Elder too)
Weakned with Sloth, and wicked Converſation;
And waxen old, in wretched Deſolation:
For Cold and Hunger wandring here and there,
With Mallowes fed, and Roots of Juniper:
Purſu'd as Theeves, hunted from place to place
With *Hue* and *Crie*; and ever had in Chaſe;
And therefore fain, for Shelter's ſake, to creep
In Clifts and Caves; in Rocks and Dungeons deep:
Among the Thornes and Thickets roaring rife;
Wild Out-lawes, leading a moſt beſtiall life:
The Breed of Fooles, the Fry of baſeſt birth,
Of Name-leſſe Men: indeed the Scums of Earth.
And yet, to ſuch am I now made a Song,
A Ballad, and a By-word in their tongue:
Yea, Theſe deſpiſe mee, and deſpight mee too,
Spet in my Face, and make no more adoe.
Becauſe the Lord my Bow-ſtring hath unbent,
And ſlackt my Cord, therefore theſe inſolent
Inſulters now looſe and let go the Raines
Of all Reſpect, unto their lewd diſdaines.
Now very Boyes doe take the Wall of mee,
Trip at my feet; and (in their Jollitie)
Miſ-judge my Life, and of mee Rumors raiſe,
After their owne cruell and curſed Wayes:
They mar my Path that I have walked in,
Further my woes, and have no help therein:
As a wide Flood-breach they have ruſhed on-mee,
And with the Ruines have roul'd-in upon-mee.
Terrors are turn'd upon mee, and purſue
My life as Winde; my Weale, as Vapours flew:
Therefore my Soule, in ſore afflictions vext,
Is poured out, and inly deep perplext.
Dayes dark and irkſome have upon mee ſeaz'd:
And in the night (when others moſt are eas'd)
My very bones within mee are oppreſt,
Nay, pierced through; my Sinnews take no reſt:
My ſtrange Diſeaſe, with angry violence
Of th' hot impoſtumes loathſome Virulence,
Hath ſtaind my garments: and with ſtraining dolor,
About my neck it gripes mee as a Coller.
Laid in the Duſt, I roule the Mire among:
Becomn, indeed, like Aſhes, Dirt and Dung.
To Thee I cry, to Thee the while I call;
But, Lord, Thou hear'ſt not, nor doſt heed at all.
Nay, thou art alſo cruell turn'd to mee;
With hot Aſſaults, as on an Enemy:
Thou lift'ſt mee up (as in a ſtorm, the Stubble) (ble
To ride a whirle-wind, while with Fear and Trou-
I faint, and fall (diſſolved, as it were)
In deadly Swoun, hurry'd I wot not where:
But well I wot, Thou ſoon wilt bring mee home
To death, the Houſe where all that live ſhall come;
Whither,

Whither, thy Hand thou wilt no longer ſtretch;
And whence, no prayers boot, nor need, to fetch.
Did not I weep for others wofulneſſe?
Was not my ſoule griev'd at their poor diſtreſſe?
When good I lookt for, evill came: when light,
A diſmall darkneſſe, worſe then blackeſt night.
My bowels boyled with continuall heat;
A troublous, time upon mee ſudden ſet:
Not with the Sun, but ſorrow black I turn'd:
Amid th' Aſſembly, loud I cry'd and mourn'd,
With hideous noyſe (for horrid Anguiſhes)
As kin to Dragons, and to Oſtriches.
My Harp is tuned to a heavy Tone;
My Muſick turned to the voice of mone.

CHAP. 31.

I Made a Covenant with my conſtant eyes,
From gazing out on blazing vanities: (ſtaid)
(Having my Choice, whereon my thoughts were
Why ſhould I once miſ-think upon a Maid?
For, O! for ſuch, what Part, what Portion is
With God, above, in th' Heritage of bliſſe?
Nay; is there not deſtruction ſtill behinde,
Strange Puniſhment, for wicked (of this kind)?
Are not my Paths apparent unto God?
Doth not hee ſee and ſumme the ſteps I trod?
If I have walkt in vanity and pride:
If unto fraud my foot have ever hy'd:
In his juſt Balance let him weigh mee right,
And hee ſhall finde mee by his Beam upright.
If that my Steps have ſtraid, or trod awry:
If that my heart have hearkned to mine eye;
If to my hand hath cleaved any ſpot:
If bloud or bribes the ſame did ever blot;
Then let mee Sow, and others eat my Crop;
Yea, let my Plant be ever plucked-up.
If ever Woman have my heart beguil'd;
Or I layd wait t' have Others Wife defil'd:
Let mine againe unto another grinde,
And mee be puniſht in my ſins owne kinde.
For this is ſure a high and hainous Crime,
To be condemn'd and puniſht in the prime:
Yea, 'tis a fire, whoſe fury will not ceaſe,
But ruine all, and root out my Increaſe.
If ever I deſpis'd my Man, or Maid,
Debating with mee, and them over-waid;
What ſhall I doe? What Anſwer ſhall I make,
When God as Judge, their Cauſe ſhall undertake?
Did not one Maker them and mee create,
Of Matter like, in Manner like, and Fate?
If ever I deny'd the Poor's deſire:
Or let the Widowes longing hopes to tyre:
Or ever eat my morſels all alone,
And gave the Orphan and the needy none
(Hee hath been with me from my child-hood bred
As with a Father: Shee, in Husband's ſted,
Hath ever had my Conſell for her Guide,
My Pow'r for Guard; my Purſe her Want ſupply'd).
If I have ſeen or ſuffered any Poor
To lye and dye, Naked, or out of Door:
Nay, if his loynes be-bleſt not mee from harm,
Becauſe my Fleece and Cottage kept them warm:
If ever I, againſt the Impotent,
Poor, Father-leſſe or Friend-leſſe Innocent
(For Fear or Favour, of a Friend or Foe,
For Gaine, or Grudge that I did ever owe)
Have lift my hand, or him in right withſtood;
Or, when I might have, have not done him good:
Then let mine Arme off from my ſhoulder fall,
And from the bone be paſht to powder all.
For, God's drad Judgements did I alwayes fear:
Whoſe Highneſs Wrath I could nor balk nor bear.
If I on Gold have fixt my Hope, or Heart;
Or, to the Wedge have ſaid; My truſt thou art:
If I have joy'd for being growne ſo Rich;
Or for my Hands had gotten mee ſo much:
If, when I ſaw the Sun or Moon to ſhine,
My heart (intic't) in ſecret did incline
To th' idle *Orgies* of an Idoliſt;
Or (*Heathen*-like) my Mouth my Hand hath kiſt:
Or if, in Summer of my golden Dayes,
Or ſilver Night ſhining with proſperous Rayes,
My hearr in private hath been puft too-high,
Aſcribing all to mine owne induſtry
(Which had been impious ſacriledge and Pride:
For then had I the God of Heav'n deny'd):
If I rejoyc't at ruine of my foes,
Or have triumphed in their overthrowes;
Or have ſo much as let my tongue to roule,
Or heart to wiſh a curſe unto their ſoule:
Though oft my Servants in their rage extreme,
Would faine have beaten, nay, have eaten them:
If I have ſhut the Stranger out of door:
Or let-not-in the weary Pilgrim poor:
If I (like *ADAM*) have conceal'd my ſin,
And cloſely cloakt my Wickedneſſe with-in:
(Although I could have over-born, with Aw,
Whole multitudes; the meaneſt Groom I ſaw,
I feared ſo, I durſt not wring, nor wrong,
Nor wrangle with: but kept my Tent & Tongue).
O! that I had an equall Arbiter,
(To heare, and waigh, conſider, and confer).
Behold my Aime: th' Almighty I deſire
(A certaine Signe of mine intent intire)
For, Hee, I Know, would ſentence on my ſide;
And witneſſe for mee, that I have not ly'd.
Then though againſt mee (in his fell deſpight)
Mine Adverſary ſhould a Volume write,
It, as a Robe, I on my Back would beare,
And as a Garland on my head it weare:
I would by piece-meale, ſhew my Converſation,
All ſo unlike to all his Accuſation,
That cleering mee, it ſhould him more convince,
To come and aske mee Pardon, as a Prince.
But, if my Land againſt mee plead or plain:
Or, if my Furrowes cry-out, or complain:
If *Tithe-leſſe, Taxe-leſſe, Wage-leſſe, Right-leſſe*, I
Have eat the Crop, or caus'd the Owners dye;
In ſted of Barley, and the beſt of Corn,
Grow nothing there, but Thiſtles, Weeds & Thorn.

Here JOB *ſurceaſt.*

JOB

JOB.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

CHAP. 32.

HEre also ceast the Three fore-named Friends
From farther speech (as hopeless of their ends)
Sith Jos so stifly still maincain'd his right
Of righteousnesse, in his owne proper sight.
Then angry *Zeale* began to swelt and swell
In *Elihû* the sonne of *Baraehel*,
The *Buzzite* born, and of the race of *Ram*:
Both against Jos began his wrath to flame
(Because, as tenour of his words imply'd,
Rather Himselfe, then God, he justify'd)
And also those his Foe-friends, for so strict
Condemning Jos, untry'd and unconvict.
His modestie him hitherto with-held,
As giving place to others of more Eld:
But, seeing Jos to a full period come;
And th' other three without reply, as dumb;
His *Zeal* burst out, and Thus in briefe began:
I must confesse, I am too young a man
T' have interrupted you (so old) before
In this dispute; and therefore I forbore:
I was in doubt; I durst not speak (till now)
My weake Opinion, and present it you.
For, dayes (thought I) and years can farther reach:
And long Experience Wisdome best can teach.
Men have a Soule, and Reason's light inherit:
But, Wisdome is inspir'd by th' *Holy-Spirit*
(Which bloweth where it will, and worketh free,
Not ty'd to Age, nor to Authority):
For, Great-men alwayes are not wisest found,
Nor the most Ancient still the most profound.
Therefore awhile to mee give eare, I pray;
And let Mee also mine Opinion say.
I well observ'd your Words, with diligence
I scan'd your Reasons, markt your Arguments:
Yea, neer and narrow have I watcht and waigh'd
What Each of you, and All of you have said:
Yet is there None of you (apart, or joyne)
Convinces Jos; or answers to the poynt:
Lest You should say; We Wisdome compasse can,
God will evince him; not the wit of man.
For mee, mee yet hee never did gain-say:
Nor do I mean to answer him, your way.
Here-with amaz'd, they still continuing mute
Without Reply, or shew of more Dispute
(For I expected yet some speech from some:
I waited still; and when as none would come)
I will, said I, now prosecute my part,
To give my Censure from a single heart:
For, I am full of matter to the top;
My spirit within mee, strains mee, stirs mee up:
My brest is like a Wine-Butt, wanting Vent,
Ready to burst; or Bottles like to rent.
I'll therefore speake, that I may yet re-spire;
And ope my mouth, to fanne mine inward fire.
Yet none, I pray, from mee the while expect
Smooth soothing Titles; personall Respect:
For, soothing Titles know not I to give;
Nor should I, would my Maker let mee live.

CHAP. 33.

NOw therefore, Jos, hark with attentive heed
To all the Words that from me shall proceed:
For, what I speake, premeditated is;
Not out of Passion, or of Prejudice:
But most sincere and from a single heart,
Out of cleer Knowledge (without Clouds of Art).
One and the same, of the same masse of Mire,
Made mee, as thee; and did my Spirit inspire:
Feare not therefore, if thou have ought to say;
Oppose and answer: put thy Words in ray:
I am (according to thy wish) to plead
And parley with thee, in th' Almighties stead;
And yet, a man: My terrors shall not fright thee,
Neither my hand with heavy tortures smite thee.
Lo, Thou hast said (I heard and markt it well)
In mee, there none iniquity doth dwell:
I am Upright, and Clean, and Innocent:
Yet, as a foe, Hee is against mee bent:
Hee picks occasions to inflict mee Strokes;
Sifts all my wayes, and sets mee in the Stocks.
And lo, in this, even in this saying so,
Thou art not Just: for (if thou knowst not) know,
That

That God is Greater then all men: then, Why
Striv'ſt thou with him? whoſe ſupreme Soveraignty
Yeelds us no reaſon, nor account at all,
Of his high Counſels; Why, or How they fall.
For once, yea twice, to man th' Almighty ſpeaks;
Yet man perceives not (or it little reaks)
By Dream, or Viſion of the night, in Sleep
Upon his bed; or in ſome Slumber deep:
Then opens hee mens eares, and him revealeth,
And ſweetly there their meet inſtruction ſealeth;
To turn a man from his intended Ill,
And hide the Pride of his ambitious Will:
To keep his ſoule back from the brink of hell:
To ſave his life from death, and dangers fell.
Sometimes, hee's alſo chaſt'ned on his bed,
With grievous Sickneſſe, from the foot to head;
Inceſſant burning in his bones and bloud:
So that he loatheth the moſt dainty food.
His fleſh conſumed, and his bones ſo high
That they appeare (as an Anatomie):
His Life and Soule draw neer unto the Pit,
(The Grave doth gape, and Worms do wait for it).
If with him be a holy Meſſenger
(One of a Thouſand) an Interpreter,
To ſhew to Man the *Juſtice* of his God,
In his Correction, with his ſharpeſt Rod;
And, rightly humbled, re-advance the Meek,
By Faith, above his righteouſneſſe to ſeek,
And pray to him; Hee will propitious ſtand,
And to his Servant hee will thus command,
Deliver him from going to the Grave,
I am appeas'd: a Ranſom found I have.
Then, then a Child, ſhall freſher be his Fleſh,
Hee ſhall returne unto his Youth a-freſh:
Then ſhall hee call on God, and God ſhall be
Right gracious to him: hee with joy ſhall ſee
His glorious Face. For hee will render than
(Hee will impute) his righteouſneſſe to Man.
Hee viſits men; and if that any ſay,
I have offended: I have gone aſtray:
I have miſ-done: I have perverted right:
O! I have ſinn'd, and had no profit by't;
Hee will deliver from infernall Doom,
His Soule; his Life from an untimely Toomb.
Lo, all theſe things doth God do, twice or thrice,
(Oft and againe) to man (too prone to Vice)
To re-reduce his Soule from Death's dark Night;
To be enlightned with the living light.
Job, mark it well. And harken farther yet
What I ſhall ſpeak: ſave when thou ſeeſt it fit,
If ought thou have to anſwer, or object.
Speak on, in God's Name, for I much affect
To juſtifie and cleer thee (if I may):
If otherwiſe, if nought thou have to ſay;
Liſt, and obſerve with ſilence, I beſeech;
And I ſhall teach thee Wiſedome, by my Speech.

CHAP. 43.

SO, hee proceeded, and ſaid furthermore:
Heare mee, yee Sages; men of skilfull lore:
For, as the Palate doth diſcerne of Food,
Th' Eare tryeth words (how they be bad, or good).
Let's then debate this matter among us;
Examine it, and what is right, diſcuſſe.
For, Job hath ſaid: *O! I am juſt, upright;*
And yet (ſaith hee) *GOD hath bereft my Right.*
Should I belye my cauſe? My thrilled Wound
Is paſt all Cure; and yet no Crime is found.
What man, like Job, himſelfe ſo over-thinks?
Who (wilfully) Contempt, like Water, drinks:
Who, with the wicked and ungodly walks,
Jumps, juſt with them, and in their language talks.
For, hee hath ſaid; *Man hath no profit by't*
To walk with God, and in him to delight.
But, heare me now, all yee that underſtand;
O! be it far from the All-ruling hand
Of *Juſtice* Selfe (th' Almighty God, moſt High)
To doe Injuſtice, or Iniquity.
No: Hee to Each man his owne Work repaies;
And makes him finde according to his Wayes.
Undoubtedly, the *Lord of Hoaſts*, the ſtrong,
Nor hath, nor doth, nor will, nor can do wrong.
Who hath to him charge of the Earth impos'd?
And, Who but hee, hath the whole world diſpos'd?
If hee but pleaſe on man to ſet his minde,
To re-aſſume his Spirit, his Breath, his Winde,
All fleſh at once (if hee but hold his breath)
Shall turn to Duſt; and periſh all, in death.
Now note thou this, if ſo thou haſt a heart
To underſtand; liſt what my words impart:
Shall he have Rule, that Judgement loathes & lacks?
And for unjuſt, wilt thou the Juſteſt tax?
Beſeems it Any to a King to ſay,
O! *thou art wicked* (in thy partiall Sway)?
Or unto Princes (to upbraid them) thus,
You are ungodly, you are impious?
Then, how much leſſe to him that puts no Ods
Touching the perſons of thoſe earthly *Gods*:
Nor 'twixt the Rich and Poor, the Great and Small;
For they (alike) are his owne hands-work, all.
They (at his will) ſhall in a moment dye;
Yea, even at midnight (unexpectedly)
The people ſhall be troubled and tranſported;
And even the Princes, without hands ſubverted.
For, evermore his Eyes are open wide
On all mens Wayes, on every Step and Stride.
There is no Darkneſſe, nor no ſhade of Death,
For, Wicked-ones to hide them under-neath:
Nor, will hee Any yet ſo over-load,
That they may juſtly grudge, or plead with God.
By heaps, will hee to pieces grinde the Great,
And (in their ſteed) ſet others in their ſeat:
For, unto him their works are manifeſt;
Night turn'd to Light: and they ſhall be ſuppreſt.
Them, as moſt wicked, ſmites hee (as it were,
In all mens ſight, in open Theatre)
Becauſe from him they did revolt and ſwerve;
And would not any of his Wayes obſerve:
But caus'd the loud Cryes of the poor aſcend
To Him, who alwayes doth their Cryes attend.
When Hee gives Quiet, who dares be ſo bold
To cauſe Diſturbance; and, if hee with-hold
His Countenance, Who then behold him can;
Whether a People, or a Private man?
That th' Hypocrite no more may raigne (as King)
Nor, under him, the ſnared People wring.

Us therefore thus beſeems, to ſay to God:
I beare with Patience thy correcting Rod:
I will not murmur, nor burſt out therefore;
But ſigh in ſilence, and offend no more:
Shew mee my ſins I ſee not, nor perceive;
And henceforth will I all unjuſtnee leave.
Or, ſhould it be after thy pleaſure ay?
No, will-thou-nill, Hee will (not I) repay.
Now, therefore ſpeak thy Conſcience ſeriouſly;
And let the prudent mark and teſtifie,
That, void of knowledge, JOB hath miſ-averr'd;
And, wide of Wiſdome, his Diſcourſe hath err'd.
Would therefore (Father) he might yet be tri'd;
Sith for the Wicked hee hath ſo reply'd;
For, to his ſin hee doth rebellion add:
Claps hands at us, as hee the better had:
And (too-too-pure in his too-prudent Eyes)
Againſt th' Almighty, Words hee multiplies.

CHAP. 35.

ELIHU ſpeaking, Thus moreover ſaid:
Think'ſt thou this right (if it be rightly waid)
Which thou haſt ſpoken (or thy ſpeech imply'd)
My Righteouſneſſe is more then God's (O Pride!)
For, thou haſt ſaid, *What will it vantage mee,*
What ſhall I gain, if I from ſin be free?
I'll anſwer thee; and with thee All ſo dreaming:
Look up, and ſee the heav'ns above thee gleaming;
Behold, how high: If therefore thou tranſgreſſe,
And multiply thy ſin and wickedneſſe;
What hurt doſt thou to God? what detriment?
On th' other ſide, if thou be innocent,
If juſt; what doſt thou to his *Goodneſſe* give?
Or, from thy hand, What, what doth hee receive?
Thy wickedneſſe may hurt a Man (like thee):
Thy righteouſneſſe to Man may helpfull bee.
For manifold and frequent Tyranny,
Oppreſſors make oppreſſed-ones to cry;
Yea, to cry-out for cruell Violence
Of Mighty-ones, of men of Eminence:
But there is none that ſaith (as due belongs) (ſongs,
Where's God *my Maker* (Who by Night gives
Who teacheth us, hath us more Wiſdome giv'n,
Than Beaſts of earth, or to the Fowles of heav'n)?
There cry they oft; but none doth heare or heed,
For; th' Evils ſake (who in all ills exceed)
For, Vanity, God doth not, hath not heard;
Nor ever will th' Almighty it regard. (Juſt:
Now, though thou ſaiſt, thou ſeeſt him not, hee's
With him is judgement; therefore in him truſt:
For want whereof, his Wrath hath viſited;
Yet not ſo hot as thou haſt merited.
Therefore doth JOB open his mouth in vain:
And voyd of knowledge, yet, yet, miſ-complain.

CHAP. 36.

ELIHU ſaid: A little ſuffer mee;
For I have yet more to alledge to Thee,
On God's behalfe. I'll fetch mine Arguments
From farre (confirm'd by long Experience)
To juſtifie my Maker's *Holineſſe*,
Give him his owne, and right his righteouſneſſe.
I'll ſpeak no falſhood, nor no fraud propound:
All my Diſcourſe ſhall be ſincere and ſound.
Lo, God is mighty; yet doth none deſpiſe:
Omnipotent, Omniſcient, Strong and Wiſe.
Hee ſpareth not the Life of wicked wights;
But the Oppreſſed in their wrongs hee rights:
His eyes are never off the righteous ſort:
Them on the Throne hee doth with Kings conſort:
Them hee advances; and beyond all Term
Doth them eſtabliſh, and them faſt confirm.
Or, if that evet fetters them befall,
Or, they be holden in afflictions thrall;
Hee lets them ſee their works, their wickedneſſe,
Their wandring By-wayes, and their bold exceſſe:
And opens then their Eare to Diſcipline,
Commanding quick that they returne from Sin.
If they return, to ſerve and him obey,
Their dayes and years right happy ſpend ſhall they:
If not; the Sword ſhall ſmite them ſuddenly;
And in their wilfull Folly ſhall they dye.
But Hypocrites, the men of double heart,
They heap-up wrath: they cry not when they ſmart.
They dye in youth; their life among th' uncleane,
Moſt Inſolent, moſt Impudent, Obſcœne.
Hee th' humble Poor in his affliction frees:
Their Ears hee opens, in calamities:
So would hee, thee from thy diſtreſſe have freed,
And brought the forth, far from the ſtreits of need,
To ſpacious plenty; and thenceforth thy Boord
Should with the beſt and fatteſt have been ſtor'd:
But thou, too-wicked-like, too-ſtiffe haſt ſtood;
As their preſumptions ſeeming to make good;
Not ſtoopt, but ſtrutted in conteſting pride:
Therefore, on thee doth judgement yet abide.
Sith wroth hee is, beware to tempt him more;
Leſt with his ſtroke, hee ſudden ſmite thee ore:
Or hiſſe thee hence with his Almighty breath:
Then can no Ranſom thee redeem from death.
Will hee regard thy Goods? or reak thy Gold?
Thy State, or ſtrength (how much, or manifold)?
Nor wiſh thou (hopeleſſe) for the (hapleſſe) night,
When from their place People are taken quite:
Beware, regard not thou iniquitie;
Neither (alas!) through faint infirmity,
Chuſe rather that, than thine Affliction's Part,
With humble Patience of a conſtant heart.
Behold, the Lord is, for his Pow'r ſupreme:
And, for his Prudence, Who doth teach like him?
Who hath appointed unto him his way?
Or, Who can tell him, *Thou haſt gone aſtray?*
Rather, remember that thou magnifie
His publike works, apparent to our eye;
So viſible, that both the young and old,
Them from a-far do bright and brim behold.
Lo, God is greater then wee comprehend:
Nor can the number of his years be kend.
Hee makes the thick exhaled Vapours thin,
That down again in ſilver Deaw's they ſpin,
From ſtrouting Clouds abundantly diſtilling
For th' uſe of man, the Plains with Plenty filling.
Alſo, can Any underſtand th' extent
Of Clouds, or know the Rattling of his Tent?

Behold

Behold, Hee ſpreadeth out his light there-over,
And even the bottom of the Sea doth cover.
For, by the ſame Hee worketh divers wayes,
Both to his *Juſtice* and his *Mercies* praiſe:
That, through exceſſe, cauſing a fearfull Flood;
This, temperate, producing ſtore of Food. (tween,
Hee railes the Light with Clouds that come be-
Forbids it ſhine, and lets it not be ſeen;
Boading a ſhower, or ſtorms approaching rage:
Which oft, even Cattell of the Field preſage,

CHAP. 37.

HEre-at, my heart trembles for inward fear,
As if remov'd from it owne place it were:
Hark, hark with heed unto the hideous Noiſe,
The horrid Rumbling of his dreadfull Voice,
Which, with his Lightning, hee directeth forth,
Under whole Heav'n, and over all the Earth.
After the Flaſh, a Claſh there roareth high;
Hee thunders-out his Voice of Majeſtie:
And then no longer will hee keep them back,
When that is heard over our heads to crack.
God with his Voice, doth thunder wondrouſly,
And works great things that wee cannot diſcry:
Hee bids the Snow to cover Hill and Plain?
So, drizling Showers; and ſo, his mighty Rain;
Whereby, from field-works he ſeals up mens hands,
That they may know his Works, how he commands.
Then, to their Den the ſavage Heards doe hie;
And for a ſeaſon in their Covert lye. (coms:
From Southern Chambers the hot Whirle-wind
Fró Northern Cels, that which with cold benums.
The Froſt is giv'n us, by the breath divine;
When Cruſts of Cryſtall ſpreading Flouds confine.
The blackeſt Cloud hee doth exhauſt of waters:
And, his bright Cloud (the Lightnings ſhroud) hee
And (by the counſell of his Providence) (ſcatters
All This, by turns, in round Circumference
Is turn'd about: and ready at his Call,
Throughout the World, to doe his will in all.
For, Hee commands them, come for Puniſhment,
Or Love to His; or elſe indifferent.
Harken to this O JOB; ſtand ſtill and ponder
The Works of God, ſo full of weight and wonder.
Know'ſt thou (alas!) when hee diſpoſed them;
Or caus'd the Light out of his Lump to beam? (er)
Know'ſt thou the clouds juſt poize (the high ordow-
And wondrous works of the All-perfect Knower?
How, when he calms the Earth with Southern puff,
Thy thinneſt clothes thou findeſt warm enough?
Haſt thou with him, ſpread forth the ſpangled skie?
That (liquid Cryſtall-like) ſtrong Canapie?
If ſo; then ſhew us, what to ſay to him:
For, what to ſay, we are (alas!) too dim.
Should I miſ-ſpeak, needs any him inform?
Nay, ſhould I not be ſwallowed up (in ſtorm)?
None fixtly can (when clouds be cleer'd away)
Behold that bright and ſhining Lamp of Day.
From out the North ſtream goodly beams of gold:
With God is Light more bright by manifold,
More pure, more piercing, paſt a mortall eye;
More dreadfull far. His glorious Majeſtie
(*Dwelling above, in Splendors inacceſſible*)
For us to find out, is a point impoſſible.
Hee's excellent in *Prudence*; paſſing *Strong*:
Plenteous in *Juſtice*: and doth no man wrong.
Therefore men fear him: Yet for their deſert,
Regards not hee thoſe that are Wiſe of heart.

CHAP. 38.

THen, dread JEHOVA from a Whirl-wind ſpake
In ſacred termes; and thus with Job hee brake:
Where? Who is Hee, that (to himſelfe ſo holy)
Darkens my Counſels, with contentious Folly?
Come, gird thy loynes, prepare thee, play the man;
I will oppoſe thee: anſwer if thou can. (diſmaid)
Why? Where wert thou, tell (if thou know'ſt,
When the foundations of the Earth I laid?
Who marked firſt the Meaſures of it out?
Or (canſt thou tell) who ſtrecht the Line about?
What Baſes had it; and fixt where-upon?
Or, who thereof, laid the firſt Corner-ſtone,
When Morning Stars for joy together ſung,
And all God's children cheerfull eccho rang?
Or, who with Doore, ſhut-in the Sea ſo ſtreight,
When from the womb it ruſhed with ſuch weight?
When as I made the Cloud a clowt for it,
And blackeſt Darkneſs as a ſwath-band fit:
And Cradled it in mine appointed place,
With Bars about, and Doores at every pace:
And ſaid unto it; Hitherto extend;
And farther, not: here thy proud Waves be pend.
Hadſt thou the Morning from thy birth, at beck?
Mad'ſt thou the Dawn in his due place to break?
That it might reach the earth's Circumference,
And that the Wicked might be ſhaken thence:
To ſtamp it (various, as the Potters clay)
With many Formes, in manifold array,
When as th' Ungodly ſhall be all diſcry'd;
That *Juſtice* hand may break the armes of Pride?
Haſt thou gone down into the Sea it ſelfe;
Walkt in the bottom; ſearched every Shelfe;
Survai'd the Springs? Or have the Gates of death
Been open'd to thee; and thoſe doores beneath
Death's gaſtly ſhadows? Know'ſt thou (to conclude)
(Tell if thou know'ſt) the earth's juſt latitude?
Which is the way, where lovely Light doth dwell?
And as for Darkneſs where hath ſhe her Cell; (priſe;
That thou ſhould'ſt both, in both their bounds com-
And know their dwellings, and their Paths preciſe?
Needs muſt thou know them: Thou wert born yer
No doubt thou wert, thou art ſo old a man. (than:
Haſt thou the treaſures of the Snow ſurvai'd?
Or ſeen the Store-houſe of my Hail (up-layd
And hid in heaps againſt the time of need)
For War-like battry, where I have decreed? (out,
Which is the way whence Lightning flaſheth
Scattring th' unhealthy Eaſtern Gales about?
Who hath diſpos'd the upper Sponts and Gutters,
Whereby the Aire his over-burthen utters?
Or given the Lightning and the Thunder way,
To cauſe it rain on places parcht away;
On Thirſtie Deſarts, where no people paſſe;
On barren Mountains, to revive the graſſe?

Had Rain a Father? Or, begot by whom
Was pearly Dew? Or, from what pregnant Womb
Came cryſtall Yce? Or, canſt thou rightly render,
Who did the hard and hoary Froſts ingender,
When Waters creep under a ſtone-like cover,
And th' Oceans ſurface is thick-glaſed over?
Canſt thou reſtrain the pleaſant influing
Of *Pleiades* (the Uſhers of the Spring)?
Or canſt thou looſe *Orion*'s ycie Bands,
(Who rules the Winter with his chil Commands)?
Canſt thou bring forth (the ſoultry Sumers Guide)
Bright *Mazaroth* (or *Dog-ſtar*) in his Tide?
Or canſt thou lead *Arcturus* (and his Train,
Th' *Autumnal* Signs) his Sons or *Charles his Wain*?
Know'ſt Thou the Statutes of the Heav'ns above?
Or canſt thou (here) them in their order move?
Wilt thou command the Clouds, & Rain ſhall fall?
Will Lightning come, and anſwer at thy call?
Who hath infus'd Wiſdome in th' inner part?
Or Underſtanding who hath giv'n the heart?
Who can ſum-up the Clouds, or clear the Sky?
Or ope Heav'ns bottles, when the Earth is dry?
To ſteep the duſt, and knead the clotted Clay,
Yerſt over-baked with too-hot a Ray?

CHAP. 39.

WIlt Thou go hunt, th' old Lioneſſe to help;
Or fetch-in prey to fill her greedy whelp,
When they are couchant in their Den, or watch
For paſſant Heards, their wonted Boot to catch?
Who for the Raven provideth timely food;
When as her hungry greedy-gaping brood,
Wandring about, and wanting what to eat,
Do (croaking) call, and cry to mee for meat?
Know'ſt thou the time when mountain Goats and
Do yean & calve (according to their kinds)? (Hinds
Canſt thou keep reckning of the Months they go,
And how their Burdens to their birth-time grow;
When they but bow them, and forth-with let fall
Their tender fruit, and all their pains withall?
Who hath ſent out the Wild Aſſe, free to feed;
Or let him looſe (from ſerving humane need)
Whoſe houſe and haunt I have ordaind expreſſe
Within the brackie barren Wilderneſſe?
Hee ſcorns the Cities multitude and noyſe:
Hee reaks not of the yawning Drivers royce:
The craggie Cliffs his ſhaggie Paſtures been;
Where off hee croppeth what hee findeth green.
Will th' Unicorn thee willingly obay?
Or, will hee come unto thy Crib for Hay?
Will hee be brought to harrow or to plow?
Or will hee bring thy Corn unto thy Mow?
Wilt thou preſume of him, for ſtrength in fight?
Or leane to him, thy labour to acquite?
Didſt thou beſtow the Peacocks goodly Fan?
Or, gav'ſt thou Feathers to the Stork (or Swan)?
Or, to the Oſtridge her delicious Treſs
(Th' ambitious badge as well of War as Peace)
Who layes her egges, and leaves them in the Duſt,
To hatch them there, with radiant Heat aduſt,
Without her help, or heed; leſt tread or track,
Of Man or Beaſt them all to pieces crack:
Unkindeſt Dam, the labour of her wombe
That dares annull; while Hers not Hers become:
So void I made her of intelligence,
And kinde inſtinct of Natures influence:
Yet, with her Wings and feet ſo faſt ſhee skips,
That ſhe the Horſe and Rider both out-ſtrips. (der,
Haſt thou indu'd the Horſe with ſtrengthfull won-
And cloath'd his creſt, and fil'd his breſt with thun-
Canſt thou affright him, as a Graſs-hopper; (der?
Whoſe noſtrils pride ſnorts Terrors every where?
Hee pawes the Plain, hee ſtately ſtamps and neighs,
And glad goes-on againſt the arm'd Arraies,
Diſdaining Fear. For, for the ſword and Shield,
Dart, Pike, and Lance, Hee 'll not forſake the Field,
Nor turn his back (how-ever thick they ſhiver)
Nor for the Croſſe-bow, and the rattling Quiver.
Hee ſwallowes-up the Earth in furious heat;
Nor will beleeve the ſound of the Retreat.
Among the Trumpets, ſounds his cheerfull Laugh,
Ha-ha-ha-ha: hee ſmelleth afar-off
The wiſhed Battaile; hears the thundring Call
Of proud Commanders; and loud Shouts of all.
Is't by thy wiſdome that the Hawk doth mew,
And to the Southward ſpreads her winged Clew?
Doth th' Eagle mount ſo high at thy beheſt,
And build aloft (ſo neer the clouds) her Neſt?
Shee dwels upon the Rock and ragged Cliffe,
And craggie places the moſt ſteep and ſtiffe:
From whence, about to ſeek her prey ſhee flyes;
Which, from afar, her quick keen Sight eſpies:
Her young ones alſo, onely Blood doe ſuck:
And where the ſlaine are, thither doe they ruck.

CHAP. 40.

MOreover, yet, The Lord, proceeding, ſaid
To JOB: Shall he that dares wth God to plead,
Teach him his part? Let him (who God doth tax)
Here let mee hear the Anſwer that hee makes.
JOB ſadly then Thus humbly did reply:
O! Lord, behold; O! moſt-moſt Vile am I.
What ſhall I anſwer Thee? What ſhall I ſay?
Onely, my hand upon my mouth I 'll lay.
Once have I ſpoke, and twice; and too-too-bold:
But now, for ever I my tongue will hold.
Again, the Lord out of the Whirle-wind ſpake,
And ſaid to JOB: Yes, yes; thy Theam re-take:
Gird up thy loynes again, and play the Man:
I'll queſtion thee: now anſwer, if thou can. (hie);
Wilt thou make void my Judgements (juſt and
Condemning Mee, thy ſelfe to juſtifie?
Haſt thou an Arme like to the Arme divine?
Or is thy Voice as Thunder-like as Mine?
Put-on thy Robes of Majeſtie and Might:
Deck thee with Glory, and with Beauty bright:
Dart forth the Lightnings of thy wrathfull Frown,
Againſt the proud, and bring them tumbling down:
Behold thou all, and every one that's proud,
And down with them, and all the wicked Croud:
Trample upon them, in their very place:
Hide them in Duſt at once; there bind their Face:
Then will I grant (what thou haſt urg'd ſo brave)
That thine own Self thine own right hand can ſave.

But,

But now behold (thy fellow) BEHEMOTH,
Thy fellow Creature; for I made you Both.
Hee, like an Oxe amid the Field doth graze:
In's Loynes and Navell, his moſt ſtrength hee ha's:
Hee whisks his ſinnewie Taile, ſtiffe as a Ceder;
His ſtones (within) with nerves are wreath'd toge-
His Bones and Ribs be ſtrong as Brazen Bars, (ther,
And as unyeelding as the Yron-Spars:
Hee's of the Maſter-pieces of the Lord,
Who alſo arm'd him with a ready Sword.
The Mountains yeeld him meat; where night & day,
All other Beaſts doe fear-leſſe feed and play.
Beneath the broad-leav'd ſhady Trees hee lodges
Amid the Fens, among the Reeds and Sedges,
Compaſt with Willowes of the Brook about:
Where, when hee enters (in the time of Drought)
The maſſie bulk of his huge body bayes
The Torrents courſe, and even the Current ſtayes:
There, yet hee go, the River dry hee drinks;
And in his Thirſt to ſwallow *Jordan* thinks.
Dare any come, before him, him to take,
Or bore his Snout, of him a Slave to make?

CHAP. 41.

CAnſt thou hale up the huge LEVIATHAN,
With hook and Line amid the Ocean?
Canſt thou his tongue with ſteely Crotchets thrill;
Or with a Thorn his ſnuffing Noſe, or Guill?
Will hee come ſue, by Supplications, to-thee?
Will hee with ſmooth and ſoothing ſpeeches woo-
Will he by Covenant, ſerve thee, at thy beck; (thee?
Or be thy Slave, for ever at thy Check?
Wilt thou with him, as with a Sparrow, play?
And give him, ty'd, unto thy Girles, away?
Shall Fiſher-men of him a feaſt prepare?
Shall they his fleſh among the Merchants ſhare?
Canſt thou his skin with barbed *Pheons* pierce?
Or plant his head with groves of Otter-ſpears?
Lay hold on him: ſet on him: but, before
Think on the Battell, and come there no more.
For 'tis ſo far from hope of Victory,
That even his ſight would rather make thee fly.
There's none ſo fierce that dares him rouze or hunt.
[Then, Who ſhall ſafely Mee my ſelfe affront?
Who hath prevented mee? To whom have I
Been firſt beholding for a Curteſie,
Or bound at all for any Benefit
Beſtow'd on mee, that I ſhould guerdon it?
Why? is not All earths ample arms confine,
All under Heav'n, All in the Ocean Mine?]
I will not hide his Parts and Properties;
Neither his Strength, nor ſeemly Symmetries.
Who ſhall unhood him? Who with double Rain
Shall bridle him, with Snaffle, Trench, or Chain?
Or put the Bit between his Jawes (his Portall)
Impal'd with Terror of his Teeth ſo mortall?
His ſhield-like Scales, hee chiefly glories in,
So cloſe compact, glew'd, ſealed; that, between,
No Aire can enter, nor no Engin pierce,
Nor any Point diſ-joyne them or diſperſe.
His Neeſings cauſe a Light, as brightly burning;
His Eyes are like the Eye-lids of the Morning;
Out of his Mouth flow blazing Lamps, and flye
Quick ſparks of fire, aſcending ſwift and hie:
Out of his Noſtrils, ſmoak, as from a Pot,
Kettle or Caldron when it boyleth hot:
His Breath doth kindle coals, when with the ſame
Hee whirleth out a ſtorm of Fume and Flame:
Strength dwelleth in his Neck; ſo that hee joyes
In ſaddeſt ſtorms, and triumphs of Annoyes:
His Flakes of Fleſh as ſolid to his bone;
His Heart's as hard as Wind-mils neather-ſtone.
To ſee him riſe, and how hee breaks withall;
The ſtoureſt ſtoop, and to their Prayers fall.
No Weapons of defence, or of offence,
Can him offend, or from him be defence:
Iron and Braſſe Hee waighs as Sticks and Straw:
Sling-ſtones and Arrowes, Him do never aw:
Darts daunt him not, more then they Stubble were:
He laugheth at the ſhaking of a Speare:
Sharp ragged Stones, keen pointed Sherds & Shels,
Hee reſteth on, amid his muddy Cels.
Hee makes the deep ſea like a pot to boyl,
A pot of Oyntment (caſting ſcummy Soyl):
Where hee hath paſt, hee leaves upon the ſtreams
A ſhining Path, and th' Ocean hoary ſeems.
In earth is nothing like him to be ſeen;
So fear-leſſe made, ſo full of haughty ſpleen;
Deſpiſing all high things, Him ſelfe beſide.
Hee is the King of all the Sons of Pride.

CHAP. 42.

JOB, proſtrate then, thus to the Lord profeſt:
Drad God I know, and I acknowledge preſt,
That All Thou *canſt*; and all Thou *kenneſt* too:
Our thoughts not hid; Thine own not hard to do.
I am the Man, who (to my ſelfe too-holy
Darkned thy Counſels, with Contentious Folly.
For, I have ſpoken what I underſtood not, (not.
Of wondrous things which comprehend I could
Yet, Lord, vouchſafe, vouchſafe, I thee beſeech,
An eare, and anſwer to my humble ſpeech.
Till now, mine eare had onely heard of thee:
But now, mine Eye thy gracious Selfe doth ſee.
Therefore, My ſelf I loath, as too-too-bad;
And here repent in Duſt and Aſhes ſad.
Now, after this with JOB; it came to paſſe,
The Lord did alſo ſpeak to *Eliphaz*
The *Themanite*; and thus to him ſaid hee:
My wrath is kindled with thy Friends and thee:
For none of you have ſpoken of my Path,
So right and juſt as JOB my Servant hath.
Therefore go take you Rams and Bullocks faire;
Seven of a ſort; and to my JOB repaire;
Bring for your ſelves your burnt Oblations due,
And JOB my Servant hee ſhall pray for you,
(For him will I accept) leſt, juſtly ſtrict,
After your Folly, I revenge inflict;
Becauſe you have not ſpoken of my Path,
So right and juſt as JOB my Servant hath.
So *Eliphaz*, the ancient *Themanite*,
Bildad the *Shuhite*, the *Naamathite*
Zophar (together) them prepar'd and went,
And did according God's Commandement.

Also the Lord accepted JOB, and staid
His Thrall-full State (when for his friends he praid)
And turned it to Solace-full, from sad;
And gave him double all the goods hee had.
Then all his Brethren, Sisters all, and Kin;
And all that had of his acquaintance bin,
Came flocking to his House, with him to feast;
To waile his Woes, and comfort him their best,
For all the Evill which the Lord (of late)
Had brought upon his Person and his State.
And each man gave him (as best beare they could)
A piece of Money, and Ear-ring of Gold.
So, that the Lord blessed JOB's latter Time,
With more abundance then his flowry Prime.
For, fourteen Thousand Sheep were now his flock;
Camels six Thousand; Steers a Thousand yoak;
Shee-Asses twice five Hundred; Familie
Just as before: Seven Sons and Daughters Three.
Th' Eldest *Jemima*, *Kezia* the next:
And *Keren-Happuch* (saith my sacred Text)
The Third hee named (Names of goodly Sense,
Alluding to some gracefull Excellence:
The first, as much as *Lustre of the Morn*;
Cassia, the next; last, *Alabastrine Horn*)
In all the Countrey were no Women found
So faire as these. JOB, of his goods and ground,
Among their Brethren gave them Heritage.
Yet, after This, JOB liv'd a goodly age,
Twice Seventy years, and saw his Sons Sons Sons,
Successively, Foure Generations:
And then Hee dy'd Ancient and full of Dayes.
To GOD, for him, and all his Saints be Praise,
And for his Succour in these sacred Layes.

AMEN.

EPITAPHIUM JOBI.

Qui Se, qui Sèclum vicit; qui sæva Suorum
Funera, Amicorum jurgia, Pauperiem;
Ulcera qui carnis, qui Conjugis impia verba;
Qui Cœlum iratum, mente tulit placidâ:
Invictum virtute *Jobum*, *Patientia* Virgo,
Nunc Vidua, hoc Sponsum condidit in Tumulo.

* * * *
* * * * * * * *

VVho, SELF, The World, & Satan, triumphi-o're;
VVho, VVealth's & Health's Children's ruefull, Losse;
Who, Friends Rebuke, Foes Rage, Wifes cursing Crosse;
Heav'ns Frowne, Earth's Force, Hels Fury, calmely bore:
Th' Invincible *in Vertue, JOB, Her* Pheere,
The Virgin Patience (*VVidow now*) *toomb'd Here.*

FINIS.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

THE

{*Wonder of Widowes;*
Honour of Wives;
Mirrour of Maids.}

Tranſlated; and Dedicated

TO

The Soveraign of VVomen,

ANNE

Queene of Great Britaine.

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT-RIGHT HONOURABLE *LADIES*,

Lucie, *Marchioneſs* of VVincheſter.

Lucie, Anne, Frances, } *Counteſs* { of Bedford. of Dorſet. of Exceter.

Frances, Katherin, Suſan, } *Counteſs* { of Hartford. of Salisbury. of Montgom.

Barbara, Elizabeth, Elizabeth, } *Vi-Counteſs* { Liſle. Haddington. Fenton.

Sara, Margaret, Honoria, } *Baroneſs* { Zouch. Wotton. Hay.

Elizab. Elizab. Jane, } *Baroneſs* { Knowles. Cavendiſh. Roxborough.

MIrrours of HONOR, *Models of Perfection,*
Low to You all bowes the BETHULIAN Dame;
Beſeeching All, but chiefly You, *by Name,*
To daign her grace and place in your Affection.

You Nobleſt Lights, *whoſe* Vertues *bright reflection*
Rare-richly ſparkles every way ſome flame
(*Divers in Form; in Vertue* ſtill the Same)
On Objects worthy of your Worth's *Election*:
Your kinde Addreſſe *Shee craves, your ſweet* Direction
Towards the Preſence of your Soveraign DAME:
Whoſe High Endowments by the Trump of Fame,
Invite All Vertuous *under Her* Protection;
Which JUDITH *humbly prayes You, pray for Her*:
And milde interpret Her Interpreter.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

The First Book.

I Sing the *Vertues* and the valiant Deed
Of th' *Hebrew Widow*, that ſo bravely freed
Bethulian-Doores from *Babylonian*-Dread,
And with juſt Fauchin did behead their Head.
Thou, that to ſave, from *Pagans* ſervile Rigor,
Thine *Iſaac*'s Heirs, didſt ſteel with manly Vigor
Weak Judith's heart, my feeble heart advance;
Raiſe, raiſe my thoughts in high and holy tranſe;
Upon my Spirit, O! let thy Spirit reflect:
Grant I may handle in a ſtile ſelect
So ſacred ſtuffe; that whoſo reads this *Story*,
May Profit reap, I Comfort, and Thou Glory.
And You, *great* Comfort *of* Great-Britain's King,
Whoſe Vertues *here I under* Judith *ſing*;
Thrice-royall Anne, *vouchſafe auſpicious Rayes*
Of Princely Favour *on Theſe Pious Layes*
(Compoſed firſt upon a Queen's *Command*
Diſpoſed next into a Queen's *own hand*,
Tranſpoſed now *to a more* Queen's *Protection*:
As moſt peculiar *to all* Queen's *Perfection*).
Great-gracious Lady, let it not diſtaſte,
That Judith *made not (as ſhee ought) more haſte*
To kiſſe Your *Hands*; *nor deem, nor doubt, the worſt*,
Though Shee *have ſeen* Your royall Spouſe *the firſt*:
It was her Truch-man, *much againſt her minde*,
Betray'd her ſo to goe againſt her Kinde.
For which Offence, *with other mo, to Her*,
Sh' hath got her now a new Interpreter;
Shee hopes more faithfull (wiſhes, more diſcreet)
To ſay and lay Her Service *at Your Feet*:
To give Du Bartas (*as the laſt*) *His Due*,
In her behalfe; *and in* Her, *honour* You.
While *Iſrael* a happy *Peace* injoy'd,
And, dangerleſſe, with diligence imploy'd
The fruitfull Soile, which ſeventy years unſow'n,
Had ly'n before, with Thiſtles overgrow'n;
The Lord, Who often, by ſome Stroke ſevere
Of juſt Correction, *wakes* his Own (for fear
Leſt too-long reſting make them like the Horſe,
Which ſtanding ſtill too-long, doth loſe his Force,
Forgets to manage; and, too-pamper'd, growes
Unruly, reſtive, and his Rider throwes)
Covers their Country with ſo huge an Hoaſt,
That clouds of *Arrows* darkned all the Coaſt,
Pikes, *Bills* & *Darts*, ſeem'd as they ſtirr'd, or ſtood,
A moving Forreſt, or a mighty Wood:
And, of all ſorts of ſouldiers, rankly-rude,
Under their Enſignes marcht ſuch multitude,
As even drew dry the Rivers where they paſt
Through rich *Judea*; ſo that, at the laſt,
Cleer *Jordan*'s Selfe, in his dry oazie Bed,
Bluſhing for ſhame, was faine to hide his dead;
Becauſe (flat Bankrupt) hee no more could pay
One Tribute-ſtream, of all hee ought the Sea.
The Sun-burnt Reaper had yet ſcarcely rid
The ridged Acres of their richeſt Weed:
The needy Gleaner ſcarce had gath'red clean
The ſcatter'd Ears the Binder left, to glean:
And ſcaree, as yet the Flayls upon the Floores
Began to groan; when *Jacob* at his Doores,
Sees Holophernes his weak Frontiers ſpoile:
In bloudy Rivers drown his fertile Soile;
Not ſparing fell the tender Female-kinde,
Nor hoary hairs (already ſhort confin'd)
Nor Sucklings, ſwaddled in their Mothers arms,
From inſolence of his inſulting Arms.
Then, as a flock of Sheep, which ſees their Foe
Come forth a Wood (who oft hath ſcar'd them ſo)
Minds no Defence; but ſcudding to be gone,
Makes, in an inſtant, hundred Flocks of one:
Th' *Iſa'cians* ſeized with a ſudden fear,
Thinking his Hoaſt behinde them every where,
Diſperſt and ſcatter'd (like thoſe ſilly Sheep)
Fly into Woods, in Rocks and Caves they creep.
Th' affrighted Swains neglecting fields & flocks,
To ſave their lives, climb ſteepeſt Hills and Rocks:
Artificers, leaving their Tools to play,
Gain-greedy Chap-men, laying Trades away,
Hie them to hide them, in ſecurer ſort
In moſſie Caves, then in a martiall Fort.

And

And greateſt Lords hold Dens of Wolves and Bears
A ſafer Hold then Gold-lyn'd Walls of theirs.
Fear, lending wings to th' Aged, makes them ply
With luſty ſpeed up to the Mountains nigh:
Fear makes the Mothers, all forlorn and loſt,
Lug their dear Cradles to the Clouds almoſt:
Fear makes the Children (like ſo many Lambs)
Caule on all foure after their dabbled Dams:
There 's nothing heard but hideous cryes & plaints,
Sad Lamentations, pitifull Complaints.
O Lord! (ſay they) wilt thou for ever, thus
Thrill down the Darts of thy fierce Wrath on us?
Shall the *Chaldean Idoliſts* again
Thy Choſen Flock in ſervile Yoak enchain?
Shall our ſad Houſes, turn'd to Heaps of ſtone,
With weeds and thorns again be over-grow'n?
Shall ſacrilegious Fire again preſume
Thy ſacred Houſe, thine Altar to conſume?
But *Joachim*, High-Prieſt of God, that tide,
And of the *Hebrews* then the chiefeſt Guide,
Follows the ſtout and expert Pilots guiſe,
Who, when hee ſees a ſudden Storm ariſe,
Addsnot more Fear, with his Fear, to his fellows,
Nor leaves his Ship to mercy of the Billows;
But, hiding his diſtruſt, oppoſes brave
His Arm and Art againſt the Winde and Wave:
For, quick diſpatching (hourely) Poſt on Poſt,
To all the Coverts of the Able-moſt (them
For Pate, Proweſs, Purſe; commands, prayes, preſſes
To come with ſpeed unto JERUSALEM.
Since firſt th' *Eternall* gave his ſacred Law,
Upon Mount *Sinai* (in ſo dreadfull Awe)
Th' *Ark*, which contained, in *Two leaves of ſtone*,
Much more ſound *Wiſdome*, in it ſelfe alone;
Then ſubtile *Greece*, or *Rome* (renown'd for *Wiſe*)
In Worlds of Volumes ever could compriſe;
Wandred from Tribe to Tribe, from Race to Race,
Throughout all *Jury*, without reſting-place;
Yea, ſometimes too (O too audacious Theft!)
The ſacrilegious *Philiſtins* it reft:
Till th' happy day when *Jeſſe* 's holy Stem
Lodg'd it for ever, in JERUSALEM.
But, ſith as yet, great *Davids* hands were red
With bloud of Thouſands hee had ſlaughtered;
The King of *Peace* would have a peaceſull Prince
In Peaceſull dayes, with all magnificence
To build his TEMPLE; whoſe high Battlement
Seem'd Earth to ſcorn, and threat the Firmament,
Till th' hapleſſe Day wherein a hateſull King
(In name and nature, juſt reſembling
This *Tyrant* 's Lord) with execrable Blaze,
Did burn it down, and the foundation raze.
A long-while after, *Abr'am* 's ſacred Stems,
Return'd from Shores of Tyrant *Tigris* ſtreams;
Beſet with Fears, will Perill, and with Pain,
Re-builded Here God's glorious houſe again.
Which, though (alas!) that firſt no more it matcht,
Then a Kings *Palace* a poor *Cottage* thatcht;
In Bigneſſe yet, Beauty, and Height, obſcur'd
All Pagan *Wonders* which moſt Fame procur'd;
Th' *Aſſyrian Queen-kings*, (ſomtime) ſumptuous
Th' *Epheſian Temple*, the *Egyptian Towers*, (*Bowers*,)
The *Pharians Pharus*, *Carians* coſtly *Toomb*,
Rhodes high *Coloſſus*, the huge *Heaps of Rome*.
For, for admired *Art*, This glorious TEMPLE
Serv'd *Cteſiphon* for *Model* and Example;
Lent rare *Apelles* curious penſill Light,
And led *Lycippus* cunning Chizel right.
Thither by troups, th' *Iſaacian* Tribes devout,
Return'd to *Salem*, flockt from all about:
As, when the Heav'ns, opening their Sluces wide,
Poure ſudden Showers, ſurrounding every ſide;
The gurgling Rills with rapid Courſe deſcend
From ſundry Hills, and to ſome River tend.
But ſad-ſweet JUDITH in the mid'ſt (almoſt)
Shined as *Cynthia* 'mid the *Nightly* Hoaſt:
For, God (it ſeem'd) her Beauties form had caſt
In rareſt Mould of Nature (firſt or laſt).
Th' *High Primate* then, aſſiſted with the Ligne
Of *Eleazar* (Prieſts, whoſe ſacred Crine
Felt never Razor) on his oyled head
A pearly Mitre ſadly ſetteled:
His ſacred Body alſo ſoon hee heals
With ſacred Veſture, fring'd with golden Bells.
Then burns for *Offring*, ſlayes for *Sacrifice*,
Kids, Lambs, Calves, Heifers, in aboundant wiſe;
Th' horns of the Altar with their bloud bedying,
And lowly loud, thus to th' Almighty crying:
Wee come not heer, O dreadfull Lord of Hoaſts,
To plead a Roule of *Meritorious Boaſts*;
Nor to proteſt, that in theſe Puniſhments,
Thou wrong'ſt thy *Juſtice*, and our *Innocence*;
No; wee confeſſe, our foule and frequent Crimes
Worthy worſe Plagues then theſe, a thouſ̃d times;
Could'ſt thou forget thy dear authentick *Pact*
With *Abraham*, or would'ſt thou (ſo exact)
Forcing thy *Mercy* in thy *Juſtice* Scale,
Our waight of Sins with Judgements countervaile?
Remove our Cauſe, wee therefore (Lord) intreat,
From *Juſtice* Bar, unto thy *Mercy*-Seat:
O! holy Father, pardon us (wee pray)
And turn from us this fearfull Storm away.
Alas! what boots us, that thy mighty hand
Hath brought us home from *Tigris* hateſull ſtrand,
Free from the Yoke, which wee ſo long (before)
Under th' *Aſſyrian* cruell Tyrants bore;
If theſe fat Fields, wee have but now re-tild,
If theſe fair Frames, wee doe but now re-build,
If theſe (O Dolour!) our dear loving Wives,
Our Babes, Sons, Daughters (deerer than our lives)
Muſt ſerve the *Chaldees*, *Ammonites* for *Pay*,
And be the *Perſians* and fell *Parthians* Prey;
If this thine Altar, if theſe hallowed rooms,
Be re-profan'd with Heathen *Hecatombs*?
O! if thou wilt not pity Us, abhor'd;
At leaſt, be Jealous of thy *Glory*, Lord:
At leaſt, have pity on this *Holy Place*,
Where to no God, but to JEHOVAH'S *Grace*
Is *Incenſe* burnt, nor any *Sacrifice*,
But to thy Selfe, of all the Deities.
Lord! therefore turn, O turn the *Chaldean* Torches
From theſe rich Cedar *Roofs*, theſe ſtately Porches:
Preſerve theſe *Plates*, this pretious *Furniture*,
From ſacrilegious Pilferers impure:
And let our Sorrow, and our Sacrifice,
Unto thy *Juſtice* for our Sins ſuffice.
The Service done, Each doth his way depart,
And *Joachim* inſtantly calls apart

The

The States of *Juda*; and thus sadly sweet,
Consults with them how with this Storm to meet.
Grave *Peers* (said hee) if your brave Zeal, of old,
Be not quite quenched, be not yet key-cold:
If Care of Wives, if tender Childrens Love,
Had ever power your Soules dear Soules, to move:
If in your Breasts rests any noble Worth,
Now, now or never bring it bravely forth:
For, but God aid, and your auspicious Speed,
Wee are undone, Wee and our wretched Seed:
And never more shall the Immortall see
This Altar *Smoaking* to his *Majestie*.
While th'Aire is mute, so that it scarce can make,
In Summer dayes, an Aspen leaf to shake:
While Seas be calm, so that, with Streamers brave,
A thousand Sail slide on the sleeping Wave:
While all the Winds be mew'd up in their Cell,
'Tis hard to say, which Pilot doth excell.
But, when a Tempest, one-while sinks a Ship
Down to the Bottom of th' infernall Deep;
Another-while, with swelling Fury driven,
Tilts with her Tops against the Stars of Heav'n;
Raking a Shelfe now, and a Rock anon;
Then, and but then, is a good Master know'n.
Therefore (alas!) let now no carnall Care
Of goods, lives, honours (for your private Share)
Make you forget your common-Countrey's Love,
This *Sacred Place*, th' Honour of GOD above:
But humbly all into His hands resigning
Your soules whole sway, and all your spirits refining
In sacred Flame, from Drosse and Mists impure,
Which too-too-oft the cleerest Eyes obscure;
Advise (I pray) the best, in likely-hood,
Most pleasing God, most for the Publick Good.
An aged Traytor then, whose breath distill'd
Sweet hony words, whose brest with gall was fill'd,
Wringing false Tears from his dissembling Eyes,
His curfed Drift did in these Tearms disguise:
My Spirit's faint, my Speech doth fail me quite,
My frostie hairs for horror stand upright,
When I consider how this Tyrant fell, (quell)
With bloud-flouds drowning where hee comes to
Draws neer Us; threatning to our Houses Flames,
Death to our Selves, dishonour to our Dames;
But, when (on th' other side) to minde I call
This mighty Princes milde Receit of All
(Not onely such, as, rude and Reason-less,
Serve (like himselfe, dumb Idols) Blocks and Beasts:
But such, as matching our *Zeal*'s holy Heighth,
Are *Abraham*'s Seed, both in their flesh and faith;
Which wisely have (and timely) turn'd (submisse)
The deadly Edge of his drad Vengeances)
I praise the Lord for such a Foe; so meek
To yeelding Lambs, to Lyons Lyon-like;
As flexible to humble Tears, as fell
To resolutions that (in vain) rebell.
Sith therefore, yet we may have choise (for *Jury*)
Of War, or Peace; his favour, or his furie;
Winking in dangers, let's not wilfully
Follow our fathers stubborn Sur-cuidry:
But, striking Sail in such Storms violence,
Let's live secure under so good a Prince.
Yet, *None* mis-take that I this Counsell give,
To save my Stake, as one too-fain to live:
Alas! my Years are of themselves of age
To *dye* alone, without *Assyrians* Rage;
Without the help of their keen Dart or Pole,
To launce my Heart, or to let out my Soule: (again,
Where, were my Youth's Spring now re-flowr'd
And heatfull bloud boiling in every vein,
My *Zeal* to GOD, and to my Country's Good
Should shew mee well no Niggard of my bloud;
Might (*Sampson*-like) my Death bring Death to all
The *Pagan* Hoast, and their proud Generall.
But, more I fear, lest, with a Zeal too-young,
Wee, fighting for the Law, the Law impugne;
Inciting so the Souldiers Insolence,
Incensing so the Fury of the Prince,
That they by conquest of one Day undoe
Dear *Israel*, and drown GOD's Glory too.
For, *VVee* bereft, What People, in *This Place*,
Truly-religious shall implore his grace?
Who, of all Nations that dispersed Wun
From Shores of *Indus*, to the *Setting Sun*;
And from the fartheft *Hyperborean* Coasts,
To those whose Clime continuall Summer roasts,
Hath chosen onely *Jacob* for his Own,
And on *This Mount* his drad-deer *Glory* shown?
But, good old *Cambris* (else the mildest Prince)
Groans, griev'd and pale with Passions vehemence;
And, interrupting That, with this Discourse
Heartens the heartless Peers and Counsellors:
Rather, O Earth (for which our Earthlings strive)
Gape under mee, and swallow mee alive:
Rather, just Heav'ns, with sulphury Fire and Fume
(As *Sodom* yerst) Mee suddenly consume,
Then I should (Saint-without, within Malitious)
Give *Israel* a Counsell so permitious.
Were it, the Head of this inhumane Band
Meant but our Bodies onely to command,
Tho with our Birth, to this fair Light wee brought
Sweet *Liberty* (so sweet and dear, that nought,
No Hopes, no Heaps may be compar'd to it):
The TEMPLE sav'd, I might perhaps submit.
But, sith this Tyrant, puft with foolish Pride,
With heavier Gyves to load our Soules (beside)
Which (onely Vassals of the *Thunder-Thrower*)
Nor know, nor owe, to any Scepters lower;
Would that (forgetting him who made us all,
And of all People chose us principall,
And fatherly provides us every thing,
And shields us ay with Shadow of his wing)
Wee take for GOD, his proud ambitious Prince,
Who, *Nimrod*-like, with hellish Insolence,
Would climb to Heav'n, although his life be such,
As merits not the name of Man, by much.
Let's beard him boldly, bravely stand wee to't,
Arms against Arms, Man to Man, Foot to Foot.
Victory lies not in vain-glorious hearts,
Number of Horses, nor of Pikes, and Darts:
These be but Instruments th' Eternall moves,
To crown with conquest whom his Goodness loves.
Yet, should the Lord now suffer Heathen's rage
To over-run his sacred Heritage;
Because in life his Name wee so dishonour;
In Death, at least, in Death, let's doe him Honour:
And, if wee cannot *Assur* overcome,
Let's win, by *Patience*, Crowns of *Martyrdom*.

And, could our Foes (as fell as *Lestrigons*)
From off the Earth extirp our Tribes at-once;
They could not tho *GOD*'s glorious Name interr
(As these Apostates falsly would inferr).
For, Hee that with so sundry Nations stor'd
Th' unpeopled World, from one Man; and restor'd
(Long after that) by one small Bark, the waste
The *Flood* had made, when it had All defac't;
Is not Hee able even of stones to raise
A People Zealous of his glorious Praise?
Is not Hee able once again to ope
Old *Sara*'s Womb, and give her Spouse (past hope)
More Sons, than Sands on *Lybian* shores be cast,
By ruffling *Boreas*, loud Cloud-chasing Blast;
Or twinkling Spangles nightly brightly roule
On sabled Circles of the whirling Pole:
Which with more sacred voice, more humble aw,
Shall sound his Praises, and observe his Law?
Then rather, Fathers (foule befall You else)
Let us dye *Hebrew's*, then live *Infidels*.
Let 's not prefer, too-base and too-too-blame,
Profit to Duty, idle Fear to Shame.
Cambris Oration was no sooner done,
But all th' Assembly (as all joyn'd in one)
Confirm'd his Counsell both with voice and gest:
And *Joachim*, (Joy-rapt, above the rest)
Lifting to Heav'n-ward reverent hands and face,
Said, Lord wee thank thee, that thy speciall grace
Hath steel'd our hearts, and linkt our wills no lesse:
A hopefull Signe of happy good Successe.
Then, to the Princes hee the Charge commits
Of Towns and Provinces, as Each befits:
Lest any, spurr'd by Envy or Ambition,
In *Israel* should kindle new Sedition.
So, Each with-draws, and bravely-bold prepares
To front the worst that martiall Fury dares.
Who th' *Aristaan* busie Swarms hath seen
On *Hybla*'s Top; Whether with Launcets keen,
Charging the Drones wch over-neer their homes
Come humming out to rob their fragrant Combs:
Whether, collecting their delicious Deaw
From various *Thyme*, and other Flowers not few:
Whether, extending, in rare *Symmetrie*,
With wondrous Art, their *Waxen* Canapey;
And arching even, so many Thousand Cells,
So quick, so thick; so like, as nothing else:
Whether conducting their too-full Supplies
Else-where to plant their goodly *Colonies*;
Which keep, still constant, in their new Plantation:
Their Mother Citie's Manners, Laws, and Fashion:
Hath seen the *Jews* as busie Diligence,
And quick Desire to put them in Defence.
Some stop the Breaches made by Art or Age;
By the Heav'ns anger, or the Heathens rage:
Some, lest the Ram, butting with boisterous Fals,
Should pash to powder their too-feeble Walls,
With Bastions, Bulwarks, Rampiers, Ray'lins, Forts,
Flank on all sides their Cities where imports:
Some to and fro trudging with Baskets fill'd,
In places needfull, sudden Sconces build:
Some wanting time, or means their Town to wall,
With broad deep Trenches soon begirt it all:
And from a River neer they cut a Rill
The hollow bosom of their Dike to fill.
While Armorers, in order, beating quick
Hot sparkling Steel on Anvils hard and thick,
Transform it soon to Corslets, Curtellaxes,
Helms, Gorgets, Gantlets, Bills and Battail-axes;
And some, for need (to furnish and fet out
Th' untrained Shepheard, Neat-heard, & the Lowt)
Ground the ground-slycing Coultar to a Blade,
And of the Sickle a streight Weapon made:
None Young and healthy took Repast or Rest:
One on his back, another on his Beast,
Others in waggons carryed-in apace
Corn, wine, and food to some importing Place:
Even so, in Summer (as the *VVise-man* tels) (Cels
Th' Emmets by troupes haste from their hollow
To get-in Harvest, graving where they gone
Their Diligence, even in a path of Stone:
The lustiest Swarms for their Provision range,
The sick and old wait at their thrifty Grange
T' unload the Burthens, and lay-up their Store
In their great Garner, byting yet before
Of every Grain, lest kept so warm below
Amid the mold, it after sprout and grow.

The End of the First Booke.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

THE SECOND BOOK.

NOw *Holophernes* in the *Scythick* Fort
Had pight his Standards; and in various Sport
His Youthfull *Pagans* did them ſtill delight;
Nought leſſe expecting then Affront, or Fight:
When hee had news, The *Jews* ſtood bravely out,
Defy'd his Pride, and forth'd about.
Shall then (ſaid Hee) ſhall then a ſort of Slaves,
A ſort of Clowns & Shepheards, arm'd with Staves,
With Slings & Stones, preſume to ſtop the Courſe
Of mine exploits: which, nor the roaring ſource
Of rapid *Tigris* and ſwift *Euphrates*,
Nor ſnowie Tops of *Taure* and *Niphates*,
Conſpir'd, could ſtay? You Chiefs of *Moabites*,
Of valiant *Ephraim*, and fierce *Ammonites*;
You that as Neighbours (having long converſt)
Know all the Nations on theſe Hills diſperſt,
Say, from what People had they their Deſcent?
What lies their Strength in? What's their Govern-
For, he that wiſely knows his foe (they ſay) (ment?
Hath, in a manner gotten halfe the Day.
Then *Ammon*'s Prince, bending his humble knee,
Thus to the *Duke* reply'd right prudently;
(For, though in heart a *Pagan*, born and bred;
Againſt his minde, his Tongue, divinely led
By that ſame Spirit which did the See'r compell,
Which came to curſe, to bleſſe his *Iſrael*;
Of th' *Hebrews* State did ſuch Relation make,
As if in Him *Moſes* and *Ezdras* ſpake):
My Lord, I ſhall, ſith You ſo pleaſe, recite
Th' *Iſaeians* Story; and will follow right
Th' ingenious Bees, which wont not to devoure
All Sweet they meet, nor ſuck of every Flower;
But even of thoſe they chuſe, take but the Crops.
This People (Sir) upon the Mountain Tops
Encamped here, originally came
From forth the loynes of famous ABRAHAM,
Who, to obey the GOD of gods, moſt High,
Maker of All; of All Support, Supply;
Came to *This Countrey* (then, in Occupation
Of *Canaanites*, the rich and native Nation)
Where that ſame GOD not onely heaps with Gold,
And Goods, his Houſe; but alſo (though Hee old
An hundred years; a third part leſſe, his Wife;
And, till that ſeaſon, barren all her life)
Sent him a Son; ſwearing, His ſeed ſhould ſway,
Triumphant Scepters many, many a-day:
But, when good *Abraham*'s old-old Age expects
This happy Promiſe in the ſweet effects,
Th' Immortall Voice (O piteous Myſteries!)
Commands that Hee his ISAAC ſacrifice.
Even as a Ship, upon the raging Sea,
Between two Winds Croſs-toſſed every-way,
Uncertain knows not in what Courſe to ſet-her,
Till one of them, ſtriving to get the better,
Doubles his billows, and with boiſterous b!aſt
Drives her (at random) where hee liſt, at laſt:
So, th' *Hebrew* feeling in-ward War (that ſeaſon)
'Twixt Love and Duty, betwixt Faith and Reaſon,
Doubts what to doe; and his Perplexities
Lean now to that hand, and anon to this:
Till th' heav'nly love hee ought his GOD, had won
The earthly love hee bore his onely Son.
Then, having ready Fire and Fagot laid,
And on the Altar his dear Son diſplaid;
The knife hee draws with trembling hand, and had
Even heav'd his arm about to ſtrike the Lad,
When GOD, in th' inſtant ſtaies the Inſtrument
Ready to fall on th' humble innocent:
As ſatisfi'd with ſo ſufficient Triall
Of *Abraham*'s Faith; to Him his GOD ſo loyall.
From ISAAC, JACOB; and from JACOB ſprung
Twelve ſturdy *Sons*; who with ſore Famine wrung,
Forſaking *Canaan*, for a great-good-while
Had happy Biding by the Banks of *Nile*:
Where their bleſt Iſſue multiply'd ſo faſt,
That they became th' *Egyptians* Fear, at laſt:
Yea, though (alas!) their bodies had no reſt,
And tho their backs with burthens were oppreſt;
Like noble Palm-Trees, mounting ſtifly-ſtraight,
The more, the more they be furcharg'd wth waight.

Therefore

Therefore the Tyrant which then held the Reins
Of that rich Soile where sad *Heav'n* never rains,
Commands that all male *Hebrew* Infants found
(Poor Innocents) be quickly kill'd, or drown'd,
As soon as Wombs had them delivered;
That one same day might see them born and dead.
O Tyger! think'st thou thinks that Rage of thine
To cut-off quite *Israel*'s Immortall Ligne?
Well may it cause the scarce-born Life of those
New-hatched Babes, and them of Light fore-close;
But notwithstanding, *Jacob*'s swarming Race
Within few Years shall cover *Canaan*'s Face;
And thine own Issue even the first shall be
To break (and justly) thine unjust Decree.
Pharao's fair Daughter, with a noble Train,
For Blould and Beauty rarely matcht again,
One Evening, bathing in the Crystall Brook
Which thorough *Gossen* crawls with many a crook,
Hears in the reeds a ruefull Infants voyce;
But thinking it some of the *Hebrews* Boyes
(As 't was indeed) her Fathers Bloudy Law
Stopt for a while her tender ears with Awe.
But, at the last, marking the Infants face
(I wot not what unusuall Tracts of Grace
And Types of Greatnesse, sweetly shining there)
Love vanquisht Duty, Pity conquer'd Fear:
For, Shee not onely takes him up from thence,
But brings him up, and breeds him as a Prince,
Yea, as her own. O Babe belov'd of God!
O Babe ordain'd to lighten th' *Hebrew*'s Load!
To lead their Bodies, to direct their Mindes:
First, best, most Writer, in all sacred Kindes:
Thou hadst but now no Mother, (to be seen)
And now for Mother, thou hast found a Queen.
Lo, thus (My Lord) could their wise *God* extract
Good out of Evill, and convert the act
Of Persecution (bent against the bloud
And Life of His) unto their greater good.
So *Joseph*'s Brethren, by their Envious Drift
To over-throw him, to a Throne him lift:
So did proud *Haman*'s deadly Hatred lend
Sad *Mordecay* a Ladder to ascend
To honours Top, and trimm'd his neck (past hope)
With gracefull Chain, in stead of shamefull Rope.
One day, this *Hebrew*, driving *Jethro*'s Sheep
Upon Mount *Horeb* (where hee us'd to keep)
Saw on the sudden a bright blazing Flame
Burn in a Bush, and yet not burn the same;
From whence, anon he heard (with fear & wonder)
A voice might shake both heav'n & earth in sunder.
I, I that (onely) AM-WAS-SHAL-BE, Who
Made All of Nothing; and can All un-doe,
When pleaseth Mee: I-AM, *The Holy-One*,
The Great, *The Good*, *The Just*; Whose hand alone
Sustains, maintains, and rules the World: I-AM,
Th' Omni-potent, *The GOD of Abraham*;
Fierce to my Foes with my *Revenging* Rod:
But unto Those that worship Mee for God,
Mee sole, and whole in Thought, in Word, & Deed,
Most *Mercifull*; to Them and all their Seed,
Then doe my Will: dispatch thee speedy hence;
Goe, say from Mee, to that unhallowed Prince,
Which ruleth *Memphis*, and the fertile Plain
Where swelling *Nilus* serves in stead of Rain,
That hee dismisse my People: and lest Hee,
Incredulous, distrust thine Embassie;
Cast-down thy Rod, thy Message to confirm:
It to a Serpent shall eft-soons transform.
Hee throws it down, and instantly withall
Sees it begin to live, to move, to crawl,
With hideous head before, and tail behinde,
And body wriggling (after Creepers kinde).
Re-take it up, his *GOD* commands him then;
Which, taken, takes the former Form agen:
And, past Mans Reason (by the power of *GOD*)
Of Rod turns Serpent, and of Serpent Rod.
Arm'd with this Wand, wherewith hee was to quell
The sceptred Pride of many an Infidel,
Hee many a time importunes *Pharao*,
In *GOD*'s great Name, to let the *Hebrews* goe
Into the Desart, at their liberties
To serve the Lord, and offer Sacrifice.
But *Pharao*, deafe unto his sacred Word,
Stifly withstands the Message of the Lord:
Who then by *Moses* working many Miracles,
Authorized His Orator and Oracles.
First, Hee not onely turned into *Bloud*
Nile's seaven-fold Waves, and every other Floud
That fattens *Egypt*; but even every Spring,
Whose captive Crystall, golden Pipes doe bring
To serve the Court: so that the King is forc't
With that *red liquor* to allay his thirst.
Then, from the Fens, from puddly Ponds & Lakes
Millions of Millions of foule *Frogs* hee makes
To cover *Memphis* with their ougly Frie,
And not forbear the Kings own Canapy.
Then, of all Ages, of all sorts, and sexes,
With burning *Ulcers*, and hot *Biles* hee vexes;
So that th' *Egyptians*, in unceasant anguish
Of unknown Poyson, on their Couches languish:
Nor can their Leaches their own Leaches be,
In their unheard-of, hidden Malady.
Then on their cattle, Flocks, & Heards, & Droves
In Downs & Dales, Fens, Forrests, Fields & Groves,
A strong *Contagion* suddenly hee spred;
Which took so quickly both their heart and head,
That silly Shepheards neer the Rivers side,
Their Cattle dead, sooner then sick, espy'd.
Then turns the earths dust into swarms of *Lice*:
Then dims the Air with dusky Clouds of *Flies*,
Of Drones, Wasps, Hornets humming day & night
In every place, with every face to fight,
And fixing deep in every *Pagans* skin
Th' unusuall anger of their steeled Pin.
Then (when appear'd no Threat of troubled Air,
No signe of Tempest) at his Servants Prayer
Th' Eternall thundred down such Storms of *Hail*,
As with the noyse and stroak did stonest quail:
Here falls a Bull, brain'd with a Hail-stones rap;
There sprawls a Child, split with a Thunder-Clap:
Here a huge Forrest, lately all a Cloud
Of tufted Arms, hath neither Shade nor Shrowd:
And, if the native sap again re-suit
The naked Trees with comely Leaves and Fruit,
Again (alas!) the *Caterpillers* crops,
Within few hours, the Husbands yearly hopes.
Then with gross *Darkness* vailing close the Skies,
Hee so field-up stubborn *Egyptians* eyes,

That

That for three dayes with fearfull foot and hand
They groapt their way (except in *Gossen*-land):
And *Titan*, tir'd in his long Course, for ease,
Seem'd then to rest him with th' *Antipodes*.
But as the same Sun, the same instant, makes
The Mud to harden; and to melt the Wax;
So had these works, so full of admiration,
On diverse Subjects, diverse Operation.
The humble *Hebrews*, GOD's great hand adore;
But wilfull *Pharao* spurns it more and more:
Even as a Corselet, when 'tis cold enough,
The more 'tis beaten growes the harder Proof.
Yet, at the sad newes of the Prince, his Son,
And all their Heires, all in one night undone;
He was so daunted, that he early bod
The *Hebrews* go to serve the Lord their GOD:
Who, in a *Pillar of a Cloud* by Day,
Of *Fire* by Night, directed right their Way.
But, soon retracting his extorted Grant,
The stubborn Tyrant strangely arrogant,
Arms all his *Egypt*, and in post pursues
The Arm-less Legions of the harm-less *Jews*,
Then lodg'd secure along the sandy shore,
Where th' *Erythrean* ruddy Billows rore.
Was not such Noise, when, tearing *Gibraltar*,
Th' *Herculean* Sea came first to spred so far
Twixt *Calpe* and *Abile*; not when *Oenotrie*
Sad-sighing lost her dear neer *Trinacrie*;
As in both Armies: Th' one insulting proud;
Th' other in skrieches, and sad cryes, as loud,
Deafned the shores: while fifes, horns, furious horse,
With noise and neighs, did even the Welkin force.
Cursed Seducer (cry'd the *Jews*) what spight
Mov'd thee to alter our Lives happy plight?
What? are wee Fishes, that wee here should swim
Through these deep Seas? Or, are wee Fouls to skim
Over the steepest of these Mountains tall?
Were there not graves in *Egypt* for us all?
In our dear *Gossen*? but wee needs must come
In this *Red-Sea* to seek our ruefull Tombe?
Yet mildest *Moses*, with his dead-live Wand,
Strikes th' awfull Streames: which, yeelding to his hand,
Discover Sands the Sun had never spy'd,
And wall'd the same with waves on either side:
Between the which (drad-lesse and danger-lesse)
The *Hebrews* dry-shod past the *Crimsin Seas*.
But, when the Tyrant rashly them pursues,
Marching the way was made but for the *Jews*,
The Sea returns, and over-turns his Force,
Himselfe, his Men, his Chariots and his Horse.
O happy People, for whom GOD (so kinde)
Arms, fire and aire, and clouds and waves & winde!
Whom all things serve: which hast all things in pay,
O! never let Time's File to fret away
So rare a Favour? rather let the tongue
Of all thine aged tell it to their young;
They to their seed, and they to theirs again;
Eternally these wonders to retain.
Them, forty years, GOD in the Desart fed
With Angels Food, with a celestiall Bread;
And from a Rock (as dry as Pumice first)
Made Rivers gush, to satisfie their Thirst:
Kept (even) their Shooes, and all their Garments
As good, the last, as the first day they were: (there
And sith our Soules will faint for want of Food,
Most liberall in all, for all their good,
Gave (on Mount *Sinai*) in his *Sacred Law*, (Awe;
Soule to their Soules, through sharp-sweet filiall
Teaching them all (as duty all doth binde)
To love Him, first, and next to Him, Mankinde;
That wee might never break that sacred Twine
Which Man to Man, and Man to GOD doth joyn.
Grave *Moses* dead, brave *Josuah*'s rule began;
Whose happy Sword soon conquered *Canaan*;
And in few years into subjection brings
The Lives and States of one and thirty Kings.
At his cōmand, more powerfull than the Thunder,
The firmest Rocks and Rampires fall in sunder;
Without the Shock of Tortoise or of Ram,
To batter Breaches where his Armie came:
For, but with bellowing of hoarse Trumps of horn,
As with an Engine, proudest Towers are torn:
As at his beck, the Heav'ns obey his will;
The Fire-foot Coursers of the Sun stand still,
To lengthen Day, lest under wings of Night,
His *Heathen* Foes should save themselves by flight.
This scourge of *Pagans*, in a good old age
(To live in Heav'n) leaving this Earthly Stage,
Israel had many Magistrates of Name,
Whose Memories live ever fresh in fame.
Who knows not *Ehud*, *Sangar*, *Samuel*,
Debora, *Barac*, and *Othoniel*?
Who hath not heard of mighty *Sampsons* Coile,
Who, sole, and Arm-lesse, did an Army foile?
What praise wth *Jepthe*'s might have well compar'd
Had but his rashnesse his dear Daughter spar'd?
What Clime, what Time, what River, dale or down
But rings of *Gedeon*, and his high Renown?
After the *Judges*; *Kings*, (some good, some bad)
The sacred Helm of th' *Hebrew* Vessell had:
Had I their *David*'s holy Harp and Skill,
Nothing but *David* would I warble still:
But as (my Lord) great *David*'s Deeds, could none
(Yet-while) atchieve, but *David*'s Selfe alone;
Can none but *David*'s Harp, and *David*'s Hymne
Resound aright the Honours due to Him:
I will not therefore, with unworthy Layes,
Seeming to Praise him, derogate his Praise.
But, shall I balk his Son, whom Heav'ns adorn
With health, wealth, wisdome, & all-plenties horn:
Whose prudent *Problems*, touching every Theam,
Draw thousand *Sophists* to JERUSALEM,
Arabians, *Indians*, *Africans* among;
Chain'd by the Charms of his all-skilfull Tongue?
Or him, whose *Zeal* the Idols so defac't;
Re-purg'd GOD's TEMPLE, & his *Rites* re-plac't?
Or him, that saw a Heav'nly hoast descend
To succour *Sion*, and his Foes offend?
Or him, whose Army, neer to *Gerar*, yerst,
Proud *Ethiopians* swarming Troops dispers't?
Or him, who praying for Heav'ns aid, to fight
'Gainst *Ammon*, *Moab*, and *Mount-Seirite*;
Saw, by themselves, his sad request ful-fill'd,
When, Self-incenst, Themselves they enter-kill'd?
But *Chaldes*'s King, by their's *Captivity*,
Put (late) an end unto that *Monarchy*.
Yet did Great *Cyrus* Them again restore
To Liberty: and gave them furthermore

Leave to elect Two *Rulers* of their Race:
Whereof the One (who yet supplies the place)
Was *Joachim*; who, for his holy Life,
Proweſs, and Prudence, is reſpected rife,
Not ſole in *Sion*; but with *Ammonites*,
Syrians, *Sydonians*, *Madians*, *Moabites*. (on,
Thus was (my Lord) the *Prime*, this the *Progreſſi-*
Of ISRAEL, through every Times ſucceſsion:
And thus the Lord hath lift them (nigh) to Heav'n
Som-times; ſom-times, them (even) to hell hath dri-
But, whether *Princely-prieſt*, or *Judge*, or *King*, (v'n.
Of th' *Hebrew Tribes* have had the Governing;
So long as they obſerv'd the ſacred *Pact*
GOD with their Fathers did by Oath contract;
Ay proſperous, triumphantly they troad
On proudeſt Foes: and all the World abroad,
Conſpir'd in Spight, could nothing them annoy,
Much leſs diſtract them; leaſt of all, deſtroy:
On th' other ſide, ſoon as they have infring'd
His Ordinance, their GOD (to be aveng'd)
Hath thrall'd them, now, to cruell *Moabites*,
Anon to *Edom*, then to *Ammonites*,
Then *Philiſtins*: and ay his Wrath hath bin
Heavie upon them, when they hap to ſin.
If ſo be therefore, any their Offence
The jealous *Juſtice* of their GOD incenſe; (ers,
Mine not their Mounts, nor undermine their Bow-
Nor bring thy Rams againſt their rampir'd Towers,
Nor ſcale their Wals, nor lead thy warlike Legions
(With Reſolution) to aſſault them once:
For, let them heap, on *Carmel Libanus*;
On *Liban*, *Niphate*, there-on *Emmaus*:
Yea, in one Chanel let them muſter hither
Indus and *Rhone*, *Nilus* and *Rhine* together,
Tiber and *Iber* too, to fence their Coaſt:
They cannot ſcape from thy victorious Hoaſt.
But, if they have not broke the *Covenant*
Which GOD to *Abram* and his Seed did grant:
Beware (my Lord) beware how you come neer
This *Holy Nation*, to their GOD ſo dear.
For ſhould ſwart *Auſter* him diſpeople quite
To furniſh Thee with all his, fit to fight:
Should ſwarming *Boreas* from his utmoſt end
All his tall Souldiers to Thy ſervice ſend:
Should *Zephyrus* add to Thy dreadfull power
His martiall *Legions*, all *Heſperians* Flower:
Should (laſtly) *Eurus* ſend Thee for Supplies
His Troops which firſt ſee *Phœbus* Rayes ariſe:
All Theſe, all-daring, all-devouring Swarms,
This armed World, or all This World of Arms
Could never conquer (in a thouſand year)
The leaſt, worſt, weakeſt, of theſe Cities here;
Becauſe Their GOD will be their ſure *Defence*:
That GOD Almighty, whoſe Omnipotence
Can with a breath confound all Kings that dare
(As Thou doſt now) 'gainſt Him make open War.
As th' Oceans Billowes ſwell not by and by,
When (firſt) the Winds begin to bellow high;
But, firſt begin to foam, and then to fume
Higher, and higher, till their Rage preſume
To chide the Earth, and check the Welkins Front,
And bandy Hills againſt the Heav'nly Mount:
Even ſo, the Princes of this *Pagan* rout,
Hearing GOD's prayſes, forth-with break not out
In ragefull Furie; but as th' *Ammonite*
Grows in Diſcourſe, ſo grow they in Deſpight;
Till at the laſt, with loud, proud murmurings,
They even blaſpheme the glorious King of Kings.
Kill (cry they) kill; let's hew and hale in peeces
The ſubtile Traytor, that with wylie Speeches,
To ſave his *Hebrews* from *Rhamuſius* Rod,
Would fright us with a falſe and idle God.
Renowned *General*, ſend but our a ſcore
Of all thy Troops, and they ſhall ſoon run-o'r
Thoſe raſcall Rebels; and reduce them all
Proſtrate and humble at Thy feet to fall:
Ah Coward, Villain. But the Vice-Roy then,
Stopping their loud outrageous Storms again,
Began himſelfe *Thus to the Ammonite*;
O impudent Impoſtor! Tell Mee (right)
What Fiend, what Fury hath inſpir'd theſe Spels:
What *Trevet* told thee, or what *Sibyl* elſe
Made thee beleeve that *Syrians* ſhall not quell
Th' *Iſaacian* Troop, but ſtoop to *Iſrael*,
Whoſe GOD is but their *Dream*, or *Fanſie* vain,
Or meer *Device* of MOSES ſubtile brain;
Neither, of power to give them Victorie,
Nor from Our hands to reſcue Them nor Thee.
What God have wee, but the great King of Kings,
NABUCHADNEZZAR? whoſe drad puiſſance rings
O'r all the Earth: who covering far and nigh,
The Plains with Horſe, Hills with Infanterie,
Shall raze theſe Runnagates; which fled from *Nile*,
Have here uſurped Others Right yer-while:
Die therefore, Villain, die; take the deſert
Of thy falſe Tongue, and of thy treacherous heart.
What ſaid I, fond? No, Daſtard, I diſdain
My valiant Blade in thy baſe bloud to ſtain:
Thou ſhalt ſo quickly not receive the meed
Of thy diſloyall and deteſted Deed
(For, a quick death is Wretches bliſſe, wee know;
Them quickly ridding both of Life and Woe)
But, with thy Dayes thy Dolours to protrack,
Thou ſhalt from hence unto *Bethulia* pack;
Where ſtill thou ſhalt, through infinite diſmay,
Undying, die a thouſand times a day;
Untill, with thoſe *Invincible* (thou ſaiſt)
With thouſand wounds a wretched End thou haſt.
Why trembleſt Thou? why doth thy colour faile?
Why ſeems thy heart for horrour ſo to quaile?
If ſo their GOD be GOD (as thou haſt vaunted)
Now, by thy Face witneſſe thy faith undaunted.
Then, the Lord Marſhall, in Authoritie
Under the Vice-Roy, not in cruelty,
Tranſporteth ſpeedy, neer *Bethulia*'s ſide
Th' un-*pagan Pagan*, hand and foot faſt ty'd;
Leaving his Troops wounded with wondrous grief
To be deprived of ſo brave a Chief;
Even ſo the Puttock in his crooked Serrs
The peeping Chicken through the Welkin bears;
While the poor Dam below cluck-cluking thick,
Cryes, but in vain, and calls her rapted Chick.
The Citizens, ſeeing th' approach of Foes,
Soon in *alarm* them all to Arm diſpoſe;
And, with meet Number of their Men of worth,
And choice Commanders, bravely ſally forth;
Faſter than Torrents guſhing from the Hills,
Run hopping down into the lower Fields.

The

The Foe, retiring to their mightier Bands,
Leaves captive *Ammon* in the *Hebrews* hands;
Whom with a forced foot, though free in thought,
And will right willing, to their town they brought.
Where, round-environ'd with a curious Crowd,
Lifting to Heav'n his hands and eyes, aloud
Thus hee began: O thou great GOD, the Guide
Of Heav'n and Earth, and All that is beside;
Whose living Spirit (spred in, and over All)
Gives All things Life, Breath, Growth, Originall,
I give thee, Lord, a thousand Thanks devout,
That thou hast daign'd, yer death, to take mee out
Of my wilde Stock, to graft mee in the Stem
Of th' happy Tree, deaw'd with thy *Gracious* Stream;
Which (maugre Blasts, and Blastings, rough and rife)
Of all the Trees, bears onely Fruit of Life.
And, good *Is'acians*, for GOD's sake, I pray
Mis-doubt mee not, as comming to betray,
Or under-mine by wylie Stratagem,
Your Strength, or State; or wrong JERUSALEM.
No: GOD doth know, I suffer This, for You,
For witnessing before yon wicked Crew,
GOD's mighty Arm for your Fore-Fathers shown;
As ready still, to save and shield his Own.
Fear not therefore Their mighty multitude,
Whose sight (almost) so many hath subdu'd
Nor let their Boasts, nor braving Menaces,
Kill, quail, or cool, your holy Courages:
For, should the whole earth send her sons in swarms,
Against you onely, all to carrie Arms;
So that your Trust be fixt in GOD alone,
Not in an Arm of Flesh, not in your Own;
You shall, no doubt, make ruddy *Mocmur*'s Floud,
With Idolist *Assyrian* Armies bloud:
You shall, no doubt, of Fearfull, Fierce become,
Your strong Assailants stoutly over-come.
Th' Almighties hand, so ready bent to smite,
Is but to humble, not destroy you quite;
And, but to shew you, that in all Distresse,
Hee, onely Hee, can give you quick Redresse.
As from a Bramble springs the sweetest Rose;
As from a Weed the whitest Lilly grows:
Even so, divinest Sighes, devoutest Tears,
Demurest Life, are Fruits Affliction bears.
For, here the Faithfull are much like the Earth,
Which of it Selfe (alas!) brings nothing forth
But Thorns and Thistles, if the Plough shee lack,
With daily wounds to launce her bunchy back.
But yet the Lord (who alwayes doth relent,
So soon as Sinners earnestly repent,
And in his time, his sharp hand doth retire,
And cast, at last, his Rods into the Fire)
Will rid your dangers, and restore you rest,
Even in an houre, when you can hope it least. (tears;
Then, courage, friends: let's vanquish God with
And then Our Arms shall quickly conquer Theirs,
Their World of Men. And, if as yet in Mee
Rest any Strength; if any Courage bee;
If mine Experience may in ought avail:
If with mine Age, all be not old and frail:
I vow it all, and all that else is Mine,
To your Defence, and for the *Law divine*.

The End of the Second Booke.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

The Third Book.

FLame-ſnorting *Phlegon*'s ruddy breath began
Reducing Day, to gild the *Indian*;
When early wakened with their ratling Drums,
Each *Heathen* Souldier from his Cabin comes,
Takes-up his Arms; and marching in Array,
Towards *Bethulia* tends the ready way.
In May, the Meads are not ſo py'd with Flowers
Of ſundry Figures, Colours, Savours, Powers;
As was this Hoaſt with Squadrons, different
In Language, Maners, Arms, and Ornament:
So that th' old *Chaos* (wombe of th' UNIVERSE)
Was never made of Members more diverſe.
Yet, here-in all agreed, for all their Ods,
To war againſt th' Eternall God of Gods, (ſhake,
Whoſe breath, whoſe beck, makes both the Poles to
And *Caucaſus* and *Libanus* to quake.
Here, cold *Hyrcania*'s bold and braving Seed,
Mixt with (their neighbours) both *Armenias* breed,
Wave wanton Creſts: There, *Parthian* Archers try
Backward to ſhoot, the while they forward fly.
The *Perſian*, there, proud of th' Imperiall ſtate,
With golden ſcales ſcalops his Armed plate:
Here would the *Mede* ſhew, that for want of Hap,
Not heart, Hee loſt his (late) *Imperiall Cap*.
And that, nor Pomp of his too ſumptuous Suits;
His painted Cheeks, his *Phrygick* Layes and Lutes;
His criſped Buſh, not his long borrowed Lock,
Had ever power his Manly mind to ſmock:
Happy-Arabians, who their Fern-thatcht Towns
Tumble in Tumbrels up and down the Downs:
The ſubtle *Tyrians*, who did firſt invent,
Our winged words, in Barks of Trees to print:
The men of *Moab*, and the *Ammonites*,
The *Idumèans*, and the *Elamites*,
Learned *Ægyptians*: thoſe that neer confine
The ſwelting Coaſts of ſwatteſt *Abyſſine*:
In brief; All ASIA was immur'd almoſt
Within the Trenches of this mighty Hoaſt;
Wherein, well-neer as many Nations cluſtred,
As th' *Hebrews* Army ſingle Souldiers muſtred.

But, of all theſe, none plagu'd the *Iſraelites*,
More then their owne Apoſtate *Ephraimites*;
Who not to ſeem of kin to *Iſrael*,
Rag'd with more fury, fought more deadly fell.
As, in the Spring time, while a Poole is ſtill,
And ſmooth aloft, the Frogs lye croaking ſhrill;
But if the leaſt ſtone that a Child can fling
But ſtir the water, ſtreight they ceaſe to ſing:
So, while a happy *Peace* JUDEA bleſt,
The Conſtancy of Theſe ſtood with the beſt,
Among the Saints; and the Lord's ſacred Praiſe
Was in their mouthes daily and many waies;
So that they ſeem'd like burning Lamps to ſhine
Amid the Flock, devoutly-moſt-divine:
But at the Noyſe of *Holophernes* Name,
Their famous Faith nothing but aire became;
Their Mouth is ſtopt, the *Zeal* they did preſume
So highly hot, is vaniſht into Fume.
Nay, turned *Pagans* (for ſome Profits ſake)
They, worſe then *Pagans*, their poor Brethren rake.
O! what a Number of ſuch *Ephraimites*
Are now-adayes (Deceitfull Hypocrites!)
With-in the *Church*, the while a proſperous wind,
With gentle Gales, blows fair and full behinde;
Which ſeem with *Zeal* the *Goſpel* to imbrace,
While that it yeelds them either gaine, or grace:
But, if the Chance change; if it hap to puffe
But halfe afront; if *Shee* be fain to luffe;
Faint-hearted, then forth-with they caſt about:
And, with th' Almighty playing banque-rout,
With greater Rage his Law they perſecute,
Then yerſt with *Zeal* they did it proſecute;
And in their Malice grow more fierce and furious,
Then *Julian* yerſt, or *Celſus*, or *Porphirius*.
Soon as the *Hebrews* from their Turrets ſpy
So many Enſignes waving in the Sky;
And ſuch an Hoaſt, marching in ſuch Array,
Begirt afar their Citie every way:
They faint for dread; not having where to run,
Save to the GOD their Grandſires truſted on.

O Father (cry they) Father of Compassion,
Whose wing is wont to be our strong Salvation;
Sith now against us all the World doth swarm,
O! Cover us with thine Almighty arm.
Thus having pray'd, the carefull Governour
To Charge his Watches doth him quick bestir;
And when the Sun in his moist Cabin dives,
With hundred Fires the Day again revives;
Watches himselfe amid the *Court of Guard*;
Walks oft the *Round*: and weens, that over-hard
Phœbe's black Coachman drives his sable Steeds,
Hebrews neer Ruine hasting more then needs;
While, opposite, the *Pagans* think her fast
With her *Endymion*, in a slumber cast:
But, Mens frail wishes have (alas!) no force,
To hold, or hasten, th' Heavens settled Course.
Soon as they saw *Aurora's* saffron ray
On their *Horizon* to renew the Day,
The *Vice-roy* makes a thousand Trumpets sound,
T' assemble all his scatter'd Troups around;
Which from all parts with speedy pases went
Environing their Chief-Commanders Tent:
As round about a Huntsman, in a morn, (horn.
The Hounds doe throng when once they hear his
Having in vain summon'd the Town; hee tries
A hundred wayes it (wrathfull) to surprise:
Here, th' Enginer begins his *Ram* to rear;
Here mounts his *Trepan*, and his *Scorpion* there;
Bends here his *Bricol*, there his boysterous *Bow*;
Brings here his *Fly-Bridge*, there his batt'ring *Crow*:
Besides high *Timber-Towers*, on rowling Feet
Mov'd and remov'd; controlling every Street.
Here, Pioners are put the Ditch to fill;
To levell Mounts, to make a Hole a Hill:
To play the Moles, to dig a secret way,
Into the Town their Souldiers to convay.
Here, others must their Ladders raise the while,
And quick surprise the Sentinels, by wile:
Others must under-mine: others aspire,
With matter fitting, every Gate to fire.
But the most part stand ready in Array
To give Assault, soon as they see their way
Made meet and easie by the battering Thunder
Of all their Engines pashing Walls in sunder.
Tower-tearing *Mars*, *Bellona* thirsting-bloud,
Fill there the fainteſt with their Furious-mood:
There fiery Steeds, stamping and neighing loud;
There *Pagans* fell, braving and raving proud,
Wth hideous noise make th' heavenly Vault resound,
The Earth to eccho; and even Hell astound.
But Hee that keeps eternall *Sentinell*
On Heav'ns high Watch-Tower, for his *Israel*
Pitying his People, alters, in a trice,
The Tyrants purpose, by a new Advice;
Causing the Captains of brave *Moabites*,
Strong *Idumeans*, and stout *Ammonites*,
Thus to advise: Most noble *Generall*,
Terrour of Kings, redoubted Scourge of all;
Wee would not wish (my Lord) in any sort,
You bring your brave Bands to assault this Fort:
For, neither pike, dart, sling, bow, sword, nor shield,
So back the Foe, or make them slack to yeeld;
As these proud rocks, which, by wise natures grace,
Rampire the Rampires of this wretched Place:
Which yet you scale undoubtedly will cost
Ladders of Bodies; and even Tythe your Hoast.
The Victor is no Victor, if his Gaine
Pass not his Loss; nor th' Honour drown the Stain.
Wise-valiant Prince, that Fisher, Fool wee hold,
Who for a Gull, venters a Line of Gold:
And, ill doth th' honour of a Crown beseem
Th' inhumane, bloudy, barbarous Head of him
Who rather would the death of many Foes,
Then life and safety of one Friend, to chose.
You may (my Lord) you may, without assault,
Or losse of Man, reduce them all to nought,
If in yon Hillocks you but seize the Springs,
Whence hollow Lead the *Hebrews* water brings;
Who, so by Thirst distrest, and so put to't,
Will come and cast them haltred at your Foot.
The noble Lion never sets-upon
Base fearfull beasts, but on the noblest one:
Jove's sulphury Darts Hee seld or never thrils
But on Mount *Atlas*, or the *Ryphean* Hills:
And stormfull *Auster*, ever rather smote
Cloud-cleaving Turrets then a lowly Cote:
No more, no more let your drad Arms assail
So faint a Foe as of himselfe will quail.
It is not Fear (my Lord) and much lesse Pitie;
(Fear of our Selves, or Favour to the Citie)
Makes us oppose us to thy Purpose yet:
For yer that wee thy happy Standards quit,
For thee will wee defie th' immortall Gods:
For thee wee'll break their Altars all to Clods:
For thee will wee march with unweary soles,
Beyond the *Arctick* and *Antarctick Poles*:
For thee will wee with winged Arms goe fetch
Jove's Aigle down; and *Neptune's* Trident snatch:
For thee the Son shall not his Sire forbear,
Nor Sire the Son; nor Brother, Brother spare.
The *Generall*, who for avail revolves,
Peizes this Counsell; and re-peiz'd, resolves,
Dispatching speedy a selected Force,
To seize the waters, and divert their Course. (see
Th' *Hebrews*, their drift, and their owne danger
In that Attempt: so sally instantly
To stop the Foe from stopping of the Stream
Which should derive Liquor and Life to them.
Then *Pagans* fighting for ambitious Fame;
Jews, not to dye with un-revenged Shame,
Bravely incounter with so fell Disdain,
That now the *Pagan* flyes, now fights again;
Follows his flying Foe, and now the *Jew*,
Nigh foiled, faints; now doth the Fight renew:
So that fair *Victory* seems long to waver,
As it were doubtfull whether side to favour:
Till (at the last) th' *Hebrews*, all over spred
With Clouds of Shot, back to their Bulwark fled:
Even as a Pilgrim, in the naked Plain
Meeting a Storm of mighty Hail or Rain,
Runs dropping wet some hollow Rock to finde,
Or other Covert built by Nature kinde.
Pagans pursue them, and pel-mel among
Enter almost the City in the Throng.
Then every where did dreadfull Noise arise:
From street to street th' amazed Vulgar flyes;
Tearing their hair, beating their breast and face:
As if the Foe had even possest the Place.

Why flie yee Cowards? whither? do you know?
What Fortreſſe have you, if you this forgoe?
Or, in this City ſeek you for a ſtronger,
To guard you better, or preſerve you longer?
If now (alas!) you dare not hear you ſtout
Againſt the Foe, while hee is yet without;
How will you dare reſiſt his violence,
Were hee once Maſter of your weak defence?
The People, chid thus by their prudent Chief,
Som-what re-heartned, reſcue with relief
Cambris and *Carnis*; who, the while like Towers,
Had in the Gate withſtood th' Aſſaulting Stowers
Of almoſt all the furious Infidels.
For Lance, a long Matt, either ſtrongly welds,
For Arms an Anvile; each a maſſie Targe
Of ſteel about his neck, as long as large:
Adown their ſhoulders from their Helms did wave
Thick Plumie Clouds of Colours brightly brave:
Both like, in Age, in Courage, Name and Nature;
Both like in Bulk, both like in Strength & Stature.
Both, like two Popplars which (on either ſide
Some ſilver Brook) their treſſie Tops doe hide
Amid the Clouds; and ſhaken by the winde,
Oft kiſſe each other, like Two Brethren kinde.
The *Heathen*, ſeeing ſtill freſh Troups deſcend
From every ſide, the City to defend;
Leave-off their On-ſet: and welnigh disbanded,
Gladly retreat whither their Heads commanded.
When I conſider the extreme diſtreſſe
Which thirty dayes did the *Bethulian* preſſe;
Song ſad enough I hardly can invent,
So deadly Plight lively to repreſent:
My hand for horrour ſhakes, and can no more
Gnide on this page my Pen as heretofore:
Yet doe mine Eyes with Tears bedeaw it ſo
It well appears a ſubject full of Woe.
Thou Spirit which doſt all Spirits vivifie;
Which didſt unlooſe the Tongue of *Zacharie*;
And through the world thy ſacred *Name* to preach,
Thy Meſſengers ſo ſundry Tongues didſt teach:
Direct my weary Quill, my Courage raiſe,
That I, This Work may finiſh to Thy Praiſe.
Tho th' *Hebrews* ſaw their Town, on every part;
Not with an Hoaſt, but with a World begirt,
Yet had they hope the long ſiege would no leſſe
Conſume th' *Aſſyrians*, then themſelves diſtreſſe:
But when the Foe had all the Pipes depriv'd,
Whence, water yerſt the ſacred Town deriv'd,
Alas! their hope and even their heart did ſhrink,
As quite-cut-off, and dry'd up with their Drink.
The Rulers though (yer Bondage, Death to take)
Give to the People what themſelves did lack:
To wit, a hope, water enough to keep
In private Troughs, and publick Ciſterns deep;
Both Citizens and Souldiers to ſuffice,
So that they would be moderate and wiſe.
So: th' Officers divide in ſilver meaſures,
To all, of all ſorts, of theſe liquid Treaſures,
This welcom Liquor; which might ſerve (at firſt)
To keep their life a while, not quench their Thirſt.
Their Ciſterns dry'd, they ſeek in every ſink:
Of every Gutter greedily they drink;
T' appeaſe their thirſt a while, not pleaſe their taſte,
With Drink whoſe ſtink was oft the Drinkers laſt.
O wretched Men! O wondrous Miſery!
Little, or much; drink, or not drink; they dye.
Plenty and Lack of Liquor, in extreme,
Though Contraries, concur to murder them:
With-in whoſe Bodies warreth Thirſt, as fell
As out yardly th' outrageous Infidell.
Street, Lane, nor Alley had this wofull City,
Where-in the *Sifters*, Enemies to Pitie,
Invented not ſome new and uncouth guiſe
To murder *Hebrews*, and from firmeſt eyes
(In ſigne of Sorrow) ſhowers to extract
Of pearly Tears, of bitter brine compact;
'Mid all Degrees; if reſted any-where
But ſo much moiſture as could make a Tear.
There, an Old man complaineth that a Lad
Hath new ſnatcht from him all the Drink hee had:
But thirſt contracts his throat, his voice and veins;
And ends at once his Life, his Plaint, and Pains:
A Souldier here re-ſwils again (and gladder)
Th' unſavoury water which had ſweld his bladder:
There th' wofull Mother, on her Couching-Settle,
Her half-dead Childe reviveth with her Spettle:
Here the ſad Lover ſighes her lateſt breath
With the laſt Sighes of her dear Love, in Death,
For cruell *Thirſt*, comn from *Cyrenian* Strand
(Where ay Shee lives amid the burning Sand,
Perpetuall panting for continuall Drouth,
Hanging her Tongue a foot without her Mouth,
Her face all wrinkled, both her Eyes deep ſunk,
Her Body lean and light, her Bowels ſhrunk,
Her Breſt tranſparent, and her Veins repleat
With Brimſtone, all, in ſteed of Bloud's moiſt heat)
Blows from her rotten Lungs a loathſome breath
Through all the Town; infuſing Fumes of Death
In th' *Hebrews* Art'ries; cauſing every Porch
Obſcurely ſhine with ſome Funereall Torch.
So that the Heav'ns, ſeeing ſo many woes,
Could hold no longer; but would fain with thoſe
Sad-weeping *Hebrews* Their ſad Tears have meld,
Save that their Tears the Lord of Hoaſts with-held.
And, I my Selfe, that drown mine Eyes with theirs,
Unable though well to expreſſe thoſe Tears,
Will with my Silence vail their Countenance;
Following that Painters learned Ignorance,
Who well conceiving that his live-leſſe Colours
Could not to life expreſſe the deadly Dolours
Of *Agamemnon* at his Daughters End,
Cover'd his ſad Face with a ſable Bend.
Mean-while, the few that of this Wrack remain,
Againſt their ſad Chiefs murmur and complain:
The Lord, ſay they, in Juſtice recompence
Your wilfull Malice, and our Innocence:
The Lord, look down upon the wretched Teen
Your wicked Counſells have here plung'd us in:
For, had you yeelded to the Foes demand,
Yer hee had entred on the *Holy Land*,
Wee, happy wee, had never ſeen our Friends
So hap-leſſe brought to ſo untimely Ends.
Alas! what Comfort reſts? O wretched City! (ty;
Thoſe that beſiege thee round would ſhew thee pi-
Thine own are cruel: foes would fain preſerve thee:
Thy friends deſtroy thee: thoſe would fain reſerve-
Would ſave thy children; thine own children (thee,
Run headlong all on wilfull death together. (rather
Lord,

Lord, well we know, our wicked deeds have made
Thee (juſt diſplea'd) to draw the keeneſt blade
Of thy fierce-kindled ire, which juſtly ſheads
Thy deadlieſt darts on our diſloyall heads.
Yet, thou, which doſt not long thy wrath retain,
(Againſt thine owne) O turne to us againe:
Lord, change the purpoſe of our wilfull Lords,
Who 'gainſt our boſomes whet the *Pagan* Swords:
Or grant (at leaſt) with thouſand Arrows thrill'd,
Wee rather may by *Heathen* hands be kill'd;
Than longer langour of this baneſull Thirſt
To linger us in living death accurſt.
Dear Brethren, 'tis our onely duty bindes,
Their Rulers ſaid (not our ſiniſter mindes
Of undermining, or of pyning Ours)
Thus to hold out againſt theſe *Heathen* Pow'rs.
If you have pain, wee have our portion too;
Wee are imbarkt in the ſame Ship with you;
On the ſame Deep wee the ſame danger run;
Our Croſſe is common, and our Loſſe is one:
As common ſhall our comfort be, when God
Shall pleaſe to eaſe us of th' *Aſſyrian* Rod:
As ſure he will, if your impatiency
Stop not the courſe of his kinde Clemency.
Then, ſtrive not with th' All-perfect; but depend
On God alone: whoſe actions all do tend
To profit His: Who, in his ſeaſon, ever
(Almighty) can and will *His Church* deliver.
Sometime the Archer lets his bow, unbent,
Hang idly by; that, when it is re-bent
With boyſtrous Arms it may the farther caſt
His winged ſhafts, and fix them far more faſt:
So, oft the Lord ſeems, in his boſom, long
To hold his hand; and after (as more ſtrong)
To hammer thoſe whoſe impious impudence
Miſ-ſpends the Treaſure of his Patience,
Which (at firſt ſight) gives all Impunity
(As think the lewd) to all Iniquitie.
But, at the laſt, his heavie Vengeance paies
Them home, for all his *Juſtice* long Delaies:
As th' Vſurer, forbearing of his poor
And needy Debtors, makes his debt the more.
What tho th' high Thundrer, in his Fury dread,
Strike not in th' inſtant this proud *Vice-Roy* dead?
Can all th' Amaſs of waters which he pent
Above and under th' ample Firmament,
Seditious, ſo ſhake off his Soveraigne pow'r,
As not to ſend the thirſtie Earth a Shower?
No, no: though Heav'ns, on every ſide ſo cleer,
Boad nothing leſs than Rain, or Moyſture neer:
They with their Tears ſhall ſhortly ſoak the Plain,
As on the day when *Saul* began to raign:
For, all the Heav'ns, the Starres, and Elements,
Muſt Execute his high Commandements.
But ſtill the Plebe, with thirſt and fury preſt,
Thus roaring, raving, 'gainſt their Chiefs conteſt:
O, holy Nation! ſhall wee, ſhall wee die,
Their Elderſhips grave Sights to ſatisfie?
O! ſhall wee die to pleaſe Theſe fooliſh-wiſe,
Who make themſelves rich by our Miſeries;
And with our blouds would purchaſe them a Name,
To live for ever in the Roll of Fame;
No, no: let's rather break their ſervile bands
Which hold us in: let's take into our hands
Our Cities Helm; that freeing it from Sack,
Wee wiſely ſo may free our ſelves from wrack.
As the Phyſician, by the Patient Preſt,
Who, on his bed (unruly) will not reſt;
Permits ſometimes what Art prohibiteth:
Oſias ſo, importun'd, promiſeth
To yeeld the Town, if in five dayes appear
No certain Signe of divine Succour neer.
The people then, their wofull paſt eſtate,
Their preſent pain, and future feares forgate:
Sith though it ſhould not hap as moſt they thirſt;
At leaſt, they ſhould of Evils ſcape the worſt.
But JUDITH (who the while inceſſant Showers
From her ſad eyes, in ſigne of ſorrow poures),
With mournfull voice now cals upon the Lord;
Anon, her ſad ſoule comforts in his words (clime;
Prayers were her ſtairs, the higheſt Heav'ns to
Gods *Word*, a Garden, where (in needfull time)
Shee found her Simples (in Examples pure)
The Carefull *Paſſion* of her *Heart* to cure.
There, JUDITH reading (then not caſually,
But by Gods will, which ſtill works certainly)
Light on the place where the left-handed Prince,
Who griev'd for Iſrael's grievous Languiſhments
Under the *Heathen*; to deliver them
Slew *Moab's Eglon*, by a Stratagem.
The more ſhee reads, ſhee marks it, and admires
That Act of *Ehud*, and in zeale deſires
To imitate his valour. But frail fleſh
With thouſand Reaſons would her purpoſe daſh;
Propoſing now, the Facts foule odiouſneſs;
Then, fear of death; then dangers numberleſs,
Where-to ſhee puts her Honour: and that (though,
For *Iſraels* ſake, God ſhould the Act allow)
Behooves a mans hand, not a womans (there)
Much fitter for a Spindle than a Speare. (wage,
While JUDITH thus with JUDITH doubts doth
A ſudden puffe turns over that ſame *Page*:
And, that which followes ſhowes how *Jahel* yerſt
Couragiouſly the ſleeping temples pierc't
Of that fell *Pagan*, who from th' *Hebrews* flying,
Accurſed found in his defence his dying:
To teach all Tyrants in all times to-come,
That they may fly, but not out-fly their Doome.
This laſt Example did ſo fortifie
The fearfull widow, that even by and by
Shee would with Engine of Revenge endeavour
So wicked Soule's and Bodies knot to ſever.
But while apart Shee plots, and plots anew
Some wily way her purpoſe to purſue;
Shee hears reported by a neighbour Dame,
The Towns decree, much grieved at the ſame:
So; to prevent miſchiefs ſo neer at hand,
She ſends forth-with, for thoſe of chief Cõmand,
Whom ſharply ſweet ſhee thus begins to chide:
Why how-now, Lordlings, ſhall the Lord be ty'd
Unto your Terms? Will you th' Almighties Arms
Chaine with your Counſells? limit with your Charms?
O! unjudicious Judges, will you thus
Give Law to God, who gives it Heav'n and us?
Will you ſubject, to times confined ſtayes, (daies?
Th' Author of times, months, moments, years, and
Be not deceiv'd; The ſacred Pow'r Divine
No Circumſtance can compaſs or confine:

God

God can doe, what hee will; will, what hee ought:
Ought love his righteous (whom his love hath bought)
This (Fathers) This my dead Hopes moſt revives,
That in our City not a man ſurvives
Who lifts his hands (after the *Heathen* faſhions)
Unto the dumb, dead Idols of the Nations.
All Sins are Sins: but That foule ſin, alone
Exceeds all blinde or bold tranſgreſſion
That wee have heapt 'gainſt ſacred Heav'n: for that,
Seems to degrade God of his Soveraign State;
To give his *Glory* to a Wedge of Gold,
Or block, or ſtock, or ſtone of curious mold.
Sith then that ſin doth not our Conſcience taint,
Of God's dear ſuccour let us never faint:
Let 's think, (alas!) how now all *Juda* 's Eyes,
Agaſt, are caſt upon our Conſtancies:
Let 's think, that all will (over all the Land)
By our Example either ſtoop or ſtand:
Let 's think, that all theſe Altars, Houſes, Goods,
Stand (after God) on our couragious Moods:
Let 's think, Wee keep the Gate of *Iſrael*;
And that, ſo ſoon opening to th' Infidell
(Who hates ſo deadly all our *Abramides*)
Wee ſhall be held Traytors and Paricides.
Wee cannot, neither will wee now deny
But that our counſell (thus the Chief reply)
Was fooliſh and offenſive to the Lord:
But now (alas!) wee cannot break our word.
But, if thou rew our common miſeries;
And canſt not ſee our tears with tear-leſſe Eyes;
Weep night and day: O! weep and ſigh ſo much,
That thy ſad ſighs and tears with Ruth may touch
Th' Eternall Judge; whoſe gentle ear is ay
Open to all that to him humbly pray.
I ſhall, ſaid ſhee, and (if God ſay *Amen*)
Diſ-ſiege this City, yer wee meet again.
Sound mee no farther, but expect th' event
Of mine (I hope) happy as high Intent:
And, ſoon as night hath ſpread her dusky Damp,
Let mee go forth into the *Heathen Camp*.
Go on, in God's Name: and where-ere thou art,
God guide (ſaid they) thy foot, thy hand, thy heart.

The End of the Third Booke.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

The Fourth Book.

Judith, the while, trils Rivers from her eyes,
Atters her knees, tends toward th' arched Skyes
Her harmleſs hands: then Thus with voyce devout,
Her very Soule to God ſhee poureth out:
Lord! that didſt once my Grandſire *Simeon* arm
With *Juſtice* ſword, t'avenge his Siſters harm;
Daign me that ſword, that I may puniſh (juſt)
This Tyrant fell, far paſſing *Sichem*'s Luſt:
Who, not ſuffic'd with Virgins raviſhment,
And Rape of Wives; is execrably bent
To root thy Name out from the Earth around;
And raze thy Temple, levell with the ground.
Preſumptuous Prince! whoſe whole Affiance ſtands
In hundred thouſand Souldiers hee commands.
In hundred thouſand Horſe, which (thirſting-fight)
With lofty Bounds the lowly earth do ſmite:
Without Belief, that thou alone (O Lord)
Bin'dſt Heads & Hands; with either *Crown* or *Cord*:
Strengthneſt the Feeble, quickly foyl'ſt the Strong;
And lay'ſt the Pow'r of proudeſt Kings along.
Grant therefore, grant, good God, his charmed
The curious tramels of my Treſs may chain: (brain
Let every look of mine be as a dart
With Amorous Breach to wound his willing heart:
O! let the little grace of Face and Form
Thou haſt vouchſaft mee, calm his furious ſtorm:
Let the ſmooth cunning of my ſoothing lips
Surpriſe the fell Fox in his Suttleſhips:
But chiefly, Lord, let my victorious hand
Be ſcourge and hammer of this *Heathen* Band:
That all this All may know, that *Abram*'s Race
Is ever covered with thy Shield of *Grace*;
And that no Tyrant ever toucht thy *Jury*,
But felt in fine the rigour of thy Fury.
Let not, good Lord, O let not one of Theſe
Return to taſte *Hitane* or *Euphrates*.
Thus Judith prayes: and in the ſteed of ſtops,
With thouſand Sighs her words ſhee interrupts,
Then from her ſad ſole Chamber late ſhee packs,
Adorn'd with *Ophir*-Gold, and *Serean* knacks.
O! ſilver browd *Diana*, Queen of Night,
Dar'ſt thou appear, while here below, ſo bright
Shines ſuch a ſacred Star, whoſe radiant flame
Would even at Noon thy Brothers ſplendor ſhame?
Though, as unknown, to paſs unſhown ſhee ween,
Her Odors made her ſmelt, her Jewels ſeen;
Musk, Ambergris, and Civet, where ſhee went,
Left all along an odoriferous ſent:
A Carbuncle ſhin'd on her brow ſo bright,
That with the Rayes it clarifi'd the Night:
A ſilver Tincel waving in the winde,
Down from her head hung light and looſe behind:
Gold bound her golden Treſs; her Ivory Neck
Rubies and Saphirs counter-chang'd in check:
At either Eare, a richer Pearle then yerſt
Ægypts proud *Princeſſe* in her cup diſperſt:
Her ſoft white Boſome (as with Curtains drawn)
Tranſparent cover'd under Cob-web Lawne:
Her Robe, Sky-colour'd Silk, with curious Caul
Of golden Twiſt, benetted over all.
The reſt ſhee wore, might have beſeem'd for Tires
The ſtately Foundreſs of th' *Euphratean* Spires.
For, though her ſelfe were *Modeſty* it ſelfe;
T' intice this *Pagan* to the wrackfull Shelfe,
Beſides her owne, ſh' had borrowed Ornaments
Of other Ladies of moſt Eminence.
Achior, watching in the *Court of Guard*,
Seeing her paſſe ſo late, and well prepar'd;
Enquires of *Carmis* (who then watched too)
What, Whence ſhee was, & what ſhee went to do:
So brave a Gallant, trickt and trimmed ſo;
In ſuch a time, in ſuch a Place of wo.
Yer while, ſaid *Carmis*, in our City dwell'd
Merari; a man here high in honour held:
To whom for Seed, God but this Daughter ſent:
His Houſes Joy, this Cities Ornament.
Gain-greedy Fathers now-adayes turmoyle
Bodyes and Soules, Heap upon heap to pile:
But, have no care with the Mind's goods to grace
Th' heirs of their goods (which after melt apace):
Much like a man that keepeth in his Cheſt
His coſtly Garment, folded fair and preſt,
But lets his body, it was made to ſerve,
Naked the while, in Wet and Cold to ſtarve.

But,

But, as the Farmer ſpares no pains, nor coſt,
In husbanding his Land; but carefull moſt,
Now rids the ſtones, anon rips-up the ridges, (gees;
Here caſts a ditch, there plants, there plaſhes hed-
And never is his hand or toole there-fro:
But chiefly careth there good ſeed to ſow,
That when the Summer ſhall have ty'pt his Plains,
His Crop may pay him for his Coſt and Pains:
Or, as ſom Damſell, having ſpeciall Care
Of ſome fair Flower, which puts-out early-rare
Th' *Incarnate* Bud; weeds, waters every-houre
The fertill Plot that feeds her *Gilli-flower*;
That, one-day blown, it may ſome Sunday-morn
Her lilly Boſom, or her head adorn:
So wiſe *Merari* did endeavour fair
To form the Manners of his tender Heir;
That, in his Age, hee thence again might gather
Th' Honour and Comfort worthy ſuch a Father.
For ſoon as ever, ſtutting yet and weak,
Her tender tongue did but begin to ſpeak;
Hee taught her not (as many Fathers doe:
Too-many now) vain words, and wanton too,
But ſome good *Prayer*, or Gods *Ten-fold Law*;
That, with her Milk, ſhee might even ſuck the Aw
Of the Almighty: which not vain appears;
For that the Damſell brought forth in few years,
Fruits worthy of ſuch ſeed: whence did enſew,
That this her Nurture to a Nature grew.
So doth a Veſſell long retain the Sent
Of the firſt Liquor wee have ſettled in't:
So doth a Bough bend ever (when 'tis big)
To the ſame ſide that it was bent, a twig:
So, Bears, Wolves, Lions; and our wildeſt Game,
Bred tame with us, with us continue tame. (paſt,
When as twelve times, ſhee 12. new Moons had
This vertuous Pattern all Perfection grac't.
For, th' expert Pylot is not more preciſe
To ſhun, in Sayling, all the Jeopardies
Of *Cyane* Streight, of hateſull *Syrtes* Sand,
Charybdis Gulf, and of *Caphareus* Strand,
Then was wiſe JUDITH to avoyd the Dames
Never ſo little ſpotted in their Names:
Knowing that long converſing with the light,
Corrupts the ſobreſt; or at leaſt, though right,
Right ſafe th' Honour be ſav'd; the Names not ſo,
From common Bruit (though often falſe) we know
For, haunting *Good*, *good* are wee holden ay:
Bad, with the Bad: *Like will to like*, wee ſay.
Shee, ever modeſt, never us'd to ſtay
Abroad till midnight at a Mask or Play:
Nor trip from feaſt to feaſt, nor Street-webs ſpan,
To ſee, and to be ſeen of every man.
But rather, knowing that ſuch fond deſire
To gaze and to be gaz'd-on (*Flax and Fire*)
Undid light *Dina*, and ſuch gadding Dames
A thouſand more; their Noble houſes ſhames;
Shee wiſely kept at home; where, Morn and Even,
Daily ſhee call'd upon the God of heav'n.
The reſt of every day in duteous courſe
Shee ſerv'd her Nurſers for a tender Nurſe:
As wont the Storks kinde and officious Brood
For their old Parents to go gather Food;
And on ſome high Firre (far-off having flow'n)
Bring life to thoſe from whom they had their own.

If in the day, from Houſwifes needfull care,
Shee had perhaps an houre or two to ſpare,
Shee ſpent them reading in the *Sacred Book*,
Where faithfull Soules for ſp'rituall *Manna* look.
Sometimes on Cloth ſh' imbroydred cunningly
Some Beaſt, or Bird, or Fiſh, or Worm, or Fly.
Sometime ſhee wrought with ſilver needle fine
On Canvas-web ſome *Hiſtory* divine.
Here *Lot* eſcapt from that drad Flame from high
Which burnt his town, with winged feet doth fly
To little *Zoar*: while his Wife (alack!)
Incredulous, and curious, looking back;
God in the inſtant ſmiting for that fault,
Transforms her body to a Bulk of ſalt.
Here, *chaſte Suſanna* (ſlandred of diſhonour)
Seems led to Death, People ſeem preſt to ſtone her:
But truth appearing, ſoon they ſeem at once
To turn on th' Elders all their ſtorm of ſtones.
Here, loyall *Joſeph* rather leaves behinde
His cloak then heart with his too-*Lady-kinde*:
And rather chooſeth (by her falſe diſgrace)
His Irons, then her Arms, him to imbrace.
Here, raſh, rough *Jephthe* in unſacred ſlaughter
Imbrews his owne blade in his onely Daughter;
By private and improvident Annoy,
Troubling the publike and the generall Joy.
Weary of work, on her ſweet Lute ſhee playes,
And ſings withall ſom holy *Pſalm of Praiſe*;
Not following ſuch as by laſcivious dances,
Laviſh expences, light and wanton Glances,
Seek to be ſought, courted, and lov'd of moſt:
But as the Fiſher-man that baits the Coaſt
With poys'ny Paſtes, may have a greater draught,
And (tho leſſe wholeſom) hath more Fiſhes caught
Then thoſe that onely uſe their hook or net:
So may theſe Gallants them more Lovers get,
Then *modeſt* Maids; but their immodeſt flame
Fires none but Fools, Frantiks, or Voids of ſhame.
Vertue alone begins, begets, conceives,
A perfect Love; which though it ſlow receives,
His Form and Life, nor is ſo ſoon afire:
So, neither doth it half ſo ſoon expire.
Straw kindles quickly, and is quickly paſt:
Iron heats ſlowly, and its heat doth laſt.
Now JUDITH's fair Renown through *Juda* (rings
In every City; and great Suters brings
(From all-form *Faſhions*, from fair *painted Faces*,
From *Pomdred Treſſes*, from *fonc't Apiſh Graces*,
From *Prince-fit Pompe*; from *Peacocks* ſtrutting by
With *Boſoms* naked to the Navel nigh)
To woo Her Vertue. But, Love's burning dart
Could neither harm nor warm her Ycie heart.
For, as hard Hammers, harder Diamant;
Shee harder did reſiſt loves grace to grant;
Having reſolved, ſole and ſingle, rather
To ſpend her dayes with her dear loved Father.
But at the Laſt, importun'd long, and preſt
By her dear Parents, carefull of her Reſt;
Shee took MANASSES, one of Noble bloud;
Rich in the Mind's, Nature's, and Fortune's good.
Their *Marriage* then was neither ſtoln, nor packt,
Nor poſted; to prevent ſome *Pre-contract*,
To cheat ſome Heire, ſome Avarice to choak,
To cover Others, or their own ſin cloak:

But,

But duly paſt, modeſt, and reverent,
With either's Parents knowledge and conſent.
Dina's Diſaſters to this day doe prove
The ſad ſucceſſes of prepoſt'rous Love;
Of privy Choyce, cloſe Matches, and unkend;
Which ſeldom bring Lovers to happy end;
And that our ſelves ought not our ſelves beſtow,
But thoſe from whom our birth & breeding grow.
This happy Match begun thus holily,
And holy carried; did ſo firmly tie
This chaſte young Couple, in ſo mutuall love,
That both their bodies ſeems one ſoule to move.
Th'one never wiſht but what the other would;
Both by one Organ their own minde unfold:
And, as a Hurt on the Right ſide (wee ſee)
Reacheth the Left; even ſo, by ſympathy,
Her Husbands Sorrows did ſad JUDITH ſhare,
And JUDITH's Sorrows her ſad Husband bare.
The Husband did not his dear Wife controule,
As Tyrants rule: but, as the tender Soule
Commands the Body; not the ſame to grieve,
But comfort rather, cheriſh and relieve.
Him JUDITH lov'd as Brother (or more, rather)
Fear'd as her Lord, and honour'd as her Father.
Their Houſe, for Order ſo religious,
Seem'd more a *Temple* then a private Houſe:
There, did no Mayd, with *merry-tricks*, intice
The baſhfull Strippling to laſcivious vice:
There, did no drunken Groom ſick healths diſgorge,
Nor againſt Heav'n blaſphemous Oathes re-forge:
There, no broad Jeſter, no bold common Lyer,
No Gameſter, Thief, Rogue, Ruffin, Apple-ſquire,
Had ever Harbour: but all Servants, there,
To their grave Rulers Rules conformed were.
MANASSES, knowing what a Floud of Crimes
Surrounded all, in his enormous Times;
Eſpecially, what evils Confluence
Had even corrupted ſacret *Governments*
(So that, for favour, or for Mony (more)
Fools, Knaves, Boyes, Baſeſt, higheſt burthens bore)
Hee modeſtly refus'd all Publick Charge:
Holding him happy ſo, free and at large,
Far from the Courts of *State* and *Juſtice* too,
Quiet at Home, his *Houſhold* dues to doe.
Yet notwithſtanding, knowing too that none
Was ever born ſo for himſelfe alone.
But that the beſt part of our dayes (though few)
T'our Country Kindred, and our Friends is due;
No Magiſtrate, Hee daily ſerv'd the State
More then a hundred that in Office ſate.
For, in his Houſe did ſacred *Juſtice* live,
And from his Lips would Shee her Sentence give.
Hee ever was th'afflicted Poors Protector,
Widows Supporter, Silly-ones Director,
Orphans kinde Father: every Age, Sex, Sort,
Had from his hand ſome kinde of kinde Support.
Never vain thirſt of the 'curs't Earth of *Inde*
Made Him wound Water, neither woe the Wind:
Never did *Avarice* his life endanger,
With mercenary Sword to ſerve the Stranger:
Never did Hee, to Adverſe-Clyents, ſell
A double Breath, blowing to Heav'n and Hell;
But, ſtrife-leſſe, uſing harmleſſe Husbandry,
Took of his Land both Stock and Uſury
Of his lent labours. For, ſometimes, by Line,
Hee plants an Orchard; which hee orders fine,
With equi-diſtant Trees, in Rowes direct,
Of Plums, of Pears, and Apples moſt ſelect:
Here-there, He Crab-ſtocks ſets, then grafts theron
Some ſtranger Slip: inocculates anon:
Anon with keen Share the kinde Earth hee ſhreds:
Anon the Vine into the Elm hee weds:
Anon hee prunes-off the ſuperfluous ſhoots:
Anon the Bodies pares, then bares the Roots.
For, neither *Dog-Dayes*, nor *December*'s yce,
Could keep him Priſ'ner in his Chamber, nice.
But, as one-day, his Reapers hee beheld,
Who, ſwelting, ſwift the yellow handfulls feld;
Sol, from his head, caus'd a *Catarrh* deſcend,
Which ſhortly after caus'd MANASSES End.
Hee that can number, in *November*, All
The withered leaves that in the Forreſts fall:
Hee that can number all the Drops, in Showers,
Which *Hyades*, *Pleiades*, and moiſt *Orion* poures
Upon the Plains: may tell the Tears Shee ſhed,
For her dear Husband ſo untimely dead.
The Wealth and Treaſure hee had left her, kinde,
In ſtead of eaſing, more afflicts her minde:
Th'uſe of his Goods ſtill ſets before her eyes
Their good old Owners ſweet and graceſull guiſe.
Had Shee had all the Gold was gather'd ever
On all the ſhoal ſands of the *Lydian* River,
Sh'had not been rich, being bereft of Him,
Without whom, wealth, doubled her woes extreme:
And, w^th whom, glad ſhe would have born the croſſes
Of wretched JOB's ſad, ſudden, many Loſſes
Phœbus had thrice through all the *Zodiack* paſt,
Since his Deceaſe: Yet time, which all doth waſte
And cures all Cares, could not her Griefs recover,
For loſſe of Him, her deareſt Lord and Lover.
Still therefore, cover'd with a ſable Shrowd
Hath Shee kept home; as all to ſorrow vow'd:
For, for the moſt part, ſolitary ſad,
Tears in her eyes, ſack on her back ſhee had,
Grief in her heart: ſo, on the wither'd Spray
The Widow-*Turtle* ſighes her mournfull Lay;
Sole, and exil'd from all Delights, that move;
Chaſtly reſolv'd t'accept no Second Love.
If any time JUDITH went out of Doore
(As Duty bindes) it was to ſee ſome poore:
Some woefull woman in deep paſſions toyl'd
For ſudden Loſſe of her deare onely Childe:
Some long-Sick body, or ſome needy ſoule,
With needfull Comforts of her Bag, or Boule:
Or elſe to goe (as GOD commanded Them)
To Pray and Offer at JERUSALEM.
Thus, dear Companion, have I briefly ſhown
Fair JUDITH's Story: on whoſe Worth alone
All eyes are caſt, but cannot tell you out
Whither ſhee goes; leſſe, what ſhee goes about.
But, if wee may, from *former* things infer
A gheſſe of *future*; Wee may hope from Her
Some Happineſſe: and ſure, mee thinks, her cheer,
So pleaſant chang'd, boads ſome good fortune neer.
With this Diſcourſe, the wakefull *Hebrew* Knight,
Walking between, wore-out the weary Night.
JUDITH the while, her Handmaid with her, hies
Towards the Trenches of the Enemies.

Yet

Yer from the Fort Shee had a furlong gon,
The *Heathen* Scouts descry'd her, and anon
Bespake her thus: O! more then humane Beauty,
Whence? What are you? What cause hath hither
Into th' *Assyrian* Camp? Alas! I am (brought ye
(Sighing, quoth shee) a wofull *Hebrew* Dame,
Who, to escape so many Deaths, or Thrall,
Come here to yeeld mee to your *Generall*.
Then to the Duke they lead her: Who-so-e're
Hath seen, in Cities, how they flock, to hear
Som prating *Mountebank*; or see som *Monster* (ster
New brought from *Africk*; or from *Inde*; may con-
What press of Souldiers from all parts did throng,
About his Tent; and even prest in among
To see that compleat Shee, so comly deem'd;
Who, the more lookt on, the more lovely seem'd.
Her waved Locks, som dangling loose, som part
In thousand rings curl'd-up, with art-lesse art;
With gracefull Shadows sweetly did set-out
Her broad high Fore-head, smooth as yce, about:
Two slender Bowes of *Ebene*, equall bent
Over two Stars (bright as the Firmament)
Two twinkling Sparks, Two sprightfull Jetty eyes
(Where subtle *Cupid* in close Ambush lyes,
To shoot the choicest of his golden Darts
Into the chariest of the chastest hearts):
'Twixt these two Suns, down from this liberal frōt,
Descendingly ascends a pretty Mount;
Which, by Degrees, doth neer those Lips extend,
Where *Momus* Lips could nothing discommend:
Her ruddy round Cheeks seem'd to be composed
Of *Roses Lillied*, or of *Lillies Rosed*:
Her muskie Mouth (for shape and size so meet,
Excelling *Saba*'s pretious breath, for sweet)
A swelling Welt of *Corall* round behems,
Which smiling shows two rows of orient Gems:
Her Ivory Neck, and Alabaster Brest
Ravish the *Pagans* more then all the rest:
Her soft, sleek, slender hands, in snow bedipt,
With purest Pearl-shell had each finger tipt.
In briefe, so passing her Perfections were,
That if rare *Zeuxis* had but found her there,
Or such another; when from curious Cull
Of *Croton Dames* so choicely Beautifull,
By many Beauties (severally met)
His cunning Pencill drew the Counterfeit
Of her for whom *Europe* and *Asia* fought;
This onely Piece had hee sufficient thought.
JUDITH no sooner came within the Tent,
But both her Cheeks a bashfull Blush besprent,
Trembling for fear: untill, inviting neerer,
The courteous *General*'s gentle words re-cheer-her.
Swet-heart, I am not, I am not so fell
As false Report hath told fond *Israel*:
Who mee for father, I for children take;
I love whom love my Lord their God to make:
And who doe both, may be assur'd to have
What ever good mans heart can hope or crave:
Which *Israel* well should find, would they give eare
To that Kings favour, whose drad Power they fear:
Then fear not thou, my Love; but tell mee free
The happy Cause that hither bringeth thee.
O Prince! said shee (with then, firm countenance)
Supreme, for Fortune, Wisdome, Valiance,
Of all that ever had command in Field,
Or ever manag'd martiall Sword or Shield:
Although my frail Sex and weake bodie's state,
No longer could endure the wretched fate;
Wants, labours, dangers, and the deep affright
My fellow Town-folk suffer day and night:
Yet is not that the Cause that drives mee thence,
Nor that which draws mee to your excellence:
But, 'tis a never-never-dying Worm
Which gnawes my Conscience; a continuall Storm,
A holy Fear, lest I be forc't to eat
(Among my People) some unlawfull meat.
For, I fore-see (Sir) that our Folk, yer long,
With cruell Famine so extremely wrung,
Will be constrain'd to fill, and 'file them too
With unclean Flesh, which God forbids us doe:
And that the Lord (who strikes, with just revenge
Whom-ever dare his drad just Lawes infringe)
Will then without Fight, give Thee up their place;
And one of thine thousands of them shall chase.
Therefore (my Lord) God's wrath and yours to fly,
Out of BETHULIA, to your Camp come I;
Beseeching humbly, for your honours sake,
That here no Rigour, neither Wrong I take.
Hee's more then Wit-less that him wilfull throws
(Winking) in dangers that hee well fore-knows;
And when hee may live, pain-lesse, and secure;
In Toil-full Fears will his own death procure.
Now: please thee grant mee, in this Vale (away
From noise and number) nightly to goe pray;
Hebrews no sooner shall God's Wrath incense,
But I, inspir'd, shall shew thine Excellence:
And then shall I thy valiant Legions lead
Over all *Juda*; and thy Standards spread
Shall swell in SION; where not one shall dare
Lift Lance against thee, nor defence prepare:
No, not a Dog so much as bark at Thine
Arms-clashing Army, not their Armors Shine.
Thy Name alone shall tame the stoutest Troup:
To thee the Hills their proudest Tops shall stoup:
Rivers, for thee, their rapid Course shall stay,
To yeeld thine Hoast a new un-wonted way.
The Prince replies: O, Worlds sole Ornament!
Lady, as fair as wise and eloquent;
Right-*Welcome are You*: and wee wish you ever
In all Contentment with us to persever.
And, if you prove in Truth and Loyaltie,
As you are pleasing to mine Ear and Eye;
I shall from henceforth worship evermore
The mighty God you *Hebrews* doe adore:
You shall from henceforth onely *Lady* be
Both of my Scepter, of my Soule, and Mee:
Henceforth your name with high Renown shal ring
Where *Heber*, *Istir*, *Nile*, and *Ganges* spring.
With Licence then, soon as the *Moon* with light
Of silver Rayes began to cleer the night,
The Widow hies to a dark Vale apart*;
Where first shee bathes her hands, & then her heart:
Then, from her eyes a luke-warm Rill she showrs:
Then, from her Soule this fervent Prayer she pours:
Lord God, no longer now thine Aid deny
To those that onely on thine Aid rely.
Lord rescue those that ready are to spend
Their bloods and goods, thine honour to defend.

Lord,

Lord, let our Infants sad and ceaſe-leſſe Mones,
Our woefull Elders deep and diſmall Grones,
Our Matron's Scriechies, Cries of Virgins fair,
Our ſacred *Levit*'s Day-and-Nightly Prayer,
Pierce to thy Throne, to wake thy ſlumbring Eye.
Dread God of *Juſtice*, glorious Father; Why
Doe ſlight'ry Bolts of thy beſt Thunder light
On *Carmel*'s Top, and little *Hermon* ſmite:
And let th' Heav'n-threatning Sons of Earth alone;
On proudeſt *Oſſa*, prouder *Pelion*?
Alas! What ſaid I? Ah! forgive mee, Lord,
This idle, raſh, and unadviſed Word;
Which, in frail Paſſion, my fond Lips did borrow
From fervent *Zeal* of mine unfeined Sorrow.
No: O, Our Lignes ſole Pillar dearly dread,
I know, Thou ſhortly wilt their Head behead:
I know, This hand, by Thy right hand led out,
Shall at one Blow, This *Heathen* Army rout.

The End of the Fourth Booke.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

The Fifth Book.

FOr bloud and marrow, in his veins and bones,
The *Vice-Roy* feeds new Pains, new Paſsions;
Wch, while he ſhuns, he ſeeks; feels, yet not knows,
A dead-live Fire, which of Selfe's Cinders grows.
For th' *Hebrew Lady's* rapting rarities
Being now ſole Object of his Soule's dim Eyes;
Sad, peeviſh, pale, ſoft, drowſie, dream-awake,
Care of his Hoaſt hee doth no longer take:
Goes no more out, a-nights, to ſet his Watches,
And *Courts* of *Guard* about, on all Approches:
Comes not to Counſell, neither gives *The Word*:
Nor viewes the Quarters of his Camp: nor ſtirr'd.
As ſheep, that miſs their wonted guard & guide,
Diſperſed ſtray: now, by ſome Rivers ſide,
Or gurgling Brook; now, up and down the downs;
Now, in the Groves; now, on the Fallow grounds:
So th' *Ethnik* Army, without Rule or Rein,
Purſue their Pleaſures, violent, or vain:
None will obey; None but will new command;
Each, as him liſteth, dares him now diſ-band.
Hebrews, Why ſtay you now mew'd in your city?
Now, now or never, doth the Time befit-yee
To ſally on the Foe; whoſe rank Diſorder (der,
Among themſelves, themſelves (in fight) will mur-
Nay; bouge not though: of ſuch a Victory
God will the Honour have and Author be.
Yer that blinde *Cupid* did this Tyrant blinde,
To take the Town was Day and Night his minde;
Now, Day and Night hee minds but how to gain
A Lady's grace; Who, taken, is not ta'n
(Her ſoule being temper'd more then Fancy-proof):
Yer-while, th' undaunted mighty *Theban* rough
Could not have fear'd Him, with his maſſie Mace;
Now, but a glance of a weak Woman's grace (deep,
Diſmaies him, daunts him, nay even wounds him
Paſt care of Cure; and doth him Captive keep:
Yer-while *Ambition*, with Drums rattling-Din,
Awakt him early yer the Day peept-in;
Now *Love* awakes him; and with his Alarms
Makes him neglect the *Hebrews* and their Arms:
Yer-while, hee had Princes and Kings at bay;
Now, of Himſelfe hath neither Power nor Sway.
Alas! alas! Unhappy Change, ſaid Hee:
Muſt I live Captive to my Captive-Shee?
Is This (alas!) to live: the Body bas't;
The minde as brute; and both their Powers defac't!
This is not Life: or is worſe Life to ſee',
Then ſad *Ixion's*, on the brazen *Wheel*
Eternall turning: or a life (in brieſe)
Moſt like the Life of that celeſtiall Thief,
Whoſe ever-never-dying heart and liver
On *Scythian* Rocks feed a fell Vulture ever.
What boots mee t' have ſubdu'd ſo many Lands?
What to have tam'd with my victorious hands
All Nations lodg'd betwixt *Hydaſpes* large,
And th' Haven where *Cydnus* doth in Sea diſcharge?
Sith I am vanquiſht, by the feeble Might
Of Captive *Judith's* glance. What boots my bright
Strong ſteeled Targe? my brazen Burguinet?
My martiall Guard about my Body ſet?
Sith the keen Shot which her quick eye doth dart,
Through ſteel, & braſs, & gard doth wound my hart.
What boots my Courſer ſwifter then the winde,
Leaving the Swallows in his ſpeed behind?
Sith, on his back flying, I cannot flie
The willing Chains of my Captivity.
Change, change then, *Hebrews*, into ſmiles your tears;
Triumph of me, mine hoaſt, arms, ſwords & ſpears:
I am no more the *Duke*, whoſe Name alone
Yer-while with Terror ſhook you every-one:
No: I am Hee whoſe Courage, late ſo brave,
Is now become but Slave unto my Slave:
I am not come, to War with *Iſrael*,
To burn your Cities, or your Selves to quell:
But to intreat you, to intreat (For Mee)
Your match-leſſe JUDITH that ſhee milder be.

But

But whither, Wit-leſſe, whither am I born
By Loves fond Fury; wilfully forlorn?
Have I not Her here in my Patronage,
That can the Anguiſh of my Soule aſſwage?
And yet with idle Plaints I pierce the Skyes;
And thus un-Manly melt mee at mine Eyes.
Unhappy Mee! my wretched Caſe is ſuch
As His, who wants moſt what hee hath too-much;
A Cryſtall River flowing to his Lip;
Yet dies for Thirſt, and cannot drink a ſip:
For, ſo doe I reſpect her excellence:
Her Heav'n-given *Graces*; that, for Reverence
Mine eyes dare ſcarce behold her, and my Tongue,
In ſtead of ſuing, to my roofe is clung.
O that my Breaſt tranſparent Cryſtall were,
That Shee might ſee my hearts dire Torment there;
And there read plainly, what my Loves exceſſe
(Alas!) permits not my ſad voice t' expreſſe!
Since JUDITH firſt came to th' *Aſſyrians* Camp,
Thrice had the heav'ns light & put out their Lamp;
And now *Aurora*, with a ſaffron Ray,
Began, in *Inde* to kindle the *fourth* Day:
When as the *Duke*, who Food and Reſt forſakes,
This heavie Moan, to 's *Eunuch* BAGOS, makes:
BAGOS, my Sonne, adopted, not by Chance;
BAGOS, whom I, ſtill ſtudying to advance,
Have made, of Meaneſt and neglected moſt,
Firſt in my heart, and Second in mine Hoſte;
BAGOS, I burn, I rave, I rage, I dye,
Of wounds receiv'd from that fair Strangers Eye.
Goe, ſeek her out: goe quickly: tell her Thou
My loving Languor: tell her, that I vow
To make her equall, nay above the beſt
Of greateſt *Dames* whom royall Crowns inveſt:
Eſpecially, inſinuate ſo, that Shee
Be pleas'd this night to come and ſup with Mee.
Were 't not a Folly, nay a Madneſſe meer,
In Mee, to have the rareſt Beauty here
This Age hath bred; and yet, too-faint a Foole,
I ſhould not dare my hearts hot Thirſt to coole?
Would not my Souldiers laugh at it apace?
Nay: would not JUDITH bluſh at my Diſgrace?
BAGOS, too-apt, too-us'd to ſuch a Turn;
Thus oyles the Fire, which but too-faſt did burn:
My Lord, if Private men (whoſe otious Care
Scarce paſſe the Threſhold of their own Door dare;
Whoſe Mindes, content with their unhappy Hap,
For other *Grace* or greatneſſe never gape)
Live not content (alas!) unleſſe ſome-while
Venus warme Comforts their chill Cares beguile:
How-more unhappy then, are thoſe that bear
An *Atlas* Burthen: thoſe that reſt forbear,
For Others Reſt: thoſe that (like *Argus*) wake
While Others, fear-leſſe, their fil'l Naps doe take:
If, among all their Gall, their Toil, their Teen,
Some (*Cupids*) Hony be not mixt between?
Then, Sir, purſue your Love: loſe not the Game,
Which of it ſelfe comes to your Net, ſo tame.
And, if in like Imployments, heretofore
Y'have found Mee fit and faithfull evermore;
In this new Truſt, you ſhall by ſpeedy triall,
Finde mee more ſecret, diligent, and loyall.
Alas! How-many BAGOS's, in our Time
In Princes *Courts*, to higeſt Honours climbe,
More, for their cunning in ſuch Embaſſies,
Then for Repute of *learned*, *ſtout*, or *wiſe*?
Whilom, great *Courts* were *Vertue's Academs*;
Now Schools of *Vice*: now (rather) *Sinks* of *Realms*.
You, who, *Great-minded*, cannot be content
To be cloſe-Brokers for th' Incontinent:
Who cannot brew (with too-too-dangerous Skill)
Both a *Love-Potion*, and a *Cup* to *kill*:
Who cannot, noble, your free Natures ſtrain,
With flattering pencill on your Face to fain
A face of *Frownes*, or *Smiles*; of *Wrath*, or *Ruth*;
To pleaſe the *Great* (rather with *Tales* then *Truth*):
Come not at *Court*; if I may counſell you.
For, there, in ſtead of *Grace* and *Honour*, due,
Unto your *Vertues*; you ſhall nothing gain;
But, that which *There* ſtill haunts the *Good*; diſdain.
You, *Noble Ladies*, in whoſe heart is graven
A filiall Feare of th' All-ſee GOD of Heav'n:
You that more prize your *Honour's* pure Report,
Then *Love* of *Princes*: keep you from the *Court*.
But You, who, having neither Land nor Mony,
Out-brave the braveſt: who with words of Hony,
And Friend-like Face, Diſſemblers, humbly greet
Whom your falſe harts wiſh in their winding ſheet:
Who laviſh, ſell your Wives for Offices:
Who make you Noble, by baſe Services:
Who, ſerving Time, can ſet your Faith to ſale;
Shift your *Religion*; ſaile with every Gale:
Who, Paraſites, can put more faces on
Then ever *Protens* in the Seas hath ſhow'n:
Who, forcing Nature, can your Maners fit
To my *Lords* Humour; and ſo humour it;
Like a *Chameleon*, which, here blue, there black,
Here gray, there green, doth with his Object take:
Who can invent new Toules, new Taxes finde,
To charge the People: and the Poore to grinde:
Who, faining to poſſeſſe your Princes Eare,
Make Suiters crouch, and court you every-where;
And, ſubtle *Shifters*, ſell them dear your Smoake,
Blinding the wretches with a wylie cloake.
You, warbling *Sirens*, whoſe delicious Charms
Draw warieſt youth into your wrackfull Arms:
You *Circe's*, you whoſe powerfull Spells tranſmute
Your Loves to Stones, Hogs, Dogs, & every Brute:
You *Stymphalides*, whoſe Avarice devoures
The richeſt Treaſure of *Youth's* freſheſt Flowers:
You, you, whoſe *Painting*, and *Pearl-golden*-gliſter,
Of *Priam's* old Wife, make young *Caſtor's* Siſter:
You *Myrrah's*, you *Canaces*, *Semiram's*:
And, if there be any more odious *Dames*:
Come You to *Court*: come quickly: there, on You
A hundred Honours ſhall be heapt, undue;
You, there ſhall ſell *Juſtice*, Preferments, Places:
Yea, you ſhall ſell miſ-govern'd Princes Graces.
But *Muſe*, it boots not: Hadſt Thou thouſand-fold
The Strength and Stomack of *Alcides* bold,
Thou couldſt not cleanſe Theſe *Sin-proud* ſhining Halls,
Fouler by farthen foule *Augeas* Stalls.
Let's back to JUDITH; who to bring about
Her hard deſigne, ſurveyes her, ſets her out,
Be-curles her Treſſes; makes her Cryſtall c'eer
Her Beauties Judge, which had in Earth no peer.
Then comes ſhee to the Tent, rich hanged round
With curious Arras, from the top to ground;

Where Art-full fingers, for a Web of glory,
Had wov'n *Medes*, *Persians*, *Syrian* Princes Story.
There *Ninus* firſt, puſht by vain Prides amiſſe,
Uſurps the *Eaſt*: here comes *Semiramis*,
Who, faining Her a Man, th' *Aſſyrian* ſwaies,
And to the Clouds her BABYLON doth raiſe.
See, ſee a Prince, with ſoft white fingers fine,
Effeminate ſits ſpinning flaxen Twine:
And, for a Launce, bearing a Diſtaffe, ſhowes
That more to Female then to Male hee owes.
See, how hee poats, paints, frizzles, faſhions him;
Bathes, basks, annoints, views, and re-views his Trim
Within his *Glaſs*, which for a *Glaive* hee wears.
See, how hee ſhifts to hide his Shame and Fears:
From Vardingale to Vardingale, hee flyes
His brave Lievtenant, leſt Hee him ſurpriſe.
Yet, ſee, at laſt (to act one Manly thing)
Hee burns himſelfe, not to out-live a King.
See, here an Infant ſucking of a Bitch
Under a Hedge and in a ſhallow Ditch;
Who, grown a Man, here muſters in his Train
Both bond and free, the Souldier and the Swain;
Subdues the *Eaſt*, and into *Perſia* draws
The *Medes* proud Scepter; & he gives them Laws.
But who 's That marches ſo diſ-figured there,
Before an Army, without Noſe and Eare?
'Tis that good Servant, who reduc't, alone,
Under *Darius*, Rebell *Babylon*.
While, with theſe ſhows ſad JUDITH entertain'd
Her Eyes, but not her heart (too-inly pain'd)
In comes the *Duke*: & with right curteous cheer
Kindely ſalutes her, hands her hand; and neer
Cauſing her ſit in a rich eaſie Chaire,
Himſelfe, at eaſe, views and re-views her Faire.
Then, ſeeing him ſo nigh his wiſhed Pleaſure,
His heart's a-fire: nor hath hee longer leaſure
To ſtay for *Venus*, till, Star-crowned bright,
On their *Horizon* Shee bring back the Night.
The Widow, knowing Time and Place, as yet,
For God's Decree, and her Deſign, unfit;
Findes ſtill Delayes: and, to delude his Love,
Shee (wylie) ſtill Speech upon Speech doth move.
My Lord, pray tell mee, What ſo great Offence
So grievouſly your Fury could incenſe; (Folk
What? when? where? why? how? & by whom our
Could ſo the Wrath of ſuch a Prince provoke,
So ſeparate, in Language, Land, and Law;
Who never Us; and Whom wee never ſaw?
Uncivill were Hee (*Sweet*) replyes the Prince,
Could ought deny to ſuch an Excellence.
Then; as the Heav'ns cannot Two Suns ſuſtain:
No more can Earth Two Kings at once contain,
Of equall Power and State: for, *Soveraignie*
Brooks no Co-partner, no *Equalty*.
Witneſſe my *Soveraign*: who offended at
The Power and Pomp of mighty *Arphaxat*,
Who, high aſpire, and far to ſpred began,
And to the Clouds had built his *Ecbatane*,
Ninive's Shame and dread of *Babylon*:
Bravely endevours to ſupplant his Throne,
Bereave his Scepter, ſack, raze, minate,
His goodly Cities, and himſelfe diſ-State.
But *Arphaxat*, as valorous as ſage
(And both, right worthy of his Crown and Age)
Would rather venture *Media's* Royall Rings,
Then vaile to any. So between two Kings,
Two ſtout, and ſtirring ſpirits (whereof th' one
Could brook no Peer, th' other, Superior none)
Began a dreadfull and right deadly War,
Laſting (alas!) too-long, ſpreading too-far.
Arphaxat arms thoſe, where the Flower of *Greece*
Fetcht, not the Locks of an old *Golden Fleece*,
But maſsie *Ingots*, which doe richly pave
The happy Plains great *Phaſis* Streams belave:
The *Harmaſians*, th' *Albanians*, wont to mowe
Three times a year, where onely once they ſow:
Whom *Oxus* boundeth with his ſwelling Tide;
Whom *Anti-Taurus* double Horns divide;
Thoſe on the Mountaine, whoſe high-lowly back
Bow'd to the Veſſell which preſerv'd from wrack
The Worlds Abridgement: Thoſe along the Shores
Where proud *Jaxartes* rapid Current rores:
In ſhort, beſides his *Medes* hee had in pay,
All, neer the *Pontike* and the *Caſpian* Sea.
So that, already, This great King-Commander,
Had Hopes as high as ever ALEXANDER.
My Prince, reſolv'd to conquer, or to die,
Omits no point of Opportunitie
For his Affaires: Hee armeth *Sittacen*,
Levies the Archers of all *Oſrohen*:
Thoſe, whoſe rich Plains hundred for one repay,
From *Euphrates* and *Tygris* march away:
Fiſh-fed *Carmanians* (who with *Seal-skin* Jacks,
In ſtead of Iron arm their warlike Backs)
Gold ſanded *Hytan's* native Shores forgoe:
You *Parthians*, *Coſſians*, and *Arabians* too,
By your ſad *Magi's* deep prophetike Charms
Sacredly counſell'd, take you all to Arms:
And Thou *Chaldæa*, turn'ſt to Swords, and Spears,
And ſhields, thy *Rules*, *Squires*, *Compaſſes* & *Sphears*.
For, of his Subjects ſpares hee not a man
That beare a Launce, or Pike, or Crosbow can:
Wives, Beldams, Babes, Gray-heads (& Sickly ſom)
Through all his Countries onely kept at home.
Hee alſo ſends for *Perſians* and *Phœnicians*;
For ſoft *Egyptians*, *Hebrews* and *Cilicians*,
Quickly to come, and kindely take his Part:
But *Neuters*, They (more friends in face then heart)
Reject his earneſt Sute, Himſelfe neglect;
And uſe his Legats but with ſmall reſpect.
My Lord diſſembles for a while This wrong,
Till having triumpht of a Foe more ſtrong,
Hee may with more eaſe, and with danger leſſe,
Their ſacrilege and ſurly Pride repreſſe.
In *Rangau's* ample Plain, one Morning, met
Theſe Royall Armies, of two Kings, as great
As ever *Mars* with ſteel and Furie arm'd,
Fury and Pride ſo Eithers Souldiers warm'd,
That hardly could they ſtay till Trumpets ſhrill
Denounce the Battaile and give leave to kill:
But with ſtern looks, and braving Threats, afar;
At hand, with blowes; they had begun to war;
Exchanging wounds. Two thouſand *Perdus* firſt
Give bravely th' Onſet: and not much diſperſt:
From ſudden whirle-winde of their nimble Slings,
So thick a Storm of humming Pebbles ſings
So-ſad a *Dyrge* of Deaths, that they ſuppoſe,
That not one Troup, but All, had bin at Blowes.

To

To second Those, then, in good ordinance,
With waving Ensignes, thousand Troups advance:
Both Armies joyn. Now fiercely fall they to't,
Mede upon *Chalde*, pressing foot to foot:
Incount'ring felly with a furious noise
Of clashing Arms, and Angry-braving Voice,
Louder then *Nile*, rushing from Rocky-Coomb;
Or then *Enceilade*, when hee shakes his Toomb.
Here lyes one head-lesse; foot-lesse there (alas!)
Another craules among the gorie Grasse:
One's shoulder hangs; another hangs his Bowels
About his neck (but new bound up in Towels)
This, in the Face, that in the Flank is hurt:
This, as hee dyes, a Flood of Bloud doth spurt:
That, neither lives nor dyes; but seems at once
Both upper *Jove*'s and neather's diverse Thrones;
Because, some little spirit (too-stubborn-stout)
Still in the Body, will not yet come out.
Yer-while the ground was yellow, green, & blue;
Now onely cover'd with a Crimsin hue:
While one doth (here) another deadly thrill,
Another him, another him doth kill:
Still Rage increases: still doth Fury spread,
Till all the field be but a heap of Dead.
One-while the *Syrians* by the *Medes* are chas't;
Anon the *Medes* by *Syrians* are re-chas't:
As one-while, from the Sea unto the Shore,
Surge after Surge, Wave after Wave doth rore.
Another-while, from Shore to Sea they ply
Wave after Wave, Surge after Surge to fly:
Or as (wee see) the Flowery Ears, in May
(When *Zephyrus* with gentle Puffs doth play)
Sway to and fro; forward and backward bend;
Now, stoop a little; and now, stand an end.
Both Kings the-while, whose force and fortitude
Far past their Subjects, so their Blades imbru'd
In Bloud and Slaughter, that an open Glade
Where-e'r they came, in either Camp they made:
So that, nor Casks, Currets, nor Shields could save
From mighty Strokes their massie Weapons gave:
Much like two Torrents, which with headlong fall
From two opposed Hils, down-bearing all,
Banks, Bridges, Trees, Corn, Cattell; seem to vie
Whether of either shall most damnifie.
Especially, the *Medes* King thundred so
Upon our Battails, that our Bravest, tho
Began to shrink, and with that shamefull sight,
Our Hoast dis-ord'red, fell to shamefull flight:
The Foe pursues, slayes, slashes (swift as wind)
Millions of wounds, and every one behind.
In briefe, that Day had *Ninivé* bin down,
Her King undone (dead, and depriv'd of Crown)
Had not I (full of Force and Furie) quick (thick.
Like Lightning, rusht where deadly blowes were
Mails, Murrions, Corselets, Iron, Steel, and Brasse,
Before my Sword were brittle all, as Glasse.
And onely I, My hand alone, which lent (ment
More deaths then blowes, brought more astonish-
Unto their Camp, then all our Camp beside.
Their Foot no longer could my Brunt abide:
Their Horsemen, fainting, in their Saddles shake;
Arms on their Backs, hearts in their bellies quake.
Here, with a down-right Blow, from top to twist,
I cleave in sunder one that dar'd resist:
There I so deep dive in another's minde,
That n'eer two handfulls, pears my Sword, behinde;
So, that the *Medes*, now more then wavering,
In th' heat of Fight, abandon All their King.
Who, seeing him so betray'd, his Tresses tore,
Retir'd to *Ragau*, all besmear'd with gore:
There over-ta'n by Ours, Hee bravely fought;
'Mid thickest Darts a glorious Death hee sought;
Heaws, thunders, thrills, and of his Manly blows:
Not one in vain, not one amisse bestows.
But, yer Hee die, with quick, keen, Bauchin fell,
Hee sends before, thousand stout Soules to Hell:
So the fierce Tygre, compast every where
With Men and Dogs, to Fury turns his Fear;
Fights where hee finds the greatest danger lie;
Tears, tosses, kills; not unreveng'd to die.
But, at the last, the vainly Valiant King,
Weary of killing, and of conquering,
Thrill'd with a thousand Darts, and wounded rife,
Ended at once his lofty Rage and Life:
And, falling, fares as doth a mighty Oake,
Which, planted high upon a massie Rock,
A thousand times hath felt the winds to beat,
And thousand Axes, it a Fall to threat;
So that the Root groan'd, and the Valley nigh
Eccho'd the noise unto the steepest Sky,
While that the Top still reeling to and fro,
Now These, now Those, threatens with overthrow:
Yet, still it stands in spight of all their spite,
Till at the last, all under-mined quite
With million strokes, it falls; and, with the Fall,
Bears to the ground Trees, Rocks, Corn, Cattle, all.
For, *Arphaxat* extinct, extinct with-all
Was *Median*'s glory: and, My Lord of All
Raz'd *Ecbatane*; and now grow Weeds and Grasse
Where, late, his lofty, rare-rich Palace was:
Where, late the Lute, and the loud Cornets noise
In curious Consort warbled sweet their voice;
The voice of Scrich-Owls, & Night-Ravens heard,
And every fatall and affrighting Bird.
My King-God, weary of Wars tedious toile,
In NINIVE the great, for four months-while
Made Publique Feasts: &, when the Feast was done,
Commands mee levie a huge Hoast anon,
Of chiefest Men; to goe and chastise those
That had disdain'd him Aid against his Foes:
And that, on all that dar'd his Hests infringe,
With Fire and Sword his Honour I avenge:
And that with speed. But *Madame*, see (alas!)
How far I am from bringing this to passe:
For comming here, your Nation to subdue,
My selfe am conquer'd and subdu'd by You:
So that (alas!) Death's draddest Tyrannies
In endlesse Night will soon siel-up mine eyes,
Except the powerfull sole Preservative
Of thy sweet Kisses keep mee yet alive.
Nay: good my Lord, said Shee, tell-on (I pray)
Your good Successe and Service by the way.
Then HOLOPHERNES, where hee left, began
A long Narration how hee playd the man;
Halfe truth, halfe tales: For, 'tis great souldiers guise
To bombast oft their Own Exploits with Lyes.
Mine Hoast all muttered and together brought,
T' inflame their hearts with martiall Heat I sought:

Fellows (said I) If ever Your Desires
Have thirsted Fame, to live when life expires;
Let's now goe punish that presumptuous Crew
Which rudely (late) our sacred Legats slew:
Let's goe t' avenge our drad-dear Soveraign Liege
Of that fell Outrage, nay, foule Sacrilege
Against the greatest GOD came ever down
From Heav'nly Sphears to sway an Earthly Crown:
Arm, arm you, brave Bloods, arm your either hand,
This, with a Blade; That, with a Fier-brand,
With Fire and Sword to over-run the *West*,
To lay it waste; to beat away the best:
To sink it all under a Crimsin Flood;
Or make (at least) your Horses swim in bloud:
Goe, take possession of Your Valours due,
The whole Worlds crown, wch yeelds it all to you:
Take you this Honour: which in Time-to-come,
Shall keep your brave Names frō th'oblivious tomb:
Take, take your pleasures of the richest spoils
Of richest Cities in a hundred Soils
Which you shall sack. So, may you once in health
Come laden home with Honour and with Wealth.
I ceast: and soon they second, all, my voice
With Caps cast-up, with clapped hands, and noyse
Of gen'rall Joy, to have Mee GENERALL.
Some six-score Thousand was Mine Hoast in all,
Or som-what more: with which from NINIVE,
But three-dayes march I made to *Bethulah*;
Thence past I forward by *Hierapolis*,
Then by *Amida*, then by *Nisbis*.
And thence to *Charan* (at the length) I came,
Once happy seat of your great *Abraham*.
Then wan I th' Hill, whose oblique Horns divide
All *Asia* neer, and limite far and wide
Many large Empires: Where, I sack, I slay,
I burn, I raze, what-ever in my way;
My Souldiers seem so many Mowers, right,
Which in a Mead leave not a blade upright;
But, by long Swathes of their degraded Grasse,
Well show the way their sweeping Scithes did pass:
This, *Phul*, and *Tharsis*, and all *Lydia* knows,
In whose waste Fields now onely bramble grows.
Comn neer the Streight which serves for wall &
To soft *Phœnicians*, and Thief *Issians* Port: (Fort
The *Rosians*, *Solians*, *Mopsians*, *Tharsians*, *Issia*,
Anchials, *Ægæans*; briefly, all *Cilicia*,
Take-up this Gate, with all their Power; in hope
To stay my Passage, and my Course to stop.
Should I here tell the dangerous Enterprises,
Brave Charges, Rescues, Sallyes, Shocks, Surprises,
Which there befell, the day would fail (I fear)
Before my Speech: for, the *Cilicians* were
So fortifi'd by favour of the Place,
That little could wee there prevail, a space:
Nay, all mine Hoast, which had so often chast
So many greater Hoasts; now stood agast;
Till in despight, and full of desperate rage,
In thickest dangers, I my Selfe ingage;
Where, round assail'd, and wounded all in parts,
My Shield thick bristled with a grove of Darts,
I never shrunk: but so bestirr'd mee round,
That I alone made all their Hoast give ground.
Mine Army then, follows the way amain
Mine Arm had made, and paved thick with Slain:
Now our most Cowards (late) for Fear, adying;
Wound most, kill most, & most pursue them flying.
Cydnus, yet while for's pure silver Floud,
Call'd King of waters, wallows now in bloud:
And rapid *Pyramus* (past his wonted Toule) (roule.
To *Neptune*, Shields, Helms, Horse and Men doth
In brief, as here your *Mœnus* stopt a while
By some new Bridge, or some unusuall Pile;
Roars, rises, fomes, fumes, threats, beats, rages, raves,
Against his new bank; and with Waighty Waves
Waighty and strong, beats down at last the Bay,
And for a time, out-lashing every-way.
Tears, over-turns, and undermines, much worse
Then when hee freely hath his native Course:
Even so my Force, having the Force repell'd,
Which in these streights the struggling passage held:
Burns, kills, confounds, what meets it most & least.
ASIA, laid waste: returning to the *East*,
I conquer'd *Cole*, spoyling, pityless,
The fruitfull Verge of famous *Euphrates*:
Rapsis I raz'd and *Agræ*, overthrow'n,
The Vertue of my mighty Arm hath know'n.
Thence, keeping still by the Sea coast, I spoile
The *Madianites*: then, marching *North* a-while,
Tow'rds double *Liban*, I *Damascus* race,
With her neer Towns, *Gaane*, *Abile*, *Hypæas*:
Thence came I (curious) to that Hill, from whence
The Sun, by Night, is seen; and seen from thence
Also to Rise: Thence, tow'rds the *Western* Realms
Continuall beaten with *Phœnician* Streams.
Then, Those of *Gaze*, *Tyre*, *Sydon*, *Ascalon*,
Azotus, *Byblus*, *Joppa*, every-one,
Fear'd with my Fame; in greatest humblenesse,
Dispatch their Legats to my Mightinesse.
Wee come not here with Force and Arms (say they)
To bid thee Battail, or to bar thy Way:
But rather, Mightiest Prince, in humblest awe,
To yeeld us Thine, t' accept Thy Will for Law;
Of Life, or Death. Thine are our Fields and Forts;
Thine are our Cities; Thine our Ships, our Ports,
Our Lands, our Goods, our Cattell, Corn, and Wine;
Thine are our Children, and our Selves are Thine:
Onely be pleas'd (Sir) to accept us so,
And so esteem us: and right happy tho
Shall wee esteem our Selves, to have a Lord
Can wield so well the Scepter and the Sword,
The Lance and Balance; and, besides, excels
Men, equalls Gods in every Vertue elsse.
Nor did their People, nor their States disprove
Their Embassies; but by all signes of Love
Both young & old, crown'd all with *Flora's* favours,
Of hundred colours and of hundred Savours;
Came Dancing out with *Musicks* cheerfull Moods,
To offer Mee their Bodies and their Goods.
Nor did I then a *Victor's* Right abuse;
But with all Kindnesse them as Friends I use:
Leave them their Land: but first, their Forts I man'd
With some of Mine; with some of theirs, my Band.
For (*Madame*) still the farther that I goe,
My Camp in Bands; my Bands in Souldiers grow:
Even as *Danubius*, first beginning small
Through *Raurak* Plains wth shallow course to craul,
Still swelling more & more, with threescore rivers,
To th' *Euxin* Sea his Sea-like Selfe delivers.

I hop't, as These, so also *Israel*
Would yeeld themselves; and not at all compell
My just Revenge to threat Extremities:
But, when I came here to *Scythopolis*
(The *Tomb* of Her whose happy Milk had yerst
The twice-born *Dennis* in his Cradle nourc't)
I was advertis'd of this stubborn Folly;
Which will, no doubt, undoe the *Hebrews* wholly.

The End of the Fift Booke.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

The Sixth Book.

YEr that the *Pagan* could his Story end,
From higheſt Hils did dusky Night deſcend:
And now the Steward full the Table fraights
With all, moſt pretious, moſt delicious Meats;
As if the *Vice-Roy*, to This *Joviall* Feaſt,
Had bid the Kings both of the *Weſt* and *Eaſt*.
O greedy-guts! O Gulphs inſatiate!
A thouſand Worlds, with all their delicate
And various Cates deviſ'd by th' *Abderite*,
Cannot ſuffice your bound-leſſe Appetite.
O Belly-gods! for You (at any price)
To the *Moluques*, muſt wee trudge for Spice;
To the *Canaries*, for your Sugars fine;
To (*Joves Crete*) *Candy* for your choyſeſt Wine,
To pleaſe your Taſtes, your Palats to contẽt,
Seas ſacred Boſome is prophanely rent;
Aire is diſ-peopled; yea right hardly can
The onely *Phœnix* ſcape the Jawes of Man.
O Poiſon! worſe then Plague to Martiall States,
Which braveſt mindes baſely effeminates:
While *Rome*, for Heads, had *Curio*'s and *Fabricio*'s,
Whom Roots ſuffic'd for dainties moſt delicious:
While *Perſia* was with Sallets ſole content;
They flouriſht Both, admir'd and eminent;
And Eithers Arms, tryumphing every-where,
Fill'd all the Earth with Tropheis and with Fear:
But, ſince that this, from ſoft *Aſſyrians* took
His vaſt exceſſe of Kitchin and of Cook;
And, ſince that That fell under the Diſpose
Of *Galba*'s *Nero*'s, and *Vitellio*'s,
(More glorying to exceed Others Exceſſe
Then conquer *Pyrrhus* or *Mithridates*)
Both have been oft and juſtly ſackt and ſpoil'd
By petty Nations, whom they oft had foil'd.
Nature's ſuffic'd with Little: Over-full
Deadeth the Courage, and the Wits doth dull.
Each being ſet; anon, full filled-out
In maſſie Boules the *Malmſey* walks about:
One drinks devoutly in an Eſtridge Egge;
One in a Lute, another in a Legge;
One in a Ship, another in a Shell;
Another takes a broad deep ſilver Bell,
To ring his Peal: but ſo his hand doth ſway
And ſhake, that halfe hee ſheds it by the way.
But, above all, the Prince him ſo behav'd,
That, now, the more hee drank the more hee crav'd:
Much like the Sea; which, though it take this-while
Twin-named *Iſter*, and Seaven-mouthed *Nile*;
Never increaſes, nor is full therefore;
But ever ready for as many more.
Cup calls for Cup; and when the Skinker weens
T' have done his Service, hee afreſh begins
To fill them Liquor; for, till Midnight paſt,
Among the Gueſts this Tippling game did laſt.
And then away, with much adoe, they went
(Feeling and reeling) Each unto his Tent;
By th' amorous Tyrant often urg'd before,
Who thought each minute now a yeare and more.
When they were gone, Hee 'gan embrace & buſſe
The trembling Lady; who beſoothes him Thus:
Nay, leave (my Lord) ſuch haſte what need you make
To reap the Fruit which from you none can take?
Get you to bed: and, if you leave mee room,
I will not fail you by and by to come,
So ſoon as I have but disburthened
My Load of Cloathes, and made mee fit for bed.
If ſuttled Wits, and if the ſobred Brains,
Have hardly ſcaped Womans wylie Trains,
Marvail not, Reader, if One, fool'd at-once
By *Semele*'s and *Cytherea*'s Sons,
Be thus beguil'd: ſith either of the Two
Bereaves the bodies and the mindes Force, too.
Then, letting her ſlide from his arms away.
Hee goes about himſelfe to diſ-aray:
Now hee unbuttons, now puls-off his hoſe;
But, his heat hinders, and his haſte foreſlowes:
For (ſleep-awake, blinde-ſeeing) while hee plyes
T' untruſſe his Points, them (fumbling) faſter tyes:
Till, overcome with Rage, and Longing, more,
Hee cuts his knots, and off his Clothes hee tore;

And

And then to Bed. Where (as the Croſſe-bow-man,
Who, for his pleaſure, watcheth now and than,
By ſome Croſſe-path, ſome Coney, or ſome Hare;
At every Noiſe, on every ſide doth ſtare
Where ſtirs a leafe; and levels thither-ward,
At the leaſt Wren, or the leaſt Worm that ſtird
Neer where hee ſtands, ſtill in a Hopefull-Doubt
Turning his Body and his Bow about)
The luſtfull Tyrant, if hee hear a Mouſe
Never ſo little ſtir about the houſe;
Shivering for Joy, hee thinks his Miſtreſſe there:
Nay, though hee nothing heare, his flattering Eare
Thinks it hears ſomething, which can nothing be
But his admired moſt deſired Shee:
Lifts-up, layes-down, and up again re-lifts
His heavie Noule; from ſide to ſide hee ſhifts;
Caſting the Diſtance, counting in his head,
How many ſteps will bring her to his Bed,
The which the while hee full of thorns doth think.
But now the Fume of his aboundant Drink,
Drouzing his Brain, beginneth to deface
The ſweet remembrance of her lovely Face:
Already wheels his Bed, already ſhine
A thouſand Rayes before his ſlumbring Eyne:
Already in his Ears (now waxen num)
A thouſand Drones with buzzing noiſe doe hum:
Hee ſees *Chimera's*, *Gorgons*, *Mino-Taures*,
Meduſa's, *Haggs*, *Alecto's*, *Semi-Taures*.
But JUDITH's heart ſtill beating thick with-in,
Felt a fell Combat in it ſelfe begin;
Now, cauſing Fear her ſacred Fervour quaſh;
Anon, her Fervour her faint Fear to daſh.
JUDITH, ſaid Shee Thy *Jacob* to deliver,
Now, is the Time; Now to-it. *Doe-it never.*
O! Yes. O! *No.* I will. *I will not, I:*
Shall I profane kinde Hoſpitality?
Nay, rather ſhall I ſanctifie't the more,
When by the ſame I ſhall the *Saints* reſtore.
But, Traytors ever bear Diſhonours brand.
Traytors be thoſe betray not ſave, their Land.
But Murderers Heav'ns Righteous Judge abhors.
Why? all Man-killers are not Murderers.
But Hee's a Murderer who his Prince hath ſlain.
This is a Tyrant; not My *Soverain.*
But, GOD hath now bequeath'd him us for Lord.
Hee 's not of GOD that warrs againſt his *Word.*
Why, then may All their Tyrants kill and rid?
So *Ehud Jael*, and ſo *Jehu*, did.
Tea, but from Heav'n they had authentike Warrant.
So hath my Soule (approved and apparant.)
But, ah! how weake art Thou this Work to act!
Whom God aſſiſted, never ſtrength hath lackt.
But, hadſt thou done; the Sequel's more to doubt.
God brought mee in; and God will bring mee out.
What, if Hee pleaſe leave thee in the Heathens hands?
Their Chieftain dead, I fear nor Death, nor Bands.
But to their Luſt thou ſhalt be left a Prey.
Never my Mind; my Body force they may.
Then, in this point thus ſacredly confirm'd;
With hands heav'd up, her eys on heav'n ſhe firm'd;
And ſoftly, Thus poures to the Lord her prayer:
O gratious God, who with paternall Care
Haſt ever kept thine *Iſrael*, ſtrengthen Thou
Mine Arm with Thine, that it may nimbly now
Cut-off this Tyrant, who thus dares preſume,
To ſcale the Heav'ns; Thy Scepter to aſſume.
And, ſith thy grace, through thouſand ſtorms & more,
Hath brought my Bark in ſight of wiſhed ſhore,
O, let it land: with *Poppie's* ſleepieſt ſap
This Tyrant's ſenſe benum in end-leſſe Nap;
That I may raiſe this Siege, Thy Thralls releaſe,
Return Thee *Praiſe*; and to Thy SION, *Peace.*
Her Prayer done, the Drunken Prince ſhe hears
Snorting aloud. Then fair and ſoft Shee neers
His Pallets ſide, and quickly takes the Sword
Which had ſo oft the groaning Earth begor'd.
But, even about the farall Blow to give;
Fear, from her hand did the fell Weapon reave:
Her heart did faint, her ſtrength did fail her quite.
O God, (then ſaid Shee) ſtrengthen by Thy Might
My timorous heart's and trembling hand's conſent.
Then on the *Duke* ſo ſtiffe a ſtroke ſhee lent,
As happily, *tri-parted* (at the poule)
Th' Head from the Body, Body from the Soule.
His Soule to Hell: his Body on the Bed:
In JUDITH's hand his grim and ghaſtly Head;
Which ſoon her Handmaid in her Night-bag hid.
Then ſpeeding thence, ſuſpect-leſſe, or unſpi'd;
Without Impeach the *Pagan* Hoſte they paſt.
For if that any ſaw them trip ſo faſt, (fore)
Heav'n-blinde they thought Shee went but (as be-
Into the Vale, bright *Diane* to adore. (Tower,
Now, when chaſte JUDITH came to th' *Hebrews*
Ope, open (ſaid Shee): for the God of Power,
Th' *Aſſyrian* Forces hath this Night forlorn,
And lifted up his choſen *Jacobs* Horn.
The town amaz'd at her return un-hop't,
Preſſe to the Port; which inſtantly they op't,
Thronging about her: who a Tarras mounts,
And her Exploit from point to point recounts.
Then, from her Bag, for Proofe of what ſhee ſaid,
Shee pulls the-while the dreadfull *Pagans* Head.
The Citizens, when in her hand they ſaw
Th' *Aſſyrian* 's Head's Head; full of ample Awe,
Extoll th' Almighty, who ſo mighty Foe
By a weak Woman had ſubdued ſo.
But, moſt of all did *Ammons* Prince admire
GOD's dreadfull Judgement: and to ſcape his ire,
Who *Iſrael* thus, of vanquiſht, *victoriz'd*;
His Fleſh and Heart hee ſudden *circumciz'd.*
How ſweetly, Lord, Thy ſacred *Providence*,
Mens ſubtleſt Wiſdome, in their Plots, prevents!
For, thine *Elected* unto life, to guide
Into thy Fold (when moſt they ſeem beſide)
Good out of *Ill* thou draw'ſt; making their Sin,
Means (gainſt their minds) their goodneſs to begin.
Lord! foule deſire of murther and of ſpoile
Brought this (late) *Pagan* to th' *Iſ'acian* Soile;
Where, meaning (firſt) thy peoples bloud to ſpill,
Now, ſpend his Own for their dear ſakes hee will:
Thy mercy ſo from his maligne Affect,
(Maugre his minde) brought forth a good Effect.
So neer *Damaſcus*, mad'ſt thou, by thy Call,
Of Wolfe a Shepheard. of a *Saul* a *Paul*;
Of Perſecutor, an Apoſtle; (briefe)
Of Chief of Sinners, among Saints the Chiefe:
So ſuddenly, that all the Saints about
Admir'd his *Doctrine*; Yet his *Deeds* did doubt.

So

So, the *Saint*-Thief, which suffered with our Saviour
Was led to Life by his Death-due Behaviour:
And, when no longer Earth could beare his Sin,
Was, in a Moment, made Heav'ns Citizen.
(O fearfull-hopefull Precedent of Grace!
Such as, but One, GOD's holy bookes embrace:
One, that None (humbled) should despaire of Pardon:
But one, that None presume in Sin to harden.
So, turn, good Lord, O turn the hearts of Princes,
Whose rage their realms with Saints dear bloud be-
O! let the sword, thou in their hands hast put, (rinses.
None but Thy foes, none but those Tyrants cut,
Who cursedly *Thee* or *Thy* CHRIST blaspheme
(Usurping JUDA and JERUSALEM,
And all Thy *Golden Candlesticks* beside;
Threating the *West*, too, with their power & pride):
Not those, who humbly, onely, evermore,
Thee, TRINITY in UNITY, adore.
Then, as the brave *Virago* ordered,
A Souldier takes th' *Assyrian* Tyrants Head;
And, for the *Hebrews* more Encouragement,
Glad sets it up upon the Battlement.
There, Parents, Children, Maids, and Widows sad,
Whom *Pagan* Swords but new bereaved had
Of Children, Parents, Lovers, Husbands dear,
'Twixt Griefe and Anger, as distracted neer,
Pull-off his Beard, pull out his hatefull Tongue,
(Which had blasphemed Heav'n and Earth so long)
Spet in his Face, scratch and poach-out his Eyes;
And all, that Hate and Fury can devise.
For, lyve Remembrings of their wrõgs, them make,
On his dead Head, this dead Revenge to take.
Aurora, weary of the cold Embrace
Of her old Spouse, began in *Iude* apace
To paint her portall of an *Opal* line;
When, of *Bethulians* all the bravest Crue
Issue in Arms: and such a Noise withall,
(Such Shouts and Cries) as if, in th' antike Braule,
All th' Elements, breaking the bands of Order,
Were by the Eares; and in their old Disorder.
The *Court* of *Guard* (that night unusuall strong,
Towards the Town) hearing such Noise so long,
Start from their Sleep; and crying *Arm, arm, arm,*
Give suddenly to all their Host *Alarm*.
One, for his own, his Fellows Helm puts-on:
One, his right *Vambrac* on left arm doth don:
One, on his neck, for Launce, a Libbet takes:
One speeds him quick, another scarce awakes:
One mounts his Horse, yet hee be curb'd, or girt;
And, without Spurs: Others, to shew more heart,
Would make a Stand: some neither wake nor sleep:
Some, brave in Word; in Deed, as faint as Sheep.
Now, by degrees, this Noise comes to the Ears
Of *Holophernes* Houshold Officers:
So that sad BAGOS hies him in all haste
Unto the Tent where th' *Ethnick* slept his last.
Wth trẽbling hand, once, twice, or thrice he knockt:
But an eternall Sleep the Doors had lockt
Of his Lord's eares; who had already croft
The *Stygian Ferry*, not to be re-croft.
Then, hearing still th' *Israelites* louder shout,
Hee makes the Doore fly-open with his Foot;
And, entring, findes, in gorie Bed, low shrunk,
Not *Holophernes*, but his head-lesse Trunk.
Then did hee teare his haire, and rent his Clothes,
And to the Clouds roars out in yelling Oathes:
Especially, when JUDITH there hee mist,
Whom now the Murdress of his Lord hee wist.
Then, ragefull rushing from the bloudy Tent,
This hideous Cry through all the Camp hee sent;
Woe, woe to us! Alas! this cursed Night,
A cursed Captive hath confounded quite
Our awefull Army, and undone us All,
By treacherous slaughter of our GENERALL.
This new affright, redoubled on the first,
The stoutest hearts doe so dis-heart and burst,
That all, (at once abandoning their Arms, (swarms
Pikes, Swords, and Shields, Darts Arrowes, all) by
Betake them to their heels; o'r Hill and Dale,
Flying from one death, on a worse to fall.
Then the Besieged in great Troups descend,
And on their backs revenging Bowes they bend.
Both run apace; Those fly; these follow fast:
But those that fly, make lesse good speed then haste.
For, without losse of Man, th' *Hebrews*, at will,
The flying *Pagans* slaughter, thresh, and thrill:
Even as a Lyon, in *Getulian* Lawnes,
Best reawes the soile with fearfull Kids and Fawnes;
Where, not a beast his Furie dares abide,
Nor lift a horne against his awefull pride.
One, from a Rock himselfe doth headlong dash,
And all to peeces all his parts doth pash;
Other, forgeting that in deepest depth
Fate findes us out, into a River leap'th.
But, if by speed, or some good hap, perhaps
This Mornings first fell Fury any scapes,
Hee scapes not through those *Hebrews* outrages,
Who kept (about) the Straits and Passages:
So that scarce one of such a Rout could bring,
To *Ninive*, the News unto the King.
The Battaile (rather, th' execution) done,
Out of the Citie flocked every one
Whom Sex or Age had hitherto restrain'd;
To see the dread Revenge the Lord had rain'd
So suddenly, and past all Expectation,
On those fell Foes of His dear *Holy Nation*.
One full of wounds, yet gasping, calls in vaine
On lazy Death, to end his lingering paine:
One, grinning ghastly, in his visage grim,
Shewes, dead, the Rage that living sweld in him:
Some mangled here, some there, some round about:
And every Soule a sundry way went out:
Accordingly as Valour, Sleight, or Chance,
Led the dead-doing Sword, or Dart, or Launce.
In short, This fight so truly *tragick* was,
That even the Victors would have sigh'd, alas!
Had the so vanquisht any Foe but This.
But rifling long, among the Carcases,
At last the Body of the *Duke* they found
(Tho head-less, known best, by that only wound).
Thither they throng; that, every blade must thrill,
And every one that Corps again would kill:
A hundred Swords, a hundred Pikes, and Darts,
Are every moment goring all his parts;
And every Nerve, Vein, Muscle, Joynt they hack;
Till room (at last) their Vulgar Rage doth lack.
For, were his Busk as big as *Atlasses*,
His Limbes as many as *Ewe blades*,

And ſtrong *Briareus*; yet, yet think I, all,
Their dire Revenge would ſtill, ſtill think too ſmall.
For of the *Jews*, none ſo baſe Clown there is
But would a Gobbet of that Fleſh of His.
Give, Tyrant, give thy right hand to *Cilicians*,
Thy left to *Medes*: give one Arm to *Phœnicians*,
Th' other to *Iſmael*: and divide thy Feet
Between th' *Egyptian* and the *Cœlianite*;
That every Nation, whom Thine Arms offenc't,
May, by ſome Part, be partly recompenc't.
Alas! I erre: for all in Atomies
Wert Thou divided, all would not ſuffice.
But JUDITH, nor forgetfull, nor ingrate,
Would neither bury, nor Selfe-arrogate
The ſacred honour for Aſſiſtance given
In this great work, by th' all-work hand of Heav'n:
But, timing meet her Feet to Timbrels noiſe,
This *Hymn* ſhee ſings with glad-ſad warbling voice;
Follow'd by all the Flower of *Hebrew* Dames
(Maids, widows, wives) of faultleſſe forms & fames.

Laud, laud, we, lowd, with verſe, with voice and ſtrings,
The GOD of GODs, the Glorious King of kings:
Whoſe Power, alone, pulls Tyrants down, and reareth
Meek in their Room, who HIM ay-faithfull feareth.

For, who would thinke, one City, in one Day,
So ſuddenly could ſuch an Hoaſt diſmay,
Whoſe high exploits had all the World aſtounded,
And, from the Indes, *to* Japhets *Inns reſounded?*

Lord who would thinke, that Holophernes, *late*
Proud Conqueror of many a Potentate,
Should loſe his Life (for all his Selfe-affiaxce)
By one weake Woman, not a Troup of Giants?

Who, who would thinke, that HE, who late poſſeſt
(At leaſt, had Power) from fartheſt Eaſt to Weſt,
From Pole to Pole ſtretching his arms all-over,
Should not have, left, one Inch of Turfe, for Cover?

That ſtately Prince, ſo thick attended-on,
Now dead (alas!) lyes, above ground, alone;
Yet, not alone: for, Thoſe that ſerv'd him, living;
Conſort him, dead; proofe of their Duties giving:

Nor yet, above ground; for, the Rav'ns become
His mangled Bodie's better-worthy Tombe,
Then pretious Marble, Jet, and Jacinth gilded;
Which, for his Bones Himſelfe had proudly builded.

So, ſo (good Lord) from Hence-forth, let us finde
Thee, not our Judge, but as our father kind;
And ſo, Hence-forth, the Foes of SION rather
Feele Thee their Judge, then their propitious Father.

Here JUDITH ends: Here alſo end will I,
With thanks to *GOD*; and to your Majeſtie.
To *GOD*, for bringing This my Work about:
To *You*, for daigning to have read it out.

FINIS.

FINIS.

A HYMN
OF ALMES:
OR
THE BEGGERS BELL;
HEARD FROM BEYOND
THE
CHARTER-HOUSE,
To ring all-in,
TO
The Temple of
CHARITIE.

In an Eccho

Iterated,
AND
Conſecrated

To the Right-*right Reverend*
AND
Double honourable Father,

GEORGE ABBOT,
Lord Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury
&c.

By JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

ALWYN
OF ALMES:
OR
THE BRIGGERSBELL
HOUSE FROM BEYOND
THE
CHARTERHOUSE.
Tolling all-in,
TO
The Temple of
CHARITIE.

In an Exile
Iterated,
AND
Conferred
To the Right-vigte Reverend
AND
Doubt Honorable Pair,
GEORGE ABBOT,
Lord Arch-Bishop of Canterbury,
&c.
By JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

TO MY LORD OF CANTERBURY HIS GRACE.

MY Wit, weak Orphan, weaned too-too-young
From PALLAS Breſt, and too-too-Truant-bred
(Not, as too-wanton but too-wanting) led
From Arts, to Marts (and Miſeries among)
Had elſe perhaps (beſides du BARTAS) ſung
Some native Strains the graveſt might have read;
And to your Grace now grately tendered
Some fitter Sound than This rude Bell hath rung;
Yet; ſith it tends to drown th' Heav'n-reaching Cry
Of Bloud here ſhed by Luxe and Avarice;
And to awake the VVorld to CHARITIE
(Whereof Your Life ſo lively Pattern is)
Propitious, pardon mine officious Zeale,
In this loud Eccho of a louder Peale.

——————Your Graces moſt bounden

——————————And humble Bead-man

——————————— JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

AD EUNDEM
PRAESULEM
PRAEOPTIMUM
EPIGRAMMA
Ex lat. I. O. 1611.

Soon, Oxford's *Head*; *Soon*, Winton's *Deane* Thou wert:
Soon, Lichfield had thee Her *Dioceſan*,
Soon, London had thee Hers, by Thy Deſert:
Soon, England joyes thee *Metropolitan*:
Soon, by the King, call'd to His *Counſails* High:
What ſhall I wiſh thee *late*? but, *late* to die.

EJUSDEM AMPLISSIMI
Anagramma duplex.

Georgius Abbot.
Gregis Tuba, böo:
Subito gregabo.

Ad Reverendiſsimum Dominum Epiſcopum LONDINENSEM
EPIGRAMMA.

Thee, learned KING, the learnedſt King elected
Great LONDON's *Paſtor*; which thee glad-expected:
Others are wont, that hunt for ſuch Reward
Of Wit and Art, ſue in the SEE's *Vacation*:
Thee KING, the King, th' Arch-Biſhop *call'd* preferr'd;
The *Citie*, too; *Thou* had'ſt thy SEE's *Vocation*.

Ejuſdem Præconis diſertiſsimi
ANAGRAMMA.

Johannes King.
Oh, Igni-Canens!

A HYMN OF ALMS.

ALMS (*holy Gift*, vouchsafed from above)
Is a sure Pledge and Symbole of that *Love*,
Which GOD, just Steward, as a Deaw pours-out
On Earth, expos'd to empty *Air* about:
For, from his *Union*, from this constant League,
From time to time Mankinde doth duely beg
All that the Sun imparts his powers unto,
Of living Creatures, and un-living too:
So that, our *Being*, *Begging* may wee call;
Sith, of her Maker, Nature borrows all:
'Gainst *Usurers*, and Churles *Unthankefulnesse*, (lesse.
Who to CHRIST's Members shew them mercy-
Hee that, for GOD, but a good motion hath,
Guiding his Minde up to the *Milkie Path*,
T' admire there (*Namelesse*) what hee cannot know
By th' eye of *Reason* (where yet shineth though
The Sun of Righteousnesse; as th' usuall Sun
Through Crannies shines into a Dungeon):
Hee, Hee (I say) that hath but Natures Sense,
For *Faith*; for *Law*, but native Innocence;
In his simplicity hath alwayes care
To practise ALMS, ALMS to receive and share:
So common 't is with sociable man
To give and take the mutuall ALMS hee can;
Yea, in our Cradles, yer our Tongues can crave,
Wee beg with Cryes what wee had need to have.
The Heav'ns, dispensing sacred Influences,
Predominant in Birth of Poor and Princes,
Aboundantly (with bounteous over-plus)
Pour th' *Hebrews Manna*, many wayes, on Us,
To teach, that wee, by sundry Charities,
Should mildely ease each others Miseries.
Even as the *Opal*, in his orient lustre,
Where various colours of all stones doe muster,
Shewes the rare Riches of the Pearly *East*;
Alms is *the Glasse* of wel-bred soules and blest,
Shewing each other *Vertue*'s sacred Quality,
In th' Heav'n-allied Man of *Liberality*.
ALMS, are the Cement of this round Theater:
Where, in a differing kinde, Earth, Air and Water,
Intend the same thing; *liberally to give*
Their ALMS to Rocks, Plants, Creatures, all that live,
Conducing Fire withall, whose Force unseen
Gives frankly, too, his helpfull Heat between.
ALMS, in our bodies worketh all in all:
Th' *Eyes* lend it Light; the *Hands*, most *liberall*
Laborious ALM'NERS, bring home to the Head
All needfull Store wherewith the Whole is fed:
The feet supply it with their meet Support;
And each, each other, as their Parts comport:
The *Liver*, Nurse of Naturall Faculties,
First warms, then feeds, the Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Causing the *Stomach* (as His *Alms*) receive
The heat which first his vertue doth conceive:
The spongy *Lungs* with gentle Sighes inspire
The vitall Air our *Little-Worlds* require: (gor,
Th' *Heart*, quick and ready, with *Alms*-vowed vi-
Draws to it selfe (against extremest Rigor,
For utmost Refuge (all our liveliest Heat,
To succour Nature, when Death seems to threat:
The *Soule* (solely divine) Life's motion brings
To all the Members of This *Thing of Things*.
(*Alms* Heir apparent) to Whom supream Sage,
Heav'ns *Alm'ner* gave the Earth for heritage;
That, having *free* receiv'd so various Store,
Hee should be *frank* to th' Needy, Naked, Poor.
Be bounteous *Alm'ners*, said All *Bountie*'s Father;
Y' are not here *Owners*, but meer *Stewards* rather:
I have ordain'd you to provide and care
For th' *Orphan*, Poor that unprovided are.
If, narrow-hearted, You shrink-in your hands
From th' humble *Begger* that your *Alms* demands,
I'll make your Goods (like water) leak away;
Your Lands a Stranger shall inherit ay:
Your Gold (your god) before you be aware,
Som barbarous Souldiers in your sight shall share:
Your stately houses (stiled by your Names)
Wars rage shall ruine, or some sudden Flames,
Which I shall kindle (in my just displeasure)
Against your selves, your seed, your trust, your trea-
The *Mercy-lesse* with *Mee*, shall *Mercy* miss: (sure.
That *Vice* alone all *Vertues* Poison is.
Abram, *Lot*, *Joseph*, *Job*, were *Alm'ners* all
(To Strangers kinde, to Neighbours *liberall*)
By sacred record, which renowns them more
For this rare Vertue, then all else of yore;
As if, with GOD (the Author of all Good
Their chief perfection in this Function stood.
Sole *Soule of vertues*, second *Life* of all
This various vast Orb, which the World wee call.
Calling to record the Rem-searching Eye,
Here I protest, that in my Poverty
(*Though these* dear *Times* daign *me so scant a* Scope,
That having *nothing*, *I can nothing* hope)
Next my Home-charge (*where* Charity *begins*)
My deepest Sighes (*save for my* Debts *and* Sins)
Rise from Compassion *and* Desire *to* steed
Others with Helps *which yet my Selfe I* need:
To succour *Others* : *to be* (*like the* Sun)
Extending *Light and Heat to* Every-one:

To be to all, in some sort, necessary
(*For* Vertues Meed, *and not as* mercenary):
Rather to give, *then* take; *to* lend, *then* borrow;
A pound to-Night, then but a Crown to-Morrow:
But th' Heav'nly Wisdome (best, it Selfe knowes why)
Doth still th' Effect of Thus Affell deny,
Denying Means and Matter to expresse
Mine inward Zeal to Alms *and* Thankfulnesse;
Which oft breaks out (without a Trumpet blowne)
To give (God knowes) *more then I know mine Own*
(*The more my Griefe*) *the lesse my Thought of* Merit,
Or Thirst of Praise; *though here I thus ever-it,*
By th' humble Proffer of so Poor a Mite,
Th' abundant Rich *to* Bounty *to incite.*
Vain-glorious Alm'ners are effeminate,
Affecting *Works*, but to be wondred-at;
Whose *Vertue* is meer *Vanity* (indeed)
And here receives their momentary *Meed:*
The *Meritorious* (such as ween them so)
Indebting God to Them for what they doe;
In stead of *Heav'n*, where *Humble Soules* abide,
Shall purchase *Hell*, the Portion of their *Pride.*
O! thrice, thrice *Happy* Hee, whose free Desires
To *Charity* a holy fervour fires:
Who onely mindes *God's Glory*, by his Gift,
And *Neighbour's Good*, without smitter Drift:
Famine (familiar unto Rogues that range)
Shall not come neer his Garner, nor his Grange:
His Fields, with Corn, abundant Crop shall cover;
His Vines with Grapes, his Hedg with Roses over;
His downs with Sheep, his dacry-grounds wth Neat;
His Mounts with Kids, his Moors with Oxen great;
His Groves with Droves (increasing night and day);
His Hills with Heards, his smiling Meads with Hay;
His Fens with Fowl, his Pils and Poles with Fish;
His Trees with Fruits, with Plenty every Dish:
Content and *Health* (the Best of Earthly Blisse)
Shall evermore remain with Him and His:
Him, *Pride* or *Envy* never shall molest;
Or Cor'sive *Care*, Foe to Repast or Rest.
For, th' All-see Eye still carefully respects
The Alm'ner's House, and ever it protects;
Till finally, when *Justice* endeth All,
Sweet *Mercie's* voice him to heav'nly kingdom call.
But, th' *Usurer* (how-ever here hee thrive
In Heards and Hoords) already dead-*alive*
(No heat of love, no heart to give a Mite,
Except to *gain* and *gather*-double by't)
Him, in that Day (To Him a Day of Woe)
The *Holy-One*, th' All-Knower, will not know.
Shame and Confusion shall be-spread him over,
Wishing the Holes to hide, and Hills to cover:
Eternall Fire shall fry his thirsty Veins;
Immortall dying in eternall Pains.
His Eyes, so nice to look on *Lazarus* Sore,
Shall swim in sulph'ry Tears (tortur'd the more,
To see above, in *Blisse* and *Glory* rise,
Whom, Ruth-lesse, here hee would not see, in life):
His Ears, here deaf unto distressed-ones,
Shall there hear Horrour of the *Damned Groanes:*
Nor shall the voice of *Mercy* him salute,
Who in Effect, to Needy Mones was mute:
Millions of *Masses* cannot him redeem,
Nor all *Church-Treasure* ever ransom him
From all-thought-passing Pangs of *Wretchednesse*;
As, End-lesse, Ease-lesse, and Remedy-lesse.
Alms are so usfull in the *Eastern* parts,
Where heav'n, and earth, & air, improve their parts,
That every Village there, in Winters Need,
Is wont the Flocks of *Wildest Fowles* to feed,
And breake the yce (of purpose) for their drink,
When crystal Crusts have glas'd the Waters brink:
A *Charity of Infidels* to Fowles;
Shaming some *Christians*, towards *Christian* Soules.
Rich *Anatolia*, and her happy Coast
(Th' abbridged Glass of all the World, almost)
In her huge Cities (rather Shires wall'd-in)
These hundred years hath not a *Begger* seen;
(God's strict *Edict* they there observe so well,
Forbidding Beggars in his Israel)
Sith 't is *misprision* of the Law of Nature,
Nay, impious Pride against our All-*Creator*,
To suffer Man (God's Image, and our Own)
Whom wee may succour, to be overthrown;
To stark for Cold, to starve for Food, to perish
In *Penury*, when we have power to cherish:
For, in such Cases, where (wee know) wee can,
There not to *Comfort*, is to *Kill* a Man.
Yet, sole the *Christian* (Each a Wolfe to other)
Disdains to look on his *Distressed* Brother:
And here, in London [Coaching *swiftly by*;
Or stalking on, with selfe-surveying eye;
Or strutting out, to view his Purls or Lace;
Or stepping-in, to see some painted face,
Or Fire-new Fashion in a Sleeve or slop;
Or to some Tavern, or Tobacco-*Shop;*
Or towards Burn-*Bull (if not* Turnbull) *street;*
Or to Black-Fryers *some* White Nuns *to meet*]
At Doors, on Dunghils, under every stall,
Lets pined, sick, poor, naked Christians fall,
Faint, starve and dy, for lack but of the price
Of the least Crosse of his last Cast at Dice:
Or of the Tythe but of his Shooe-ties Cost:
Or of the Spangles from his Garters lost:
Or of his jetting the Canaries *Jigg:*
Or of the puffing of his Periwig.
O Times! O Manners! *O mad, murd'rous* Vanity,
In either Sex, of equall Inhumanity!
The hideous Cries of the Afflicted, fright
The sable Horrors of the silent Night:
So that Shee, pierced with their piteous Case,
Cloathes them with clouds, and lends them ease a space:
The Hollow Rocks, and hardest Marble Stones
Weepe when they weepe, and eccho with their groanes:
Their Shivering fits, their fears, their feavers make
The Firmament, the fixed Poles, to shake:
Yet here (alas!) th' abounding Riotous
Are never mov'd: much lesse the Covetous,
Rich, *raking Wretch; the needy-greedy Chuff*
Whose (Hel-*like*) *heart can never have enough:*
Who rather grindes, *then* gives, *and* beggers *many,*
Yet to a begger hee afford a Penny,
Or penny-worth of all his plenteous store,
When Bags, and Banks, and Barns, can hold no more.
O Times! O Manners! *O mad murd'rous* Vanity,
In Young *and* Old *of equall* Inhumanity!
But, Pardon, London; *I have over-slipt:*
I must recant, lest I be strip *and* whipt.

Christ-

Christ-church, S. Thomas, Bartholmew (my friend)
Bride-well *and* Bedlam, *better* Thee *commend:*
Besides a many of peculiar Charges
Of Companies; *and more of private Largesse:*
And above all, that black Swan (Sutton)'s Nest,
(*From One, alone almost worth all the rest*)
That new Zaccheus, *who* restored *free*
Th' old Charter-house *to better* Charity.
Are not these, Alms? *are not these,* Monuments
Of pious Zeal? *of kinde* Beneficence?
I grant they are (give God *and* Men *their due):*
But, reverend Green-Staves, *what 's all this to you?*
(*Unlesse, as* Romists *by implicite* Creed,
You hope for Heav'n, by Right of others Deed;
Or swell with glory of your Elders Good:
As selfe-Ignobles boast their Fathers Blood)
That These few, *dead, here a few Hundreds cherish;*
If living, you let many Thousands perish;
For want, perhaps, not of your Gift, *but* Gain;
Which some, perhaps from others Gifts restrain;
Which (if time serve) when they can hold no more,
They will (perhaps the tenth-tenth-part) *restore*
When they are dead to build a Front for Five
Of those five hundred they have starv'd, alive.
O Times! O Manners! *O mad murd'rous* Vanity,
In every sort, of equall Inhumanity!
Æthiops and *Turks* against *Our Rich* shall rise,
That can behold with unrelenting Eyes
Poor, Aged, Sick, Soules gasping out their last;
As little moved, and no more agast
Than is the Hunt's-man, when a Deer at Bay
Doubles, in vain, and windes to get away.
During th' old *Golden,* happy, harmelesse *Age,*
When *Saturn* ruled (without *Satan*'s Rage);
When *Reason* sate as Judge on every Throne:
When *Justice* shar'd justly to each his Owne:
When *Innocence* was *Cities* Citadell:
When *Charity* sole swaid the *Common-weale:*
Then had the Heav'ns nothing but Alms for Eye:
Then had the Earth (which now the Heav'ns defie)
No other Heav'n than th' onely Mantle fair
Of Alms, bestow'd by *Water, Earth,* and *Air,*
And *Fire* withall; from whose fell Nature, Alms
Extracts the fierceneſſe, and the fury calms.
Alms was the *Word* th' All-perfect *Artist said,*
When, out of Alms, he bade, *A Heav'n be made:*
A fruitfull Earth: a Lightfull, Heatfull Fire:
A Sighfull Air (though Soule-less) to respire:
A moistfull Water, waving Changefully:
A World (in brief) full of all Quality.
So that (in fine) of all This All-*Theater,*
Alms is the *Form,* Alms is the *primer Matter,*
So necessary for our Lively-hood,
That after God, it is Man's *Soveraign-Good.*
Martha's and *Marie*'s *Alms* (in Bounty rife)
Restor'd their Brother to a second life:
Shee, who so free the *Fire-Coach Prophet* fed,
Found happy *Guerdon*: for (her Darling dead)
Her *Faithfull Alms,* wing'd with his fervent praier
Re-brought the Breath of her death-seized Heir.
Alms is the Glue of *Friendships* permanence:
'Tis of all *Vertues* th' onely *Quintessence,*
Against Heav'ns Anger, 'tis an Anchor sure:
Against Earths Rage, a Rampire to endure:
A Rock of Honour, against Slanders Arms:
A Shield of Safety, against hurtfull Charms.
For, on the Man where *pious Pity* dwels,
Malice can nothing with *Thessalian* Spels,
Nor Traitor's Poignard, nor his *Powder*-Wit:
Nor cunning mixture of a Murd'rous Bit.
Nor secret Wiles of cheating Hypocrites:
Nor privie Theeves, nor proud *Monopolites:*
Nor ought, nor All, that Mischief can revolve
To dare the Heav'ns, or Nature to dissolve. (breath:
Alms calms the Windes, and gives them gentle
The War of Waves it quickly quieteth:
From Shoals & Shelves, from where the *Siren* sings,
The Alm'ners Ship it swift and safely brings:
When need requires, it Oars and Sails supplies;
And, past the *Pole,* another *Pole* espies
To steer his Course; if, what his heart doth *vow*
Abroad, at home, his loyall hand allow
In liberall *Almes* unto the needy sort,
At his Return into his wished Port.
The *Golden Table:* that Great *Pompey* pill'd
From *Salem,* serv'd (as sacred *Vengeance* will'd)
For Sword to *Cæsar:* God so *jealous* is
(Though nought he needs) of what is *vowed* His.
Th' High Treasurer of Asia's *impious Rapt*
Within the *Temple* was with horror wrapt:
And, but th' High-Priest by prayer succoured,
The *Sacrilegious* had there perished.
So may they speed, or worse than so, that spoil
God's *living* Temples (by or Gripe, or Guile),
That from their *Pastor,* or their Prince, detain
The *Tithe,* or *Tribute,* sacred Lawes ordain:
That from the *Poor* their *ancient Rights* conceal;
Or, in their *new,* with them unjustly deal:
That have, by secret *sacrilegious* Theft,
Robb'd *Church,* or *State,* or holy *Alms* bereft:
O! may they once, as high as *Haman,* mount;
And from *Mount Faulcon* give a sad Account
Of all the Wrongs (as conscience them convinces)
Done to their God, their *Country, Peers & Princes;*
While *Great*-ones, blinded, or as loth to spy,
Had oft their Fingers in the *Golden Py;*
For private *Profit,* or peculiar *Pleasure,*
Neglecting *Poor, Publick*'s and *Princes Treasure.*
O Times! O Manners! most to be deplor'd:
O! sudden mend them, or soon end them, Lord.
For, if poor *France* fall in an *All-Consumption,*
Her Death's sad *Crisis* will be *This Presumption,*
Of *Private Lucre,* without *Publike Care;*
While Each, Selfe-serving, winks at Others share.
God, for his Mercy, grant my fears be vain;
Or rid me soon out of the *Carefull Pain*
I suffer daily, while so few I see
From this Corruption's foule Contagion free:
Or, would I had been bred in humblest Thatch,
Borne of the loines of one that Sprats did catch;
So poor in Wit, as not of power to know
The impious Traines that Empires overthrow:
So, happily, more dull of head and heart,
Lesse should I feele un-feeling *France*'s smart;
Who slaies her Selfe by Selfs-*Disloyalties,*
Having no Foe but her owne *Avarice,*
With *Pride* her Partner, and *Impunity,*
Their strong Abettor: Which *Triumviri*

Are

Are able, ſole and ſoon, to ruinate
And raze the Glory of the greateſt State;
Or bury 't quick i' th' Toomb of careleſſe Princes
That wink, or ſhrink, under their *Inſolences*,
Robbing themſelves of th' Honour and Renown
Which Heav'ns entail unto a happy *Crown*.
But, if I can be willing not to dy,
'Tis out of hope, to ſee the Company
Of *Sacrilegions* roundly go-to-pot,
Expos'd in publike to ſome ſhamefull Lot;
When our great *Hercules* (all Monſters dread)
Shall have cut-off the *Golden Hydra*'s head;
For an eternall *Trophey* of his Glory,
An Argument of an Immortall Story.
But, now return we to our Theam, from whence
Our *Charity* (through *Zeal*'s too- Vehemence)
Seems to have ſtraid. Yet 'twas meer *Alms* did move
My grieved Verſe Theſe *Guilty* to reprove;
To turn their hearts to God, and to their King;
Their private heaps for publike helps to bring,
Againſt th' Ambition of ſome Foxy Foe,
That by our Selves, our Selves would overthrow;
Not by his Arms, but by his *Alms*, to ſome;
For, *Golden Launces* oft have overcome.
Dear *Patriots*, that *Spitefull Alms* diſdain, (gain:
Which brings your *Crowns*; but 'tis our *Crowne* to
W^th^ groves of honours ſeems your brows t' imboſs;
But 'tis to grace her Profit and your Loſs:
Which decks the *Church*, and doth the *Maſs* adorn;
But, by the *Maſs*, 'tis but to ſerve her Turn:
Adores (in ſhew) both Peter's *Chair* and *Keyes*
But, if they *Ope* and *Shut* not as ſhee pleaſe,
Her *Charity* and her *Devotion* dy:
For, her *Religion* is but *Policy*;
Her *Soule*, but *State*; her *Life*, but *Rules-Deſire*;
Whoſe Heat hath ſet all *Europe* on a Fire.
Nilus (that ſerves for Rain to th' *Abyſſine*,
The light-foot *Memphite*, and the *Canopine*)
Cools with his Alms the Choler's fervency
In Earth and Air, which there the Sun doth fry:
Waters the Plains, which *Orion* parcheth ay
With twinkling Sparkles of his heatfull Ray:
Tempers the torrid *Æthiopian Zone*:
Seems to have Life, though it indeed have none,
Save that of Alms; ſole Cauſe efficient
Of his fat Liquour, *Affrick*'s Nouriſhment.
The Heav'ns, as jaelous of ſo *Bounteous Gifts*,
Would ſhut-up *Nile* within *Godonian* Clifts:
And Nature, envious of this *Affrick Prince*
His laviſh Largeſs and Magnificence,
Fronts him with Hils that ſeem to threat the Stars,
(As if renewing the old *Titans* Wars)
That one would think, amid the Mountains thick,
Nilus were bay'd-up, if not buried quick:
But, by the power which makes him charitable,
He findes that Alms to force the Heav'ns are able.
Hee therefore, ruſhing, and out-roaring Thunder,
Surrounds the rocks that ween to keep him under;
And with his ſwift Courſe breaks the *Cataracts*,
Deaf'ning withall the *Parthians* and the *Bactrs*.
Pactolus, *Ganges*, and the golden *Tay*,
Not onely ſteept their Stronds, enamell'd gay
With various Tinge of thouſand Flowers and more
Sow'n on the ſurface of their winding Shore:
But for a richer Alms, they *Gold* beſtow,
As needfull now, as *Reaſon* (well wee know)
In *This Gold-Iron Age*, where, who ſo wants
All-mighty *Gold*, but *Scorn* and *Scandall* hants.
When *Androde* fled his cruell *Maſters Fiſt*,
And cauſe-leſs *Fury* (but for had-I-wiſt)
Amid the horror of the Woods hee meets
More Alms & *Mercy*, than in *Rome*'s proud ſtreets:
There found he Man, to Man of brute Immanity;
Here findes he *Brutes* of mildeneſs and humanity:
His Lord there paid his Service but with blowes;
A *Lion* here him double gratefull ſhowes:
Hee to the Beaſt had ſhown him ſerviceable;
The Beaſt to him ſeems much more charitable.
For, having long w^th^ his beſt Preyes maintain'd him
And in his Den, as dear Gueſt, entertain'd him,
Hee (two years after) alſo ſaves his Life,
Expos'd (in ſport) to Fight and Fury rife
Of Man, and Beaſt, whom (forced) hunger, there,
Could never force, *The Slave* to touch or tear:
But th' awfull Lion (which ſuch Men may ſhame)
Him ſafely reſcues from *Romes* bloudy Game.
O noble *Lion*! thou haſt brought to paſſe,
I almoſt yeeld to old *Pythagoras*,
In his Opinion of *Metempſychoſis*,
Tranſ-animation (ſo the Word compoſes)
Of Soules deceaſt, to Bodies, good or bad,
As here, Delight in *Good* or *Ill* they had.
And durſt I freely in his Doctrine wander,
I ſhould ſuppoſe thee ſecond *Alexander*;
And that, a Beaſt, his habits ſtill are one
As when a Man and King of *Macedon*. (Air,
But, leaving Forreſts, Floods, Fields, Earth, and
Whoſe *Almes* already have appeared fair;
Shall wee yet mount among the *Wandring Seaven*,
And ſee how conſtant they to *Alms* are given?
There ſhall we find Man's monſtrous Self-reſiſting,
Being made of *Alms*, all by meer Alms ſubſiſting.
Beaſts, birds, & plats, roots, reptiles, daies & nights,
Have ſecond *Being* from theſe Heav'nly Lights;
From whom our Selves, flat *Beggers*, borrowed have
The beſt that makes our worſer part ſo brave:
The Sea's their ſubject, and th' All-bearing Earth
Without their Alms can bring us nothing forth.
Saturn is kind to Merchants, Mariners,
Storm-wonted Fiſhers, ſtooping Labourers,
Carefull Houſe-holders, curious *Architects*;
And every one that Gain with pain reſpects.
Milde *Jupiter* (more bounteous) *Beauty* gives,
Sweet graceſull Port, freſh health (that happy lives):
Alm'ner of *Vertues*, ſtoring Man with *Graces*
Moſt Angel-like, and meet for higheſt Places:
Kings, *Counſellors*, *Lords*, *Princes*, *Magiſtrates*,
Hold after God, of him their high eſtates.
Mars, ſureſt Patron of *Sarmatians* ſtout,
Of part of *Affrick*, and the *Southern* rout;
Nights dayly give, them millions of delights,
And makes them naked make a thouſand Fights.
All *Arts* wherein are Fire or Iron requir'd,
Of his ſole *Alms* are to our Life acquir'd.
Sol's Soule of *Alms*; who richly *liberall*,
Gives him to All, yet cannot give him All:
Great *Seaſon*-Bounder, artificiall Dreſſer
Of Years, and Daies, the even and onely Seſſor

Of

Of Times rich *Alms*, which by his heat hee varies,
After the Innes wherein hee Monthly tarries:
His *Bounty* most is bent unto *Musicians*,
Bards, *Poets*, *Leaches*, *Herbarists* & *Physicians*.
Venus, each Morning, with a gentle Ray
Ushers the Sun, and summons us away
From lazy Beds (our Bodies living Graves)
When Day begins to issue from the Waves.
Her *Alms* goes chiefly to the preservation
Of Nature's Powers, and Parts of Generation:
Smooth smiles she gives; sweet, cheerfull charming
Love is Her *Gift*; a Gift indeed divine. (Ein:
Quick *Mercury*, great *Atlas*'s Daughter's Son,
Wit's Treasurer, Well of *Invention*,
Hee gives us *Arts*, *Knowledge*, and *Eloquence*,
Which steals us oft from *Reason* and from *Sense*,
A bounteous Almner of *Astronomy*,
Rare (for the most) unto Man's feeble Eye;
Who, yet, unseen feels (almost every houre)
Hundred Effects of its admired power;
A Power which cannot be sufficient shown
By Verse or Voice (unlesse by *Hermes* own)
For All that at this Day makes hunger fly
(*Gold*, *Silver*, *Brasse*) is drawn from *Mercury*.
Cynthia, ador'd with hundred fumes and flames;
Honour'd (abroad) by more then hundred Names;
Shee gives us *Humours*, more or lesse abounding,
As in her Course her *Fall* or *Full* is rounding:
Shee fashions Time; which Shee again defaces
With constant Turns of her inconstant Faces:
Shee swaies the Flouds, and shews (by Evidence)
Her Selfe sole Law of liquid Elements:
Shee forms, by Night, the fresh and fruitfull Deaw,
Which every morning *Flora*'s Buds doth streaw;
Whose purled Pearls are ever bigger found
And more, the more *Lucina* waxeth round.
In brief, All, given to Alms and *Liberality*,
They all teach Man the same supernall Quality
Towards the Needy that doth nought possesse,
And from his Cradle brought but wretchednesse,
But *Sin* and *Death*; had not Heav'ns Almes beene
In *Bloudy Bath*, to *White* This Monsters *Red*; (shed
A monster, made of Earth, for Earth still burning,
Although to Earth hee see him hourly turning.
Yea, proudest Kings have had no other Birth
Then poorest Beggers: Both begin of Earth:
Both like in Cries, in Perils, and in Pain:
Both alike *Guilty* in their *Grand-Sires Stain*:
Both, as in Birth, so in their Death, alike:
Both Kings and Beggers one same Dart doth strike:
Both passe together, in one selfe same Boat,
From th' arched *Palace* and the thatched *Cote*.
So that, in Life what-ever Ods there be;
In Birth is none: none in their Death, wee see.
Onely, the *Good* (of what Degree soever)
Are free from *Death*; and, though they dy dy never;
Save to the Grief of *Vertuous* Soules (their friends)
Whom, to survive the *Good*, it here offends:
I mean, in Body, which a Death they hold,
Or Toomb, or Prison, that doth Them with-hold
From th' *Happy Hav'n*; and makes them less inclin'd
To seek their God, and his strait Wayes to find.
The *Good* are they, who not alone not wring;
Who not alone not wrong, in any thing;
Who not alone *not hurt*; but (from their heart)
Doe Good to Others; and their *Own* impart
In liberall *Almes* unto the *Poor*'s Reliefe,
After their power; as grieved with their Griefe.
Such shall not dye, but to live ever *Blessed*:
Such shall not live, but to dye here *possessed*
Of *Grace*, and *Glory* with th' Eternall God,
Author of *Almes*; and ever-scourging *Rod*
Of *Such* Gold-heaped, Iron-hearted Wretches
As to the *Poor* impart no part of *Riches*;
Nor lend, *Nor lodge*, *nor cloathe*, *nor free*, *nor feed*
Distressed Christ, in *His* dear *Saints*, that need.
Such shall not live, but to dye double martyr'd:
Such shall not dye, but to live ever tortur'd
In Hell and Horrour, without End, or Ease.
New Worldlings, *chuse You which you will of these*.

Sine fine fines.

MEMORIALS OF MORTALITIE.

VVritten in Tablets, or Quatrains,

By PIERRE MATHIEU.

The Second Centurie.

Tranſlated; and *Dedicated*

To the Right Honourable, HENRY WRIOTHESLEY, *Earle of* SOUTH-HAMPTON, &c.

SHall it be ſaid (I ſhame it ſhould be thought)
When After-Ages ſhall record Thy Worth;
My ſacred Muſe hath left SOUTH-HAMPTON *forth,*
Of Her Record; to Whom ſo Much ſhee ought?
Sith from Thy Town (*where my* Saravia *taught*)
Her ſlender Pinions had her tender Birth:
And all, the little all ſhee hath of worth,
Under Heav'ns Bleſsing, onely thence ſhee brought.
For lack, therefore, of fitter Argument;
And lother Now, it longer to delay;
(Here while the Part of PHILIP's *Page I play)*
I conſecrate This little Monument
Of gratefull Homage, to Thy noble-Bounty;
And Thankefull love to (My dear Nurſe) Thy County.

Humbly devoted

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

MEMORIALS
OF
MORTALITIE.

1

LEt who so list, think *Death* a dreadfull thing,
And hold *The Grave* in horror and in hate:
I think them, I, most worth the *wel-comming*;
Where, end our Woes; our Joyes initiate.

2

Man, *Death* abhors, repines, and murmurs at-her,
Blinde in that Law which made her, *good* for Him:
Both *Birth* and *Death* the daughters are of *Nature*;
In whom is nought imperfect, strange, or grim.

3

Death's ouglinesse is but imagined;
Under foule Vizard a fair Face shee wears:
Her Vizard off, there is no more to dread;
Wee laugh at Children whom a Vizard fears.

4

Death, in strange Postures daily is disguised,
With Darts and Scythes in hand, Beers on her back:
As *Angels* are with wings and locks devised;
So, Her a Body of bare bones they make.

5

Who fears this *Death* is more then deadly sick;
In midst of life hee seems even dead for dread;
Death in his breast hee bears, as buried Quick:
For, feare of *Death* is worse then *Death* indeed.

6

Each fears this *Death*: and with an equall dread,
The *Young*, as from a hideous Monster, hie-them.
Th' *Old*, at her sight, shrink down into their Bed;
All shun her ay, the more shee draweth nigh-them.

7

What *Good*, or *Bad*, boads *Life* or *Death* to give;
To be so fond of that, and this so flying?
Thou would'st not *die*, yet know'st not how to *live*;
Not knowing, *Life* to be a *living-dying*.

8

One loves *This Life*, Another loathes it wholly:
Some look for Ease, Promotion some, some Profit:
To love it for the Pleasures here, is Folly;
Weakenesse to hate it, for the troubles of it.

9

The Storm at Sea under a Calm is bred:
Within Good-hap, Ill-hap hath life included;
Begun in Tears, in Toils continued;
And without Dolour cannot be concluded.

10

Life, like a Taper, with the weakest Blasts
Is waved, wasted, melted, puffed out:
In some, somtimes, even to the Snuffe it lasts;
In others hardly to the halfe holds-out.

11

Fruit on the trees first blooms, then buds, then grows,
Then ripes, then rots: such our condition just;
Begot, born, bred, live, dye; so roundly goes
Time's wheel, to whirle our Bodies back to Dust.

12

This Life 's a tree, whose goodly *Fruits* are men;
One falls, himselfe; Another 's beaten down:
It 's stript at last of *Leaves* and *Apples* then,
By *Time*'s same hand wch had them first bestow'n.

13

This Life 's a *Table*, where in earnest-jest
Foure *Gamsters* play: *Time*, eldest, vantage takes,
And biddeth Passe: *Love* fondly sets his Rest:
Man needs will see it; but, *Death* sweeps the stakes.

14

This Life (indeed) is but a *Comœdie*,
Where this, the *Kaisar* playes; and that, the *Clown*:
But, *Death* still ends it in a *Tragedie*,
Without distinction of the Lord from Lown.

15

This Life's a *Warre*, civill, and forrain too;
Within, without, Man hath his *Enemies*:
To keep the *Fort*, *Death* doth the *Towne* undoe;
To save the Soule, the Body Shee destroyes.

16

The World 's a Sea; the *Galley* is the Life,
The *Master*, Time; the *Pole*, Hope promiseth;
Fortune the *Winde*; the stormy *Tempest*, Strife;
And man the *Row-Slave*, to the *Port* of Death.

17 The

17

The World (mee thinks) is like our Parliaments,
Where Right too oft is over-born by Wrong;
Where Quirks and Quiddits are of Conſequence;
Where laſtly nought *Death*'s Sentence can prolong.

18

The World is much of a faire *Miſtreſſe* mood,
Which, wylie, makes more Fooles then Favourits;
Hugs Theſe, hates Thoſe; yet will of all be woo'd:
But never keeps the Promiſe that ſhee plights.

19

Life's ſmootheſt gloſſe is like the *Sphear of Glaſſe*
Archimedes framed, and fill'd with Stars;
As fraile as faire: for, the leaſt ſtorm (alas!)
That raps it, ſnaps it; and the Pleaſure mars.

20

Th' Honour thou thirſteſt (as one dropſie-ſick)
Weening to quaffe it, often ſtops thy winde: (prick
'T's a ſwelling Bladder; which when *Death* ſhall
(Thou wilt confeſſe) thou but a puffe didſt finde.

21

And that *Ambition*, which affords thee Wings
To ſeek new Seas beyond Our Ocean 's Arms
For mounts of Gold and Pearle, & precious things;
Shall not preſerve thy Carcaſs from the Worms.

22

That *Pleaſure* too, which ſtops thy *Reaſons* ears,
Beſots thy Soule, intoxicates thy Senſe;
And ſad *Repentance* ſtill behinde it bears;
For moment Joyes, leaves Sorrow's Monuments;

23

Pleaſure which tires thee, but contents thee ne-
Thy Body wearing more then wearying: (ver,
Like *Danaides* Sieve-like Tub, a-filling ever,
But never full for all their bucketing.

24

Beauty wch makes the proudeſt Kings to crouch,
Which ſerves the Soule as Letters in her favour;
To ſee, delightfull; dangerous to touch;
From *Death*'s drad Fury, may not, cannot ſave her.

25

But, *Beauty*, *Grace-leſſe*, is a Saile-leſſe Bark,
A green-leſſe Spring, a goodly light-leſſe Room,
A Sun-leſſe Day, a Star-leſſe Night and Dark;
And yet this *Grace* cannot eſcape the Toomb.

26

When bodie 's *Beauty* with ſoule's *Beauty* dwels,
There 's a Perfection paſſing all the reſt:
Without This; *Beauty* ſeems a Blemiſh elſe:
Without That, *Vertue* ſeems not ſeemly dreſt.

27

That *Beauty*, which the Aire, Age, Ague quailes;
Which buſies ſo our eyes, tongues, hands, and hearts;
At fifteen, buds; at twenty, flowers; and failes,
Or falls at thirty, and to duſt reverts.

28

Gold, the World's *God*, the Sun of *Pluto*'s Sons;
Whom Fire and Sword inceſſant ſerve ſo fell;
Gold *Vertue* 's Friend, and Vices Fort at-once,
Serves oft for Bridge to paſſe in poſt to Hell.

29

Man's *Knowledge* here, is but meer Ignorance:
Wee ſee the wiſeſt foulely ſtumble oft;
Learning is puft with doubtfull Arrogance,
And *Truth* is loſt while it is too-much ſought.

30

With *Myſteries* the *Idiot* meddles moſt;
Peeps into Heaven, into Kings Counſels pryes;
In Pulpit *Phormio* doth dare an Hoſt:
Therſites prates of Arms and Policies.

31

Th' *Aſſyrian* 's Empire is now ſeene no more;
The *Medes* and *Perſians* did the *Greeks* intombe;
Great *Alexander's Kingdome* kinged foure;
Whoſe Crowns, in fine, ſtoopt to the State of *Rome*.

32

Where are thoſe *Monarchs*, mighty Conquerors,
Whoſe brows ere-while the whole worldes laurell
When ſea & lād could ſhew no lād but theirs? (dreſt,
Now, of it All, onely *Seaven Hills* do reſt.

33

Where are thoſe Cities (great and goodly States)
Of *Ninivè*, with thrice five hundred Towers?
Great *Babylon*? *Thebes*, with a hundred Gates?
Carthage (*Rome* 's Rivall) *Dido* 's deareſt Bowers?

34

All theſe huge buildings, theſe proud piles (alas!)
Which ſeem'd to threaten, Heav'n it ſelfe to ſcale;
Have now given place to Forreſts, Groves, & Graſs;
And time hath chang'd their names & place withal.

35

Nay, wilt thou ſee, how-far great Kings are foil'd?
See how ſometime in Gold they ſwallow Poyſon:
See *Ptolomeus* Croſs't, *Boleſlaus* boild,
Bajazeth in a Cage, *Richard* in Priſon.

36

See, ſee a Prince, neer *Cairo* flayed quick:
See *Sapores* by his proud Victor trod:
See Monk-like ſhav'n our cloiſtred *Childerick*:
See *Denis* beare, for Scepter, Pedant 's Rod.

37

See *Gordian* there in his owne Girdle hung:
See *Phocas* bones broken with furious bats:
See *Diomede* to his own Horſes flung:
To Wolves *Lycaon*, *Popiel* to Rats.

38

See, ſee proud *Salmon* ſudden Thunder-ſlaine:
See *Theoderick* with horrid Terrour thrill'd:
See *Longuemare* hang'd in a golden Chain:
See a fierce Courſer dragging *Brunechild*.

39

See *Attalus*, having for Court a Forge:
See *Thularis* burnt in *Perillus* Bull:
See *Memprice* left the greedy Wolves to gorge:
Cambyſes Sword ſheath'd in Himſelfe to th' full.

40

Who but will feare amid the Frights of *France*;
Seeing how *Death* Two *Henries* reft of Life?
The Sire, in *Paris*, with a ſplinter'd Lance;
The Son, before *it* with a pois'ned Knife.

41

That *Queen*, whoſe Court was in a Caſtle coopt,
(A *Priſ'ner* here; above a Princeſſe hop't.)
Whoſe royall Throne t' a *Tragick-Scaffold* ſtoopt,
Her head ſhee felt with whiffing ſteel off-chopt.

42

That *King*, who could within his Kingdoms drad,
See *Sol* ſtill ſhine, when hence hee vaniſheth;
Who paſt our Seas, another Empire had,
For All hee had, had but a *louzie* death.

43

Who more his Garden of *Salona* priz'd
Then *Rome*'s great *Empire*, & the Worlds Cõmand,
Knew well the *Cares* from *Crowns* inspariz'd;
And *Scepters* sad weight in the strongest hand.

44

Towards our End insensible wee slip:
For, speaking, sporting, laughing, snoring deep,
Death still draws on-wards: as at Sea the Ship
Sails to her Hav'n-ward, though the Master sleep.

45

Death each-where kils: in hunting, *Carloman*;
In's Cave, *Caligula*; *Aristobulus*,
In Bath; by th' Altar, *Philip*; *Julian*,
In Camp; in Councell, conquering *Julius*.

46

Death seeks the *Æmathian*; and from *Nero* flies:
One in a Shallow drownes, who Seas did scape:
An *Emperour* in eating *Mushroms*, dies:
A *Holy-Father* in a *Harlots* lap.

47

No hand but serves *Death's* turn, *Edric* by's Mo-(ther;
Albion by's Wife, *Aristo* by his Friends;
By's own Son *Bajazeth*, *Conrad* by's Brother;
Mustapha, by his Sire, Self, *Cato* ends.

48

Death diversly makes him familiar here,
Henry the Black, a bit of bread could fine;
A King of *Goth's* died in a Tub of Beer,
Thalis, of thirst, of hunger *Antonine*.

49

Death, every-where, in every thing distils
Her fell Despite; Fire, Air, Earth, Ocean:
Drusus, a Peare; a Fig, *Terpander* kills,
A Fly (in drinking) choaketh *Adrian*.

50

As soon a *Soveraign*, as a *Shepheard's* gone:
Men dying here have but one equall Quality:
By *Birth* and *Death* is Their Condition one:
Their Stay, and State, between, make th' Inequality.

51

There's no *Death Sudden* to the godly-*Wise*:
His heart goes out to meet all haps before:
When hee embarks, hee casts Wracks Jeopardies;
And when Wind serves not, he will rowe no more.

52

Not knowing then, when, where thy *death* will (snatch;
At Sea, or Land; Young, Old; Morn, Noon, or Night:
Look for it ever, every-where keep watch:
For, what wee look-for little can affright.

53

If Infants oft no sooner breathe then dye;
If good men little last, and wicked long:
Be not too curious in that Secret's *Why*? (wrong.
Th' are strokes of that hand which strook never

54

Why good men goe, and why th' ungodly stay,
Dispute it not, God hath permitted so.
Those *dye*, to *live*: These *live* to *dye* for aye:
These *live* at ease, Those in a world of woe.

55

If from thy Dayes thou but thy Nights subtract;
Thy sleep's, thy care's, thy maw's, thy *Muse's* waste,
What thy Wife weareth, what thy Friends exact,
Thy Griefs, thy Suits: how short a Life thou hast!

56

The Head-ach, Tooth-ach, Gout, or Fever rife,
Or Ulcer in the Leg, Stone in the Reins;
By ling'ring Drops strains out the tedious Life;
Yet art thou loth that *Death* should rid thy Paines.

57

Thy Term expir'd, thou put'st off payment yet,
And weenst to win much by som Months delay.
Sith pay thou must, wer't not as good be quit?
For, *Death* will be no gentler any day.

58

Th' affaires of *Parting* poast not to to-Morn.
For, on *Delay*, *Repentance* waits with Woe:
The Winde and Tide will in a moment turn;
All houres are good for those *resolv'd* to goe.

59

Grudging to dye in flower of thine age,
Thou griev'st to be too-soon discharg'd from prison:
Repin'st too-soon t' have done thy Pilgrimage,
Loth to have-in thy Harvest in due Season.

60

Make of thy Deeds, not of thy Dayes account:
Think not how far, but think how fair thou passest:
See to what Summe thy *Vertues* will amount;
For, Life & Gold are chose by weight, the massi'st.

61

Life's valued by th' effect, not by the age;
The labour, not the lasting praise it most;
Long hath he liv'd that liveth to be sage;
Good life (too-often) in long life is lost.

62

Long *Acts* commend not most a *Comœdy*,
'Tis still esteemed as the *Parts* are plaid:
So, in our Lives, not *Years* considered be;
But, worthy *Actions* by the Wise are weigh'd.

63

Who grieves because hee liv'd not here, yet born,
A hundred years, is double worthy laughter:
But, trebble hee who at his Death doth mourn;
Sure not to live a hundred years here-after.

64

Man's not more *Happy* for *long living* here.
Number of Dayes doe not more Blisses bring:
More Compass makes not a more complete Sphere.
As round's a little, as a larger Ring.

65

And if that *Death* wait on thee, and protract;
With *Usurie*, shee 'll make thee pay it double;
Thy Joyes in Dream, thy Dolors still in act,
To make long Life a long Repenting Trouble.

66

If Hee that here, thee in his Vine-yard hir'd,
Pay thee at *Noon* thy Wages full as much
As Those that there all the whole Day have tir'd;
Why murmur'st thou? why dost thou grieve and (grutch?

67

He casts his Work well, well his Workmen kens;
Thy Slackness, Slowness, Weakness to hold out:
Therefore, yer weary, hee thy Way-fare ends;
Left staying longer, thou marre all 'tis doubt.

68

Hee gives our Task, and hee again will take it;
Who Him, unwilling; Him, unworthy serves;
Before hee call, 'tis folly to forsake it;
And who-so leaves it, to be left deserves.

69

Or first or last, on All this stamp is set;
Early or late, into This Port must Wee
Who gave the Charge, ordained the Retrait;
One self-same Law did life and death decree.

70

The more the Body dures, Soule more indures;
Never too-soon can shee from thence exile:
Pure, in shee came; there living, shee impures;
And suffers there a thousand Woes the while.

71

The Soule is forc't within the Flesh to dwell;
In danger there shee lives, and sleeps in fears:
To hatch her Bird, shee needs must break her Shell,
And think it never can too-soon appear.

72

Soule blames the Body, Body blames the Soule;
But *Death* surprising, ends their Quarrell prest:
Down goes the Body, in the Dust to roule;
The faithfull Soule, up to th' eternall Rest.

73

Death frees the Soul from Bodies wilfull Errors;
From the Soules Vices, Shee the Body saves:
The Soule's Annoyes, are to the Body Terrors;
The Bodies Torments, to the Soule are Graves

74

This Body is not Man: His Stuff's more fine;
His Beauty, with Heav'ns beauty hath Affinitie:
The Body dead, That ever-lives, divine;
Even as a Beam from the supreme *Divinity*.

75

If then the Soule, so long here languishing
Within the Body, doe not gladly part;
Shee hath forgotten her owne Source or Spring;
And that She must, from whence shee came, revert.

76

But, more then death, death's pain appalleth thee;
That's but a Stream which swiftly vanisheth:
There's, as no Pain, in that extremity:
For, th' Body, down, doth nothing feele in death.

77

Then quit those Fears that in thy phant'sie stick:
For, violent Evils have no permanence:
If that deaths Pain be keen, 'tis also quick;
And by the quickneſse takes away the Sense,

78

To leave thy Babes behinde, thy heart it gripes;
In Whom, Thou shalt revive, from lap to lap:
Happy who hath them; for they are our Types:
And oft Who hath None, 's happy by mis-hap.

79

To leave thy Wife thou wail'st, well worth excu-
'T's a necessary Ill, Good stranger-like; (sing;
Which, clearest Eyes (Selfe-wise) too-oft mischu-
In little Flesh find many Bones to pick. sing,

80

Th' art loth to leave the *Court's* delights, devices,
Where None lives long unbrav'd, or unabhorred:
Where treason's prudence; where the *vertues vices:*
Where som no eyes, & where som have no forehead.

81

The Mariner, that runs from Rock to Rock,
From Wrack to Wrack, dwelling in dangers rife,
Wave's ball, wind's thrall, & tempest's shuttle-cock,
Would not exchange His for the Courtiers life.

82

The Court beguiles thee as black Angel-Bands,
In giving Leaves for Fruits to *Cives* sifters:
Their brightest Torches are but funerall Brands:
And, in the *Court*, *All is not Gold that glisters.*

83

Thou would'st in Death *revenge* thy wronged (Worth,
Make known thy love, have shown thy brave ambi-
Why fram'st thou not thy *death* unto thy *birth*, (tiō:
Wch brought thee naked forth, and void of passion?

84

Fain would'st thou see thy *Learning's fruit* (perhaps)
Ripe, yer thou rot; that's but a vain Desire:
Art, now a-dayes, may starve, while *Ignorance*
Hath Shades for Summer; and for Winter, Fire.

85

All day thou trudgest thorow thick and thin,
For that dull Bulk which doth thee daily brave:
Phinice wreaths Ropes, which ay his Ass-winds-in:
The soule that serves the Body is a Slave.

86

As many steps in Death as Life wee tread:
Esteem for Deaths, all daies since thou hadst breath;
To come's not Thine; *Present*, is instant fled:
And *Time*, in time, is over-comn by *Death*.

87

When Man's imbarkt on th' *Universall* Deck,
Hee neither swiften can his Course, nor slack it:
Tide, Wind and Weather are not at his beck;
And, To put back, hath many often wracked.

88

Som, sometimes grieve for one that gladly dyes:
Socrates joyes sith wrong hee *suffereth:*
Xantippa melts in Tears; Hee laughs, Shee cryes:
Diversly judging of these Darts of *Death*.

89

To run unto this *Death*, is *Desp'rate* rage:
Wise-*Patience* onely waits it every-where:
Who scorns it, showes a *Resolution* sage:
For, Cowards fly it, and the Idiots feare.

90

When the last Sand of our last Glasse goes out,
Without recoyling, wee must step our last:
As, without grudge or noise, dislodge the Stout;
And when they must goe, stay not to be chac't.

91

The *Pilgrim* longs to have his Journey done;
The Mariner would fain be off the Seas:
The Work-man joyes to end his Work begun;
And yet man mournes to finish his Disease.

92

For a short time Thy Sun is over-cast:
But, thou shalt once re-see't more bright then ever:
And that same Day, wch here thou think'st thy last,
Is a New-birth Day, to be ended never.

93

What wrong doth *Death*, I pre-thee Worldling (say,
When, loosing (under hope of happier matches),
Curting thy Life, hee takes thy Card away;
And when, to save thy Life, thy Light he snatches?

94

Fear'st thou, Faint heart, that narrow Plank to pass
Which God himself hath gon; which all men must?
That like a Child, held by the sleeve (alas!)
With Eye still glancing on the brim thou go'st?

95 Beyond

95

Beyond it, thou ſhalt ſee thoſe pleaſant Plains,
Whoſe boundles Beauty all diſcourſe tranſcendeth:
Where Kings & Subjects ſouls have fellow Raigns,
On bleſſed Thrones, whoſe Glory never endeth.

96

What ſhalt thou ſee more, for more living Here?
This Heav'n, this Sun, thou oft before haſt ſeen:
And ſhould'ſt thou live another *Plato's* Year,
This World would be the ſame that it hath been.

97

Death's end of Ills, and onely Sanctuary
Of him that cannot ſcape the Grudge, the Gall
Of a ſevere Judge and proud adverſary:
It is a point which Heav'n appoints to All.

98

At that Divorce figh Bodies, Soules do ſolace:
Th' Exile exulteth at his home-Retrait:
This Bodie 's but the Inne, 'tis not the Palace:
Th' immortall Soule hath an immortall Seat.

99

Death's as the Dawning of that happy day,
Where without Setting ſhines th' Eternall Sun,
Where-in who walk, can never, never ſtray:
Nor fear they Night who to the Day-ward run.

100

There's Reſt eternall for thy *Labours* rife:
There's for thy *Bondage* boundleſſe *Liberty*:
There when *Death* endeth, ſhe begins thy life.
And where's no more Time, there's *Eternity*.

FINIS.

MEMORIALS
OF
MORTALITIE.

VVritten in Tablets, or Quatrains,

By PIERRE MATHIEU.

The Second Centurie.

Tranſlated; and *Dedicated*

To the Right Honourable, ROBERT DEVREUX, *Earle of Eſſex and Ew, &c.*

Our double *Title to* My ſingle *heart*
Both by your Purchaſe, *and your Parents* Right;
Claims *both a better and a greater Part*
Of grateſull Service, *then this ſlender* Mite.
Yet, ſith (to profit *more then* pleaſe) *I write,*
More ſighs then ſongs (leſſe us'd to ſmiles then ſmart)
Diſdain not Theſe Reſtrainers of delight;
Though bitter, fitter, then the Smoothing *Art,*
To keep *the* Minde *and* Bodie *both in* Health;
To coole *the Fits of* Luſt, Ambition, Pride
(Surfaits of Eaſe, Youth, Liberty, and Wealth)
And cure *all ſickneſſe of the Soule, beſide.*
Whence, Ever free; and full of every Good
From GOD and Men, be ESSEX Noble Bud.

Ex Animo exoptat

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

MEMORIALS OF MORTALITIE.

1

THat height of Kings Crowns Honour, *Worthies*
Is now but winde, duſt, ſhade. Hee, whoſe Approach
Appall'd the Proudeſt, whom all trembled under,
A curſed baſe hand butcherd in his *Coach*.

2

All Triumph, yeſterday; to-day, all Terror:
Nay; the fair Morning over-caſt yer Even;
Nay; one ſhort Hour ſaw, live & dead, Wars mirror,
Having *Death's* ſpeed-ſtroak undiſcerned given.

3

In all this World, all's fickle; nought is firm:
It is a Sea *ſans* Safety, Calm, or Port:
Lawes, Cities, Empires, have but here their Term:
What ever's born muſt under death reſort.

4

Time flits as Winde, and as a Torrent ſwifteth:
It paſſeth quick, and nought can ſtop it flying:
Who knowes what ills it every moment drifteth,
Deems, that to leave to live, is to leave dying.

5

Man in the Womb knowes nothing of his State:
(A wile of *Nature*) for, there, had he Reaſon, (Fate;
Hee ſhould fore-know this Worlds too-wretched
And rather would intomb him in that Priſon.

6

Our birth begins our beer; our death, our breath:
On that Condition here aboord wee come:
To be's as not to be: Birth is but Death:
There's but a Sigh from Table to the Tomb.

7

Life's but a Flaſh, a Fume, a Froth, a Fable,
A Puffe, a Picture, in the Water ſeeming;
A waking dream, dreams ſhadow, ſhadowes Table,
Troubling the Brain with idle Vapours ſteeming.

8

Life, to the life, The *Cheſs-board* lineats;
Where *pawns & kings* have equal portion. (mates:
This leaps, that limps, this checks, that necks, that
Their Names are diverſe; but their Wood is one.

9

Death, Exile, Sorrow, Fear, Diſtraction, Strife,
And all thoſe evils, ſeen before ſuſpected;
Are not the Pains, but Tributes of this Life;
Whence, Kings no more than Carters are protected.

10

No: *Sacraments* have been no *Sanctuary*
From *Death*; Nor *Altars*, for Kings *offring-up*:
Th' Hell-*hallow'd Hoſt* poyſons *Imperiall Harry*:
Pope Victor dies drinking th' *immortall Cup*.

11

Thou ow'ſt thy Soul to Heav'n: to pay that *Debt*
Be not compell'd; *Chriſtians* are willing Payers:
But, yet, thy Soul as a good Gueſt intreat;
Whom no good Hoſt will tumble down the ſtairs.

12

'Tis better fall, than ſtill to fear a fall:
'Tis better die, than to be ſtill a-dying:
The end of Pain, ends the Complaint withall:
And nothing grieves that comes but once, & flying.

13

This Life's a Web, wov'n fine for ſom, ſom groſs;
Som Hemp, ſom Flax, ſom longer, ſhorter ſom:
Good and Ill haps are but the Threds a-croſſe:
And firſt or laſt, *Death* cuts it from the Loom.

14

Theſe Names, which make ſome blubber, ſom ſo (brave,
(Names ſprung frō injury, or frō ambition)
In *Death* are equall: *Earle*, and *Sir*, and *Slave*,
Under *His* Empire, are in one condition.

15

For Friends deceaſt, ceaſe not repaſt nor ſleep;
Such ſorrow Suits not th' *Intellectuall* part:
Who wails mans *death*, that he was man doth weep:
And, that he promiſ'd, comming, to depart.

16

The young and old goe not as equall pac't:
Th' one ambles ſwift, the other gallopeth:
'Tis good to die, yet wee our life diſtaſte,
A valiant Man ſhould dare to feel his Death.

17

Happy who leave the world when first they ceen;
Th' Air, at the best, is here contagious thick;
Happy that Child, who iſſuing from the Wombe
Of a *Spaniſh* Mother, there returned quick.

18

The Bodie's Torments are but twigs to beat
And brush the Duſt from *Vertues* pleights about;
And make the paſſions of the ſoule more neat;
As th' air is pureſt when the winds roare out.

19

Grieving that *death* ſhuts not thine eyes at home,
And where the heav'ns vouchſaf't them firſt to ope;
Thou fear'ſt the earth too little for thy Tombe,
And heav'n too narrow for thy Corpſes cope.

20

Heav'ns no leſſe Order have, than at their Birth,
Nor influence: Sun, Moon, and Stars, as bright;
All hold their owne; Fire, Water, Air, and Earth;
Man, man alone 's fall'n from his *priſtine* plight.

21

Worldling, thou ſaiſt, 'Tis yet not time to mend;
But, God hates ſinners that in ſin delight:
To groſſeſt ſinners doth he mercy ſend;
But not to ſinners ſinning in deſpight.

22

Who, Morn and Even doth of himſelfe demand
Account of all that he hath *done, ſaid, thought*;
Shall finde him much eas'd, when he comes to ſtand
To that Account where all ſhall once be brought.

23

For bitter Checks that make thy Cheeks to flame,
And to thy teeth tell Truths, thou haſt no action:
To do the Evill, ſith thou hadſt no ſhame,
Be not aſham'd to ſuffer thy correction.

24

Perhaps this Child ſhall rich or poor become:
Perhaps a wretch perhaps a liberall:
Perhaps a Wiſe-man, and perhaps a Mome:
But, paſt perhaps, aſſured, die he ſhall.

25

When wine runs low, it is not worth the ſparing;
The worſt and leaſt doth to the bottome dive:
Wrong not thy leaſure (years vouchſafe) in daring:
But ſome-times look into thy Grave, alive.

26

Sinner, thy God is not inexorable;
No *Rodamanth, Returning* hearts to hate:
There is no ſin, in heav'n *unpardonable*;
Nor no *Repentance* in this life too late.

27

The eye that fixtly the Sun-beams beholds,
Is ſudden daz'd: So, in Gods judgements high,
Mens cleereſt judgements are as blind as Moules,
None, none but Eagles can the Lightning eye.

28

O wretched *Vertue!* wretched is thy ſtate;
For, Fortune hath the fruit, Thou ſcarce the flower:
Thou art a Stranger at thy proper Gate,
Thy friends thence baniſht and thy foes in bower.

29

Man, *Knowledge* ſtill, to the laſt gaſpe affecteth;
In learning *Socrates* lives, grayes, and dyes,
Free from *death*'s proceſs *knowledge* none protect-
But, to learn well *to die*, is to be *Wiſe*. (eth:

30

To live, is to begin One-work, and end it;
Life hath, with All, not ſome Repute, Report;
'T's an exile, to the Sot; Sage, Journey weend it:
Wherein he walks, not as the common-ſort.

31

For, having a good Prince, Peers juſt and wiſe,
Obedient people, Peace concluded faſt,
A State's not ſure: Storms after Calms ariſe;
And fineſt dayes have fouleſt over-caſt.

32

Man, though thou be from heav'n Originary,
Preſume not yet to peer thee with thy God:
Hee's Soveraign King; thou but his Tributary:
Hee's every where, thou but in one poor clod.

33

Of Elephants the biggeſt leads the Band;
The ſtrongeſt Bull over the Heard doth raign:
But) him behooves who will mankind command,
Not ableſt body, but the apteſt brain.

34

Kings Majeſty ſeems aſſeclipſed much,
Unleſſe great Servants in great Troops attend:
'Tis ſure an honour to be ſerv'd by ſuch;
But on their Faith 'tis fearfull to depend.

35

To build a Palace, rareſt ſtones are ſought:
To build a Ship, beſt timber is ſelected:
But to inſtruct young Princes (as they ought)
Ought all the *Vertues* to be there collected.

36

Art's now-adayes a *Deſart* deſolate:
Kings gracious Raies are there no more diſcern'd:
Philoſophers wait at the Wealthies Gate,
And rarely rich men do regard the learn'd.

37

Th' hand bindeth not except the heart with-go:
What comes not thence, nor thank, nor thought de-
Hee giveth All that doth Himſelf beſtow; (ſerves.
He nothing gives who but his heart reſerves.

38

That curious thirſt of Travaile to and fro,
Yeelds not the fruit it promis'd men in mind:
Changing their Air, their humours change not tho;
But, many Lodgings, and few Friends they find.

39

In vain the Soule hath Reaſon's attribute,
Which unto *Reaſon* cannot Senſe ſubmit:
For, Man (alas!) is bruter than a Brute,
Unleſſe that *Reaſon* bridle *Appetite*.

40

Self-ſwelling *Knowledge*, wits own Overbearer,
Proves *Ignorance*, and finds it nothing knowes:
It flyes the Truth to follow Lyes and Error,
And when moſt right it weens, moſt wry it goes.

41

The Vicious trembles, alwayes in Alarms;
Th' eye of the Vertuous keeps him as at bay: (arms,
When all the World fear'd *Rome*'s All-reaching
One vertuous *Cato* did all *Rome* diſmay.

42

Vice blinds the ſoule, and underſtanding clogs,
Makes good of ill, takes foule for faireſt look,
Yea, Dirt for Dainties: ſo live loathſome Frogs,
Rather in puddles, than in pureſt Brook.

43 In

43

In greatest Houses Vice hath battered,
Whose honours though no less have shined bright:
What are the Graceless to the Good? Not dead,
But living branches, in the tree have right.

44

If Men might freely take Essay of Court;
None, having tasted, would return so neer:
The happiest there meets many a Spight in Sport,
And knowes too-well he buyes his Weal too-dear.

45

To love None, All to doubt; to fain, to flatter;
To form new faces, and transform true hearts;
To offer Service, and flie-off in Matter;
Are *Courtiers* Lessons, and their ground of *Arts*.

46

Set not thy Rest on *Court*, Sea's barren sand;
There grows no goodness; good, there, evill grows:
Rest's Temple yerst did forth the *Citie* stand:
No Sent's so sweet as is the *Countrey* Rose.

47

Who weens in *Court* to thrive, will finde him (weak,
Without two Aiders; *Impudence*, *Immunity*:
For first behooves him his own brows to break,
Yer Others heads hee break with *Importunity*.

48

Who is not sorry for Time's loss, in stay
For Kings slow Favours, seems to have no sense:
The losse of Goods, a Prince may well repay,
But losse of Time Kings cannot recompence.

49

Is't not the Top of Follies Top, to note
An old *Sir Tame-ass* gallanting in Court,
To play the Yonker, and Swan-white to dote
On *Venus* Dovelings, in despight of Sport?

50

A mean man hardly scapes the mightie's claws;
Hee's as a Mouse playing by a sleeping Cat;
Who lets it run, then locks it in her paws:
And all her sports boad but the death of That.

51

Worlds *Vanitie* is rife in every place,
(Alas!) that good Wits should be 'witched so!)
Maskt in the Church, in Court with open Face.
For there's the place her perfectly to know.

52

By evill Manners is good Nature marr'd;
None falls at once, all *Vertue* to defie.
Vice, in the Soule is a strange plant transferr'd:
And wert not dressed, it would quickly die.

53

With By-respects Impietie wee cover:
Earth more than Heav'n is priz'd among us now:
At God's great *Name* we scarce our heads uncover;
When Kings are named, every knee doth bow.

54

Disorder Order breeds: good lawes have sprung
From evill lives: Would All keep *Justice* line,
In *Westminster* there woud be soon lesse Throng,
Less work, less wrack, less words for *Mine* & *Thine*.

55

Law-tricks now stript the People to their shirt:
Shift is their Shield, Gold is their onely god:
Wasps break the Web, Flies are held fast and hurt:
The Guilty quit, the Guiltlesse under-trod.

56

There's now no trust: Brother betraies his Bro- (ther:
Faith's but a phant'sie, but by fooles esteem'd:
Friend's false to Friend; and all deceive each-other;
Th' Ivie puls down the Wall by which it clim'd.

57

Treasons be Trifles: Man's a Wolfe to Man:
Crimes be but Crums; Vice is for Vertue vanted;
Sodom's and *Cypris* sinnes wee suffer can:
And Impious tricks in all their tracks are hanted.

58

In perfect'st men some imperfection's found,
Some-what amiss among their *good* is seen:
Gold, and pure Gold we dig not from the ground;
There's Dust and Drosse, and grosser stuffe between.

59

Merit, of old did *Friendship* feed and fix;
Where now-adayes 'tis founded all on profit,
With deep-dissembling and deceitfull-tricks,
And evermore the Poor is frustrate of it.

60

Th'Earth cannot fill thy hearts unequall Angles,
Thy heart's a Triangle, the earth's a Round:
A Triangle is fill'd but with Triangles:
And th' infinite the finite cannot bound.

61

'T's a *Death* to die far from ones Native Citie:
Yet *Death*'s not milder there, than else about:
Death, without ROME, did not *Rutilius* pitie;
Neither, within ROME, Him that nere went out.

62

When Man is com'n to th' old last cast of Age,
When Nature can no longer lend nor borrow;
Hee thinks not yet to pack and leave the Stage;
But still, still hopes to live untill to-morrow.

63

Fain, would'st thou flie *Love's* wanton *Luxury*?
Cut off occasions: speak far-off: flie Fitnesse:
Shun Solitude: live still in Company:
They fall alone that would not fall with witnesse.

64

Muse not to see the wicked prosper faire:
The Sun his Shine even unto Theeves doth give:
When of their Patients Leaches do despaire,
They give them over as they list to live.

65

Slander is worser than Hels burning Torture,
The force more fierce, the heat more vehement:
Hell after Death, doth but the guilty martyr;
Slander, alive, torments the Innocent.

66

Affliction razes, and then raises hearts:
As, under weight, victorious Palms are wont:
As, under seales the Wax doth swell (in part):
Under the Cross the Soule to Heav'n doth mount.

67

Envie, in vain pure *Vertues* Anvill bites,
Breaking her Teeth: as on a stone the Cur,
That barks of Custom, rather than Despight,
At every poor and harmelesse passenger.

68

Envie's a Torture which doth men molest;
Even from their birth; yet they ought else can do:
Behold two Infants nursed at one Brest;
They cannot brook their Teat for meat to Two.

69 This

69

This is the Odds twixt Honest men and Knaves;
Th' one tels his Neighbour, All mine owne is mine,
And all thine too: The other (voyd of Braves)
Saith, Thine's not Mine; but what I have is Thine.

70

What *Envie* likes not, that shee makes a Fault:
Joseph with *Ismael*, for his Dream was batter'd:
Abels pure Offring to his End him brought:
And for the *Truth* the Innocent are martyr'd.

71

Flat-Cap, for whom hoard'st thou thy heaped Treasures?
Thy bodies Sweat, thy Souls dear Price (poor Sot!)?
Sir Prodige-all (thine Heir) in *Proteus* pleasures,
Will waste in one day, All thine Age hath got.

72

True *Liberalitie* would bee intire:
Yet not at-once, at all times, and to all.
One may mis-give, to give yer once require:
Yet Gifts un-asked sweeteſt Gifts I call.

73

Content with Fruits from thine owne Labour grow'n,
A fore-hand still, a set Revenue save:
For, hee's a Foole in more respects than one,
That spends his Store, or more, before hee have.

74

Their is no Goodnesse in a groveling heart,
Bent on the World, bound to this Rock below:
Were not the Moone so neer his Neather part,
Shee would not, could not, be *Eclipsed* so.

75

Goods are great Ills to those that cannot use them:
Misers mis-keep, and Prodigals mis-spend them:
Hel-hounds, to hasten toward hell, abuse thē: thē.
As wings to heav'n-ward, heav'n-bent-souls extend

76

Presumptuous spirits spring not frō right *nobility*:
Courage, that comes from *Pride*, proves never true:
Pride ruines hearts, whose Raiser is Humility,
The humble Shepheard the proud Gyant slew.

77

Pride glitters oft under an humble Weed;
Oft lovely Names are given to loath'd Effects;
Men sooth them in the Cause, to 'scuse th' ill deed:
And blame Light, rather than their Sights defects.

78

A *Prudent* man is, for himselfe, sought-forth:
He's more admir'd than what the world most vants:
Praises are due unto ones proper Worth:
Not pureſt Gold adds price to *Diamants*.

79

Th' *Humble*, doth Others prize; Himself depress:
Save against *Pride* hee never bends his Browes:
The more his *Vertue* mounts him, counts him less:
God th' *humble Sinner*, not *Proud Just*, allowes.

80

O! *Hypocrite*, which hast but *Vertue's* Vaile,
Seem what thou art, and what thou seemest bee:
To hide thy filth, all thy Fig-leaves will faile:
Thou canst not hide thee from thy God, nor Thee.

81

Mock-*Saints*, whose Soul-weal on your Works you lay,
With eyes and hands to Heav'n, while heart's elsewhere:
For shame ye durst not to the least man say,
What you (profane) dare whisper in Gods eare.

82

Gold's fin'd in fire: Soules in *Affliction* better:
Moths gnaw the Garment locked in the cheſt:
Still water stinks, unwholsome, black and bitter:
Swords rust in Sheathes, and so do Soules in Rest.

83

Op'ning thy Soule to God, close Mouth frō men;
Nor let thy Thoughts roame from thy due Intent.
God sees the hearts, his judgement foundeth them,
And Them confounds whose Words and Deeds dissent.

84

Gamesters may well All to to-morrow post;
To see or to be seen, th' have never leasure:
With adverse Windes their minds are ever tost;
Loss bringing griefe, more than the Gain brings pleasure.

85

To Shun Affaires, behooves exceeding heed:
Troubles unsent-for, and unlookt-for, haste;
Un-set, un-sow'n, too-early growes the Weed:
Wee meet too-soon the Care we hoped past.

86

All *Idelnesse* dis-natures Wit, dis-nerves-it;
A mod'rate Travell makes it quick, addreſt:
Sloath quels and kils it; Exercise preserves it:
But hee's not free that hath no time to rest.

87

Who seeketh Rest in troublous Managings,
Thinks to find Calm amid Tempestuous Seas:
The World and Rest are two, two adverse things:
Thick streams re-cleer when storms and stirrings cease.

88

Fortune in *Court* is fickle, apt to vary:
Favours sort seldome to the Suiters minde:
They many times even in the port mis-carry:
The hotter Sun, the blacker shade they finde.

89

Gifts, honours, office, greatnes, grace of Kings,
Are but the Ushers of Adversitie:
For their last mischief have the *Emmets* Wings:
And height of Health betokens sickneſse nie.

90

Youth hath more lures, more traps, more trains
Than Fowler Gins, or Baits the Fisher-man: (to ill,
Age would, but cannot what it would, fulfill:
Senex, thou leav'ſt not sin: sin leaves thee than.

91

Th' Eye tends to beauty as the Center of-it:
After the Eyes, Heart and Affections draw:
'Tis hard to keep safe what so-many covet:
For, mens Desires Kings cannot keep in Awe.

92

All Good or Ill-hap, that here happens thee,
Comes from *Opinion* (which all ruling seems).
Opinion makes us other than wee be:
Hee's not *unhappy*, who him *happy* deems.

93

From contrary Effects is formed sadneſse:
Both Smoak & Smiles have made the eys to water.
Who sow in Tears, shall one day reap in Gladneſse:
Who sow in Joyes, shall reap Annoyes hereafter.

94

Let's leave out I, and No, in Conversation:
Words now transposed, and *wax-nosed*, Both,
By ROMES *new* Doctrine of *Equivocation*,
Which gives a Lye the credit of an Oath.

95 *Friends*

95

Friends, now-adayes, wake at the noiſe of Gain.
As Bees to flow'rs, as Crowes to Carion haſte,
As Flies to Fleſh, as Birds and Ants to Grain:
So Friends to profit thickly flock and faſt.

96

Who reaves thine honour, ſcoffs, if hee preſume
T'have done thee favour, that thy life hee left:
Why ſhould the Bird live, having loſt her Plume?
The reſt is nothing when the Honour's reft.

97

Little ſufficeth Life in th'un-delicious;
The Sun for need may ſomtimes dreſs our victuall:
I blame, alike, the *Cynick* and *Apicius*;
This, for his too-too-much; That's, too-too-little.

98

Too-oft is made too-ill Interpretation
Of words and deeds beſt meant & built on reaſon:
All's evill to the Evill, by Selfe-flation: (ſon.
Whence Bees their Honey, Spiders ſuck their Poy-

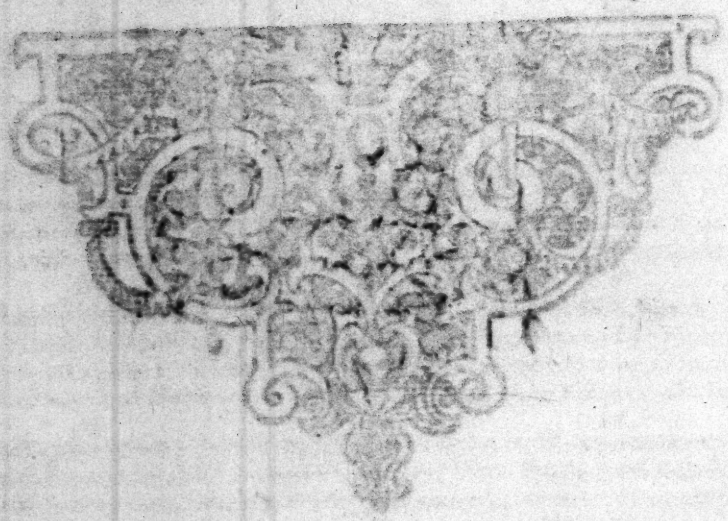
99

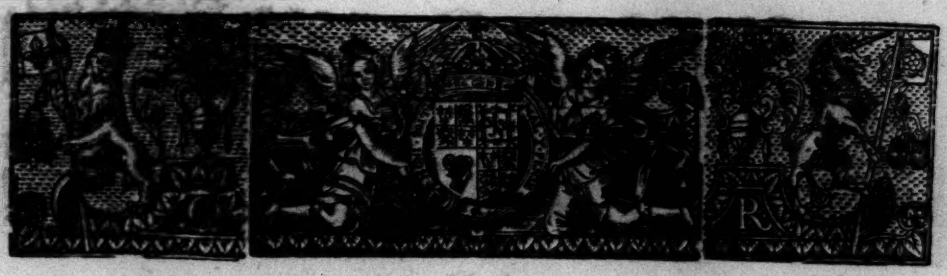
Happy the People where *Juſt-Gentle Prince*-is:
Whoſe Sword is *Juſtice*, and whoſe Shield is *Love*.
For Theſe, *Auguſtus Deified* long-ſince-is:
And without Theſe, Kings Scepters maimed prove.

100

Good-hap, Good-heart, Favour, and Labour met,
Bring Men to Riches and to Honors heer;
But that 's the Way about: To be born *Great*,
Is great Advantage; Not to buy ſo deer.

FINIS.





St. LEWIS, THE KING;
OR
A LAMP OF GRACE,
LIHGTNING THE
GREAT (*in the right way*)
TO GLORY.

Translated; and *Dedicated*
To My gracious Lord, Prince CHARLES.

NOt *that* your Highneſſe *needs My mean* Direction
(*Having, within, a* Princely ſpirit *for Guide*;
Without, your Parent; *round about, beſide*,
Precepts *and* Patterns *of Divine* Perfection)
Preſume I thus to bring (*in dim reflection*)
This forrain LAMP (*admired farre and wide*):
But as an humble Gift *this* New-years-Tide,
To intimate my Faith, *and my* Affection.
Your gracious *hand thus bindes my* gratefull *heart*
To Offer *Heav'n my* Vowes; *and You my* Verſe,
For that Deliverance *You have daign'd, in part,*
To my poor Hopes *wrackt in your* Brothers *Herſe.*
You have begun: *Vouchſafe mee*, Sacred Pow'rs,
You may go-on, *and make mee* wholly yours
In Effect
as
In Affection

To Your Highneſs *Service*

humbly devoted,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

AD
EUNDEM PRINCIPEM
OPT. MAX.
EPIGRAMMA;
Ex Lat. I. O. *converſ.*

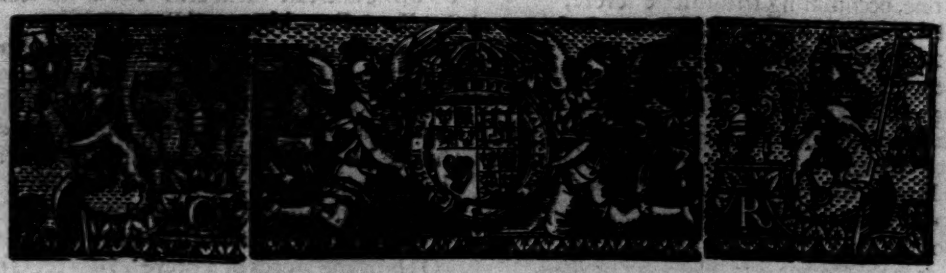
WIll, Reaſon, Senſe, the Brain, the Head, the Heart;
Each, in his Office, in Thee acts his Part:
Thy Will, thy Wit; Thy Senſe, thy Reaſon ſwayes;
Thy Heart, thy Head, in every point obayes.
Thy WALES hath had GREAT-ſtiled Princes *Three*:
HENRY was *Fourth*: CHARLES the *Fifth* GREAT ſhall be.

Ejuſdem
Auguſtiſsimi
ANAGRAMMA
Quadruplex.

CAROLUS STUARTUS, Princeps.

1. Tu, *Cyrus*: pulcra Spes noſtra
CHARLES STUART.
2. *Arthur's Caſtle.*
3. *Hear'ts Laſt Cure.*
4. *Art's Chaſt Lure.*

In ARTHUR'S CASTLE, lies my HEART'S LAST CURE:
To which I haſten, draw'n by ART'S CHAST LURE.



A HYMN OF
St. LEWIS
(The Ninth of that Name)
KING OF FRANCE.

OF all the KINGS, admired over All,
Whose *Prudence* swai'd this Crown Imperiall,
Whose *Prowesse* most our *Lillies* Bounds inlarg'd,
Whose *Justice* best their charge in *Peace* discharg'd,
Whom most the raies of glorious greatnes crown'd,
Who brightest shin'd, who was the most renown'd,
Most magnifi'd for Manly Conquering
Within the World the World: was th' *Holy King*,
From whose chaste loins, frō our whose loyall bloud
Th' *Heroïck* Stems of Royall BOURBON's bud;
Famous St. LEWIS; Good KINGS *President*,
Who, for his CHRIST, & for his *Cross*, him spent:
Who by his Valour so renown'd his Name,
That all the Earth hath trembled at the same:
And Who, to free, from captive Fury fell,
The Fields where yerst our *Captain* conquer'd Hell
(Courageous *Zeal* setting his Soule on fire)
Led armed FRANCE against the *Asians* ire.

When I his *Vertues* read, and *Acts* so great,
Which him so high among the *Saints* have set;
And here below so lasting glory wan,
I judge them scarce Works of a meerly Man;
But, of an Angell in Mans shape bedight,
To shew the World the Way of *Vertue* right;
Amaz'd to see, among so many Sins
As (fatally) the *Court* breeds and begins,
Among so many Pleasures, whose sweet Baits
Intrap the wariest with their wily Sleights;
A KING to curb him so in Power supreme,
To *watch* himselfe so with such care extreme,
As not to taste *Delight* (of any kinde)
Which *Reason* bars a brave and noble Minde:
But, so *upright* in VERTUE's track to tread,
That even in Earth a Heav'nly Life hee led.

For, never was there more accomplisht KING,
Whose royall heart had more replenishing
Of *Princely Vertues*, fit for Powerfull hand,
Or to be wisht in Mindes of High command.
Nay; would the Heav'ns, their Treasures all produ-
All Gifts of Body and of Minde conducing, (cing,
Mould for Mankinde a *Prince* or *Potentate*
Worthy to govern th' UNIVERSALL State;
They could not give the *World* (and Wee, much less,
Wish) *One* more worthy; with more due Addresse
To take into his Royall hand the *Helm*,
In stormfull Times so apt to over-whelm.
So much the *Star*, which rules in *Birth of Kings*,
When hee was destin'd to *These* Managings,
Milde and propitious, in his heart connext,
First *fear* of GOD, and *love of* JUSTICE next:
VERTUES, whose *habit Happinesse* doth nourish:
Makes *Common-wealth* flow, and *the Church* to flou-
Serves best for *Base* to each illustrious *State*: (rish:
Gives mightiest KINGS calme *Crowns*, & fortunate:
Causeth their Subjects *fear* them *lovingly*:
Keeps them, *in Dangers*, ever danger-free.
For, the *Almighty* printing in their Face
Milde-*Majesty*, sweet *Terrour*, dreadfull-*Grace*,
And heaping *Hap* upon them every-where;
The *Good* fear for them; Them, the *Evill* fear.

How many brave Marks left his noble Minde
Of th' Happinesse these *Vertues* bring Mankinde;
When, full of Constancy, hee durst maintain,
That, raigning for Him, Who made him to raign,
These sacred *Twins*, nigh from the world dispell'd,
As in their *Temple*, in his Bosom dwell'd,
Guided his Person, govern'd his Affairs,
Counsell'd his Counsells, qualifi'd his Cares,
Steer'd all his Course through all his *Voyage* here,
As men their Ships by Card and Compasse steer!

These making him with rarest spirits compeer,
In holy pride, Hee even despised here
The Kings, that, puft with glory of a Throne,
Commanded all, except themselves alone.
By th' one, hee happied his own Soule with Rest:
By th' other also, hee his People blest.

By th' one, becomming to himselfe severe,
Hee rul'd himselfe, kept his own Power in feare:
By th' other giving free Course to the Law,
Hee kept his Subjects in; and happy, saw
Through all his kingdome *Peace* and *Plenty* flowr
In baseſt Grange, as well as golden Bowr. (gone,
But twelve times *Sol* through the 12, Signes had
When Heav'ns assign'd him to his Fathers Throne;
And to the hands of his Man-Childehood left
The glorious Burthen of This Scepters heft:
But, as in th' Orchards at *Monceaux* or *Blois*,
The Gardners Care over some Graftlings choice,
The second year of their adoption there,
Makes them as good and goodly fruits to bear,
As Trees whose Trunk and branched Top bewraies
Their Months as many as the Other's daies;
Through the Heav'ns favour & Earth's fruitfulness,
Shewing that God their yong first-fruits doth bless:
His forward *Vertue* in his *Pupillage*
Brought forth th' effects of a mans perfect age;
Disproving quite his feeble signes of youth,
And proving him invincible (in truth)
Against vain *Pleasures*, all their Baits condemning:
Against all *Perills*, *Death* it Selfe contemning:
Against all *Passions*, ever them resisting:
Against all *Crosses*, constant aye persisting.
For, look how low, his heart in humble Awe
Hee bow'd to God, and bended to the Law;
As high hee mounts it, in Praise-worthy Pride,
Above the World, Fortune, and All (beside)
Whose Vanity, with false glosse gilded o'r,
Fond Mortals most desire, admire, adore:
Desiring onely, with that holy *Mary*
(For his degree) That *One thing necessary*;
Admiring solely th' holy Works, wherein
Th' Almighty Worker 's wondrous hand is seen:
Adoring none but th' Everlasting *One*;
Him loving best; fearing but Him alone.
Then, bearing aye *This Oracle* impresst
Within the Center of his royall brest,
That, *A sincere and true-Religious* King,
Feared of all, needs fear at all no Thing;
Where Hee whose Soule hath not This Fear in-laid,
Of none is feared, but of All affraid.
Arm'd with *this Brest-plate*, as with stronger arms
Then those (of old) blest with inchanting charms,
Hee brav'd all Perils that his Prowesse met:
And his calm Spirit, amid a Storm so great
As would have cast Youth in a swoun insensible,
Shew'd *Resolution* of a heart invincible;
Appearing such, indeed, as Painters fain
Great *Hercules*, when, *Juno's* fell disdain
Pursuing him, hee Monsters quail'd and kill'd;
A man in Courage, though in Age a Childe.
Which well hee prov'd to those *Rebellious Peers*,
Who, making light of his then-tender yeers,
And measuring his in-side by his age,
Troubled his State with storms of *Civill Rage*;
Armed against him many a Tower and Town,
Aimed by Ambush to surprise his *Crown*.
When hee, to heal, by necessary Ill,
This Ill, before th' Impost hume over fill,
With Sword in hand their first Assault prevents;
And, as his Subjects, bravely them convents,
To come and cast them arm-lesse at his feet:
Or else, as Foes, his armed Force to meet;
From him, their true *Liege* (if true *French* they be)
Arm'd in the Field, to take This Offer free,
Revenge, or *Pardon*, of their past Mis-deeds,
And all the Mischief which the same succeeds.
The one, his Power should presse them to, perforce;
Th' other their Duties, urged with Remorse:
If their blinde Fury did the one contemn,
Th' other should pour death and disgrace on them.
O! how the words of a brave *Prince* prevail!
This daring speech did so their Courage quail,
That though the cold yce of a prudent fear
Did not forth-with put-out there frenzy there;
Yet did it daily from thence-forth decline,
And all their flame turn'd but to fume, in fine.
Yea, those, whose Fury dream 't a *Diadem*,
Their Side abandon; and, dis-banding them,
Reject their vain Hopes; and, in season, fly
To the Kings Mercy for their Remedy.
Others, more dreading Rigor of the Law,
Under protection of the *English* draw:
Gilding their Guilt with frivolous pretences,
Arming their weak Cause with as weak defences;
Till, but increasing their dishonour by 't
Wanting as well good Fortune as good Right,
They're also fain to beg his Bounty royall,
Ill worthy them, so obstinate-Disloyall. (ger,
What proofs of *Prowess*, what contempt of dan-
Expreſt this Prince upon the envious Stranger,
On crystall *Charant*, in *Xantognian* Coast,
When false *la-March*, backt with a forrain Host,
Mustred against him, from so many parts,
So many Groves of Lances, Pikes and Darts?
There *France* and *England*, fully bent to fight,
Had both their Armies in their Order pight;
From Either side mount winged clouds amain;
On Either side they poure their Showers again:
While silver *Charant*, to have barr'd their Teen,
Her swelling shoulders did oppose between.
This River makes the Reed-crown'd banks to kiss,
By th' arched favour of a Bridge there is:
Whose gain or loss (besides the honour) boads,
Or bars, the Prize of *Victory*, by ods:
The *English*, friended by a Fort at hand,
Which proudly did the neighbour Plains command,
Had won this Passage, and were passing on
Cheerly to end their *Victory* begun:
When *Lewis*, rushing to the Bridge, the first,
Repels the Foe, and puts him to the worst;
With dead and wounded all the place hee paves,
And, then *Horatius*, braver him behaves:
Re-heartens His: re-haleth from the Foe
Fair *Victory*, ready with them to goe:
Standing alone, as a firm rock, a-front,
Almost alone, to bear the Battels brunt;
As th' onely mark of many thousand Darts
At him alone still aimed from all parts:
Till at the last, by his example prest,
Hee winning all, his Army won the rest;
VVhen, if his *Courage* shin'd in Conquering,
More did his *Mildnesse* in the Managing.
VVho can recount, and yet who would conceal,
Th' illustrious *Vertues*, whose industrious zeal

O'r

O'r all the World his honours blazed yerſt,
After theſe miſts, theſe firſt clouds, were diſperſt,
And ſcatter'd all by the bright-ſhining Rayes
Of this new Sun, in Summer of his dayes,
When (*Europe's* Umpire) making *Peace* with men,
Hee *War* proclaim'd againſt their *Vices* then?
The glorious VVorks his Royall *Vertues* did,
Cannot, without impietie, be hid;
Although, without diminiſhing their Worth,
My *Muſe* (alas!) can never ſet them forth:
For, of all *Vertues* ſacred Tracts (leaſt rife)
His *Life*'s a Picture, limned to the life,
And ſuch a Pattern, as to match again,
The wiſh is vertuous, but the Hope is vain:
Sith, the more wondrous 'tis, and worthy Table
To imitate, 'tis more inimitable.
So that, His *Worth*, weening to-life to limne,
I over-reach, in ſtead of reaching Him:
And, like bad Singers (as too-bold, too-blame)
Sounding his Praiſe, rather my Selfe I ſhame.
In heav'nly *Annals* are his *Acts* enroll'd:
His Royall *Geſts* are yet in *Aſia* told;
In *Afrike*, yet his *Valour* is renown'd:
Through *Europe* ever ſhall his *Vertues* ſound;
And every-where *Ninth* Lewis (*Great* in Fame)
Seems, not a Man 's but very Vertue 's Name.
Never did *Faith*, *Honour*, *Uprightneſſe*, raign,
With *Conſtancy*, in Soule of Soverain
More pious-given, more fearing-God, more Foe
To Idol-Rites (Religion's overthrow);
Nor more deſirous *Vertue* to prefer,
To propagate Christ's *Kingdome* every-where,
To root-out *Vice*, to raze *Idolatry*,
And raiſe the *Tropheis* of Truth's *Victory*.
Burning with this Deſire (his beſt Delight)
In *Africk*, twice, Hee *Croſſed* Standards pight,
Expos'd his Life unto the chance of War;
By Sea and Land adventur'd oft, and far:
Where, ſeeking Death, at laſt, hee Durance fand
Within a faith-leſſe, love-leſſe, law-leſſe, Land;
Where Hee, as Gain, and as to raign, did take,
To ſerve and ſuffer for his *Saviours* ſake.
But, all the Battels, won and loſt, to ſing,
Abroad archieved by this Valiant King:
The Sack of *Damiete*, and the bloudy Spoil
Of *Saracens*, both on the Shores of *Nile*,
And of the Sea, thrice ſtrewed (as it were)
With Carcaſes of *Pagans* ſlaughtered there:
The Siege of *Cairo*, when brave Victory
Mourn'd all in black for His Captivity:
The ſacred Terror and Majeſtike Grace,
Which (from above) ſhin'd in his Eyes and Face,
When two *Turk*-traitors (wth their ſwords, in grain
Dy'd with the bloud of their late *Souldan* ſlain)
Comming to kill him, felt, with ſtrange remorſe,
Their fury feebled by a ſecret force;
From murd'rous fiſts letting their weapons fall
When they beheld his face majeſticall.
His *Lybian* journey, when to *Carthage* tho
This Champion ſeem'd another *Scipio*:
Th' honour hee won at *Tunis*, where hee crown'd
His Life and Fortunes, evermore renown'd.
In briefe, to undertake to tell at large
All his Exploits, were a more waighty Charge
Then can the powers of my weake Soule ſupport:
And ſuch a Web to weave in worthy ſort,
Behoves the hand of a more happy Wit,
Both warp and woof with golden Threeds to fit.
I therefore, quitting th' hopefull Arrogance
Sprung from ignoring of our Ignorance
Shall think my Labour crown'd ſufficient,
If this my ſpeaking *Pencil*, *Phœbus* lent
To colour Verſes, can but duely lim
Leaſt-glittering raies that ſhin'd with Praiſe in him.
Leaving therefore his Wars diſcourſe to thoſe
Whoſe buskind Muſe *Bellona*'s march out-goes,
Whoſe numbers thunder, and whoſe ſtile diſtils
Freſh drops of Death from their Heroick Quils,
In lofty ſtrains, as gravely, bravely-bold:
I'll lowly ſound his *Laurels* leſſe extoll'd,
Which hee (at Peace) won in his War with *Vices*,
And happy Toil in holy Exerciſes.
For, as I cannot his high *Proweſſe* expreſſe;
Much-leſſe can I with ſilent Slothfulneſſe,
Under *Oblivion*'s ruſty keyes conceal
The wondrous Care, the right religious Zeal,
Which from his Youth aye in his heart had burn'd,
To ſee *The ſeen Houſe of the Lord* adorn'd:
For, in this Vertue, none hath neer him com
Of all the Kings have raign'd in *Chriſtendom*.
Not, for, wee owe to him the Monuments
Which with his bloud *Our Saviour*'s Patience
Bath'd in his *Paſſion*, and whoſe Sight, as yet,
Shakes godly Soules in glad-ſad ſacred Fit:
But, for (abhorring Shepheards bad and blinde)
A ſtudious Care boil'd in his zealous Minde,
Yea, burn'd his Soules ſoule with a hot deſire,
That, in the *Church-Ship*, none to Charge aſpire,
But, skilfull, faithfull, carefull Mariners,
Able and apt for all Affaires of Hers;
Whoſe holy Labours, in courageous ſort,
Maugre all Storms, may ſteer into the Port.
Devoured of this Zeal, and dreading aye
Leſt hee be charged at the later Day
By th' *onely Judge*, with *Vice* and *Ignorance*
Of thoſe hee choſe, through all the folds of *France*,
To feed the Flocks under his Power alli'd:
When 's royall office bound him to provide,
With wondrous Care did hee their lives explore,
Who ever had commended them before:
And never gave hee the ſupreme Degrees,
Th' *Eccleſiaſtick* ſacred *Dignities*,
But unto thoſe whoſe *Life* and *Learning* too
Were eminent, both to *direct* and *doe*;
To feed, as Shepheards; as a VVarch to ward;
To heal the Sick, Sound from the Wolf to guard;
And carefull Stewards, in due time to break
The *Bread of Life* both to the ſtrong and weak:
Not thoſe whoſe Eyes deep vail'd with *Ignorance*;
Or *Knowledge* ſtain'd with Sinnes *Exorbitance*,
Made like th' old woodden *Mercuries*, erect
In publike *Waies*, the Paſſage to direct,
Who with their *finger* the Right Path did point,
But, with their *foot* could never move a joynt.
How, how ſhould Thoſe for Guide & Lanthorn
To th' Ignorance of People prone to ſwerve; (ſerve
Whoſe Ignorance, devoid of *Learnings Light*,
Cannot diſcern from crooked *Wayes* the right?

Or, How can Thoſe, foule, Sin-ſicke Soules recure
(Whom Patterns more then Precepts would allure)
Whoſe Eloquence, whoſe Excellence of Wit,
Marres their *Well-ſaying* by *Ill-doing* it:
While, what they *Preach*, in *Practice* they deny,
And by their *Deeds* give their owne *Words* the Ly.
Neither the *Learned*, of true *Vertue* void;
Neither the *Vertuous*, without *Learning*'s aid;
Can, in the Flock of CHRIST's *Redeemed dear*,
Bear th' holy *Sheep-hooks* ſacred burthen here,
With that Succeſs which ſhould be wiſht by them
That ſeek the glory of *Jeruſalem*.
Learning and *Vertue* muſt together match,
Thoſe ſacred Flocks duely to *Weeld* and *Watch*:
In vain's their Pain, who doe not *lead*, but *drive*,
Preaching like *ſhepheards*, while like *wolves* they *live*;
Said this good Prince: and that ſame very thought
Wch from his heart this holy ſpeech had brought,
Brought forth th' effect: hee did ſo thirſt to ſee,
Religion flouriſh; and, through th' induſtry
Of *Labourers*, divinely *Will'd* and *Skill'd*,
GOD's holy *Vineyard*, truely, duely till'd.
Nor was his Care leſſe, nor, much leſſe, his Zeal
Of *Lawes* ſupport (Props of the Publike-Weal)
So ſtrict hee was, and ſo preciſe in Choice
Of thoſe (not waigh'd but by their Merits poiz)
Whom, arming with his ſword, as Delegates,
Hee ſent amid the Rank of *Magiſtrates*,
Garniſht with *Vertues*, grac't with *Learning*, fit
On bright *Aſtræa's* ſacred Thrones to ſit.
His *Predeceſſors*, winking at the Crimes,
Or elſe conſtrain'd with miſchiefe of their Times
(All given to gain, greedy of Gold) had made
Of *Offices* a miſerable Trade:
Never regarding, that they ſet (withall)
Both Innocence, Honour, and Right to-ſale:
Sold, to th' inſatiate, *Licence* (as they pleaſe)
To pill the People under ſhewes of Eaſe;
And let the Knave, with his full *Purſe*, prevent
The knowne long *Merit* of the Excellent.
Hee, ſeeing this Abuſe to ope the Gate
To all *Injuſtice*, to confound a State:
The Guilty quit, the Innocent condemn'd;
Wrong countenanc't, Right rated, or contemn'd;
And onely *Favour* (under fained Gown)
O'r-ruling Judgements, *Equity* put-down:
Juſtice, in Courts uſing her *Balance* bright,
To weigh the Parties Money not their Right:
Bold *Ignorance*, in Dignities ſupreme,
Soiling their ſacred Chairs with Wrongs extreme;
Selling too-ſhame-leſſe, too-unconſcionable,
What Shee, unworthy, bought unreaſonable:
Seeing, in brief, his Realms neer Jeopardy:
The ſtrength of Lawes turn'd to meer Robbery:
Apparent Thefts, with Warrant under-handed,
Not onely not condemned, but commanded:
Soon as his Valour, quelling all his Foen,
Had ſet him quiet on his Fathers Throne,
Hee baniſht quite This ſad *Confuſions* Cauſe,
This fatall Death of *Letters*, and of *Lawes*;
According to our *Saviour's* bleſt Example,
Who, angry, chas't the *Chapmen* forth his Temple.
Then, where hee met a well-diſpoſed Wit,
Whoſe *Knowledge* & whoſe *Carriage*, matching fit,
Gave him good hope, that, being (free) preferr'd,
He would be th' Orphans and the Widows Guard;
The Poore's Protector, in their Right to ſtand:
No eye for *Favour*; and for *Bribes*, no hand:
No awe of Threats, and for Intreats no Ear:
Laying aſide, *Love*, *Hatred*, *Hope* and *Fear*,
When hee ſhall ſit as Oracle, to doom;
Where Man is unto Man, as in GOD's Room:
Him would this Noble Prince freely *create*
A *Chancelour*, a *Judge*, a *Magiſtrate*,
A *Dean*, a *Biſhop*, without bafe Suit
Of bribed Minions baſely to purſue't.
O ever-wiſhed, never-hoped, Dayes,
Which Gold's-contempt ſo guilt with golden Raies,
How calm you paſt! how was the People bleſt,
Under the Lawes of ſuch a Princes Heſt!
And O! how worthy hee, in ſpite of Time,
To be renowned over every Clime!
Through whom *Integrity* reviv'd again,
And *Sentences*, ceaſing to paſſe for Gain
(As now, GOD wot, too-many witneſſe can)
Where GOD's owne *Sentence* in the Mouth of Man.
For neither ſpar'd hee Rigor nor Reward,
Where hee had hope, by gentle hand or hard
To conquer *Vice*, and that ſame *ſervile Vein*,
Which loves not *Goodneſſe*, but for Goods & Gain;
And with a heart whoſe Gold-Thirſt never *ſat* is,
Will never Till the Field of VERTUE *gratis*.
Knowing therefore, that in a Seaſon vitious,
Wee ſooner find a *Pyrrhus*, then *Fabricius*;
And wiſely fearing, leſt the fear of Want,
Or love of Wealth, ſhould worldly minds ſupplant,
And make them paſs their duties bounds perchance,
Whom hee to place of Honour ſhould advance:
To keep their Port, with People venerable;
To bear their Charge of needfull Train and Table:
Hee arm'd their *Vertue* againſt Poverty
(The ſecret Foe to ſound *Integrity*)
With ample Stipends, able to repell
The law-leſſe Lawes of thoſe two Tyrants fell,
Whoſe Iron Scepter too-too-often forces
Right honeſt Natures to diſ-honeſt Courſes,
And then, if Favour, Feud, or Avarice,
To groſſe *Injuſtice* did their hands intice,
Hee puniſht aye their Treſpaſs with ſuch Rigor,
That Lawes, recovering then their ancient Vigor,
Seem'd that ſevere Example to revive,
Which in the *Skin* of Father flaid alive
(For wrong *Decrees*) his Son ſucceeding thruſt:
A bloudy *Doom*; yet, for *Injuſtice*, juſt:
That after-*Judges*, by their *Judg-skin* Chair,
From *Bribes*, and *Brokeage* might be warned fair.
Above all Crimes, his hearts juſt Jealouſy
Abhorred moſt *Murder* and *Blaſphemy*:
Nor ever did the firſt eſcape with life;
Unleſſe by Proofs it were apparent rife,
That, *Self-defending*, 'twas unwilling done:
Forc't, deadly Stroke, by deadly Stroke, to ſhun:
Th' other was puniſht where hee ſinned, juſt:
A red-hot Iron thorow his tongue was thruſt:
To teach blaſphemous Mouthes no more to blame
That holy, high, un-utterable Name;
Ador'd in Heav'n and Earth, and every-where:
Which, even the Angels ſpeak not, but with fear.

O!

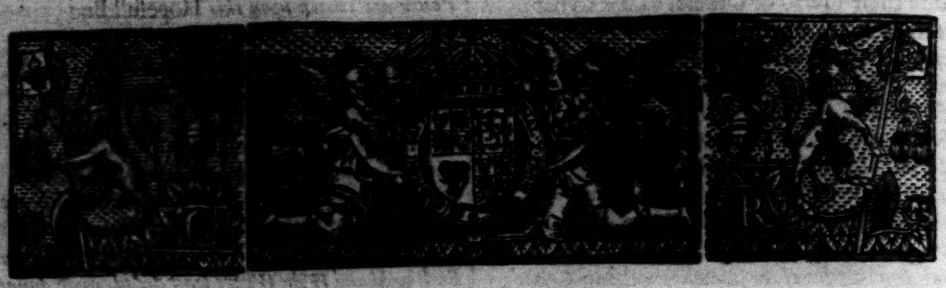
O! how hee hated Thoſe light, lothſome places,
Where *Venus* ſells her to all lewd Embraces!
The Shepheard, finding, under Stacks or Stones,
A Neſt of Hornets, or a Swarm of Drones,
Or Knot of Vipers, is not bent more fierce
Their Cels to ſpoil, Themſelves diſpatch, diſperſe,
Than Hee was eager, and againſt Them bent
Severeſt Lawes, with ſharpeſt puniſhment;
Clenſing with Fire thoſe foule *Augean* Stalls,
And, to the ground, razing their filthy Walls;
Lacing with laſhes their un-pitied Skin,
Whom *Luſt* or *Lucre* had beſtow'd therein.
Himſelf ſo chaſte of Body, and of Minde
(If *Fame* ſay true: who ſeldome ſoothes behinde)
That never Hee (Rare in a Princes Life!)
Knew other *Venus*, than his *Queen* and *Wife*.
What Prince was ever, to the ſilly Poor,
More tender-hearted, either helpfull more?
A many Kings have, by high Feats in War,
Renown'd their Names and ſpred their Glories far:
By wholſome Lawes Licentious Rage repreſt:
By many proofs their *Prudence* well expreſt:
By all the parts of *Policie* and *Proweſs*,
Won all the Honours earthly State allowes:
But, few vouchſafe to ſtoop their ſtately eyes
To th' humble Poore that on the dunghill lyes:
And little think, that, in thoſe Little ones,
Chriſt, *Chriſt* Himſelf unto their Greatneſſe grones;
Begs at their Feet, in rags, and hunger-driven;
And promiſeth, for *Bread* to give Them *Heav'n*.
O hearts of Adamant! This piteous King
From Your fell Natures was far differing.
For oftentimes from his high Throne deſcending,
To ſow and reap the Fruits on *Alms* attending,
All, all that could from ordinary rate
In Royall Charge of Kingdome, Houſe, and State,
Be ſafely ſpar'd with honourable Thrift,
From ſuch a heart and hand ſo apt to Gift;
Would Hee beſtow in building *ſacred Cells*,
For th' *Aged*, *Poore*, *Sick*, *Sightleſſe* (*Helpleſſe els*)
In ayding *Widowes*, whom the bliſs of *Bearing*
Made wretched, wanting for their childrens *rearing*:
Redeeming Captives, raiſing Doweries
For honeſt Maydens apt for Marriages,
(Whoſe *Banes* (unaskt) ſtill *Povertie* forbad)
Paſsing their Flower in Feares and Langours ſad:
In breeding Orphans, and in feeding Thoſe
Whoſe baſhfull Silence, biting-in their woes,
Smother'd the Sighes within their ſwelling breſt,
Which frō their Mouthes meer hunger often preſt.
In briefe, in pouring on all *Poore*, no leſſe
Streams of Reliefe, than Fortune of Diſtreſſe;
Approving plain, that, in moſt *Pompe* of *State*,
Himſelfe a Man hee ay did meditate.
His People Hee ſo lov'd, and their Proſperitie,
That, eaſing them of former Kings ſeveritie
In Impoſts, Tributes, Taxes, and the reſt,
Where-with his Kingdome had been ſore oppreſt:
Hee wont with tears to bathe his Cheeks (they ſay)
When urging Cauſe compelled him to lay
On his poor Subjects any new Exciſe,
Never ſo needfull, juſt, or light to prize:
Which yet his Pitie rarely did permit;
And onely when *Bellona* (preſſing it)
Againſt our *Lilies* ſome ſuch Storm had blowne,
As hath too-often *Empires* overthrown.
For, for the Charge of needfull Dignity,
And royall State beſeeming Majeſty;
He never ſought from other Source to drain,
Than th' ever-ſprings of his own juſt *Demain*;
Deteſting th' uſe of other Potentates,
Who, but to gild their Pride in pompous States,
Pill'd all their Subjects with extreame Exceſſe;
And then conſuming it in Showes and Feaſts,
And ſcorning thoſe whom they had eaten-up
(Without Compaſſion) in a golden Cup
Carouſed deep their wretched Peoples bloud,
Whom God had given Them to protect, in good.
What Lawes-Oblivion, what Contempt of God
(Thus this good Prince, The, ſhrill & ſharply chod)
Deaffens your Eares againſt ſo many a Plaint!
Inhumane ſoules, who, toucht with bloudy Taint,
Ill Shepheards, ſheare not but even flay your fold,
To turn the Skins to Caſſakins of Gold;
Thinke you, the Heav'ns, which hate all Tyrannie,
Will wink at yours, and let you ſcape ſo free?
No, no: they 'll ruine your unrighteous Power:
And, cauſing ſoon your Subjects riſe in Stower,
The juſt Revenger, who all Realms transfers,
Of mightieſt Kings ſhall make you School-maſters:
Shall break your proud *Tax*-puffed Scepters ſo,
That, for th' abuſe, you ſhall the uſe forgoe:
Or ſhall ſo curſe the cruell Policies
Your *Minions* finde to feed your Vanities,
That in your hands your Gold ſhall melt away,
And ſtill the more you pill, the more you may:
(Like *Dropſie-ſick*, the more they drink the dryer)
The more you ſhall devour, the more deſire:
New *Eriſichthons*, through inſatiate heat,
Forced in fine your ſelves to teare and eate:
Branding with ſhame of Marks ſo mercileſſe,
So impious Pride of hearts ſo Pity-leſs,
Who burd'ning Subjects more than bear they can,
Hold neither God for God; nor Man from Man.
But, whither run I, on ſo harſh a ſtring,
Out of my tune? to tell how this good King
Reprov'd bad Princes of his Time, for preſſing
Their People cauſe-leſs with un-ceſſant Seſſing!
Let's re-aſſume our Song, our proper Theam:
Let's paſſe by *Vice*: and rather covering them,
Than them recounting in eternall Story,
Let us return to ſing of *Vertues* Glory.
How happy is the Prince, who ſquaring right
By ſacred Lawes the limits of his Might,
Joyes in *Well*-doing, and as *Juſt* as *Wiſe*,
Thinks not himſelfe to raign; ſave Noblewiſe,
When hee his People heeds, and hearing aye
Their juſt Complaints, doth in due time repay
What every Monarch (with devotion) vowes
To God and Men, when firſt his royall Browes
(Under ſo many ſolemne Myſteries,
With hopefull ſubjects wiſhfull, joyfull Cryes)
Put-on the glad-ſad ſacred *Diadem*,
Which inſtantly from thence-forth puts on Him
That *Robe of Power*, which thoſe doth much miſ-ſuit
Who have not on rare *Vertues* richeſt Suit.
Among ſuch Kings, who ay, as right directs,
Meaſure their Greatneſs by their Good-effects;

Not by their Fortunes, or their force of hand;
Or many Nations under their command;
Was that illustrious Prince to whom wee pay
Heroick Duties in this *Hymnik* Lay.
For, while, at home, hee happy Peace injoy'd,
Hee never suffer'd day to vanish voyd
Of giving Audience, and extending free
Fruits of his *Justice* unto each Degree;
Grieving in minde, grudging at those, as lost,
Less worthy spent, although unwilling most;
Perswaded sure, that with what eye or eare
His Peoples Case a Prince doth heed and heare,
With like, the Lord, in his extreme Affaires,
Will look on him, and listen to his Pray'rs:
That that same pompous, glitt'ring, glorious Slav'ry
Improperly call'd *Royall* (for the Brav'ry)
In proper speech (by due experience scann'd)
'T's an *Onerous-Honour*, a *Confin'd Command*:
That Kings were made for subjects; and not they,
Not they for Kings: that though both Land & Sea
Adore their Greatnesse (Lawes support alone)
Yet Princes Eares are not indeed their own;
But their own Peoples that do humbly live
Under th' obedience of the Lawes they give:
That, to be briefe, of mightiest Kings that are,
Labour's the Glory, and their Greatnesse Care.
Such sound Instructions, from his Cradle us'd,
His vertuous Mother wisely had infus'd;
Which in his Princely brest digesting milde,
A Man, hee practis'd what hee learn'd, a Childe:
Ready to heare the meanest that complaine;
Preferring wisely such a sacred paine
Before the pleasure of the choicest Sport
Could be devis'd in Countrey or in Court:
Whence in his People such Affection spreads,
They blesse his Birth-day, and the ground he treads;
Call him their Father and with Vowes amain
Frequent the Altars for his long-long Raign:
As if that Wish (the Sum of their Desire)
Contained All all Prayers could require,
Or us'd to beg of Heav'ns eternall Bountie,
In asking *Peace*, *Riches*, *Religion*, *Plentie*,
And all the blessings which Astræa's hand
Can plant or poure upon a happy land.
What Tracts of Art, what Tropes of *Eloquence*
Can lively represent to modern Princes
(So as even *Envie's* Selfe shall nought controule)
That Self-severe *Integritie* of Soule,
Whose humble, patient, constant Temperance,
Hath no Successor as yet had in *France*,
Nor yet elsewhere: How-ever every State
Can yet admire it, none can imitate.
Europe (where ever *Vice* and *Vertue* most
Have striven for Empire, best and worst to boast)
Hath whilom seen Kings treading in the Path
Of noted'st Tyrants, who with Threatfull Wrath,
And all the Terrors, which Mans cruell Rage,
To fright Mankind had found in former age, (ring:
Restrain'd their subjects from their Deaths conspi-
Who, so, lesse-daring, had the more desiring.
But, this right generous Prince, still walking fit,
Within the path which Tyrants never hit,
Onely restrain'd all Publique Insolence,
By th' even-born Reanes of his own Innocence:
Giving so little hold to *Mal-contents*,
Taking, at sharp Reproofs, so small offence,
That by effect his Royall Soule did show,
That in the same no livelier Flame did glow,
Than a desire, so Temperate to frame-him, (him.
That all might boldly, none might justly, blame-
Smooth Soothers, pois'ning by the eare the heart,
Pernicious Weeds, who (Ivie-like) subvert,
Distort, destroy the Trees you Climbe upon;
Still feeding Vice with such Contagion,
That seldome, Soules who with Applause approve
Your *praising* them, do ought *Praise-worthy* love:
Vizards of Homage, Vertues Pestilence,
Right ill-come were you to this Vertuous Prince;
Who, shunning aye your banefull Whisperings,
As common pois'ners of the publique Springs,
Abhorr'd your presence, and could better brook
A miss-Fault-finder, than a *Fawner's* looke.
So much a Noble Minde, remote from Vice,
Loving true Honour, loatheth *Flatteries*.
What pleasure took hee, how extreme Delight,
In Histories, where many times he might
Review himselfe; amaz'd, to read the things
There said *of Kings*; which none dare say *to Kings*!
How was he rapt! how sweetly extas'ed,
When that Divine *Eternall Will* he read,
Where, with so liberall, just, and loving hand,
God shares to his the *Heav'nly-Holy-Land*!
That which is said of *Alexander's* love
To *Homer's* Works (whose graces all approve)
May well of him, for honouring the Miracles
Of th' *Heav'nly Author*, speaking in his Oracles:
Which as a pretious Treasure, richly cas't
In Gold and Cedar, had hee neer him plac't:
Calling it aye his joy of Exercises,
The Spur of *Vertues*, and the Curb of *Vices*.
If happily his *Publike Cares* lent leasure,
He spends it not in more contenting pleasure;
Than what so sacred Studie's Fruit imparts
To th' healthy Taste of true *God-fearing* hearts.
And well appeared, by rare, rich Effects
Of *Vertues* shining over all his Acts,
That that divine *Seed* (happy sow'n the while)
Fell in no *Thorny*, *Stony*, *Sandy*, Soile.
For, if that ever Soule did Vice avoid,
If ever hee meer humane Spirit injoy'd
Prowesse, *Pietie*, *Prudence*, and *Justice*, mixt,
Without the foil of follies drosse betwixt (ding:
(From proudest wrong, the poorest right defen-
Disdaining pleasures towards Vice but tending:
Milde to the Meeke; to Malapert austere;
To good men bounteous; to the bad, severe) (ble,
'Twas this brave Prince, whom they, do best resem-
In whom *These Vertues* most of all assemble.
Kings of his time, raigning in *East* and *West*,
Revering him for such, his Greatnes blest:
The Afflicted Princes chose him for Refuge:
The Strong, for Friend; & Those at Strife, for Judg,
When they grew weary to dispute their Cause
By th' old sharp Argument Kings Furie drawes,
When, *Mars* usurping milde *Astræa's* room,
In sted of words, their swords must give the doom;
When Injury with Injury repelling,
And strength of Lawes by stronger Lawes refelling

(To

(To back their Own, or Others, *Claim* to bar)
They seek their right, in might; their Peace in War.
Such was Saint LEWIS: *and such was, wel-neer,*
Our own Saint EDWARD (*and* ELIZA *dear*;
Save for her Sex, the Salique *Law perchance,*
Bars her Succession to the Saints *of* France)
For all prime Vertues *of a compleat Prince*
To make a Saint-King. *And, if ever, since,*
EUROPE *hath seen, or any kingdome know'n*
A living Shrine *of both these* Saints *in One*
(*Though, som, suspect of the smooth* Soothing-*Crime*;
Some grosse Neglect *of this* Ingratefull *Time,*
*Too-*Envie-*prone, permit not* so to say)
It will be said *and* sworne *another-day*
(*When swelling* Clouds, *that dare* Eclipse *our Sun,*
Shall, by his Rayes dispersed, be undone;
And HEE Himselfe *in his* Own *splendor shine*)
'T was our JUST-MASTER, *learned and divine.*
And if that ever (*for the Time to come*)
There have been Hope *of* like *in* CHRISTENDOM;
There was *a Prince, and is a Prince with* GOD,
Whose Name is dear, and dear the Dust he trod
(*Whose* Memory *my* Tears *must ever mix*)
On Whom all Eyes, in Whom all Hearts did fix:
Whose Vertues Harvest *ripened in his* Spring,
HENRY *was made a* Saint, *before a* King,
Leaving his Brother (*where His best re-flowers*)
Sole Heire *apparent to His* Hopes *and Ours.*
And, if yet, under Heav'ns gilt-azure Cope,
There now remaine Another *living* Hope
Of new Saint LEWIS, *or His* like *again,*
For godly, goodly, gracious, glorious Raign,
With Bliss to BRITAIN, *and the* Sacred Flock,
Not built on Peter's ROME, *but* Peter's Rock;
This: this is Hee: My Patrone *and my Prince,*
PANARETUS; *Whose Pupill-*Excellence
Boads, in his Age, to make This Poëm *seem*
No Poëm, *but a* Prophecie *of* HIM.
For, never was there Sonne more like to Sire,
In face, or grace, or ought that wee admire;
Then is our CHARLES, *in his young* Vertues Spring,
Like th' happy Non-Age of that Holy King
(*Like his Owne Father*; *like his Onely Brother,*
So as hee seems rather the same, then Other)
For Gracious Gifts, and Native Goodnesse till'd
By like grave Tutors, in their Function *skill'd.*
O Thou All-Giver! Fountain of all Good!
Poure daily down upon this Hopefull Bud
Thy Deawes of Grace; *shine on it from above*
In mildest Rayes of Mercie *and of* Love:
In stead of Suckers, *send it* Succours *still*
To feed the Root, that That the rest may fill
With lively Verdure of a fruitfull Sap,
To load with Plenty *every* Vertuous *Lap,*
Breathe on it Blessings: *leave no* Weed *with-out,*
Nor Worme *with-in it: hedge it round-about*
From Bores, *and* Beasts, *domesticall and strayger*;
Both wild and Wily (*Where least dread, most danger.*)
That it may kindely spring, and timely spred,
In bulk and Branch, *with leaves that never shed:*
Under whose Shade *mine aged* Muse *may warble*)
Some Monument (*out-lasting Brasse, and Marble*)
In Swan-like notes, to my Mecœnas *Honour,*
When hee bestowes some Nest *of rest upon her.*
Nor may my Vowes *ingratefully forget*
Our Other Branch (*in other Soile new-set*)
Whose tender leaves shaken with Sighs of ours,
In stead of Tears, have dropped Silver showers
To cool my Thirst, my Cares to cure, or calm,
With timely Use of Bounties *princely Balm.*
O Sea of Bounties *never-dryed Source!*
So water it with thy rich Favours *Course,*
That happy thriving by her PALATINE,
The Royall Issue of their Rosie-Vine,
From Rhine *and* Ister, *may to Tibur spred;*
And, over-topping ROME's *usurping* Head,
From Bramble-*Kings recover* CESARS *Seat,*
With greater Sway *then* CONSTANTINE the great.
Great Arbitrer, *whose Counsells none can sound;*
Who canst all Thrones confirm, and all confound:
Conferring Kingdoms, and transferring them,
How, when, and where thou wilt, from Stem to Stem:
Establish, Lord, in Royall JAMES *his* Race,
These Kingdoms *greatnesse, and thy Kingdoms grace:*
Prosper our DAVID, *bless his* SALOMON,
That after them, upon GREAT BRITAIN's Throne
(*Maugre* Hells *malice, and the Rage of* ROME,
Their roaring Buls, *their charms, their arms to-come,*
Their Powder-*Plots, their Pistols, Poysons, Knives:*
And all their Jesuits *murd'rous* Art *contrives*)
Their Seed *may sit, and never Other hand*
Then STUARTS *sway the* Scepter *of This Land:*
Wise, Great, Good, STUARTS, *that may shine as cleer*
As This Saint LEWIS, *both in* Heav'n *and* Here.

AMEN.



HENRIE THE GREAT
(The Fourth of that Name)
LATE KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE;
His Tropheis and Tragedie.

VVritten in French by PIERRE MATHIEU.

To the right honourable VVILLIAM CECILL, Earle of Salisbury.

BEſides the Bonds which did moſt vowes engage
To your dear Elders; and beſides the Due
Which to your ſelfe might juſtly thence accrew;
Th' apparent Vertues of your April-Age
Challeng'd of right This Poëms *Patronage:*
The rather, ſith wee firſt receiv'd from you,
The ſpeedy Notice (no leſſe quick then true)
Of HENRY'S *Death through Hell's diſ-chained Rage.*
You ſaw this Sunne, at his High-Noone-ſhine Set
In ſudden Clowd of his owne Royall Bloud.
O Horrid Hap! Who ever can forget
Such Fate, ſuch Hate; of one ſo Great, ſo Good:
O! juſt revenge, rout out th' Ignatian *Pack,*
The Moules that mov'd in Faux *and* Ravillac.

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE TROPHEIS OF THE VERTUES AND FORTUNE OF *HENRIE the Great.*

SInce first *Apollo* lent the World his light,
And Earth impregned with his heatfull might,
Europe hath seen no Potentate, no Prince,
To Parallel Great HENRY's excellence.
No Terme, no Time, his fresh Renown shall shed:
Never was King more deare, never more dread.
Phœnix of Kings, wonder of Christendome,
Passing all past, and without Peere to come;
His Courage onely matcht his Clemencie,
And, should his Tombe to these two equall be,
Both Spain and France, could not contain the same,
Which have so often seen his Feates of Fame.
His Life's a lamp to Princes, and a line;
A Trophey rear'd by miracle divine;
A Theater to all the Vertues built;
A goodly Garden, with such plenty fill'd
Of choisest fruits and flowers, that chusing, there
Aboundance troubles more then want else-where.
The year that EDWARD in *Great Britain* dy'd:
That *France* (beyond the Mountains) *Spain* deni'd:
That *Therwin* walls were thundred to the ground:
That a fair flower our Royall *Hymen* Crown'd:
I'th' winter *Solstice* (when the yeare is worne)
Within *Pau* Castle This young MARS was born:
Born for the Worlds Good: as his Enterance
Presag'd him then the HERCULES of *France*;
To re-advance her *Lillies* long decayd:
For as (by chance) bare-head abroad he playd,
At foure years old, a Snake hee finds and kills;
At fourty, foiles the *Hydra* of our Ills.
Nor was hee bred in soft delicious wise
(Which forms young spirits into the form of vice:)
His Grandsire us'd him to all Weathers Ire,
His Sauce was Labour, Exercise his Fire;
His noble heart did never ought inflame,
Save Heav'ns desire, and th' Honour of the same.
Scarce fourteen times had hee beheld the birth
Of th' happy Planet (which presag'd his Worth)
Predominant in his Natitiall;
When hee became an Armies Generall,
Whose hottest flame, without him was but fume;
Nor, but by Him, durst any good presume.
Hee purchast Peace, the which eftsoons was staind
With his friends blood, & his young soul constraind
To faine som Change of his Religion:
At *Vincine* Castle Hee was seiz'd upon,
And to the Court confin'd; where, discontent,
His Spirit droopes, out of his Element.
Escaped thence: with restlesse toile, hee tends
To save the side of his Afflicted Friends;
By peace again hee bringeth all in ure:
And *Mounsieur's* death doth well his Hopes assure
Of th' after Crowne, who but between him stood;
So, now was hee the first Prince of the Bloud.
Then from afarre hee doth new Stormes descry:
To threat his fortune, and his force to try:
Hee meets the danger with undaunted front,
And in foure years bears ten brave Armies brunt,
All with the might of a great Monarch grac't;
Whereof, at *Coutras* hee defeats the last.
At last, the King to extreme Streights reduc't,
In doubt of all, and daring none to trust,
Implores this Prince, who rescues him from *Tours*,
With just revenge; and had, yer many houres,
Re-humbled *Paris* to her Princes yoake,
But for *Saint Clements* Paricidiall stroake. (hate)
After which stroake (which all true French-men
France sadly falls in a most wretched state:
Who hath least Reason, hath most Insolence;
Who hath most Power, hath least Obedience.
Nor Awe, nor Law; Disorder every-where;
Good without hope, and Wicked without feare.

Rebel-

Rebellion ſpawnes as faſt as (in the Spring)
Fruit-fretting vermine; it doth Diſcord bring
In Families, Dearth in Townes, Death in Field:
O! happy you who never daign'd to yeeld
Unto that Hagge; but, loyall to the Crowne,
Have left your Heires, Heires of a true renowne.
Who counts the Cares that on a Crown do wait,
As well may number *Autumne's* fruitfull fraight,
And *Flora's* too. Yet this great Spirit of man,
Mid th' ebbs and flouds of this vaſt Ocean,
Seems a ſtill Ship, which, maugre Winds & Waves,
In wiſhed Hav'n her and her burthen ſaves.
Hee's never idle, nor his Exerciſe
Other than ſtands with Princely Offices:
MARS and DIANA, and CUPID wait on him:
Maugre his Loſſe, hee alwayes gaines by Time,
Unto Affaires his ears are open aye,
Nor waits hee lazying on his bed for day.
Shafts, Tigers, Torrents: no, nor lightning flies
More ſwift about, than this bold Eagle plies
(Amid all perils) to preſerve his State,
With heed and ſpeed, from Rebels pride and hate.
In Battels firſt, laſt in Retreats: in briefe,
In Action, Souldier; in Direction Chiefe.
Diepe ſaw his Fortunes on a deſperate Dye;
The league preſum'd hee needs muſt yeeld, or fly:
But, as a Brook, the more wee ſtop his Courſe,
Breaks down his Bay, and runs with ſwifter force,
He foiles his foes at *Arques*, and ſhews them plain,
That Heav'ns juſt hand doth his dear right ſuſtain.
'Tis buzz'd in *Paris*, and beleev'd in part,
That he is taken; or conſtrain'd to ſtart
From *Diepe* to *Dover*, to ſeeke *Englands* Aide:
And, while Him coming Priſoner-wiſe, they ſaid,
To the *Baſtile*; Hee came and over-came
Their Suburbs ſoon, to their Suborners ſhame.
Conqueſt attends him, whether he encamps,
Or marches on: again he takes *Eſtampes*:
Lizieux, *Evreux*, *Mans*, *Meulan*, *Vandoſme*, *Perch*,
And *Honfleur*, formoſt, in his *Trophie* march;
As earneſt-pence of his recover'd State,
And Crowne of *France*, which well admits no Mate.
Tiber and *Iber* then together flow
(Too-ſtrong in wrong) his Right to over-throw.
There proudeth Pow'r, here Proweſſe brighter
And dayly ſhewes us by a thouſand ſignes, (ſhines;
How great advantage a true Birth-right brings
(Againſt Uſurpers) unto lawfull Kings.
In JURY Fields, hee ſeems a blazing Star;
Seen in the Front of all his Hoaſt, a-far:
Majeſtick Fury in his Martiall Face,
The braveſt Troops doth in an inſtant Chaſe:
And boldeſt Rebels, which the reſt had led,
Came Charging one way, and by fourty fled.
Melun ſurrenders to his War-like Lot,
Chartres is chaſtiz'd with his thundring Shot,
Louviers lies humbled at his Conquering Foot,
Noyon lamenteth her three Succours rout,
Eſpernay yeelds her wholly to his heſt,
Dreux twice beſieged, opens as the reſt.
The *League*, that late ſo violently burn'd,
To a cold Fever now her Frenzie turn'd:
And truſting ſtill in ſtrange Phyſicians aid,
Neglects her Cure till all her ſtrength decaid:
In dread of all, in doubt her owne will quaile;
As a weak Ship affraid of every Saile.
That (late) *Achilles* of the *Spaniſh-Dutch*,
Farnezeus Parma that atchiev'd ſo much
In *Antwerp's* Siege, by matchleſſe Stratagem;
And weend the World had had no Peer to Him:
Had here the heart, twice, to refuſe to fight;
And twice departed, and bad none *Good-Night*.
Fortune, for him, no longer us'd her Wheel;
But kinde, and conſtant, followes at his heel:
Hee's happy every where, and over all
Spring Palms and Lawrels: onely neer *Aumale*
A mur'drous Bullet put him to ſome paine,
Yet hindred not his Reſcue of his Train.
Who weens to vanquiſh him, makes him invict;
Milde to the Meek, to Proudlings ſtern and ſtrict:
He loves the Lawrels without blood be-ſprent.
A Cruell Conqueſt hee doth even lament.
His thunder Batters but rebellious Walls:
And who leaſt fear him, on them firſt hee falls.
France Self to ſlay, and her own Throat to cut,
Arms her own hands; and (in ſtrange rage) doth put
The Knife to whet, in *Spaines* ambitious pawes;
Spain that would Spoile her Crownes primordiall
And would a Scepter with a Diſtaffe blin: (lawes,
But all in vain: the *Lillies* cannot Spin.
Re-Romaniz'd, ſo (ſay they) Heav'n conjures;
His errours at Saint *Denis* hee abjures: (ther;
This Change, in Court yet chang'd not one nor o-
For, though his Subjects have not all one Mother,
Hee holds them all his Sons, They him their Sire;
And Chriſtians all, all to one Heav'n aſpire.
Within the Temple of the *Mother-Maid*,
That bore her Son, her Sire, her God, her Ayd,
With Heav'n ſent Oyle hee is annointed King,
Dons th' *Order Collar*; and by every thing,
To prove in him Saint *Lewis* Faith and Zeale,
The ſick he touches, and his touch doth heale.
By law of Arms, a Citie tane by force,
Should feel the Victors rage, with ſmall remorſe.
Paris ſo taken, is not treated ſo:
Though well his Juſtice might have razed lowe
Thoſe Rebell Wals, which bred & fed Theſe Wars;
To ſave the guilt-leſſe, hee the guilty ſpares.
There, there's the Hope and Safety of his Side;
If there hee faile, then farewell all beſide:
The *Spaniard* therefore thither ſpeedy ſends,
A great ſtrong Convoy to confirm his Friends.
Which ſoon defeated, There began the end
Of Civill Wars, and all to Union tend.
Th' Honour of ſaving and reſtoring *France*,
Is not alone due to his *Valiance*:
His *Clemencie* hath part; which lets him in
To ſtronger Holes, than all his Arms could win:
That, ſatisfied with Tears, makes from all parts,
Repentant Rebels yeeld him up their Hearts.
Lyons, the Porter of one part of *France*,
Roüen, that ſees none like ſtrong in Ordinance,
Orleans, which *Englaud* did undaunted prove,
Marſeillis, jealous of old *Neptune's* love,
Aix, *Bourges*, *Sens*, *Meaux*, *Poictiers*, *Troy*, *Tholouſe*,
And *Reins*; of theſe, each to his *Bounty* bowes.
This gracious Prince excus'd the ſimpler ſort,
Whom (Malice-leſſe) blind paſſions did tranſport

Againſt

Againſt the Lawes, with fury of the Time;
Who ſelf-affraid to fail in fouler Crime,
Seduc't by others ſlie ſeditious Lore,
Follow'd (like Sheep) their Fellowes ſtraid before.
This heav'nly humane *Clemency* of his,
Yet cannot ſhield him from ſome Treacheries.
One wounds him in the Mouth, and breaks withall
One of his Teeth, (O Act unnaturall!)
And had not God in part put-by the blow,
Even then in *Paris* had hee periſht ſo.
But having quencht the Civill Fires in *France*,
'Gainſt his ill Neighbours now his Arms advance;
In *Piedmont* Fields, his Lilly-flowers hee plants,
Pills *Bourgoignie*, and all *Artois* hee dants,
And makes the Great *Caſtalian* MARS to fly,
With Fear, within; without, with Infamy.
Then, thoſe great Warriours that had diſobey'd
(Whom not their courage but their cauſe betrai'd)
Which came with ſhame and ſorrow (as was meet)
To caſt their Swords at his victorious feet,
Fearing his Rigour: hee receives them (rather)
With King-like grace, and kindneſſe like a Father.
Heav'n daily works for him, ſom ſpeciall Miracle:
His Faith's an Altar, and his Word an Oracle:
His greateſt foes have never found him faile.
And ſhould Sincerity in all men quaile,
Exiled from the World (as *Moors from Spain*)
In This Kings ſoule ſhee had been found again.
Spain by a train of many Wiles well laid,
Surpriſeth *Amiens*, *France* is all affraid:
The Spaniard, hence prouder then ever ſwells:
Undanted *Henry* Thence him ſoon repells,
Regains his City, and conſtrains his foes,
To beg their Peace, or to abide his blowes. (val'd,
The Stormes that long diſturb'd the State are
Th' ill Vapours now are from all hearts exhal'd,
And *France* is now all *French*, even all about:
Onely the *Breton* ſtifly yet, ſtood out.
But, thoſe white *Ermines* at the laſt muſt need,
Of th' onely Sent of the fair *Lillies* feed.
Old PHILIP longs to ſee the Waters calme,
Finds all deſignes vain to ſupplant this Palme;
Sith the more ſhaken, it more faſt doth grow:
Hee ſeeketh Peace, the *Pope* ſolicits ſo,
Vervins doth treat it, *Bruxells* ſwears it done,
And PHILIP pleas'd departs the World anon.
France yet retains one ſenſible Offence,
For which ſhee vowes Revenge or Recompence:
Among the Alps her thundring Canons roare,
Proud-brow'd *Mont-meilan* flaunts and vaunts the (more
To ſtop her fury, but in fine is fain
To rue her raſhneſſe and repent in vain.
God haſtens his own work: this Monarch marries
In *Lyons* Church, the choice, the Chief of *Maries*;
The Heav'ns delight, our *Lillies* ornament:
Love, in one heart two lovely Souls hath blent:
Whence Peace is more confirm'd, & Diſcord daſht.
For, by this knot many great Plots are quaſht.
At *Fountain-bleau* (a Paradiſe for ſite)
Shee brought him forth his *Dolphin*, his delight,
Whoſe tender youth gives happy hopes of Worth:
One Daughter alſo did ſhee there bring forth,
And two Sons more (Supporters of the Crown:
Two Daughters more, *Paris* for birth doth owne.

His Clemency hath conquered Rebels rage,
Made of diſ-loyall, loyall Vaſſalage;
Yea forced Wils by Pardons and by Grace,
The proof whereof is writ in every place; (ſmall;
Through all the Towns of *France* both great and
Where, for Revenge, Reward was daign'd to all.
Once, onely once, his Mercy admirable,
Was deafe to *Biron*, and inexorable;
Sith when hee might, his hault deſpite would none.
I wonder not to ſee that *Myridon*,
In the *Baſtile*, a ſhamefull death to beare:
But this I wonder, that hee would come there.
O factious ſp'rits, of cloſe deep hearts & double
(Whoſe Life is ſtrife, whoſe Reſt is beſt in trouble)
He knowes the drifts, & known diſſolves the ſame,
As faſt as fire melts Lead within the flame.
His voice alone, as Duſt caſt up aloft,
Breakes Hornets buzzing, and their ſwarming, oft.
Diſcord, diſturbing holy Churches reſt,
'Twixt *Rome* and *Venice* did debates ſuggeſt:
Ambition ſet-in foot, fore-ſweld with hope,
To bridle both the Senat and the *Pope*;
Both preſt to fight: his Prudence reconcil'd
Their Difference, and did their minds re-mild.
Hee reliſht now the harmleſſe Sweets of Peace,
Willing his People ſhould partake no leſſe:
But yet ſome-where hee feels a Thorne to prick:
To pluck it out, hee armes and marches quick,
Even to the Frontier: There attains his will,
Wiſdome (ſo) fitly takes her Seaſon ſtill.
You nations, that for fourty years have ſeen
Bellona's Tempeſts, and felt *Mars* his Teen:
That for your Liberties have pawn'd your Lives:
If freely now you joy your Wealth, your Wives:
If now your Trades into the Eaſt you bring,
(Under Heav'ns Kingdom) onely thank this King.
Thus heapt with honors, this brave King is loth
That his brave Knights effeminiz'd by Sloth,
'Mid Games and Dames, during ſo long a Peace,
Should ſtill lie ſtill in Cities pomp and eaſe:
Therefore hee rears an Army ſtrongly dight,
In *Gulich's* Claim, his wronged friends to right.
A nob'le Prince, whoſe Prow's and Prudence, late
Buda admir'd, and *Rome* hath wondred-at
(The Honour of his Time) was Generall;
So ſtor'd with gold, with Guns, with Arms, with all,
That neighbour Princes all were in alarm: (harm.
Yet Them this Thunder brought more feare then
Fearleſſe it marches; and reſpectleſſe, threats
VVhat-ever Log its ready Paſſage let s;
Geſture and voice already skirmiſhing,
And under conduct of ſo brave a King,
Great-Britains, *Germans*, *Switzers*, *Belgians*,
Serve all the Greatneſſe of the Crown of *France*.
Els-where, the while, the Duke that rules the *Alps*,
Seem'd t' have his heart no more beyond the *Calps*:
Brave noble heart, *Saxonically-French*.
Fuentez affraid, with ſhoulder-ſhrinking wrench,
Doubts leſt that *Milan* ſtoop to *France* again:
And *Charles* provoked prove the Scourge of *Spain*.
Heav'ns now, to crown his *Tropheis*, had ſet down,
That at Saint *Denis* hee his Queen ſhould Crown
VVith royall Diadem: and in one Day
The State, the Majeſty of *France* diſplay.

Nothing

Nothing but Great; but great Magnificence;
But, *Maries* Grace excell'd all Excellence.

HEnce, hence falſe Pleaſures, momentary Joyes;
Mock us no more with your illuding Toyes:
A ſtrange Miſ-hap, hatched in Hell below,
Hath plun'gd us all in deepeſt Gulfe of Woe.
Taught us that all Worlds-hopes as dreams do flye,
And made us all, Cry *All is Vanity*. (rode
Four houres from Noone, forth from the *Louvre*
This mighty Prince (without his Gard) abroad,
To ſee his Arcenall: To his Caroche,
In a ſtrait Lane, a Hell-hound durſt approach;
And with a knife, twice ſtabbing kill'd him quite,
Turning that faireſt Day to fouleſt Night.
Twice did the Monſter ſtab: for elſe, the firſt
Had not been mortall, but the knife, accurſt,
Thrilling his Lungs, cut at the ſecond ſtroake
Th' *arterial vein*, whoſe bloud-floud ſoon did choak
The peerleſſe Prince; His dying Eyes and Heart
Imploring Heav'n, ſoon did his Soule depart.
Fell Tyger, tell us, tell us why, or whence,
Thou durſt (accurſt) aſſault ſo great a Prince?
Wherein had hee to thee or thine done wrong,
Whē once (yer this) thou didſt too neer him throng,
His Gard rebuk't thee; but, hee them, for that.
Caus'd that *Thy Malice*, and his Murd'rous fate?
Fates ruthleſſe Law allots his royall breſt
To dye the death that CESAR thought the beſt;
Death without ſenſe of death, a death ſo quick,
It ſeldome leaves Kings leaſure to be ſick;
Nor gives him leave for his fixt *Decads* date
To fill the Roule; but ſeven ſix months did bate.
Hee, hee that was the hope, the prop of his,
Hee that reſtored *France* to what it is,
Hee that confin'd the pow'r of Princes ſtill,
Hee that commanded *Victory* at will,
That was the Worlds delight, Kings glory ſheen,
Hee, hee receives Deaths treacherous ſtroak unſeen.
Th' unhappy ſtreet where this fell Hap fell-out,
Where wofull *Paris* ſaw her light put-out,
Where curſed Iron piere't her Princes heart,
It ſhall no more be clept *The Iron-mart*:
It ſhall be call'd *The curſed Corner* ſtill;
The Hay-ſtreet, or *the Hell-ſtreet*: which you will.
Lord! where wert thou, whē that diſloyall wretch
With cruell hand did thine Annointed reach;
Quenching the Rayes of royall Majeſty?
No heart is hid from thine All-piercing Eye;
It ſees the center, knows the thoughts, yer thought;
Could it ſee this, and ſuffer it be wrought?
Hell oft before, out of his black *Abyſs*,
Had ſpew'd up Monſters to have acted this:
But, ſtill thy hand from former wounds did ward.
And had hee not ſtill truſted to thy Gard,
His owne had waited round about his Coach,
And this fell Tyger never ſhould approach.
Theſe words, theſe raſher words eſcapt my tong;
When I beheld that Monarch laid along
Dead on his Bed; ſo dead, ſo butchered:
I blamed Heav'ns, and Whiſpering ſoft, I ſaid,
Becauſe they ſtopt not this ſtrange Hap before,
Their ſlumbring eies now watch the world no more.
But, are mine eyes mine own? Is this that Princ e
Which might have made all *Europe* his, long ſince,
Had hee not thought th' Empire of *France* enough?
That Lion-heart, that courage Cannon-proofe,
Which did ſo oft impoſſibles atchieve?
I ſee 'tis hee: yet ſcarce my ſight beleeve.
Is this that mighty King, Gods lively Image,
To whom the greateſt in the World did Homage?
In Peace a Dove, in War an Eagle quick,
NESTOR in Court, in Camp ACHILLES-like;
That with an hundred horſe, a thouſand foil'd:
That from moſt dangers never yet recoil'd.
Great *Rome* was ſtrangely mat'd and all a-mort,
When Shee beheld her CESAR's bloudy ſhirt:
And ſay, Great City, how wert thou diſmaid,
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thine HENRY ſadly laid
Along his Coach, and covered with a Cloak?
"*I thought the prop of all my Fortunes broke.* (yer)
Thoſe that have ſeen in Towns ſurpriz'd (while-
When to the Churches All have fled for feare,
May well imagine *Paris* deep affright.
Nothing but ſhivering, Nobles armed bright,
Clergie at Prayers, Peeple weep and howle:
And HENRY's wound hath wounded every Soule.
Paris in honour of her Peerleſſe Queen,
Had plotted Showes (more Pompous never ſeen)
As, rich to th' outward, rare to th' inward ſenſe;
But, all thoſe Arks (Marks of magnificence),
Thoſe *Tropheis*, *Terms*, *Statues*, *Coloſſes* all,
Make but more Mourners at the Funerall.
I yeeld My Penſill: help *Apelles*, here,
To Limn (to life) Her dying-living Cheere;
Beliefe is hardly in Mans heart impreſt,
Her Griefe more hard to be by Art expreſt.
Therfore O Queen! great Stay, great Star of *France*,
This Vaile I draw before thy Countenance.
Heav'n ſteel'd thy heart with fortitude that Day,
Thy Courage kept the Kingdome from Decay;
And to the Throne thy Son our Soveraign heft:
Though angry Fates of Father him bereft,
Yet mercifull, they left him ſuch a Mother,
That *France* could hardly have been rul'd by other.
The ſudden Clap of this drad Thunder ſounds,
From *Alexander's* to *Alcides* bounds:
The Kings and Princes ſtand amazed all,
With horror of an Act ſo Tragicall.
Some, Reſt forſake: Others, Repaſt forbeare:
And Each, like Fortune to himſelfe doth feare.
So ſuddenly to ſee Day turn'd to Night,
Triumphant Palmes into *Funereall* Plight,
The Royall Crown to a deep mourning Vale,
A living King, to a dead Corps and pale,
Our Flow'rs to Thornes; ſeem Tricks of Sorcery,
Wherein, Conceit conſents not with our Eye.
Yes, hee is dead: and his eye-lids no more
To view this Light ſhall open (as before);
Thoſe lovely eyes, the Load-ſtars of the Court,
Whoſe gracious glances, on the Worthy ſort,
Gave Vertue vigour; and whoſe awfull frowne
Diſ-dared Vice; are now Eclipſt and downe.
Where are thoſe ready Battell-ranging Hands?
Thoſe lightning eyes whoſe wrath no wall with-
That voice ſo dreadful to the ſtouteſt harts? (ſtands?
That heart wch wrought ſo many wondrous parts?

That

That piercing Wit, diſperſing Clouds of Doubt?
Where is that mighty King, ſo Fam'd about?
Inexorable *Death!* inhumane, cruell,
Thou ſhalt no more reave us ſo rare a Jewell;
Nature hath broke the Mould ſhee made him in.
In all thy *Triumph* (trayling every Kin)
Shall never march his Match, nor worthier Prince
T' have been exempted from thine Inſolence.
Ah! poor, weak *Verſe*; zealous Love of Thee,
Prolongs not Life, protracts not Death (I ſee).(ple,
This Prince that gave Thee even his heart for Tem-
This Prince, whoſe reign ſhal ſerve for rare exemple
To future Kings, in future things diſ-maid,
Should have come ſooner, or have later ſtay'd.
His piety, was neither fond, nor fain'd;
His Proweſſe, neither feare nor raſhneſſe ſtain'd;
His Prudence cleer'd his Counſels, ſteer'd his State;
His Temperance his Wrath did temperate;
His Juſtice with his Clemency did yoake:
Yet could not all free him from fatall ſtroake.
Invincible in all: onely, the Darts,
Which have not ſpar'd the Gods immortall hearts,
Have often battered His: but (by your leaves,
O faireſt beauties! *Beauty it ſelfe deceives*).
You never were the Soveraigns of his breſt;
Hee You (perhaps) You never him poſſeſt.
In *Arms-Art*, what he knew not, none can know't,
Neither attempt what hee attempted not.
Reaſon was aye the Aime of his deſignes;
His brave exploits (worthy immortall lines)
Shall furniſh Theam to Thouſand learned Clarks,
Whoſe Works ſhall honour him, hee more their
His *Royall Geſts* are every-where extold, (works.
Graven, Carv'd, Caſt, in Marble, Wood, and Gold;
His Life alone's an Hiſtory admir'd,
Wherein all Pens, all Pencills ſhall be tir'd,
In pourtraying all his valiant Feats to-forn,
Whoſe Tables ever ſhall all Courts adorn.
His *Bounties* Temple had a hard Acceſſe,
Not known to any, but to *Worthineſſe*:
That Gate (indeed) did ſeldome open quick.
His *Liberality* (coy beauty-like)
Lov'd to be woo'd, preſt and importun'd ſtill;
Yea, forc't to give, what glad and fain ſhee will.
Yet, by th' effects to weigh his Clemency,
Mee thinks his heart muſt more than humane be,
Mee thinks therein ſome higher Power did ſhine,
It ſurely ſeem'd celeſtiall and divine:
And, but I ſaw him dying, pale and wan,
I could have ſcarce beleev'd this Prince a Man.
Hee ever lov'd rather to ſave than ſpill,
Not cementing his Throne with Blood, with Ill;
Nor ween'd, by Feare, his Diadem aſſur'd;
With mildneſſe rather grieved minds hee cur'd:
His memory did never wrongs retein;
Beloved Kings, Hee thought, ſecureſt reign.
Praiſe you his bounty, you that paſt the Poles,
Beare Heav'ns Embaſſage to Belief-leſs Soules:
Henry reſtor'd your Countrey and your Credit,
Hee gave you leave over all *France* to ſpread it;
Reſtor'd you *Byzance*, and each pleaſant part,
Left you his Court, bequeath'd to you his heart.
If *France* now flouriſh, proyning, round about,
Olives within, and Lawrels all without,
If now, Shee give the Law to other States,
If Peace and Plenty raigne within her Gates,
If now Shee feare no Civill ſtorms again,
Theſe are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If now her Schooles with learned men abound,
If her rare wits be through the World renownd,
If doubts of Faith be cleered and explor'd,
If Learning be to her due Place reſtor'd,
If now Deſert the Charge in Church attain,
Theſe are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If now her Buildings paſſe for beauty far
The worlds old Wonders (which ſo famous are)
If *Paris* Thou be peerleſſe to behold,
For State, for Store, for People, Goods and Gold,
If in thy Citie, Cities ſprout again.
Theſe are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If the *French* Scepter be now Self-entire,
Fearleſſe of Forein or Domeſtick fire:
If *France* have fellowes of *Achilles* Fame;
If now in *France* be nothing out of frame,
If now the *Indies* her *Baſtile* containe;
Theſe are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If now wee joy to ſee our Countrey free
From Theeves and Rebels (which exiled be)
If Juſtice now do keep the lewd in awe,
If Deſperate Duels be now curb'd by Law,
If now the weak waigh not the Stronge diſdain,
Theſe are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If Merchants rich, if Magiſtrates be ſound,
If Officers like Emperours abound,
If Purſie Lawyers live Prince-like at home,
If now inventions to their height be come,
If now good Wits finde where them to ſuſtain,
Theſe are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
Who lov'd not Him, never beheld his browes;
Who knew his fortunes, muſt admire his Prowes;
Who fear'd him not, His Greatneſſe did offend;
Who weend him to beguile, his Wiſedome kend;
Who durſt diſpleaſe him, knew his mercies ſtore;
Who durſt not ſpeake, his mildneſſe did ignore.
Who waileth not his Death, knew not his Life,
Glory of his, and others envie rife,
Incomparable, Admirable Prince,
Excelling all th' old *Heroes* excellence.
For his true Story ſhall their fables ſhame:
Inimitable Life, Illimitable Fame.
O *French-men*, ſtop not yet your weeping flood:
This Prince for you hath laviſht oft his blood.
O! be not niggards of your Tears expence.
(Vaile here, my Verſe, do Anne a reverence.
Rare Anne that ſhames the rareſt wits of Ours,
Her divine Stances furniſh mee theſe Flowers).
The Heav'ns may give us all Proſperities,
Suſtain our State, remove our miſeries;
But cannot dry up our Tears bitter ſtreame:
In extreme evils remedies extreme.
Reſtore our King, quick ſhall our joyes recover:
Elſe, never look our Sorrowes ſhall give-over.
Each where our grief finds matter to augment it,
His Names remembrance doth each-where preſent it,
His famous Geſts doe bulie every ſort;
Some tell his Warres, others his Works report.
Others his Favours paſt, glad-ſad deplore;
Then, not to mourn, is not to minde him more.

Ah! muſt wee live, and ſee ſo ſudden dead
The Life that late our lives inſpirited?
Strike ſaile my ſoule, let's put into thy Port,
While HENRY liv'd 'twas good to live (in ſort):
But let us after: ſith hee's reft of breath,
Deſire of Life is now far worſe than Death.
Sorrow, with us doth both lye down and riſe,
Wrinkles our Brows, withers our Cheeks and Eyes:
Wee ſhun what ever might our Griefs allay,
Wee wiſh the Night, w' are weary of the Day,
Night brings ſad ſilence with her horrid ſhade,
And even her colour ſeems for mourning made.
Extremeſt Woes yet are with Time ore-paſt,
Rivers of Tears are dryed-up at laſt:
But never ours: Ours ever freſh ſhall flow:
Wee defie Comforts, Wee 'll admit no moe,
Nor ſeek them, but as *Alchimy* profound
Seeks that which is not, or which is not found.
Who, from the Ocean, Motion can recall,
Heat from Fire, Void from Air, Order from All,
From Lines their Points, from IRIS all her Dyes,
Perils from Seas, from Numbers Unities,
Shadowes from Bodies, Angles from the Square,
May free our hearts from grief, our minds frō care.
Hee muſt be heart-leſs that is ſmart-leſs found:
The Soule that is not wounded with this wound,
Moſt brutiſh, hath no humane Reaſon in't:
There is no breſt of Steel, no heart of Flint,
But muſt be-moan ſo great a King, ſo ſlain.
Who would not waile a Gally-ſlave ſo ta'n?
Let us no more name HENRIES, Kings of *France*.
Death wᵗʰ two knives, and with one ſhiver'd Lance,
Hath kill'd three HENRY's: one at Jouſts (in jeſt):
Th' other in's Cloſet: in's Caroche, the beſt:
So, Three King RICHARDS, and five Other, cry,
Some fatall Secret in ſome Names doth lye.
What worſe Diſaſtre can you have behind,
To threaten *France*? O Deſtinies unkinde!
What greater Miſchief can your Malice bring?
So good a Father reft, ſo great a King?
What will you more? ſith wee no more can hope
For any Good that with this Ill may cope.
This noble Spirit doth to his Spring re-mount,
This bounties Flood retireth to his Fount,
This Atomie to's Unity unites,
This ſtar returns to the firſt Light of Lights,
This Ray reverts where firſt it light did take:
And mortall wounds, this Prince immortall make.
Fare-well ſole Honour of all earthly Kings,
Fare-well rare Prince for all kind Managings,
Fare-well Great HENRY, Heav'ns & Natures Gem,
Fare-well bright Star of Kings, glories great Beam,
Fare-well ſole Mortall that I keep in mind:
Fare-well falſe Hope, Fortune and Court unkinde.

Here, leſt Oblivion ſhould uſurpe her roome,
FAME writes in Gold, theſe Lines upon thy Toomb.

This Prince, un-peerd for Clemency and Courage,
Juſtly Sur-nam'd the Great, the Good, the Wiſe,
Mirour of Future, Miracle of Fore-Age;
One ſhort Miſ-hap for ever Happifies.

FINIS.

THE BATTAIL OF YURY:

OR

THE BREAK-NECK

OF

The Hellish-Holy League;

IN

That famous Victory

Wonne

By HENRY the Great;

Written

By Du *BARTAS*:

Translated, & Dedicated

TO

The Right Honourable RICHARD, *EARLE OF DORSET*,

By JOSHUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARLE OF DORSET.

AS th' carefull Child, that long hath truanted,
Dares not returne into the Schoole, alone;
For Shame and Feare to be there discipled
With many stripes for many Faults in One:
So fares (my Lord) My long Omission
Of th' humble Thanks I ought have tendered
For kinde Endeavours You bestow'd upon
My Right, my Wrong to have recovered.
And, (as in fine) Hee brings his Mother forth
To beg Forgivnesse, or his Fault to excuse:
So bring I here my dear DU BARTAS *Worth,*
To mediate for my too-faulty Muse;
Whom daign to pardon: and in gentle Part
Accept This last of His, not least in Art.

Your Lordships

most Obliged,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

Ad eundem

Comitem Illustrissimum

(Nuper ex Galliis reducem)

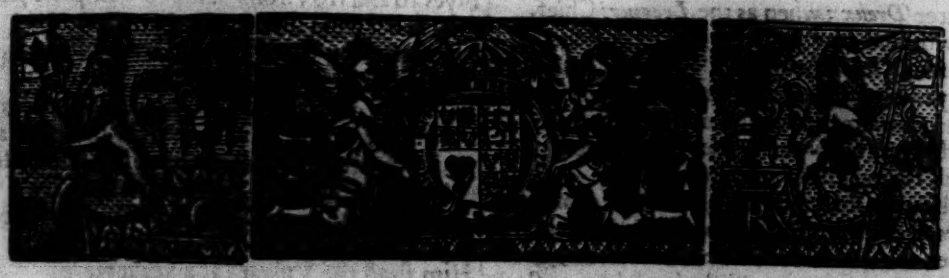
EPIGRAMMA

Ex Lat. I. O.

AYr's Change hath changed (which but rare doth chance)
Your *good* to *best*; in *Science* and in *Sense*.
Wiser and *better*, both; and *Both*, from FRANCE:
Welcom, Great Earle: few are so *Well com* Thence.

Ejusdem
Clarissimi
ANAGRAMMATA:
Clarus, Divis Charus;
Richardus Sacvilus:
Is Clarus, diu Charus.

Exoptat J. S.



THE BATTAIL OF YURY.

O! What a Sun-shine gilds us round-about!
O! What a *Hymn* of *Triumph* troule they out,
In all our *Temples*! O! what cheerfull noyse!
What *Bels*! What *Bonfires*! O! What *Publike Joyes*!
The day is Ours: and on the *Leaguers* head,
The angry Heav'ns have their just *Vengeance* shed.
Be smooth, my *Browes*; and You my throbbing
(Long, deeply sunk in *sorrows* sable vaults) *thoughts*
Soar-up to Heav'n: You *Sisters Three-fold-Three*,
Who of late Years have scarce vouchsafed Mee
To wet my lips: Now sweetly steep my Tongue
In your best Syrups: poure upon *This Song*,
A deaw of Gold, a May of learned Flowers.
Let not mine eies, blubber'd with private Showers,
Cross publike Glee: nor (silent) mee conceale,
While others sing *These Tropheis* of our Weale.
Ah! now begins my rapted Brain to boyle
With brave Invention: Now's the fittest while
For my Career. Others may hold their tongue;
But hardly can great Joyes be hidden long.
But now; How, Where, of What shall I begin
This gold-grownd Web to weave, to warp, to spin?
For, here I list not, in these leaves, my Lord,
The famous Facts of thy first Arms record:
So many, and so numb'ry Armies scatter'd
So many Towns defenc't, so many batter'd
By thy young Valour. Neither shall my Pen
Re-purple *Lisle*; nor with dead Grease agen
Re-soile the Soile at *Courtras*: neither (dread)
Here reave againe thy ragefull Foes of Head.
Nor shall my Muse relate, how that yer-while
(Abusing *King's* and *Churche's* sacred stile)
All *Europe* nigh (all sorts of *Rights* reneg'd)
Against the *Truth* and *Thee un-hol' Leagu'd*;
While thou (a Prince, not having Men, nor Treasure
But poor, in All; save rich in Hope past measure)
Resembl'st right one of thy Hils in *Foix*,
Which stands all Storms, firm'd by it selfs sad poiz,
Boldly beholds the frowning Upper-Stage,
Disdaining Winds, deriding Weathers rage:
And with his brows cleaving the proudest thunder,
With knobbed knees still keeps it bravely under.
Nor may I now our thoughts cleer Hea'vn ore-cast
With Cloudy Theam of miseries fore-past:
Nor cruelly begin again to launce
New-skinned wounds, to the new griefe of *France*.
Sing others those: Me shall suffice to sing, (*King*,
That in few Months, since Thou wert here *Our*
Thy valiant hand hath more strong places won
Then Both the Sides in thirty yeers have done.
Though Swarms besieg'd, in number did surmount
Besieging Troups, in so unequall count,
That oft there seem'd of foes more troups (almost)
Then single Souldiers in thy Royall Host.
Thou seem'st a lightning, and thy nimble Bands;
Follow thy Will rather with wings, then hands;
And impt with plumes of Honour-thirsting minds,
Are bravely born with thy *good-fortunes* winds:
Thou *cam'st*, *saw'st*, *overcam'st*, as swift well-neer
As these swift Words I have digested here.
Onely, neer *Arques*, for few dayes the Foe
Thine Expeditions som-what doth fore-slowe:
But as a Torrent, whose proud stream for stop,
Hath the thick height of som new Causwaies top;
The Bottom undermines, beats on the shore,
And still (in vain) adds Forces more and more,
Till, at the last, aided with Showers and Snowes,
Fell, foaming, lowd, his Prison over-throwes,
Tears bridges down, bears away Mounds and Mills,
And having won the Valleys, threats the Hils;
Swels as a Sea, and in his furious Pother
Takes Land from som, and giveth more to other:
So thou re-camp'st, runn'st, rush'st, ruin'st
Holds, Houses, Towns, and never dost thou rest,
Till rebell *Paris*, pale for guilty feare,
Behold thy Face with too-just Fury there,
In her vast Suburbs; Suburbs flanked strong;
Suburbs, whose streets with souldiers thickly throng:
Thou tak'st *Estamps*: and losing scarce a man,
Thy martiall Troups ingratefull *Vandosme* wan.
Mans is assail'd, and ta'n; *Falaise*, *Evreux*:
Maine followes those; and after that *Lizieux*,
And *Honfleur* too, stoop to thy *Sacred Flowers*.
And now began thy Sulphury Thunder-stowers

To batter *Dreux*: when as the *Leaguers* Chief,
Puft with ſom new Supplies and freſh Relief,
From fatall *Philip* (who right Foxy-wiſe,
Wide yawning ſtill after ſo rich a prize;
Ambitious waits, nor wiſhes nothing more,
Then that our *Great* each other enter-gore,
In Civill Rage; that at the eaſier rate,
Himſelfe may ſnatch the Price of their debate)
Drawes neer thine Hoſt, *Yury*, whoſe fear was
Leſt Hee too-feard thee, ſhould it a Retreat, (great
Seem'ſt loth to fight, ſeem'ſt thy hault heat to ſlack
And to leap further, ſtepſt a little back.
Thou ſtopſt, He flies; Thou follow'ſt, then he ſtands:
And now, both Sides for Battell range their Bands:
They ſeem two Forreſts: every Chief, apart,
Darrains his Troups with order, ſpeed and art.
The Lightning-flaſh from ſwords, casks, courtilaces,
Wth quiv'ring beams begilds the neighbour graſſes;
As th' Hoſt of Stars, which ſhine above ſo bright,
Beſpangles rich the Mantle of the Night.
The Souldier now looks ſterner then of long;
Rage in his eyes, fell out-rage on his tongue,
Iron on his back, Steel in his hand: and fell
Erynnis makes in *Yury* Fields her Hell. (pets noiſe,
There's nothing heard but Drums, Fifes, Trum-
But ſharp ſhril neighs, but dreadful Tempeſts voice.
Terror and Horror over all are ſpread;
Horror's there lovely, and their ſweet is Dread:
Already fight they with their voice and geſt:
Already Horſemen couch their ſtaves in reſt;
Much like a Lyon, meeting hand to hand,
Some Savage Bull upon the Deſart ſand;
Th' one with wide noſtrils, foming wrathfull heat,
With lowd proud bellows, with a thundrous threat
Defies his Foe; toſſes his head on high, (ſky:
Wounds with his hooves the Earth, with horns the
Th' other, as furious from as fiery Throat
Roaring, replies him with more hideous note;
Under his horrid Front, in ghaſtly-wiſe
Hee roules the Brands of his fierce flaſhing Eyes;
Rearing his Creſt, hee rears his courage ſtout,
And whets his rage, whisking his train about.
The Canon's prim'd, diſcharg'd, hand ſtroaks begin:
Friends, fellows, neighbours, brothers, coſins, kin,
Loſe all reſpects; ſave onely where they may,
Deep, deadly Wounds, worthy their rage, repay.
But, North-weſt winde, under the weeping *Kid*,
Never ſo thick his volleys racqueted,
Of bounding Balls of Ice-pearl ſlippery ſhining,
On thoſe high hils my *Gaſcony* confining,
As here rain Bodies, here haile lumps of Lead,
Making a Floud of Bloud; a mount of dead.
Torn Limbs, toſt truncheons, Shiver, Fire, & ſmoak,
As with thick clouds, both Armies round becloak:
Th'Earth quakes for fear, the Air recoyleth quick,
And *Pluto*'s ſelfe ſeems to look pale and ſick.
This ſide advances now, apd now retreats:
That loſt but now; and now the better gets.
For, yet (Jovis iſſue) *Victory* (begirt
With Sword by ſide, and Trump behind, athwart;
Her head wth crowns, her hands wth ſcepters franght
Her coſtly Robe with many Conqueſts wrought,
Flouriſht with Palms, figur'd with Towns about,
Emboſt with Enſignes, with Aſſaults ſet-out)
Flyes to and fro; from Camp to Camp ſhe plies,
And in her hand ſhee leads triumphant-wiſe
Sweet-rapting *Glory*, full of Cheerefull grace,
To either ſide ſhewing her lovely Face.
O Sons of *Mars*! which, which of you this day,
As worthy Spouſe, ſhall beare, for Bride, away
This Beauteous Love? Who by her ſide ſhall lye?
Who, of her kiſſe the balmie Bliſs ſhall try?
Thrice happy hee: him ſhall the Kings adore:
Him ſhall the Nobles humbly bow before:
Him ſhall the Vulgar (as a Sea it were)
Follow, and flock about: and every-where
His famous Face ſhall ſet a-work the chiefe
Of Penſils, Gravers, Chiſels, Moulds: in briefe,
Hee ſhall be *Summe* of an admired Story;
And every Age ſhall celebrate his glory:
His high renowne ſhall onely bounded be
With the World's bounds, and with Eternity.
Thus having ſaid, into their breaſts ſhee blew
No common Heat, but Fits of Fury new:
Here number wins, their Courage, and there Art:
And yet *Good-fortune* falls to Either part:
As when the ſpitefull ſullen Earth hath meant
War with the Flouds, war with the Firmament,
Sh' inc..tes, inflames, ſets-on in new-found-Duel,
Ice-bearded *Boreas*, Storm-arm'd *Auſter* cruell;
Flouds float uncertain, and the Clouds doe vary
Whither it pleaſes either Blaſt to carry:
Till th' one at laſt, the other conquering,
Become Air's Tyrant, and the Water's King.
But, lo My Liege: O Courage! there he comes:
What Ray of Honour round about him looms?
O! what new beams from his bright eyes do glance!
O Princely Port! Preſagefull Countenance
Of Hap at hand! Hee doth not nicely prank
In clinquant Pomp (as ſom of meaneſt Rank)
But arm'd in Steel; that bright abiliment
Is his rich *Valours* ſole rich Ornament.
Steel was his Cradle, under ſteel hee dight
His Chin with Doun, in ſteel begins it white:
And yet by ſteel he conquers, bravely-bold, (gold.
Towns, Cities, States, Crowns, Scepters, goods and
Yet void of Mark, Hee doth not hide him quite
Amid the Throng: a plume dread-dancing light
Beclowds his Cask, and like a Willow ſhowes;
Which, prun'd below, cloſe by a River growes;
And hath no ſooner Heav'ns calm favour loſt,
But inſtantly his Tops green Tuft is toſt,
Now up now down, and waves (as pleaſe the Wind)
Now to, now fro; now forward, now behind.
Thus (to be known) invincible by Force,
Hee, with ſix hundred, charg'd ſix thouſand Horſe.
The firſt that felt his Arm and Fauchin keen,
Was blindly bold, a Warriour that did ween
Himſelfe as ſtout, as ſtrong; as ſtrong, as great;
And, daring ſo, undaunted *Henry* met;
Who offers preſt his Piſtol in his Face,
Which would not off, although it fir'd a ſpace. (He,
Whence ſomwhat mov'd, with angry voice, quoth
Hence, guilefull Arms; the glittring Sword for Me:
And draws withall; then nimbly toſſing light
The flaſhing Horror of his Fauchin bright
(Like an *Autumnall* ruddy ſtreaming Star
Preſaging Famine, Peſtilence and War)

Copes with his Foe, th' Aſſailant hee aſſaults,
And reſolute obſerves his Arms defaults:
At laſt, betwixt his Breſt-plate and his Baſes,
Seeks for his ſoule, there findes, & thence it chaſes.
Goe, happy Soule, goe tell the news beneath,
How thou wert honour'd to have had thy death
By th' onely hand of th' *Hercules* of *France*,
Th' invincible(for, ſuch a death, perchance,
Shall more extoll thy famous Memory,
Then to have won ſome other *Victory*):
Say, here revives a *Martel*, Foes to maul;
And that *Orlando* rules again in *Gaul*.
But, Thou go'ſt not alone: this deadly Fray
Thou but beginn'ſt, as Prologue of his play.
Hee deales about as many Deaths as Blowes:
Hee hacks, heaws, hurts all; all hee overthrowes,
Swifter then winde, or Cannon-ſhot, or Thunder,
Trees, towns, & towers, turns up, beats down, brings
One place, one puſh, one deed, one death, one(under.
Cannot ſuffice, nor his brave Fury bound:(wound,
Hee layes on all; and fiery-fierce and ſtout,
A hundred wayes croſs-carves the Field about;
All fall, in fine, but fall not all alike: (ſtaike.
Some did hee thrill, ſome thwart, ſome down-right
But, as a Lion in *Numidian* Field,
Feeding a while on trembling Heards that yeeld;
If ſo hee heare a Bears noyſe neer about,
Rearing his Eares and Creſt, hee roareth-out;
Leaves lambs, kids, kine; glad hee incountred hath
An Object worthier of his noble Wrath:
My match-leſs Prince, diſcrying *Duke de Mayne*;
Spares vulgar bloud, and ſpeeds to him amain;
Through thickeſt troups of ſtouteſt men at-arms,
Through horſe & foot, through ſhot, pikes, enſignes,
Incounters him: on him his load hee layes; (arms,
And round about on every ſide aſſayes,
Under his arms, to ſeek in every part
The heart which onely gave the *Leaguers* heart.
But, dreading his diſdain, *De-Mayne* with-drew:
And all his Hopes. ſo ſudden daſht, did rue:
Bluſht at his paſt Bliſs, full of carefull toile,
Loathing the Field, new witneſſe of his Foile.
Now *Yury* out of ſight, hee *Mante* approaches:
His weary horſe, his weary rowell broches:
Untill, broak-winded, creſt-faln, ſweaty-ſwelted,
And all his greaſe in and without him melted,
Lolling his eares, hanging his head and neck,
For ſpur he ſtirs no more, then ſtock or ſtick.
O, noble *Duke!* O wherefore flyeſt thou?
What *Panik* Terror daunts thy Valour now?
Thy conſtant Face what paints with pale affright?
Alas! thou lack'ſt not Courage here, but Right.
The cauſe confounds thee: *Charles*, yet ſtay & ſtand
To *Henry*'s mercy; humbly kiſs his hand.
If red Revenge, for thy dead Brethrens chance,
Made thee take Arms: what's that (alas!) to *France*?
What, to this King? whoſe heart & hands are known
From both their blouds as cleer as are thine own.
If 't were Ambition, mought'ſt thou not expect
From him, that knowes how Vertue to reſpect,
And can, as King, magnifikly advance
His faithfull Servants: and the Friends of *France*,
More honour and reward, then from the rude
Poore, giddy, groſſe, ingratefull Multitude;
Of many Heads, of more then many Mindes,
Leaking in every Storm, led with all Winds;
Who pay with Death, or Exile (at the beſt)
Their *Dions*, *Phocions*, *Camils*, and the reſt:
Whoſe rule is Rage; Who (Ivie-like) in time
Decay the Tower whereby themſelves did clime?
If it were Feare to finde his favours gate
Now barr'd too-faſt for thee to enter at;
O! was there ever known more gracious King,
Forgetting Ill-turnes; Good remembering!
Hee rather would, by Benefits, then Blowes,
Reduce his Rebels. When his fury glowes,
'Tis but as Straw-fire; while hee ſtrikes, he ſighs;
And (for the moſt part) from his Enemies
Drawes not more bloud, then tender tears withall
From his owne Eyes: His Spirit's voyd of Gall
(Peculiar Gift, hereditary Grace,
The heav'ns have given unto the *Bourbons* Race):
And never did the all-diſcerning Sun,
Which daily once about the World doth run,
Behold a Prince religiouſly more loth
To ſhake, for ought, his honour-binding Oath.
Offer my Liege the *Germain* Emperie,
Spain's Diadem, the *Turks Grand-Signiorie*,
Yea, make him *Monarch* of the World, by wile;
Hee 'll ſpurn all Scepters yer his faith hee file.
But, 'tis (ſaiſt thou) for the *Faith Catholike*.
Why? who commands in matters Politike?
Who in his Camp? but ſuch as more then thou
With Tooth and Naile, *Romes Vatican* avow?
Serves not his Name for Refuge, every-where
Securing Prieſthood from all Force and Fear?
No *Atheiſme*, Hee, nor *Superſtition* ſents,
Hee 's a right *Chriſtian* and religious Prince.
Hee firm beleeves, that God's *reformed* Awe,
Hee from his Cradle, with his milk did draw:
Yet, is not partiall, nor prejudicate.
And, if the *Church*, now neerly ruinate,
By our profane hands, our ſtrife-ſtirring Quils,
May ever look for a Redreſſe of Ills;
If it may ever hope to reprocure
A holy and a happy *Peace*, to dure;
It ſhall be, doubtleſſe, under ſuch a Prince,
So free from Paſſions blinded Vehemence.
Back to the Battell, *Muſe*, now caſt about:
Ah! there they flee there all are in a Rout:
All's full of Horrour, full of Ruth and Fear,
Full of diſorder, and Confuſion, there:
There, none obey; there, none at all command;
There, every Souldier makes apart his Band.
The ample Plain is cover'd all about
With casks, ſwords, muskets, pikes; & the moſt ſtout
To darkeſt Groves carry their Deaths conceiv'd,
In deepeſt Holes bury their Deaths receiv'd.
The Victor follows, over-takes anon:
Fears not the way the Flyers fear'd t' have gone.
The moſt hee fears, is, leſt Som 's ſhift full fear,
Other 's deſpair, finde out for ſaf 'ty there,
Som flat, ſom foord, ſom bank, ſom bridge, ſom way
To paſſe the *Eure*: but, preſſed with diſmay,
All, breath-leſſe panting in a deſperate haſte,
Them here and there into the River caſt.
The immortall *Nymph* NAVONDA, azure-ey'd,
Queen of that cryſtall, and that Currents Guide;

Scar'd

Scar'd with their noiſe, above the water puſhes
Her dropping head, in Caul of weeping Ruſhes.
O whence, quoth ſhe, whence coms this iron ſpawn?
Theſe metal-men? from what mount *Gibel* drawn?
What *Vulcan* gave, what *Myron* lent (I pray)
Steel life, to ſtir; to Iron breath, to neigh? (ſhip):
Hence, Monſters, hence (wars dreadfull workman-
With bloudy deaws your Mother-Earth be-dip;
And let us gently, without ſtop or ſtain,
To meet our *Tritons*, roule into the Main.
Her voice doth vaniſh in ſo various noiſe:
This with his own; That, with his armours poiz
Sinks inſtantly: Som have in ſtead of graves, (waves:
Nought but their Steeds; their Steeds, no tombs but
Some, more diſmai'd, for Skiff their Targets take;
For oars, their arms; their ſail, their plumes they make:
But, greedy whirle-pools, ever-wheeling round,
Suck-in at-once, Oars, Sails, and Ships to ground.
Thoſe that, by chance, ſcape to the other Shore,
Changing their place, change not their caſe the more.
Dikes, Bridges broken, Cities, Rampires caſt
Cannot ſecure their more then headlong haſte.
Did any Squadrons dare thy Conqueſt croſſe,
They but increaſt thine Honour, and their Loſſe.
Witneſſe the Band of *Spaniſh Belgian* Foes,
Under three Enſignes marching ſtrongly cloſe:
Whom thou the fifteenth, chargeſt; beateſt down
That mighty Body, ſudden overthrown;
Even as a Galley, in ſmooth Sea ſubdues
The talleſt Ship that in *The Streights* doth uſe:
Or as a Jennet in his nimble Speed
Oft over-turns the ſtrongeſt German Stéed. (ay,
Thou heaw'ſt, beat'ſt, breakeſt down; thou cõquer'ſt
Till dusky Night have robb'd thee quite of Day;
And death, of Foes. Th' *Helvetian* Bands alone,
Loth to diſgrace their ancient Valour known,
Againſt the Victor their ſteel Staves addreſſe,
As moſt courageous in the moſt diſtreſſe:
But, ſoon the Lightning of thy Martiall eyes
Their Diamantine hearts diſſolves to yce;
That yce to water, That to Vapour vain: (ſtrain,
And thoſe whom death rather then fear could
Thoſe, thoſe that never turn'd their backs at all,
But to wars-*Phœnix*, conquerour of *Gaul*,
Thoſe King-correcting, Tyrant-ſcourging Braves,
Caſt at thy feet their Bodyes and their Staves.
Thou, then, as loth perpetually to brand
People ſo loyall to the *Lillies* Land,
Calming the rage of thy juſt hearts diſdain,
Their Colours to their Comets giv'ſt again.
O! proudeſt *Trophey*, which all *Trophеys* paſſes!
O Browes, whom *Bayes* eternall treſſe imbraces!
Invincible! O more then royall breaſt,
Who, of thy ſelfe, and *Triumph*, triumpheſt!
Who pleaſeſt all: with Victory thine Hoſt,
Thy Foes with Grace: both with thy Glory, moſt.
Earth's Ornament, thou honour of our Times,
Ay on the wings of mine Heroik Rimes,
So brave Exploit be bravely born about:
May all our Commons (commonly too-ſtout)
Who bred in braules, in Broils, and Inſolence,
Stood, as at gaze, diſtracted in ſuſpence,
Expecting th' Iſſue of this dreadfull Fight,
Make their due profit, and apply it right.
May now the *Nobles* freely grant, for true,
That the World's Empire to thy worth is due:
That, now they have Wiſe happy Prince for head:
That by this Battail thou haſt rendered
To them their Rank, reveng'd the King deceaſt,
Reſtor'd the State, and captive *France* releaſt.
May now the *Clergie* ingeniouſly confeſſe,
God on thy ſide, giving thy Right Succeſſe,
Crowning thy Vertues, and with ſacred Oyle
Of his own ſpirit annoynting thee the while.
May now (in briefe) all *Frenchmen* ſay and ſing,
Thou art, Thou ought'ſt, Thou onely canſt be King.
But, O! ſome Gangreene, Plague, or Leproſie,
O'r-ſpreads us all: a Brand of Mutinie
Burns *France* to aſhes. And but thou (unidle)
Bear'ſt-up ſo hard this ſtumbling Kingdoms Bridle;
Our State (yerſt honour'd where the Sun doth riſe)
Would fly in Sparks, or die in Atomies.
Prieſts ſtrike the fire, the *Nobles* blow the coale
Of this conſumption: *People* (peeviſh whole)
Pleas'd w^th^ the blaze, do, wretched-witched Elves,
For fuell (fooles) caſt-in their willing Selves.
O *Clergie* (mindleſſe of your Cure and Coat)
Becoms it you to cut your Princes throat?
To kill your King? who, in the Wombe (of kin
To thouſand Kings) that Office did begin:
Who, for your law, your altars, and your honours,
Hath ventur'd oft his bloud in many manе rs:
Who as devout to *Rome*, as any man,
Fear'd moſt your roaring Buls of *Vatican*:
And canonize amid the ſacred Roule
Of glorious Saints a Parricidiall Soule,
Whoſe bloudy hand had ſtabb'd with baneful knife
The Lords Annoynted, and Him reft of life?
Ignoble *Nobles* ſee you not (alas!)
Your King ſupplanting, you your ſelves abaſs?
And, while you raze this royall *Monarchie*,
You madly raiſe a monſtrous *Anarchie*,
A *Chaos* rude; ſtill whetting, day and night,
Againſt your Selves, the peoples proud Deſpite;
Who hate the Vertuous, and have onely hope
T' enſue the *Switzers* too-rebellious Scope?
And thou fond *People*, Who (before a Father,
A wiſe, juſt King; a valiant *Monarch*) rather
Tak'ſt hundred Tyrants; who, with tuſhes fell,
Will ſuck thy marrow out, and crack thy ſhell:
To whom the Gold, from *India*'s bowels brought,
Or 'mid the Sands of ſhining *Tagus* ſought,
Seems not ſo good, as doth the gold they fet
From out thy Womb, or what thy tears ſhall wet.
No, no: the *French*, or Deafe, or Lethargick,
Feele not their danger, though thus deadly ſick:
Or if they live and feele; they, frantik, arm
Againſt their Leach that fain would cure their harm
Applying many ſound-ſweet Med'cines fit:
But they the more increaſe their furious Fit.
Yet, courage *Henry*, fix thy thoughts hereon,
Purſue (brave Prince) thy Cure ſo well begun:
And ſith ſo little, gentle Plaiſters thrive,
Let it be lanc't, lay-on the Corroſive:
Choke me this *Hydra* whence ſuch Monſters ſprout,
And with thy Fame fill mee the World about.
Follow thy Fortune: Hills moſt lofty-browd,
Stoop to thy Steps: ſwift Rivers, ſwelling proud,

Dry-up

Dry-up before thee: Armies, full of Boaſt,
Like Vapours vaniſh at thy ſight, almoſt.
Yea, at thy Name alone, the ſtrongeſt Wall,
And maineſt Towers ſhake (as affraid) and fall.
But yet, my Liege, beware how thou expoſe
Thy blood ſo oft among thy bloody Foes:
Be not too-laviſh of thy Life; but waigh,
That Our *Good-hap* on thine dependeth aye.
But, if thou light regard this low Requeſt
Of *Thy Fames Trumpet*; lift how *France* (at leaſt)
Preſents her to thee: not as once ſhee was
(When *Baltik* Seas within her bounds did paſs:
When *Nile* and *Euphrate*, as her under-Realms,
Through fruitfull Plains roul'd tributary ſtreams:
When to proud *Spanyards* Shee did Kings allow;
And to her lawes imperiall *Rome* did bow)
But lean, and lank, bleak, weak, and all too-torn,
And in a Gulfe of miſeries forlorne.
Dear Son (ſaith ſhee) nay, My Defender rather,
My Staff, my Stay, my Second-founding Father;
For, Grief, and Fury, I ſhould deſperate die,
I ſhould Selfe ſtab-mee, I ſhould ſhamefully
Stop mine own breath, to ſtint theſe Cares of mine
Wert thou not mine (my Liege) were I not thine.
Therefore, deare Sponſe, be of thy Life leſs laviſh;
Let not, my Lord, Fames greedy thirſt ſo raviſh
Thy daunt-leſs Courage into Dangers need-leſſe,
Nor, too-too-hardy hazzard thee ſo heed-leſſe.
A brave great *Monarch* in Youths heat behoves,
Once, twice, or thrice, to ſhew Courageous proves:
For Proweſs is bright *Honours* braveſt Gate;
Yea, the firſt Step, whereby the Fortunate
Climbe *Glory's* Mount: and nothing more (in brief)
Fires Souldiers Valour, than a Valiant Chief:
But, afterward, hee muſt more warie war;
And with his Wit, ofter then Weapon, far:
His ſpirits contenting with the pleaſing-paine,
Not of a Souldier but a Soverain.
My Son, too-often hath thine owne hand dealt
Too-many blowes, which thouſands yerſt have felt:
My Liege, too-often haſt thou toiled thee
For Honours Prize: brave Prince, My Victory
Not in thine arms ſtrength, but thy years length lies;
Thy life, my life; thy death, my death implies.
If thou thy ſelfe neglect, reſpect mee though,
At leaſt ſome pitie to thy Countrey ſhow.
Weigh, weigh my ſad plight, if untimely Death
Should (O, untimely!) reave My *Henry's* breath:
Even like a widow-Ship, her Pilot loſt,
Her Rudder broke, in ragefull Tempeſt toſt
Againſt the horned Rocks, or horrid Banks,
Hoaring the Shore with her diſperſed Planks.
But, if too-much-Heart, of thy life too care-leſs,
Too-ſoon expoſe thee not, to *Siſters*-ſpareleſs,
I hope to flouriſh more than e'r in *Arts*,
Wealth, *Honours*, *Maners*, *Vertues*, *Valiant hearts*,
Religion, *Lawes*; and the juſt *Raign* (at reſt)
In *Happineſſe* ſhall match *Auguſtus* beſt.

FINIS.

SIMILE NON EST IDEM:

Seeming is not the-Same.

OR,

All's not Gold that glisters.

A CHARACTER of This Corrupted Time,
Which makes RELIGION but a Cover-Crime.

TO THE VVORTHILY-HONORED Sir HENRIE BAKER,

Knight-Baronet.

TIs better late, *than* never *to repay*:
Better a little, *than* no Part *at all*:
Take therefore, in good-part, This Part (*though small*)
Of your great Debt: *and pardon my Delay,*
Till (*more mine owne*) *with more* Respect, *I may*
In better Measure (*as I hope, I shall*)
Answer your Merit; *though not answer all*
Your Bounties *Bonds, renewed Day by Day.*
You minde your MAKER in your Dayes of Youth:
You shew us, by your Works, your Faith's *sincerity*:
You are so friendly *to the* Friends *of* Truth,
Your vertuous *Life so proves your Love* to Verity,
That None *I thought, could, with more patient Eye,*
Abide to look on this ANATOMIE.

Your Vertues Humble Honourer,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

SIMILE NON EST IDEM:

Seeming is not the-Same.

OR,

All's not Gold that gliſters.

1

HOw Times are *chang'd!* and wee *with* Times,
In new, nefarious, various Crimes!
Exceeding all that have preceded,
In *Pride, in Fraud, in Filth, in Force,*
Rape, Treaſon, Poyſon, paſt Remorſe:
Such, as (in Time) will ſcarce be creeded.

2

O Mindes! O Manners! moſt abſurd!
When (to the Scandall of *The Word*)
The more our Light, the worſe our Works:
When *ſeeming* SAINTS *be* nothing leſſe;
And more Profane, who moſt Profeſſe,
Than *Infidels,* or *Jewes,* or *Turks.*

3

And when, between our *roaring* GIANTS,
That openly, bid Heav'n Defiance,
Heaping-up Hills of wickedneſſe;
And th' undermining cloſe deſpights
Of double-hearted *Hypocrites,*
Masking in Hollow-*Holineſs.*

4

From Earth are FAITH and TRUTH exil'd;
Falſe *Error* hath all hearts beguil'd.
All-over All ABUSES raign.
Vertue is Vice, Vice Vertue growne,
Juſtice is juſtled from her owne:
Honour and *Right* are in diſdain.

5

'Tis, to be *Fooliſh,* To be *Wiſe:*
With Reaſon, is againſt the Guiſe:
Read they that can my Riddle right.
Chriſt, Son of Man; and God of *Hoaſts,*
How-many of Thy *Baptiſme,* boaſts,
Whoſe life doth to the death defi't!

6

For, thy Diſciples Thee beleeve;
And in thee onely double live;
According to thy GOSPEL's *veritie;*
But, dare wee ſay, that wee are ſuch,
When now-adayes in Poor or Rich,
Is found nor *Faith,* nor *Hope,* nor *Charitie.*

7

God hath ingrav'n in every Soule
A native Law, on *Natures* Roule;
Whereby (alas) Wee ſtand convict:
And *Precedents* of pious *Zeale,*
Who by their blouds, their hopes did ſeal,
To double Death condemn us, ſtrict.

8

Wee ought infringe That *Statute* never,
From everlaſting firm'd for-ever:
Doe, as Thou would'ſt be done unto:
Doe not, what Thou would'ſt not accept:
O Pure, plain, gentle, juſt *Precept!*
Yet This (alas!) Who looks to do?

9

When all Degrees ſo tender bin
Towards themſelves, without, with-in,
They neither Wrong, nor Right can ſuffer?
But towards Others (made as they,
By the ſame hand, of the ſame clay)
Againſt all Rights all Wrongs doe offer.

10

LORD, Thou haſt ſaid, and ſhew'n it cleer
When (in thy Fleſh) Thou ſojourn'dſt here

Thy

Thy Kingdome is not of This World:
So ſhall I ever more ſuſpect,
While here I ſee, with ſuch neglect,
Thy holy Statutes after-hurld.

11
All thoſe (*O Lord*) that cry, *Lord, Lord*;
With Shadow of thy *Sacred Word*,
To cloak their Wickedneſſe, with-in;
Are none of *Thine*: but of Thy *Name*
Profanely make a mocking-Game,
To countenance their curſed Sin.

12
Like that IGNATIAN-*Latian Colledge*,
Where, under ſhew of *Sacred Knowledge*,
They ſtudy *State* and *Stratagems*;
Making a Staple-Trafick of it
After their Pleaſure, or their Profit)
To murther *Kings*, and mangle Realms:

13
Thee JESUS (Mercifull and Meek)
They make a Tyrant (*Nero*-like)
Bloody and brute, to kill and quell:
Thee, SAVIOUR, Source of *innocence*;
Thee, *Prince of Peace and Patience*;
They make a *Fury* fierce and fell.

14
Thee, *Juſtice*-Fountaine, *Order's* Author,
They make *Wrong's* Fort, *Confuſions* Fautor:
Immortall Spring immaculate
Of *Love*, of *Concord*, and of UNION,
They make Thee Trumpet of *Diſ-Union*,
And Tinder of immortall *Hate*.

15
Such *Canons* roare from *Trent* and *Tiber*,
From *Powder-Traitors* bloody *Briber*,
Whoſe HOLYNESS is *Hollowneſſe*;
Whoſe *Synagogue* is Sinners Wrack;
Whoſe *Faith* is FAUX and RAVILLAC;
Whoſe *Deeds* and *Doctrine*, Wickedneſſe.

16
O, where is then *The Holy Flock!*
Call'd in one *Hope*, built on one *Rock*,
Into one *Faith* incorporing;
Thorough one *Baptiſme*, by one *Word*,
Under one *Father* (*God* and *Lord*)
One onely *Prophet*, *Prieſt* and *King*.

17
There, there (as *Children* of one *Mother*)
They ſuccour and ſupport each other,
In *Union*, and in mutuall *Charitie*;
All making but one Body, being
All of *One Minde*, in One agreeing:
Bound by *One Bond of Peace, and Verity*.

18
O, can Wee (wretched, witched Elves)
Can Wee, Wee Many, boaſt our Selves
One Bread, one Body (myſtick-wiſe);
And ſay that wee are daily fed
In common with one *Drink* and *Bread*,
Amid our many Enmities?

19
Alas! Where are thoſe *Saints* become,
Worthy the ſtile of *Chriſtendome*;
From Sin's *Dominion* inly freed;
Veſſels of Honour, full of *Grace*,
Abounding in *good-works* apace?
None now good Thought hath; leſs good *Deed*.

20
Nothing but falſe *Equivocation*:
Nothing but wilfull *Obduration*:
Nothing but *Errour* and *Diſorder*;
Nothing but *Pride* and *Inſolence*:
Nothing but impious *Impudence*:
Nothing but *Treaſon*, *Theft*, and *Murder*.

21
Contempt of God and of all *Good*,
Rape, *Riot*, *Inceſt*, *Brib'ry*, *Blood*,
Periury, *Plotting*, all *Impiety*,
With more than bruteſt *Bruti ſhneſſ*,
This more-than-*Iron-Age* poſſeſſe:
No *Love*, no *Friendſhip*, no *Society*.

22
Court, *Citie*, *Countrey*, Every ſort
Of either Sex, make Sin a Sport
(*Pride*, *Painting*, *Poyſ'ning*, *Couſ'ning*, *Whoring*);
In *Sloth*, or *Surfeit*, ever-drownd;
To *Bacchus*, or *Tobacco* bound;
With *ſwearing*, *ſtaring*, *ſtabbing*, *roaring*.

23
Wrath, *Envie*, *Slander*, *and Suſpition*,
Fraud, *Rancour*, *Rapine*, *and Ambition*,
With *Blaſphemies*, all over-ſpread:
Th' old (*Chriſtians* Badge, bright *Charitie*,
(Moſt frequent then; now raritie)
Is now-adayes, not down but dead.

24
Wee are ſo Punctuall and Preciſe
In *Doctrine* (*Pharaſaik-wiſe*)
To ſeem (at leaſt) the moſt RELIGIOUS,
That true RELIGION wee deforme
While to our Phantaſies wee reforme
Shadowes, and not *our Selves*, litigious.

25
RELIGION! O, Thou Life of Life!
How Worldlings, that profane thee riſe,
Can wreſt thee to their Appetites!
How Princes, who thy Power deſie,
Pretend thee, for their *Tyranny*;
And People, for their falſe *Delights!*

26
Under Thy ſacred Name, all-over,
All Vicious all their Vices Cover:
The *Violent*, their *Violence*:
The *Proud*, their *Pride*: the *Falſe*, their *Fraud*:
The *Theeſe*, his *Theft*: her *Filth*, the *Bawd*:
The *Impudent*, their *Impudence*.

27
Ambition, under Thee, aſpires:
Avarice, under Thee, deſires:
Sloth, under Thee, her Eaſe aſſumes:
Lux', under Thee, all over-flowes:
Wrath, under Thee, outrageous growes:
All Evill, under Thee, preſumes.

28
RELIGION, yerſt ſo venerable,
Th' art now-adayes but made a Fable;
A holy Mask on *Follies* Brow,
Where-under lyes *Diſſimulation*,

Lined

Lined withall *Abhomination:*
Sacred RELIGION, where art thou?

29
Not in the *Church*, with *Simonie:*
Nor on the *Bench*, with *Briberie:*
Nor in the *Court*, with *Machiavell:*
Nor in the *Citie*, with *Deceits:*
Nor in the *Country*, with *Debates:*
For, What hath *Heav'n* to do with *Hell?*

30
Sith whatsoever Show wee make
(For Profit or Promotions sake)
What-ever Colour wee put-on;
Where, *Faith* no other Fruits affords,
But evill-*Works* (though civill words)
Indeed is no RELIGION.

31
Reverend RELIGION, where's the heart
That entertains thee as thou art,
Sincerely, for thine owne respect?
Where is the Minde, where is the Man,
May right be call'd a *Christian*;
Not formall, but in true effect?

32
Who, fixing all his *Faith* and *Hope*
On God alone, from sacred Scope
Of his pure Statutes will not stray:
Who comes in *Zeal* and *Humblenesse*,
With true and hearty *Singlenesse*,
Willing to walk the perfect Way:

33
Who loves, with all his Soule and Minde,
Almighty God, All-wise, All-kinde,
All-whole, All-holy, All-sufficing:
Who but One onely God adores
(Though *Tyrants* rage, and *Satan* rores)
Without digressing, or disguising:

34
Who God's due *Honour* hath not given
To Other things, in Earth or Heav'n;
But bow'd and vow'd to Him alone;
Him onely serv'd with filiall Awe,
Pleas'd and delighted in his Law,
Discoursing Day and Night thereon;

35
Not, not for Form, or Fashion sake;
Or for a Time, a Show to make,
Others the better to beguile:
Nor it, in Jest, to wrest or cite;
But in his heart it deep to write,
And work it with his hands the while;

36
Loving his neighbour as himselfe,
Sharing to him his Power, his Pelfe,
His Counsels, Comforts, Coats, and Cates:
Doing in all things to his Brother,
But as Himself would wish from Other,
Not Offring Other what he hates:

37
Whose Heart, inclin'd as doth behoove-it,
Unlawfully doth nothing covet
(To Any an offence to offer):
But just and gentle towards all,
Would rather (unto great, or small)
Than do one wrong, an hundred suffer:

38
Not thirsting Others Land or Life;
Nor neighing after Maid or Wife;
Nor ayming any Injury;
Neither of polling, nor of pilling,
Neither of cursing, nor of killing,
Neither of Fraud, nor Forgerie;

39
But will confesse, if hee offend,
Relent, *Repent*, and soon amend,
And timely render Satisfaction.
Sure, his RELIGION is not fained,
Who doth and hath him thus demeaned;
Ay deadly hating *Evill-action.*

40
Therefore, O! Vassals of the Divell,
That cannot, will not cease from Evill,
Vessels of *Wrath* and *Reprobation*;
Presume no longer Now to shrowd
Under RELIGION's sacred Clowd
Your Manifold *Abhomination.*

41
If, but to *seem good*, goodly seem:
To *bee good*, better farre esteem:
Why *seem* you what *to be* you care not?
If to *seem evill*, be amiss;
Sure *to be evill*, worse it is:
Why *be you* what *To seem* you dare not?
Be, as you *seem*; or *seem* the Same
You *be*: to free RELIGION's Blame.

FINIS.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVENLY JOYES: OR NEW HIERUSALEM.

IN AN OLD HYMN EXTRACTED FROM THE most Divine St. Augustine.

TO THE VVORTHY FRIEND OF VVorthinesse, Sr PETER MANWOOD, Knight of the Honourable Order Of the BATH.

TO register, to After-Times,
Your noble Favour to my Rimes;
Your love to Vertue, Learning, Arts;
Your Bounty towards Worthy Parts;
Your Pitie; and your pious Zeale
To GOD, to Church, to Common-weale;
Your Loyalty, in every kinde:
The honour of your humble Minde:
All, all my MANWOOD to rehearse,
Merits a Volumne, *not a* Verse.
But, poor divided I (that owe,
To many, Much; as many know;
And fain would give Content to Each,
So far-forth as my Stock will reach)
Unable (after your Desert)
To render All, must render Part,
To testifie my Thankfull Thought,
(But as I could; not as I ought)
And what my Weaknesse cannot pay,
Th' AL-MIGHTIE-most I humbly pray
To guerdon with a Diadem,
Within His NEW-JERUSALEM.

Yours much Obliged,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

NEVV HIERUSALEM.

MY Heart (as *Hart* for Water) thirſts
For Life's eternall Fount:
My Soule my Bodie 's Pris'ner, longs,
From Priſon free, to mount;
Sighes, ſues, purſues, poor exile here,
Her Countrey to recover;
Too-abject, ſubject to diſgrace,
And too-too-triumpht-over.
¶ Shee ſeems to ſee the glory now,
Which, when ſhee ſinn'd, ſhee loſt:
An inſtant Ill, of Good for-gone
Augments the mem'ry moſt.
¶ But of celeſtiall *Soveraign Bliſs*,
Who can ſet-forth the Solace!
Where ſtands of everliving Stones,
An ever-laſting Palace;
The lofty Roofes and ſtately Roomes,
Reflecting golden beams:
The gates and goodly walls about,
Of rich and orient Gemms:
The Streets, all pav'd with pureſt Gold,
As ſmooth as any Glaſs is:
No Foile, no Soile, no Sorrow there;
No Sickneſſe thither paſſes.
No Winter's Froſt, no Summer's Toaſt,
Doth there diſtemper bring:
But Flow'rs, perpetuall flowring there,
Make there perpetuall Spring.
There, *Balſam*, *Saffron*, *Lilly*, *Roſe*,
Doe ſweat, ſent, ſhine, and bluſh:
There, Mead and Field, ſpring, ſpire, and yeeld;
Rills, Milke and Hony guſh:
There *Aromaticks* breathe-about
Their odoriferous Aire:
There, ever dangle dainty Fruits
On trees ſtill blooming faire:
There, never Moon doth wax or wane,
Nor Sun, nor Stars decline;
But there, the LAMB (the Light of Lights)
Eternally doth ſhine.
There Time hath no alternate Term;
No Night, but ever Day;
For, There, the *Saints* are (as the Sun)
Moſt bright, in white Aray;
Triumphant; after Conqueſt *crown'd*,
In mutuall Joy they greet:
Recounting ſafe the Battells fought,
Their Foes now under-feet;
Pure, purifi'd from dregs and droſs;
From fleſhly Combats freed:
Their fleſh, made ſpirituall, with the Spirit,
In one ſelfe-ſame agreed:
In perfect and perpetuall *Peace*;
Subject no more to ſinning:
Obnoxious nor to Change, nor Chance;
Return'd to their *Beginning*;
And Face to Face for ever ſee
All *Beauties Glory* bright,
Poſſeſſing ſempiternall Joyes,
In that ſupernall Sight
(The Sight of *GOD*, the *Soveraign Good*,
The Sun of *Happineſſe*,
Such as no heart can here compriſe,
Nor any *Art* expreſſe).
Inſtalled in a *Bliſs-full* State
Of Glory, ſtill The ſame;
As ſure, as pure, from Faile or Fall,
From Sorrow, Sinne, and Shame.
All joyous, lively, lovely, bright,
To no Miſ-hap expoſed:
No Danger, Death, Diſeaſe, nor Age;
In Health and Youth repoſed.
Henceforth, for all *Eternity*,
They flouriſh freſh and green:
For, *Death* is dead, *Time* termined,
Corruption conquer'd clean.
Now know they him, that knoweth all,
And in beholding him
They all behold (as in a Glaſs)
Before them bright and brim.
In Unity of minde combin'd,
One very thing they Will;
And ever conſtant, never croſs,
One and the ſame they Nill.
As here in *Grace*, in *Glory* there,
Though diverſly, they ſhine:
Love equall's All; Each loving All
With mutuall Love divine,
So that the Good of every-one
Becoms of all the Good.
Where is the Body, thither right
Right Eagle-ſhoales doe ſcud;

Where-with, with Angels, *Sainted-Soules*
Are aye refresht and fed
(For, Either Countrie's Burgesses
Are nourisht with One Bread)
And ever fain, though ever full;
Wishing but What they have:
Not fated with Satietie;
Nor needing more to crave:
Desiring still, their fill they eate;
And eating, still desire.
Still new melodious Songs they sound
With Heav'ns harmonious Quire;
And Organs Worthy (for His Worth
Through Whom they overcame)
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, Praise*
To HIS most HOLY *Name.*
¶ O happy, happy, happy, Soules,
That see Heav'ns *King*, above;
And underneath-them Sun and Moon,
And all the World to move!
¶ *O Christ, victorious Lord of Hoasts,*
So lead my soule and Heart,
That having fought, as here I ought,
I may have there a Part,
Among that Blessed Hierarchie,
In Happinesse supreme,
A free and fellow-Citizen
Of NEVV JERUSALEM.
Vouchsafe mee Grace, to run my race,
And strenuously to strive
Unto the End, that in the End
I may the Crowne atchieve:
Not for My Worke, but for Thy Worth:
Thy Mercy, not My Merit:
So Laud and Praise be sung alwayes
To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT.

TRINUNI DEO,
Creatori, Redemptori, Directori Meo,
GLORIA In Secula-Seculorum. AMEN.

AUTO-MACHIA:
OR THE
SELFE-CONFLICT
OF A CHRISTIAN.

From the Latin of Master
George Goodwin.

Translated; and Dedicated to the truely-honorable *Mistris Cecilie Nevil.*

Anagramma Italiano.
Cecilia Nevila.
E Vicina al Ciel.
Heav'ns Neighbour *is your Anagram.*
Your Noble Graces prove the same.

EAir *Heir* of all Your MOTHERS *good*
(Wit, Vertue, Beauty, Bounty, Blood)
Among the *Honours* that accrue,
By her decease divolv'd to You,
Mine humble *Service* and *This Song*
(How little) doth not least belong
(In *Little* lies a *Mickle* Right;
As in a *Million*, in a *Mite*)
To her *Memoriall*, and Your *Merit*,
True *Mirrour* of MINERVA's *Spirit*.
Accept it therefore *double* Yours;
By Her Donation, and by Ours.

Humbly devoted,
(as most bound)
To both your noble Families,
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, VERTUOUS AND LEARNED LADY, The Lady MARIE Nevil.

Maria Nevila.
Alia Minerva.

MAdame, Your love to Learning, and the Learned
(In such a time so full of Arts neglect)
Right worthily to Your rare Self hath earned
The love of Learning, and the learned Sect:
Whereby, Your Name already is eterned
In MEMORY's *fair* Temple, *high erect*:
And there devoutly at Your Vertues Shrine,
I humbly offer this poor MITE *of* Mine.

Too small a Present *to so great a* GRACE;
And too un-worthy of your Worthinesse:
Save that the Matter *so exceeds the Masse,*
That oft (perhaps) a greater may be lesse,
For, you may see, within This little glasse,
The Little-World's *great-little-Mindednesse*:
Man's *strife with* Man; *Our Flesh and Spirit in* Duell:
Courageous Cowards, too-self-kindly cruell.

Vouchsafe t' accept then this small New-years-Gift,
With humble vowes of a disastred Muse,
Which lavishly hath sown her Seeds *of Thrift*
So high and dry, that yet no Fruit *ensues.*
Else need Shee not have made so hard a Shift;
Nor this small Gift so greatly to excuse.
But sith, as yet, Shee cannot what Shee would;
Madame, *accept her Zeal, and what Shee could.*

——— To Your Honourable Vertues,

——— *most devoted,*

——— JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

AUTO-MACHIA:
OR
SELFE-CIVIL-WAR.

I *Sing not* Priam, *nor the Siege of* Troy:
Nor Agamemnon's *Jarre with* Thetis *Joy:*
I ſing not here Æneas *ſtormfull Fate;*
Queen Dido's *love, nor Goddeſſe* Juno's *hate:*
I ſing not Cæſar, *nor his Son-in-law;*
Whoſe Civill Rage, Rome *and* Pharſalia *ſaw.*
I ſing my Self; *my* Civill-Wars *within;*
The Victories *I hourely loſe and win;*
The daily Duel, *the continuall Striſe,*
The War *that ends not, till I end my Life.*
And yet, not Mine alone, not onely Mine;
But every One's that under th' honour'd Signe
Of Chriſt *his Standard ſhall his Name enroule,*
With holy vowes of Body and of Soule.
Vouchſafe, O Father, *ſuccour from above;*
Courage of Soule, comfort of heav'nly Love:
Triumphant Captaine, Glorious Generall,
Furniſh mee Armes from thine owne Arcenall:
O Sacred Sp'rit, my ſp'rit's aſsiſtant be;
And in This Conflict, *make Mee conquer* Mee.

VERTUE I love, I leane to *Vice:* I blame
This wicked World, yet I embrace the ſame.
I climb to Heav'n, I cleave to Earth: I both
Too-love my Self, and yet my-ſelfe I loath.
Peace-leſs I peace purſue; in *Civill War,*
With and againſt my ſelf, I joyne, I jar:
I burn, I freeze; I fall down, I ſtand faſt:
Well-ill I fare; I glory though diſgrac't:
I die alive: I triumph, put to flight;
I feed on Cares, in tears I take delight:
My Slave(baſe-brave)I ſerve, I roame at large,
In libertie, yet lye in Gaolers Charge:
I ſtrike, and ſtroake my ſelfe: I,kindly-keen,
Work mine own woe,rub my gall, rouz my ſpleen.
Oft in my Sleep, to ſee rare Dreams I dreame;
Waking, mine Eye doth ſcarce diſcerne a Beame.
My mind's ſtrange *Megrim,* whirling to and fro,
Now thruſts mee hither, thither then doth throw.
In diverſe *Factions* I my Self divide;
And All I try, and fly to every Side.
What I but now deſir'd, I now diſdain:
What (late) I waigh'd not, now I wiſh again:
To-Day, to-Morrow; this, that, Now, Anon,
All, Nothing, crave I; Ever Never-one.
Dull Combatant, unready for the Field,
Too-tardy take I (after wounds) my Shield.
Still hurried headlong to unlawfull things,
Down-dragging *Vice* mee eas'ly downward dings;
But, ſacred *Vertue* climbs ſo hard and high,
That hardly can I her ſteep ſteps deſcry.
Both *Right* and *Wrong* with mee indifferent are:
My *Luſt* is *Law:* what I deſire, I dare,
(Is there ſo foule a *Fault,* ſo fond a Fact,
Which, Folly asking, Fury dares not act?)
But, art-leſſe, heart-leſſe, in *Religion's* Cauſe
(To do her Leſſons, and defend her Lawes)
The All-proof Armour of my God I loſe,
Flee from my Charge, and yeeld it to his Foes.
Guilty of Sin, Sins puniſhment I ſhun,
But not the Guilt, before th' Offence be done:
(For, how could ſhunning of a Sin enſew
To be occaſion of another New?)
Oft and again at the ſame ſtone I trip,
As if I learn'd, by falling, not to ſlip.
Alive I periſh, and my Self undo;
Mine eyes (Self-wiſe) witting and willing too.
Sick to my Self I run for my reliefe:
So, Sicker of my *Phyſicke* than my *Grief:*
For, while I ſeek my ſwelting Thirſt to ſwage,
Another Thirſt more ragingly doth rage:
While burnt to death, to coole mee I deſire;
With flames, my flames; with Sulphur quench I fire:
While that I ſtrive my ſwelling waves to ſtop,
More ſtormily they toſs above my top.
Thus am I cur'd, this is my common eaſe;
My *Med'cine* ſtill worſe than my worſt Diſeaſe:
My Sores with Sores, my wounds with wounds I heal,
While to my Self, my Self I ſtill conceale.
O what lewd Leagues! what Truces make I ſtill
With ſin, with Satan, and my wanton Will!
What ſleight occaſions do I take to ſin!
What ſilly Trains am I intrapped in!
What idle Cloaks for Crimes! what Nets to hide
Notorious Sins, already long deſcri'd!
I write in Ice (Winds witneſs, ſign'd with Show'rs)
I will redeem my *foul Life's* former houres:
But, ſoon the ſwinge of cuſtome(whirl-wind-like)
Rapting my Paſſion (ever Faſhion-ſick)
Tranſports mee to the Contrary; alone,
Faint Guard of *Goodneſſe*; Arm-leſſe Champion.
My *Green-ſicke* Taſte doth nothing ſweeter finde
Than what is bitter to a *gracious* Minde:

Egypt's

Egypt's fat Flesh-pots I am longing-for:
Th' eternall *Manna* I do even abhorre.
World's Monarch *Mammon* (dropsie mysticall)
Crown'd round-fac't Goddesse, coined *Belial*:
Midas's Desire, the Misers onely Trust;
The sacred-hunger of *Pactolian* Dust,
Gold, Gold bewitches mee, and feets accurst
My greedy Throat with more than *Dipsian* Thirst.
My mind's a Gulfe, whose gaping nought can stuff;
My heart a Hell, that never hath enough:
The more I have I crave, and lesse content;
In Store, most poor; in Plenty Indigent.
For, of these Cares how-much so-ere I crave,
It doth not stop my mouth, but stretch the same.
Sweet *Usurie*'s incestuous *Interest*,
For Dallers, Dolours hoordeth in my Chest.
The world's slave, *profit*, & the mind's slut, *pleasure*
(Insatiate both, both bound-less, both past measure:
This *Cleopatra*, That *Sardanapale*)
For huge Annoies, brings Joyes but short & small.
O Miracle! begot by Heav'n in Earth
(My Minde divine, My Body brute by Birth)
O! what a Monster am I, to depaint!
Half-Friend, half-Fiend, half-Savage, half a Saint;
High'r than my Fire doth my gross Earth aspire:
My raging Flesh my retch-less Force doth tire,
And (drunk with worlds-must, & deep sunk in sleep)
My spirit (the spy, that wary watch should keep)
Betraies, alas! (Wo that I trust it so)
My soule's deer Kingdom to her deadly Fo. (grief,
Through Cares *Charybdis*, and through Gulfs of
Star-lar-boord run I, sailing all my Life
On merry-sorry Seas; my Wind, my Will;
My Ship, my Flesh; my Sense, my Pilot still.
As in a most seditious *Common-weal*,
Within my Brest I feel my Best rebell:
Against their Prince my furious People rise;
Their Aw-less Prince dares his owne Law despise.
Mine *Eve*'s an Out-law: And my struggling twins,
Jacob and *Esau*, never can be friends:
Such deadly feud, such discord, such despight
(Even between Brethren) such continuall fight.
Whats done in Mee, Another doth, not I;
Yet both (alas!) my Guest and Enemy:
My mind, unkind (suborned by my Foe)
Indeed within mee, but not with mee tho;
Neer, yet far off, in fleshly Lees bee soil'd,
And with the Worlds contagious Filth defil'd.
I am too-narrow for mine owne Desires;
My selfe denies mee, what my self requires:
Fearfull I hope: carefull-secure I languish:
Hungry too-full; Dry-Drunken; sugred Angish;
Weary of Life, merry in Death; I suck
Wine from the Pumice, Hony from the Rock.
On Thorns my Grapes, on Garlick grows my Rose:
From crums my sums; frō flint my fountain flowes:
In showrs of Tears, mine hours of Fears I mourn:
My Looks to Brooks, my Beams to Streams, I turn:
Yet, in this Torrent of my Torments rife,
I sink Annoies, and drink the Joyes of Life. (cleer:
Dim light, brim night, Beams waving cloudy-
Unstable State, void Hope, vain help, far-neer:
False-true Perswasion, law-less Lawfullnesse:
Confused Method, Milde-wilde War-like Peace:
Disord'red Order, Mournfull Meriments:
Dark Day, Wrong Way, Dull-double Diligence:
Infamous Fame, known Error, skill-less Skill,
Mad Minde, rude Reason, an unwilling Will:
A healthy Plague, a wealthy Want, poor Treasure:
A pleasing Torment, a tormenting Pleasure:
An odious Love, an ugly Beauty; base
Reproachfull Honour, a disgracefull Grace:
A fruitless Fruit, a dry dis-flowered Flower:
A feeble Force, a conquered Conquerour:
A sickly Health, dead Life, and restlesse Rest:
These are the Comforts of my soule distrest.
O! how I like, dis-like, desire, disdain;
Repell, repeal, loath, and delight again!
O! what, whom, whether (neither Flesh nor Fish)
How, weary of, the same again I wish!
I will, I nill; I nill, I will; my Minde
Perswading This, my Mood to That inclin'd.
My loose Affection (*Proteus*-like) appears
In every Form; at once it frowns and fleers.
Mine ill-good will is vain and variable:
My (*Hydra*) Flesh buds heads innumerable:
My Mind's a Maze; a Labyrinth, my Reason:
Mine Eye (false Spy) the door to Phant'sies Treason:
My rebell Sense (Self-soothing) still affects
What it should flee; what it should ply, neglects:
My flitting Hope with Passions Storms is tost
But now to Heav'n, anon to Hell almost:
Concording Discord kils mee; and again,
Discording Concord doth my Life sustain.
My Self at once I both displease and please:
Without my Self, my Self I fain would seaze:
For my too much of mee, mee much annoyes;
And my Self's Plenty, my poor Self destroyes:
Who seeks mee in mee, in mee shall not finde
Mee as my Self: *Hermaphrodite* in minde,
I am (at once) Male, Female, Neuter: yet
What-e'r I am, I am not mine, I weet:
I am not with my Self as I conceive:
Wretch that I am, my Self my Self deceive:
Unto my Self, my Self my Self betray;
I from my Self, banish my Self away:
My Self agrees not with my Self a jot,
Knowes not my Self: I have my Self forgot:
Against my Self, my Self moves jarres unjust:
I trust my Self, and I my Self distrust:
My Self I follow, and my Self I fly:
Besides my Self, and in my Self, am I:
My Self am not my Self, another same;
Unlike my Self, and like my Self I am:
Self-fond, Self-furious; and thus, Wayward Elf,
I cannot live with, nor without my Self.

FINIS.

A

CUP OF CONSOLATION
FOR THE CHRISTIAN
In his Conflict.

WHy, ſilly Man, ſick of exceeding grief,
What boots it thee, uncertain of thy Life,
Of thy diſeaſe to make ſo much adoe?
Thou coward Souldier, and untoward too,
Away with Fear: defie both Death and Hell:
Meet Arms with Arms,& Darts with Darts repell:
So, the firſt On-ſet, in this furious Fray,
Shall towards Heav'n make thee an eaſie Way;
And open wide thoſe Gates ſo hardly won,
Where Snowie-winged *Victory* doth wun:
Thou muſt be valiant, and with daunt-leſſe breſt
Ruſh through the thickeſt, run upon the beſt
Of braving Foes: and on their Flight and Foil,
Reare noble Tropheis of triumphant Spoil.
For, this worlds Prince, dark *Limbo*'s Potentate,
Drifts Man's deſtruction, and with deadly hate
(Still ſtrife-full) labours, and by all means ſeeks
To trouble All, and Heav'n with Hell to mix.
Great war Within there is, great War without;
With Fleſh and Bloud, and with the World about.
On this Side, ſmiling *Hope* (with ſmootheſt brow)
Falſe-promiſeth long Peace and plenty too:
On that Side, ſallow *Fear* (with fainting breath)
Checks thoſe proud thoughts w^th threats of War &
And (weary of it Selfe) it Self diſtruſts, (Death;
It ſelfe deſtroyes, and to Confuſion thruſts;
And, ignorant of its Selfe's Good (yet Triall)
In jealous Rage it even betrayes the loyall. (hies
Here, Cloud-browd *Sorrow*, Whirle-winde like, it
Th' amated Minde to toſſe and tyrannize:
There, dimpled joy nimbly enringeth round
Her gawdy Troups that ſtand upon no ground;
Whoſe brittle gloſſe and glory laſts and ſhines
As Stubble-Fire, and Duſt before the Windes.
What ſhould I ſpeak of all the ſnarefull Wiles,
And cunning Colours of myſterious Guiles,
Wherewith Death's Founder, & thy Life's drad foe,
Improvident mankind doth over-throw?
Yet be Courageous, yeeld not unto Evill:
Reſiſt Beginnings, and defie the Divell.
For ſure defence amid theſe fell Alarms,
Quick buckle-on theſe ay-victorious Arms:
Firſt gird thy Loins with *Truth*, thy Boſom dreſs
In the ſure Breſt-plate of pure *Righteouſneſſe*:
Put, on thy Head, the Helmet of *Salvation*:
Upon thy feet, Shooes of the Preparation
Of Heav'ns Glad-tidings: Bear upon thine Arm
The Shield of *Faith* (Shot-free from every harm).
Hel's fiery Darts repell thou with the ſame; (flame:
And, through its ſplendor, quench their flame with
Take in thy hand the bright two-edged Sword
Of God's Soule-parting, Marrow-pearcing, *Word*.
Thus compleat arm'd from God's own *Arcenal*,
And watching duely for his aid to call,
Thou without doubt ſhalt quickly overcom
The world, the fleſh, ſin, death, and hell (in ſumme).
And ſo (through Chriſt, thy Captain and thy King)
Of Sin, thy Self, and *Satan*, triumphing,
Thou ſhalt (in fine) the *Happy Crown* obtain,
And in th' Eternall promis'd *Kingdom* raign.

FINIS.

TOBACCO BATTERED,

AND

THE PIPES SHATTERED (about their Ears that idlely Idolize ſo baſe and barbarous a *WEED*;

OR

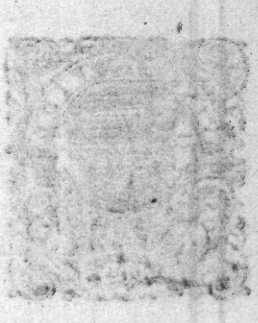
AT LEAST-WISE OVER-LOVE *ſo loathſome* Vanitie:)

BY

A Volley of Holy Shot

Thundered

From *Mount* HELICON.



A VOICE OF HOPE

FOR

THE AFFLICTED

OR

(Shortly Extemporized)

THE PITIFUL SIGHING

AND

PAITERED TOBACCO

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE Sir GEORGE VILIERS, Knight, Baron of Whaddon: L. Vicount VILIERS: Earle of Buckingham: Mr. of the Horſe to his Majeſty, and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

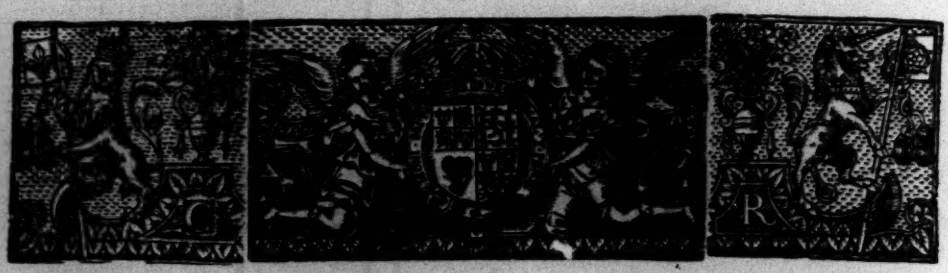
YOur Noble *Order* and your hallowed *Name*,
Your *Soveraign's* Favour, and your owne *Profeſſion*,
Promiſe your *Valour* towards the *Suppreſſion*
Of *Heathen* foes, that *Chriſtian* FAITH defame:
Hence, here *preſume* wee (by the Trump of Fame)
To call your *Aid* againſt the proud *Oppreſſion*
Of th' *Infidel*, uſurping FAITH's Poſſeſsion,
That *Indian* Tyrant, onely *England's* Shame.
Thouſands of *Ours* here hath Hee Captive taken,
Of all Degrees, kept under ſlaviſh Yoak.
Their *God*, their Good, *King*, Countrey, Friends forſaken,
To follow *Folly*, and to feed on *Smoak*.
Bee GOD our *Guide*, S^t. GEORGE our *Generall*;
Wee ſhall *repell* Him, and *redeem* Them All.

At Your Lordſhips Command,
J. S.
The humble Eccho of the Muſes.

A double Anagram.

George Viliers: Sir George Viliers.
Re-give glories: Glorie-givers riſe.

SIr: Re-give glories: Glory-givers riſe.
How fits your happy Fate, *your happy* Name!
Wherein a Precept *with a* Promiſe *lies*,
Preſaging Good to graceſull BUCKINGHAM;
For, be you Gratefull for your Dignities;
GOD *and the* KING *will ſtill* increaſe *the ſame*.
GOD, while you honour him, *will* honour *You*:
The KING *will* favour, *while you* ſerve *Him* true.



TO MY REVEREND AND VVORTHY Friend, Mr. VVilliam Loe, *Batchelor of Divinity.*

LO, what your Love and this *Chimera's* hate,
Care of my Friends, Compaſsion of my Kin;
Zeal of Gods Glory, Horror of this Sin;
My Soveraign's Service, Honour of our State:
Lo, What all theſe had pow'r to propagate
(Perhaps, more hardy then my Hope had bin,
When firſt this Theam you gave mee to begin)
Beſides my Way, beyond my Waining Date.
Lo, therefore, whether Well, or Ill I fare;
Whether the doubtfull field I win or loſe;
In Fame, or Shame, you needs muſt have a Share,
Who on my Weakneſs did this weight impoſe.
Like *Moſes* therefore lift your hands on hie,
That *Joſuah's* hand may have the Victory.

A VVarning-Piece.

RIght noble Nobles, *Generous* Gentlemen,
Lovers of Honour, *and your* Countreys *Weal*;
You'll need no Warning *to avoid our* Peal;
Nor are in Level *of our* Poudred *Pen*:
Nor thoſe *that yet will* yeeld, *and turn agen*
From th' Idol-Service *of their* Smoakie Zeal,
To ſerve their GOD, *their* KING, *their* Common-weal:
Wee Shoot at Manners, *Wee would ſave the* Men.
But, Thoſe rebellious *that will ſtill* ſtand out
Under the Standard *of our Heathen Foe,*
With Pipe *and* Pudding *rampir'd round about,*
Puffing *and* Snuffing *at their threatned* Woe;
At ſuch, our Canon *ſhall Here thunder thick:*
Gunner, *your Lin-Stock*; *Come*, give fier quick.

Tis beſt Praiſe-worthy, to have pleas'd the Beſt:
This Wee indeavour; and defie the Reſt.

TO

TOBACCO BATTERED.

WHat-ever God *created*, first, was *good*, (stood:
And good for Man, while Man uprightly
But, falling Angels causing Man to fall,
His foule *Contagion* con-corrupted All
His fellow-Creatures, for his Sin accurst,
And for his sake transformed from their first;
Till God and Man, Mans Leprie to re-cure,
By Death kill'd *Death*, re-making *All things* pure:
But, *To the pure*; not to the still-Profane,
Who (Spider-like) turne Blessings into Bane;
Usurping (right-lesse, thank-lesse, need-lesse) here,
In wanton, willfull, wastefull, lustfull Cheer,
Earths plenteous Crop, which God hath onely giv'n
Unto his owne (Heires both of Earth and Heav'n)
Who onely (rightly) may with *Praise* and *Prayer*,
Enjoy th' increase of Earth, of Sea, and Ayre,
Fowle, Fish, & Flesh, Gems, Mettals, Cattel, Plants,
And namely (That which now no *Ingle* wants)
Indian TOBACCO, when due cause requires;
Not the dry *Dropsie*, of *Phantastick* Squires.
None therefore deem that I am now to learn
(How ever dim I many things discern)
Reason and Season to distinguish fit,
Th' *Use* of a thing, from the *Abuse* of it;
Drinking from *drunking*, *Saccharum cum Sacco*;
And *taking of*, from *taking all* TOBACCO.
Yet out of high disdain and indignation,
Of that stern Tyrant 's strangest Usurpation,
Once demi-Captive to his *puffing Pride*
(As millions are, too-wilfull foolifi'd)
Needs must I band against the *need-lesse Use*
Of Don TOBACCO, and his *foule Abuse*:
Which (though in *Inde* it be an Herbe indeed)
In *Europe* is no better then a Weed:
Which, to their *Idols*, *Pagans* sacrifize,
And *Christians* (here) doe well-nigh *Idolize*:
Which taking, *Heathens* to the Divels bow
Their Bodies, *Christians* even their Soules do vow.
Yet th' *Heathen* have, with th' *ill*, som *good* withall;
Sith, Their *con-native*, 'tis *con-naturall*.
But, see the nature of abounding Sin,
Which more abounding Punishment doth win
For *knowing* Servants wilfull Arrogance,
Than *silly* Strangers savage Ignorance.
For, what to them is Meat and Med'cinable,
Is turn'd to us a Plague intolerable.
Two smoakie Engines, in this latter Age
(*Satans* short Circuit; the more sharp his rage.)
Have been invented by too-wanted Wit,
Or, rather, vented from th' *Infernall Pit*;
Guns and *Tobacco-pipes*, with *Fire* and *Smoak*,
(At least) a third part of Mankind to *choak*:
(Which happely, * th' *Apocalyps* fore-told)
Yet of the *Two*, Wee may (think I) be bold,
In some respects, to think the Last, the Worst,
(How-ever Both in their Effects accurst.)
For, *Guns* shoot *from-ward*, onely at their Foen;
Tobacco-pipes, *home-ward*, into their Owne
(When, for the Touch-hole, firing the wrong end,
Into our Selves the Poysons force wee send):
Those, in the Field, in brave and hostile manner;
These, Cowardly, under a Covert Banner:
Those, with Defiance, in a threatfull Terror;
These, with Affiance, in a wilfull Error: (ridding;
Those, (though loud roaring, goaring-deep) quick-
These, stilly stealing, longer Languours breeding:
Those, full of pain (perhaps) and fell despight;
These, with false Pleasure, and a seem-delight
(As Cats with Mice, Spiders with Flies) full rife,
Pipe-playing, dallying, and deluding Life.
Who would not wonder, in these Sunny-Dayes
So bright illightned with the GOSPEL's Rayes)
Whence so much *Smoak*, and deadly Vapours come,
To dim and damne so much of *Christendome*?
But, wee must ponder too, These dayes are Those
Wherein the Divell was to be let lose;
And yawning broad Gate of that black *Abyss*
To be set ope, whose bottome bound-lesse is;
That *Satan*, destin'd evermore to dwell
In *Smoakie* Fornace of that darksom Cell,
In *Smoak* and *darknesse*, might inure and train
His Own dear Minions, while they here remain;
As roguing *Gypsies*, tanne their little Elves,
To make them tann'd and ugly like themselves.
Then in despight who-ever dare say Nay,
TOBACCONISTS, keep on your course: you may,
If you continue in your *Smoakie* Ure,
The better far Hell's sulph'ry *Smoak*, endure;

* Apoc. 3. 17.

And herein (as in All your other Evill)
Grow neerer ſtill and liker to the Divell:
Save that the Divell (if hee could revoke)
Would flee from filthy and unhealthy *Smoak*;
Wherein (caſt out of Heav'n for helliſh pride)
Unwilling hee and forced, doth abide:
Which, herein worſe then hee (the worſt of Ill)
You long-for, luſt-for, ly-for, dy-for ſtill:
For, as the *Salamander* lives in Fire,
You live in *ſmoak*, and without *ſmoak* expire.

SHould it be queſtion'd (as right well it may)
Whether Diſcovery of *AMERICA*,
That *New-found World*, have yeelded to our Old
More Hurt or Good: Till fuller Anſwer ſhould
Decide the Doubt, and quite determine it,
Thus for the preſent might wee anſwer fit:
That, thereby Wee have (rightly underſtood)
Both giv'n and taken greater hurt then good:
And that on both ſides, both for *Chriſtians*
It had been better, and for *Indians*,
That onely good men to their Coaſt had com,
Or that the Evill had ſtill ſtaid at home.
For, what our People have brought thence to us,
Is like the head-piece of a *Polipus*,
Wherein is (quoted by ſage *Plutarch's* Quill)
A peſt'lence great Good, and great Peſt'lence Ill.
We had from them, firſt, to augment our Stocks,
Two grand Diſeaſes, *Scurvie* and the *Pocks*:
Then, *Two* great *Cordials* (for a Counterpeiz)
Gold & TOBACCO; both which, many waies,
Have done more Miſchief then the former twain;
And all together brought more Loſſe then Gain.
But true it is, wee had this Traſh of Theirs,
Onely in Barter of our broken Wares.
Ours, for the moſt part, carried out but Sin;
And, for the moſt part, brought but Vengeance in:
Their Fraight was *Sloth*, *Luſt*, *Avarice*, *and Drink*,
(A Burthen able, with the Waight, to ſink
The hugeſt Carrak; yea, thoſe hallowed *Twelve*,
Spain's great *Apoſtles*, even to over-whelve)
They carried *Sloth*, and brought home *Scurvie skin*:
They carried *Luſt*, & brought home *Pocks* within:
They carried *Avarice*, and *Gold* they got:
They carried *Bacchus*, & *TOBACCO* brought.
Alas, poor *Indians!* that, but *Engliſh*, None
Could put them down in their owne Trade alone!
That None, but *Engliſh* (more alas! more ſtrange!)
Could juſtifie their pitifull Exchange!
Of all the Plants that *Tellus* boſom yeelds,
In groves, glades, gardens, marſhes, mountains, fields,
None ſo pernicious to Man's Life is knowne,
As is TOBACCO, ſaving HEMP alone.
Betwixt which Two there ſeems great Sympathy
To ruinate poor *Adam's* Progeny:
For, in them Both, a *ſtrangling* vertue note,
And both of them doe worke upon the Throte;
The one, within it; and without, the other;
And th' one prepareth Work unto the tother;
For, There doe meet (I mean at *Tail* and *Gallowes*)
More of theſe beaſtly, baſe *Tobacco*-Fellowes,
Then elſe to any profane Haunt doe reſe
(Excepting ſtill *The Play-houſe* and *The Stewes*)
Sith 'tis their common Lot (ſo double-choaked)
Juſt Bacon-like, to be *hang'd up* and *ſmoaked*:
A Deſtiny, as proper to befall
To morall Swine, as to Swine naturall.
If there be any *Herb*, in any place,
Moſt oppoſite to GOD's good *Herb of grace*,
'Tis doubt-leſſe This: & this doth plainly prove-it;
That, for the moſt, moſt *grace-leſs* men doe love-it,
Or rather, doat moſt on this *wither'd Weed*,
Themſelves as *wither'd* in all *gracious Deed*.
'Tis ſtrange to ſee (and unto mee a Wonder)
When the prodigious ſtrange abuſe wee ponder
Of this unruly, ruſty *Vegetall*;
From modern *Symmiſts Jeſu-Criticall*,
(Carping at us, and caſting in our Diſh,
Not Crimes, but Crums: as eating Fleſh for Fiſh:)
W'heare, in this caſe, no Conſcience-caſes holier.
But, *like to like*; *The Divel with the Collier*.
For, a TOBACCONIST (I dare aver)
Is, firſt of all, a rank *Idolater*,
As any of th' *Ignatian Hierarchie*:
Next, as conformed to their Foppery,
Of burning Day-light, and Good-night, at Noon,
Setting up *Candles* to enlight the Sun:
And laſt, the Kingdom of NEW-BABYLON
Stands in a *Dark* and *Smoakie* Region,
So full of ſuch variety of *Smoaks*,
That there-with-all all *Piety* it choaks.
For, There is, firſt the *ſmoak* of Ignorance,
The *ſmoak* of Error, *ſmoak* of Arrogance,
The *ſmoak* of Merit ſuper-er'gatory,
The *ſmoak* of *Pardon*, *ſmoak* of PURGATORY,
The *ſmoak* of Cenſing, *ſmoak* of *Thurifying*
Of Images, of *Satan's Fury-flying*,
The *ſmoak* of Stewes (for *ſmoaking* thence they com,
As horrid hot as torrid *Sodom*, ſom):
Then, *ſmoak* of *Powder-Treaſon*, *Piſtols*, *Knives*,
To blow-up Kingdoms, and blow-out Kings lives;
And laſtly, too TOBACCO's *ſmoakie*-Miſts,
Which (comming from *Iberian* BAALISTS)
No ſmall addition of Aduſtion fit
Bring to the *ſmoak* of the *Unbottom'd* Pit,
Yerſt opened, firſt (*as openeth Saint* John)
By their ABADDON and APOLLYON.
But, ſith they are contented to admire
What they diſlike not, if they not deſire
(For, with good reaſon may wee gheſs, that they
Who ſwallow Camels, ſwallow Gnatlings may);
'Tis ground enough for us, in this Diſpute,
Their *Vanities*, thus obvious to refute
(Their *Vanities*, *Myſterious Miſts* of *Rome*,
Which have ſo long be-*ſmoaked Chriſtendome*).
And for the reſt, it ſhall ſuffice to ſay,
Tobacconing is but a *ſmoakie* Play.
Strong Arguments againſt ſo weak a thing
Were needleſſe, or unſuitable, to bring.
In this behalfe there needs no more be done,
Sith of it Selfe the ſame will vaniſh ſoon:
T' evaporate *This ſmoak*, it is enough
But with a Breath the ſame aſide to puff.

NOw, my firſt puff ſhall but repell th' ill ſavour
Of Place and Perſons (of debaucht behaviour)
Where

Where 'tis moſt frequent: Second, ſhew you will,
How little *Good* it doth: Third, how great *Ill*.
'Tis vented moſt in Taverns, Tippling-cots,
To Ruffians, Roarers, Tipſie-Toſtie-pots,
Whoſe Cuſtom is, between the *Pipe* and *Pot*;
(Th'one Cold and Moiſt, the other dry and Hot)
To skirmiſh ſo(like Sword and Dagger-fight)
That 'tis not eaſie to determine right,
Which of their Weapons hath the Conqueſt got
Over their Wits; the *Pipe*, or elſe the *Pot*.
Yet 'tis apparent, and by proof expreſs,
Both ſtab and wound the Brain with *Drunkenneſs*:
For even the *Derivation* of the *Name*
Seems to allude and to include the ſame:
TOBACCO, as Τω Βαχχω, one would ſay;
To(Cup-god) *Bacchus dedicated ay*.
And,for Concluſion of this Point, obſerve
The places which to theſe *Abuſes* ſerve,
How-ever, of them-ſelves noyſom enough,
Are much more loathſom with the ſtench andStuff
Extracted from their *limbecke* Lips and Noſe.
So that, the Houſes, common Haunts of Thoſe,
Are liker Hell then Heav'n: for, Hell hath *Smoak*,
Impenitent TOBACCONISTS to choak,
Though never dead:There ſhall they have their fill:
In Heav'n is none, but Light and Glory ſtill.
Next: Multitudes them daily, hourly drown
In this black Sea of *Smoak*, toſt up and down
In this vaſt *Ocean*, of ſuch *Latitude*,
That *Europe* onely cannot all include,
But out it ruſhes, over-runs the Whole,
And reaches, wel-nigh round, from *Pole* to *Pole*;
Among the *Moors*, *Turks*, *Tartars*, *Perſians*,
And other *Ethnicks* (full of Ignorance
Of GOD and *Good*:)and,if wee ſhall look home
To view(and rew)the State of CHRISTENDOM;
Upon this Point,wee may This *Riddle* bring;
The Subject hath more Subjects then the King:
For, Don TOBACCO hath an ampler Raign
Then Don PHILIPPO, the Great *King of Spain*
(In whoſe Dominions, for the moſt, it growes).
Nay, ſhall I ſay(O Horror to ſuppoſe!)
Heathniſh TOBACCO(almoſt every where)
In *Chriſtendom*(CHRIST's *outward Kingdom* here)
Hath more *Diſciples* then CHRIST hath (I fear)
More Suit, moreService (Bodies, Souls,and Good)
Then *Chriſt*, that bought us wth his precious bloud.
O Great TOBACCO! greater then Great *Can*,
Great *Turke*, Great *Tartar*, or Great *Tamberlan*!
With Vulturs wings Thou haſt (and ſwifter yet
Then an *Hungarian Ague*, *Engliſh Sweat*)
Through all Degrees flown far,nigh, up and down;
From court to cart; from *Count* to country Clown,
Not ſcorning *Scullions*, *Coblers*, *Colliers*,
Jakes-farmers, *Fidlers*, *Oſtlers*, *Oyſterers*,
Roagues, *Gypſies*, *Players*, *Pandars*, *Punks*, and All
What *common Scums*, in *common-Sewers* fall.
For, all, as *Vaſſals*, at thy beck are bent,
And breathe by Thee, as their *new Element*.
Which well may prove thy *Monarchy* the Greater;
Yet prove not Thee to be a whit the better;
But rather Worſe: for, *Hell*'s wide-open Road
Is eaſieſt found, and by the moſt ſtill trod.
Which,even the *Heathen* had the Light to know
By Arguments, as many times they ſhow.
Here may wee alſo gather(for a need)
Whether TOBACCO be an *Herb* or *Weed*:
And whether the exceſſive Uſe be fit,
Or good or bad; by thoſe that favour it:
Weeds, wilde and wicked, moſtly entertain it;
Herbs, holeſome *Herbs*, and holy mindes diſdain it.
If then *Tobacconing* be good; How is't,
That lewdeſt, looſeſt, baſeſt, fooliſheſt,
The moſt unthrifty, moſt intemperate,
Moſt vitious, moſt debaucht, moſt deſperate,
Purſue it moſt? The Wiſeſt and the Beſt
Abhor it, ſhun it, flee it, as the Peſt,
Or piercing Poyſon of a Dragons Whisk,
Or deadly Ey-ſhot of a Baſilisk.
If *Wiſdome* baulk it, muſt it not be *Folly*?
If *Vertue* hate it, is it not unholy?
If Men of Worth, and Mindes right *generous*,
Diſcard it, ſcorn it; is't not *ſcandalous*?
And(to conclude)is it not to the Divell
Moſt pleaſing; pleaſing ſo(moſt)the moſt Evill?

MY ſecond *Puff*,is Proof *How Little Good*
This *Smoak* hath don(that ever hear I con'd).
For, firſt, there's none that takes *Tobacco* moſt,
Moſt uſually, moſt earneſtly can boaſt
That the exceſſive and continuall uſe
Of this *dry Suck-at* ever did produce
Him any Good, Civill, or Naturall,
Or Morall Good, or Artificiall:
Unleſſe perhaps they will alledge, It drawes
Away the Ill which ſtill it Self doth cauſe.
Which courſe(mee thinks)I cannot liken better
Then to an *Uſurer*'s kindneſs to his *Debter*;
Who under ſhew *of lending*, ſtill ſubtracts
The *Debters* Owne, and then his own exacts;
Till at the laſt hee utterly confound-him,
Or leave him worſe & weaker then he found-him.
Next, if the Cuſtome of *Tobacconing*
Yeeld th' Uſers any *Good* in any thing;
Either they *have* it, or they *hope* it preſt
(By proof and practiſe, taking ſtill the beſt):
For, none but Fools will them to Ought beſlave,
Whence Benefit they neither *hope* nor *have*.
Therefore,yet farther(as a *Queſtioniſt*)
I muſt enquire of my TOBACCONIST,
Why, if a *Chriſtian*(as ſome ſomtimes ſeem)
Beleeving GOD, waiting all *Good* from Him,
And unto Him all *Good* again referring;
Why(to eſchew th' Ungodly's *Grace-leſs* erring)
Why pray they not?Why praiſe they not his Name
For *hoped Good*, and *Good had* by this Same?
As all men doe, or ought to doe for All
The Gifts and *Goods* that from his *Goodneſſe* fall.
Is't not, becauſe they neither *hope*, nor *have*,
Good(*hence*)*to thank* God for,nor farther *crave*:
But, as they had it from the *Heathen*, firſt;
So, *Heathniſhly* they uſe it ſtill, accurſt:
And(as ſom jeſt of *Oyſters*)This is more
Ungodly Meat, both *After* and *Before*.
Laſtly, if all Delights of all Mankind
Be *Vanity*, *Vexation* of the Minde;
All under Sun: muſt not TOBACCO be,
Of Vanities, the vaineſt *Vanity*?

If *Solomon*, the wiſeſt earthly Prince
That ever was before, or hath bin ſince;
Knowing all Plants, and them peruſing All,
From *Cedar* to the *Hyſſop* on the Wall;
In none of all profeſſeth, that hee found
A firm content, or Conſolation found:
Can wee ſuppoſe, that any Shallowling
Can find *much Good*, in oft *Tobacconing*?

MY Third and laſt *Puff* points at the *great Evill*
This noiſom *Vapour* works through wily di-
If wee may judge; if knowledge may be had (vell.
By their Effects, how things be *good* or *bad*;
Doubtleſſe, th' Effects of this pernicious *Weed*
Be many *bad*, ſcarce any *good*, indeed:
Nor doth a man ſcarce any *Good* contain,
But of this *Evill* juſtly may complain;
As thereby, made in every Part the worſe,
In Body, Soule, in Credit, and in Purſe.

FOr, firſt of all, it falls on his *Good-Name*;
And ſo be-ſmears, and ſo *be-ſmoaks* the ſame,
That never after ſcarce diſcerned is't.
Rare *good Report* of a TOBACCONIST:
Where, if to take it, were a vertuous thing,
'T would to the Taker's Commendation bring;
And ſom-what grace them (tho they elſe were bad)
Or hide a little, the Defects they had:
But from their Credit rather it abates,
And their Diſgraces rather aggravates:
And how-much better that they were before,
It ſtinks the worſe, and ſtains their name the more.
For, if a Swearer or a Swaggerer,
A Drunkard, Dicer, or Adulterer,
Prove a TOBACCONIST, it is not much:
'T is ſuitable, 'tis well beſeeming Such
(No leſſe then flaring, gariſh, whoriſh Tire,
Which now-adayes moſt *Mad-dames* moſt deſire:
Owl-fac't *Chaprones*, Cheeks *painted*, *Izland* Treſs,
Bum *Boſſe*-about, with *broad deep-naked* Breſts;
Borrow'd and brought from looſe *Venetians*,
Becoms *Picke-hatch*, and *Shoreditch Courtizans*).
Not that *Tobacconing* is not amiſſe;
But that the bright Noon of their better Vice,
Spred far and wide, doth darken and put down
TOBACCO-*taking*, and its Twilight drown.
But, let it be of any truly ſaid,
Hee's *great*, *religious*, *learned*, *wiſe*, or *ſtaid*;
But hee is lately turn'd TOBACCONIST:
O! what a Blur! what an Abatement is't!
'T is like a handfull from *Augeus* Stable,
Caſt in the Face of *Beauties* faireſt Table.
Whence it appears, This too-too to frequent,
It is not *good*; no not *indifferent*.
It beſt becomes a *Stage*, or elſe a *Stewes*,
Or *Dicing houſe*, where All Diſorders uſe.
It ill beſeems a *Church*, *Colledge*, or *Court*,
Or any place of any civill ſort:
It fits Blaſphemers, Ruffians, Atheiſts,
Damn'd *Libertines*, to be TOBACCONISTS:
Not *Magiſtrates*, not *Miniſters*, not *Schollers*,
(Who are, or ſhould be, Sins ſevere Comptrollers)
Nor any wiſe and ſober perſonage,
Of Gravity, of *Honeſty*, of Age.
It were the fitteſt Furniture (that may)
For Divell, in a Picture or a Play,
To repreſent him with a fiery Face,
His Mouth and Noſtrils puffing *Smoak* apace,
With ſtaring Eyes, and in his grizely Gripe
An over-growne, great, long TOBACCO-*Pipe*.
Which ſure (me thinks) the moſt TOBACCONIST
Muſt needs approve, and even applaud the Jeſt;
But much more *Chriſtians* hence obſerve how evill
It them becoms, that ſo becoms the Divell.
And therefore, think this *Weed*, a *Drug* for *Jews*
More fit by far [who did ſo foule abuſe
(Baſe rheumy Raſcals) with their Spawlings baſe,
Our loving SAVIOUR's lovely-reverend Face,
Whom (wilfull-blinde, ſtiff-necked ſtupefi'd)
They ſpet on, ſcorned, ſcourged, *Crucifi'd*]
Then for us *Chriſtians*, who his Name adore:
Whom by his *Death* hee doth to *Life* reſtore.
If, notwithſtanding all that hath been ſaid,
TOBACCONISTS will ſtill hold on their Trade,
And by their practice ſtill hold up their Name,
Though *Jews*, though *Divels* better ſuit the ſame;
I'll ſay no more but onely This, of This:
Henceforth let none whoſe meaner Lot it is
To live in *Smoak*; *Lime-burners*, *Alchimiſts*,
Brick-makers, *Brewers*, *Colliers*, *Kitchiniſts*;
Let *Salamanders*, *Swallows*, *Bacon-flitches*,
Red-Sprats, *red-Herings*, and like *Chimny*-wretches,
Think no Diſparagement, nor hold them baſe:
TOBACCONISTS their Company will grace,
And teach them make a Vertue of Neceſſity,
Turning their *Smoak* into a *grace*-fool-*Aſsity*.

NExt the *Good-name*, now let the *Body* ſhow
What wrongs to it from out TOBACCO flow:
For, as That is Man's baſer Part indeed,
It is moſt baſely handled by this *Weed*.
And firſt (as was ſignificantly ſaid
Before our *Soveraign*, by an *Oxford* Head)
TOBACCO *Smoak* into the *Parlour* puts,
And baſeſt Office in the beſt Room ſhuts,
While to the Head it doth exhale and hoiſt
The Bodies filthy and ſuperfluous Moiſt;
Cauſing a moiſt Brain, by unceaſt ſupply
Of Rheums ſtill drawn to th' bodies *Stillary*:
Which in experience, and in Reaſon, make
Men moſt unapt deep things to undertake.
For, for the moſt part, ſhallow are the Wits,
Conceits and Counſels of TOBACCONISTS.
Sith *Wiſdome dwels in Dry*: Her proper Seat
Is a dry Brain, embatteld well with Heat.
Alſo, it fries and dries away the Bloud
(As did that *Perſian* the *Euphratean* Floud,
To conquer *Babylon*) by whoſe *increaſſion*,
The *Vitall Spirits*, in an unwonted faſhion,
Are bay'd, and barred of their Paſſage due
Through all the veins, their vigour to renue:
So that the Humours (as all out of frame)
Tending to putrefie and to inflame, (ever
Fire the whole houſe; from whence there follows
A dangerous, if not a deadly *Fever*.
Laſtly, this boyling, broyling of the Bloud,
Breeds much adulted *Melancholy*-Mood
(*Satan's*

(*Satan's* fit Saddle, from their ſullen Cell,
To ride in poſte, his wretched Slaves to Hell,
With two keen ſpurres (too-quick in their Effect)
Th' one of Exceſſe, the other of Defect;
A violent *Paſſion*, puſhing *Reaſon* back,
Or fell *Deſpaire* when *Conſcience* is awake.)
For, as of all *Inſenſibles*, hath none
More *Melancholy* and *Aduſtion*,
Then *Chimnies* have; What kind of *Chimny* is't
Leſſe *Senſible* then a TOBACCONIST?
And in receiving *Smoake*, ſith th' are ſo equall;
Can their *Aduſtion* then be much unequall?
Thus then the Habit of TOBACCONING,
Makes one more *Chimny-like* then any thing.
Som alſo think it cauſeth exſiccation
(As of the Bloud) of Seed of generation;
By th' acrimony ſtirring more to covet,
Then fruitfully producing Iſſue of-it:
Whence, wee may learn to marvell ſo much leſſe,
That (for the moſt) our *Gentles*, that profeſſe
TOBACCONISME, love *Lemman*-Sauce ſo well;
Or that ſuch Legions of the Baſe *pel-mel*,
Under the Standard of TOBACCO, uſe
To *Turn-bull* firſt, then to *Our Bartholmews*.
And where there have been many great inqueſts
To finde the Cauſe Why Bodies ſtill grow leſs,
And daily neerer to the *Pigmies* Size;
This, among many Probabilities,
May paſs for one: that their Progenitours
Did gladly foment their Interiours
With wholeſome food, unmixed, moderate,
And timely Liquors duely temperate:
But, now-adayes, Their Iſſue inly choak
And dry them up (like Herrings) with This *ſmoake*:
For, Herrings, in the Sea, are large and full,
But ſhrink in bloating and together pull:
Whence, in effect, Smoak unto Smoak referring,
TOBACCONISTS are not unlike Red Herring.
Undoubtedly beyond all Moderation
It dries the Body, robs of irrigation
The thirſty parts; ſo that the bowels cry
For Moiſt and Cold, to temper Hot and Dry:
Whence, th' Elementall Qualities of Theirs,
In faction, fall together by the Eares.
For, in the Herb exceſſe of Dry and Hot
Drawes-in exceſſe of Cold-Moiſt from the Pot;
Forwhich they troup to th' Ale-houſe ſhortly after,
As rats-ban'd Rats doe hie them to the water.
And yet, their liquid Cooler cures them not,
No more then water doth the baned Rat:
For th' Heat and Drought of th' *Herb American*
Being intenſive (fitter call'd Man-bane)
The one dries-up the *Humour Radicall*,
The other drowns the *Calor Naturall*.
But the moſt certain and apparent Ill
Is an Ill Habit which doth haunt them ſtill;
Transforming *Nature* from her native Mould:
For, *Cuſtom* wee another *Nature* hold.
And this vile *Cuſtom* is ſo violent,
And holds his *Cuſtomers* at ſuch a Bent,
That tho thereby more hurt then good they doubt:
To dye for it, they cannot live without.
Which doubtleſſe, is a miſerable State:
For, Men are ſurely the more fortunate,
Of fewer Creatures that they ſtand in need:
More, but more Bondage, and leſſe freedom breed.
A Houſe, that muſt have many props and ſtaies,
Is neerer Fall, and faſter it decayes:
Variety and ſurfeit feed the *Spittle*,
And fill the Grave. *Nature's content with little.*
Why then ſhould Man, *living* and *rationall*,
Beſlave himſelfe to a dead *Vegetall*?
Why demi-heav'nly, and moſt free by Birth,
Should hee be bound unto this Childe of Earth?
Why, Lord of Creatures, ſhould Hee ſerve: at leaſt
Why ſuch a Creature, baſer then a Beaſt?

OFt had I ſeen *Fools* of all ſorts frequent it,
Fooles of all Size, *Fooles* of all Sexes haunt it,
Fooles of all Colours, *Fooles* of all Complexions,
Fooles of all Faſhions, *Fooles* of all Affections,
Fooles naturall, *Fooles* artificiall,
Fooles rich and poor, young *Fools*, old *Fools*, and all;
Whom, *Foole*, I pitied, for their wilfull folly;
Suppoſing, none diſcreetly Wiſe (or Holy)
Could be entangled with ſo fond a thing,
As is the habit of *Tobacconing*.
For, what Diſcretion, or what Wiſedome can,
Think *Phyſick* Food, or *Medicine* Meat for Man?
I rather thought *Ulyſſes* rather would
Have ſtopt his ears, eyes, hands, & mouth with-hold
From ſuch a *Cyrcean* Drug, whoſe working ſtrange,
Would ſoon his beſt into a Beaſt exchange.
But when I ſaw ſome wiſe ones ſnared-in
This *Spaniſh Cobweb* (Satan's ſpeciall Gin)
And that ſo faſt, they cannot when they would
Get out again; or will not if they could:
Wiſdome, mee thought, muſt vary much; or elſe
This *Ware* is *ſpiced* with ſom forrain Spels,
So to bewitch the Wiſe (needleſſe, and nilling)
To take and love; and not to leave it, willing.
For, thoſe that ſay and ſweare they even abhor it,
Cannot abandon, but thus bandy for it:
'Tis good (ſay they) 'tis ſpeciall good for Rheums;
Exhales groſſe humours, their exceſſe conſumes;
And voids withall, all Inconvenience
There-on depending, or deſcending Thence.
Which ſhould I grant, it muſt be yet with Clauſes
Of needfull Caution, ſuitable to Cauſes;
When time requireth Preparation fit
To ratifie congealed Rags of it;
Which by the Heat and Dryneſſe, probably,
This Plant performes in mediocrity:
Or elſe where the aboundant Quantity,
Dangerous Effect, Malignant Quality,
Of over-moiſtures, aske *Evacuation*,
To free the parts from totall Inundation.
How-be-it, many ſafer Meanes there are,
Better and fitter in themſelves by farre;
More certaine, more direct; with leſſe adoe,
Leſſe Coſt, leſſe Damage, and leſſe Danger too
Then *Don* TOBACCO's damnable Infection,
Slutting the Body, ſlaving the Affection.
'T were therefore better ſomwhat elſe to ſeek,
Then reſt in this ſo worthy of diſ-like;
Sith, curing thus one ſmall Infirmity,
It doth create a greater Malady,

When

When ther-by freed (perhaps) from *Rhemmes*, we fal
In Bondage of this *Custom* capitall,
For they that *Physick* to a *Custom* bring,
Bring their *Disease* too, to accustoming.
Perpetuall *Physick* must of force imply
Perpetuall *Sickenesse*; or deepe Foolerie
Compos'd of *Antick* and of *Phrantick* too:
For, where's no *Sickenes*, what should *Med'cine* do?

THus for the *Body*: Now, the *Soule* divine
With this wilde *Goose-grasse* of the *Perusine*,
Hath foure great Quarrels, in foure-fold respect
Of her foure Faculties; the *Intellect*,
The *Memory*, the *Will*, the *Conscience*;
All which are wronged, if not wounded, Thence.
First, in the *Intellect*, it d' outs the Light,
Darkens the House, th' understandings Sight;
Through never-ceast succession of *Humidity*
The Dam of dulnesse, Mother of *Stupidity*;
Making Mans generous Brain (best, dry and hot)
Lie drown'd and driveling like a Changeling Sot.
Why then should Man, to put out *Reason's* Eye,
Suffer his Soule in *Smoakie* Lodge to lye?
For, though some others, and my Selfe by proofe
(When scornefully I tooke it but in *Snuffe*);
Have thereby somtimes found some benefit;
Superfluous humors from the Brain to quit,
To cleer the Voyce and cheer the *Phantasie*,
Which for the present, it did seem supply:
Yet doth the *Custom* (as wee likewise finde)
Dis-nerve the Body, and dis-apt the Minde.
Next, It decayes and marres the *Memory*,
And brings it to strange Imbecillity,
By still attraction of continuall *Moist*,
Which from the lower parts it wonts to hoist:
For, though best *Memory* dwell in a Brain
Moist-moderate; Yet over-*moist*, againe
Makes it so laxe, so diffluent and thin,
That nothing can be firmly fixt there-in;
But instantly it slides and slips away,
As weary heels on wet and slippery Clay.
For Proofe whereof: None more forgetfull is
Of GOD and *Good*, then are *Tobacconists*.
Touching th' *Affections*, they are tyt'd no lesse
By This fell Tyrant's insolent Excesse:
For, the *Adustion* of th' inherent *Heat*,
Drought, *Acrimony* (Tartar-like) doth fret;
Makes men more sudden and more heed-lesse heady
More sullen sowr, more stubbornely-unsteady,
More apt to wrath, to wrangle, and to braule;
To give and take a Great offence for Small;
Cause-lesse Rejoycing, and as cause-lesse Sory,
Exceeding-Mournefull, and excessive-Merry:
Whence growes, in fine, excessive Griefe and Fear;
For Dumpier none then the *Tobacconer*:
None sadder then the gladdest of their Host;
None hating more then hee that loved most;
None fearing more, none daunted more then such
As, in a *Passion*, rather dar'd too-much.
For, *Relatives inseparable dwell*:
And *Contraries their Contraries expell*.
And (with th' *old Poet*) *'Tis the Cox-comb Course*,
Flying a Fault, to fall into a Worse.

But, if they say, that somet imes, taking it,
The Minde is freed from some instant Fit
Of Anger, Griefe, or Feare; Experience tells
It is but like some of our Tooth-ake Spells,
Which for the present seem to ease the Pain,
But after, double it with more Rage again;
Because a little, for the time, it drawes,
But leaves behinde the very Root and Cause.
Lastly, the *Conscience* (as it is the best)
This *Indian* Weed doth most of all molest;
Loading it dayly with such Weight of Sin,
Whereof the least shall at the last com-in
To strict Account: the Losse of precious hours,
Neglect of GOD, of *Good*, of Us, of Ours:
Our ill Example, prodigall Excess,
Vain Words, vain Oaths, Dice, Daring, Drunkennes,
Sloath, Jesting, Scoffing, turning Night to Day,
And Day to Night; Disorder, Disaray;
Places of Scorn and publick Scandall hanting;
Persons of base and beastly life frequenting; (bers,
Theeves, Unthrifts, Ruffiãs, Robbers Roarers, Drab-
Bibbers, Blasphemers, Shifters, Sharkers, Stabbers,
This is the *Rendez-vous*, These are the Lists,
Where doe incounter most TOBACCONISTS,
Wherein they walk, like a blinde Mill-horse round;
In the same Circle, on the selfe same ground;
Forgetting how daies, months, and yeers do passe;
No more regarding, then an Ox or Asse,
How Age growes on, how *Death* attendeth them,
GOD knowes how neer (*Whom* on each side behem
A late *Repentance*, or a flat *Despair*)
And after *That*, a noisom stinking Air
Of their infamous rotten *Memory*
With Men on Earth; in Heav'n with GOD on hye
A Fearfull *Doom*; and finally in Hell,
Infinity of Fiery *Torments* fell.
The Last and least of all TOBACCO-harms,
Is to the *Purse*: which yet it so becharms,
That, Juggler-like, it jests-out all the Pelf,
And makes a Man a *Pick-purse* to himselfe.
For, as by This, th' *Iberian Argonauts*
May be suppos'd (even among serious Thoughts)
T' have kill'd more Men then by their Martyrdom,
Or *Massacre* (which yet to Millions com)
So, by the Same they have undone more Men,
Then *Usury* (which takes from Hundred, Ten,)
And no-where more then in *This witched Isle*:
Woe to their Frauds, Woe to us Fools, the-while.

HOw-many *Gentles*, not of meanest Sort
(Whose Fathers liv'd in honourable Port,
For Table, Stable, and Attendance fit;
Loving their Country, and belov'd of it,)
Leaving their Neighbours, flee frõ their Approach;
And, for the most, keep House in a *Caroach*
(Hell's new-found Cradles! where are rockt asleep
Mischiefs that make our Common-weal to weep).
Or in som *Play-house*, or some *Ordinary*,
Or in som piece of som *Un-sanctuary*; (they wave,
Where, through his *Pipe-puft Nose* more *Smoake*
Then all the *Chimnies* their great Houses have;
Consuming more, in their *Obscure Obscœnity*,
On *Smoak* and *Smock*, with their *appendent Vanity*,

Then

Then their brave Elders did, when they maintain'd
Honour at home, and forrain Glory gain'd.
How do they rack, and wrack, & grate, & grinde,
Shuffle and cut, wrangle, and turn, and winde,
Borrow and beg (under a Courtly Cloak)
And all too-little for this liquoriſh *Smoak!*
Alas the while! that men thus needs will be
Begger'd, undone (of no *Neceſsity*)
In Body, Minde, and Meanes; unapt, unable
For any *Good*, through this ſo needleſſe Bable.
For, What a Folly, through the Noſe to puff
Th' whole Bodie's Portion in this idle ſtuff?
Or, what need any with TOBACCO, more
Now meddle, then his Anceſtors before?
Who knew it not, but had, without it, Health,
Liv'd long and luſty, in aboundant Wealth.
Or, what is any, when he all hath ſpent,
The better for This dear Experiment?
Which now-adayes a number daily finde
Like *Alchimie* (though in another Kinde)
To circulate, and calcinate (at length)
Inſenſibly (TOBACCO hath ſuch ſtrength)
Manours, Demains, Goods, Cattell, Elm and Oak,
Gold, Silver, All; to *Aſhes* and to *Smoak*,
While all, too buſie blowing at the Coal,
Deject their Body, and neglect their Soule.
For, O! What place is left to *Chriſtianity*
'Mongſt ſuch a Crew (nay, almoſt to *Humanity*)
Where Oaths, Puf-ſnuffing, Spauling-Excrement,
Are *reall Parts* of GENTLES Complement?
And, for our *Vulgar*, by whoſe bold Abuſe
TOBACCONING hath got ſo generall Uſe;
How mightily have They ſince multiply'd
Taverns, Tap-houſes! where, on every ſide,
Moſt ſinfully hath Mault been ſunken heer
In nappy *Ale*, and *double-double-Beer*;
Invincible in a Threefold Exceſſe; (*kenneſſe*:
Strong *Drink*, ſtrong *Drinking*, and ſtrange *Drun-*
Which on the Land hath brought ſo viſibly
So great a Miſchief, ſo paſt Remedy,
That Thouſands daily into Beggery ſink
Through *Idleneſſe*; in wilfull *Debt* for *Drink*.
Nor can the Law's ſevereſt curb keep-in
This coltiſh, common, priviledged Sin.
Then (ſhallow Reptile, ſuperficiall Gnat)
Why doe I humme? why doe I hiſſe there-at?

But, awefull *Juſtice* will with keener Edge
Clip ſhort (I hope) this ſawcy Priviledge;
And at one blow cut-off this *Over-Drinking*,
And ever *Dropſie* of TOBACCO-*ſtinking*,
When *Our* ALCIDES (though at *Peace* with men,
At war with Vices) as His *armed Pen*
[Among the LABOURS of his *Royall* hand,
Where *Piety* and *Prudence* (joyntly) ſtand
Eternall PILLERS to His glorious *Name*;
Unto all Times to teſtifie the ſame, (*and Writ:*
BRITAIN's right *Beau-Clerk*, both for *Word*
The Miracle, The ORACLE *of Wit:*
For Knowledge, Judgement, Method, Memory,
Divine and Morall ENCYCLOPÆDIE]
Hath, as with Arrowes, from His ſacred Sides,
All-ready chac't Theſe *ſtinking Stymphalides*;
Shall, with the *Trident* of ſome ſharp *Edict*,
Severe enacted, executed ſtrict,
Cleanſe all the Staules of This *Augean* Dung,
Which hath ſo long corrupted Old and Young:
Or, at the leaſt, impoſe ſo deep a *Taxe*
On all theſe *Ball, Leafe, Cane*, and *Pudding-Packs*:
On Seller, or on Buyer, or on Both,
That from Henceforth the *Commons* ſhall be loath
(Unwilling-Wiſe) with that *grave Greek* to *buy*
Smoak and *Repentance at a Price ſo high.*
If, notwithſtanding, yet ſome Wealthy will
Needs poyſon, and undoe them with it, ſtill;
It ſhall be onely ſome of Thoſe profane
Looſe *Prodigals* (their Countries Blot and Bane)
Beſt to be ſpar'd, leaſt to be miſt; whoſe Lands
(If any left) will come to Wiſer hands
Then ſuch weake *Ninnies*, needing *Wardſhip* yet;
Not for their want of *Age*, but want of *Wit.*
Avidius Caſſius (as *Lampridius* ſhowes)
Did firſt invent, and firſt of all impoſe
That uncouth Maner of tormenting Folk
On a high beame to ſmother them with *Smoak*:
Where, had TOBACCO bin then known, he need
But have enjoyn'd them to have ta'n the Weed.
But, with more Reaſon and more Equity,
Severus Cæſar when hee did diſcry
The double-dealing of *Vetronius*
[A Couſening Courtier (Such are none with Us)
A Jack-of-both-ſides, with both hands to play
(As now-adayes ſome Lawyers doe, they ſay)
Faining great Favour with his Soveraign,
To take great Bribes of many, to obtaine
Great Suits; for whom his Prince he never mov'd]
Aloud complain'd of, and apparent prov'd;
Caus'd his falſe *Minion* with this *Doom* to choak,
Let the Smoak-ſeller ſuffocate with Smoak:
Which, our *Smoak*-Merchants would no leſſe befit;
TOBACCO-*Mungers*, Bringers-in of it:
Which yeerly coſts (they ſay, by *Audit* found)
Of better Wares an hundred Thouſand pound.
And, if the *Sentence* of this *Heathen Prince*,
On that *Impoſtor*, for his *Impudence*,
Were juſt: How juſter will the Heav'nly GOD,
Th' *Eternall*, puniſh with infernall Rod:
In Hel's dark Furnace (with black *Fumes*, to choak)
Thoſe, that on Earth will ſtill *offend in Smoak?*
Offend their Friends, with a moſt *un-Reſpect:*
Offend their Wives and Children, with Neglect:
Offend the Eyes, with foul and loathſom ſpawlings:
Offend the Noſe, with filthy Fumes exhalings:
Offend the Eeares, with loud lewd *Execrations:*
Offend the Mouth, with ugly Excreations:
Offend the *Senſe*, with ſtupefying *Senſe*:
Offend the Weake, to follow their *Offence:*
Offend the Body, and offend the Minde:
Offend the *Conſcience* in a fearefull kinde:
Offend their *Baptiſme*, and their *Second Birth:*
Offend the *Majeſty* of Heav'n and Earth.
Woe to the World becauſe of ſuch *Offences*;
So voluntaire, ſo voyd of all pretences
Of all *Excuſe* (ſave *Faſhion, Cuſtome, Will*)
In ſo apparent, proved, granted, *Ill.*
Woe, woe to them by Whom *Offences* come;
So ſcandalous to All our CHRISTENDOM.

FINIS.

LACRYMÆ LACRYMARUM:

OR

The Spirit of Teares,

DISTILLED

FOR THE UNTIMELY DEATH

OF

The Incomparable Prince,

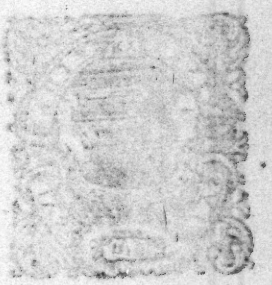
HENRIE

(LATE)

Prince of VVales.

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.



LACRYMAE LACRYMARUM.

A Funerall Elegie.

The Argument, in an EPITAPH.

HEre lies (Drie Eyes read not this EPITAPH.)
Here lies Great-Britain's *Stay, Great* Jacob's *Staffe:*
The ſtately Top-bough of Imperiall Stemme,
World's richeſt Jewell, Nature's *rareſt Gemme,*
Mirrour of Princes, *Miracle of Youth,*
All Vertues Pattern, Patron of all Truth;
Refuge of Armes, ample Reward of Arts,
Worth's *Comforter, milde Conquerour of Hearts:*
The Churches *Tower, the Terrour of the Pope,*
Heroick HENRY, Atlas *of our Hope.*

HOw-ever, ſhort of Others *Art* and *Wit*,
I know my powers for ſuch a Part unfit;
And ſhall but light my Candle in the *Sun*,
To doe a work ſhall be ſo better *Done:*
Could *Tears* and *Fears* give my Diſtractions leave,
Of ſobbing words a *ſable Web* to weave;
Could *Sorrow's Fulneſs* give my voice a vent;
How would, how ſhould, my ſaddeſt *Verſe* lament,
In deepeſt Sighes (in ſtead of ſweeteſt Songs)
This loſs (alas!) which unto All belongs!
To All, alas! though chiefly to the Chief;
His *royall Parents*, Principals in grief:
To All the *Peers*, to all *Confederate*,
To All the *Church*, to all the *Chriſtian State:*
To all the Godly *now*, and *future*, far:
To all the *World*; except S. P. Q. R.
To all together, and to Each a-part,
That lives, and loves *Religion, Armes*, or *Art:*
To all abroad; but, to Us moſt of all
That neereſt ſtood to my *High Cedar's* fall:
But, more then moſt, to *Mee*, that had no *Prop*
But *Henry's Hand*, and but in *Him*, no *Hope:*
In Whom, with *Nature, Grace*, and *Fortune* met,
To conſummate a *Prince*, as *Good* as *Great:*
In Whom, the Heav'ns were pleas'd to ſhew the
A richer *Jewell* then the World was worth, (Earth
Or worthy of: therefore, no more to make
So rare a *Piece*, His precious Mould they brake.
O ſudden Change! O ſad *Viciſſitude!*
O! how the Heav'ns our Earthly Hopes delude!
O! what is firm beneath the Firmament!
O! what is conſtant here that gives Content!
What Truſt in Princes! O! what Help in Man,
Whoſe *dying* life is but in length a ſpan!
Melting, as Snow, before the Mid-day Sun;
Paſt, as a Poſte, that ſpeedy by doth run;
Swift, as the Current of the quickeſt Stream;
Vain, as a Thought; forgotten, as a Dream.
O Deareſt *Henry*, Heav'n and Earth's *Delight!*
O cleareſt Beam of *Vertues*, Riſing bright!
O pureſt Spark of *Pious* Princely *Zeal*!
O ſureſt Ark of *Juſtice* ſacred Weal!
O graveſt Preſage of a *Prudent* Kinde!
O braveſt Meſſage of a *Valiant* Minde!
O All-admir'd, *Benign* and *Bounteous!*
O All-deſired (right) *Panaretus!*
Panaretus (*All-vertuous*) was thy Name;
Thy Nature ſuch: ſuch ever be thy Fame.

O Deareſt! Cleereſt! Pureſt! Sureſt *Prop!*
O Graveſt! Braveſt! Higheſt! Nigheſt *Hope!*
O! how untimely is this Sun gone down!
This *Spark* put out! This *Ark* (as) overthrown!
This Preſage croſt! This Meſſage loſt and left!
This Prop diſplac't! This Hope of all, bereft!
O! how, unkinde! how, graceleſs how, ingrate!
Have *Wee* cut-off Thy likely longer Date!
For, were *this ſtroak* from Heav'ns immediat hand,
Or (by Heav'ns leave) from Hell's ſuborned Band
Of *Romulides* (what dare not they preſume,
If this, that Sea a ſulph'ry Sea conſume?)
How-e'r it were, *Wee* were the *Moving Cauſe*
That ſweet *Prince Henry* breath no longer draws.
Wee all (alas!) have had our hands herein:
And each of us hath, by ſome *cord* of *ſin*,
Hal'd down from Heav'n from *Juſtice* awfull Seat,
This *Heavy Judgement* (wch yet more doth threat.)
Wee Clergy firſt, who too-too-oft have ſtood
More for the Church-goods, then the Churches
Wee Nobles next, whoſe Title, ever ſtrong, (good:
Can hardly offer Right, or ſuffer Wrong:
Wee Magiſtrates, who, moſtly, weak of ſight,
Are rather fain to feel then ſee the Right:
Wee Officers, whoſe *Price* of every *Place*
Keeps *Vertue* out, and bringeth *Vice* in grace:
Wee Gentry then, who rack, and ſack, and ſell,
To ſwim, like *Sea-crabs* in a *foure-wheel'd Shell*:
Wee Courtiers next, who *French-Italianate*,
Change (with the *Moon*) our *Faſhion*, *Faith*, and *Fate*:
Wee Lawyers then, who *Deitalizing* Law,
And deadly *Conſcience*, like the Horſe-leach draw:
Wee Citizens, who, ſeeming *Pure* and Plain,
Beguile our Brother, make our *god* our GAIN:
Wee Countrymen, who ſlander Heav'n and Earth
As Authors of our *Artificiall Dearth*:
Wee Purveyours, laſt, who, taking ten for two,
Rob both, at once, our *Prince* and *People* too:
All, briefly all, all Ages, Sexes, Sorts,
In *Countries*, *Cities*, *Benches*, *Churches*, *Courts*,
(All *Epicures*, *Wit-wantons*, *Atheiſts*,
Mach'-Aretines, *Momes*, *Tap-To-Bacconiſts*,
Bats, *Harpies*, *Syrens*, *Centaurs*, *Bib-all-nights*,
Sice-ſink-up-Aſſes, *Hags*, *Hermaphrodites*)
And *Wee*, poor *Nothings* (fixed in no Spheare,
Right *wandring* Tapers, *Erring* every where)
Scorn of the *Vulgar*, Scandall of the *Gown*, (down.
Have pull'd this waight of *Wrath*, this *Vengeance*
All, All are *guilty* in a high Degree,
Of this *High-Treaſon* and *Conſpiracy*;
More brute then *Brutus*, ſtabbing more then *Ceſar*,
With Two-hand-SINS of *Profit* and of *Pleaſure*;
And (th' odious *Ingine*, which doth all include)
Our many-pointed proud *Ingratitude*.
For, for the *Peoples* Sins for *Subjects* Crimes,
God takes-away good *Princes* oftentimes.
So, good *Joſiah* (*Henry's parallel*)
Was ſoon bereft from Sin-full *Iſrael*:
So, our good *Edward* (*Henry's Precedent*)
For *England's Sins* was hence untimely hent.
So, here, good *Henry* is new taken hence,
For now Great-*Britain's* great *Sins* Confluence.
Wee ſee th' Effect; wee have the Cauſe confeſt:
O! Turn wee then, with ſpeed to *ſave the Reſt*:
O! Turn us, *Lord*, turn to us, turn away (pray.
Thy *Frowns*, our *Fears*, with humbleſt tears, wee
O ſave our *Soveraign*; ſave his *Royall ſeed*;
That ſtill his *Own* may on his *Throne* ſucceed.
Let Each of us make privie Search within;
And having found, bring forth the *Traitor* SIN
To *Execution*, with all *Execration*
Henceforth renouncing ſuch *In-Sin-uation:*
Let Each of us (as Each hath throw'n a *Dart*,
A *Dart* of Sinne, at *Henry's* princely heart)
Send-up in Sighes our *Soules* devoteſt breath,
To Shield our *James*, *Anne*, *Charles*, *Elizabeth*,
And *Him* whoſe *Love* ſhall render *Her* her *Brother*,
And make Her ſoon a happy *Princes* Mother.
Let Each of us ceaſe to lament (in vain)
Prince Henry's Loſs: Death is to *Him* a Gain.
For *Savoy's* Dukelings, or the *Florentine*,
Hee wedds his *Saviour* of a Regall *Line*;
Glory, for *Gold*; for *Hope*, *Poſſeſſion* (*there*)
Of *Crownes* ſo Rich as never entred Eare,
Eye never ſaw, nor ever Heart conceiv'd;
So ſtrong *Aſſur'd* as cannot be bereav'd.
Waile not his death: His *Vertues* cannot *Dye*;
Immortall Iſſue of *Eternity*.
His Soule in Bliſſe beholds her Makers Eyes:
His goodly Body ſhall more glorious *Riſe*.
Weep not for *Him*: weep for our ſelves, alas!
(Not for our *Private*, or *Peculiar* caſe:
As, for our *Sonn's*, *Brother's*, or *Maſter's* lack,
Or *Prince's* loſſe (our *Expectations* wrack)
Our *Places*, *Graces*, *Profits*, *Penſions* loſt,
Our *preſent Fortunes* caſt, our *future* croſt)
Weep for our *Sins*, our *Wicked*-Provocations,
Our haynous, horrid, high *Abominations*;
Both *ſeen* and *ſecret*; both in High and Low:
Weep, weep for *Theſe*; and ſtript, from Top to Toe,
Of *giddie Gaudes*, Top-gallant *Tires* and *Towers*,
Of *Face-pride*, *Caſe-pride*, *Shin-pride*, *Shoo-pride*, ours
(*Like Niniviites* ſo neer Their *threatned Fall*)
In blackeſt *Sack* and *Cinders* ſhrouded All:
Not like a *Bul-ruſh*, for a day or two,
To ſtoop and droop, and *ſeem* as others *doe*
(As *Achab* yerſt, and *Pharao*, in Diſtreſſe)
And then return unto our old exceſſe
(As Dogs unto their Mewt, Hogs to their Mire)
But day by day, untill our laſt expire,
With bended Knees, but more with broken hearts,
And th' *inward* reſt of right *Repentant* Parts,
Proſtrate our Soules in *Faſting* and in *Prayer*,
Before the Foot-ſtool of th' *Empyreall Chaire*:
That So, What-ever bloudy *Deluge* float (Throat,
From th' old *Red Dragon's* wide-wide-yawning
Wee *Humbled Mourners* may be Heav'nly *Markt*,
In *Mercie's Veſſell* to be All imbARKT.

FINIS.

AN EPITAPH.

WHen Great French-HENRY *Fates bereft,*
His Name and Fame to OURS *Hee left;*
As ableſt ATLAS *then to* proppe
The Waight of VVORTH, *the World of* HOPE:
But, ENGLAND's Sinnes (*a heavier Load*)
So over-laid *His Shoulders broad,*
That, cruſhed-*down,* Here lyes HEE dead.
So HOPE *is fall'n, and* VVORTH *is fled.*

ANOTHER.

WHom All admir'd, whom All (almoſt) ador'd,
For all the Parts of all PANDORA's *Treaſure;*
The Hope of all, to have all Good *reſtor'd;*
HIM, *All our* Ills *have ſlain, by Heav'ns Diſpleaſure.*

By HIS (late) HIGHNES's
Firſt Worſt
&
Poet Penſion
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

AN

ELEGIAC EPISTLE CONSOLATORIE.

AGAINST
IMMODERATE SORROVV
FOR THE
IMMATURE DECEASE
OF
Sir VVILLIAM SIDNEY
Knight,
Sonne and Heire apparent
To the Right
HONOURABLE
ROBERT, LORD SIDNEY
Lord Vi-Count Liſle;
Lord Chamberlaine to the Queene
AND
Lord Governour of His
MAJESTIES
Cautionarie Towne of
ULUSHING.

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VI-COUNT LISLE, and his most vertuous Lady.

To Sir ROBERT SIDNEY, Knight, their Hopefull SONNE.

To the most VVorthy Lady VVROTH, with the rest of their right vertuous Daughters:

and

To all the Noble SIDNEYS

and

SEMI-SIDNEYS.

ALthough I know none, but a Sidney's *Muſe,*
Worthy to ſing a Sidney's *Worthineſſe:*
None but Your Own Al-*WORTH, Sidniẽdes
In whom, her Uncle's *noble Veine renewes:*
And though I know (ſad Nobles*) to infuſe*
My fore-ſpent Drops into the bound-leſſe Seas
Of your deepe griefes, for your dear Joy's Deceaſe;
To your full Ocean *nought at-all accrues:*
Yet, as (the Flouds Queen) Amphitrite *daignes*
To take the Tribute of ſmall Brooks and Bournes;
Which to her Bounty (that their Streams maintains)
The humble Homage of their Thanks returnes:
Accept theſe Sighs and theſe few Tears of ours,
Which have their Courſe but from the Sourſe of yours.

Anagram. LA. WROTH.

——— Your Noble Name's and Vertue's

——— moſt Obſervant,

——— JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

AN ELEGIAC EPISTLE.

WHat object leſs then our *great Henry's Herſe*,
Could ſo have ſeiz'd the voice of every *verſe*?
What Subject elſe could have ingroſſed ſo
The *publike* Store and *private* Stock of *Woe*?
What Sea, but th' *Ocean* of His *Vertues* Fame,
Could drink all *Tears*, or drown a *Sidney's Name*
(As buried quick) ſo quickly, though ſo young)
So un-bewailed, ſo un-ſight, un-ſung?
O, glorious *Henry!* though alone to *Thee*,
I owe my all, and more then all of *Mee*;
And though (alas!) the beſt and moſt of *mine*
Reach not the leaſt, the loweſt dues of *Thine*: fore)
Yet, wouldſt thou, couldſt thou hear (as heer-to-
And grant a *Boon*; I onely would implore
Thy *leave* a little, for a *Sidney's* Death
To ſigh a little of my mournfull breath:
The rather, that, as *Yerſt* Hee ſerv'd you here,
And, in his *End* attended Yours ſo neer;
Through-out all Ages, ſubſequent to *Ours*,
His *Name* and *Fame* may ever wait on YOURS:
Sith All the MUSES owe that *Name* alone,
A *Dia-paſon* of each *ſad-ſweet* Groan:
But more peculiar, and preciſely mine;
Lineally bound unto that Noble Line.
Arcadians know no Other, for *Apollo*,
No other *Mars* (in *Arms* or *Arts* to follow
As *Demi-Gods*, as well of War as Wit)
Then *Sidneys yerſt*, or *Semi-Sydneys*, yet.
Yet, fit I ſaid: for, of *This* dear *Deſcent*,
Nature (of late) too-laviſhly hath ſpent,
(Like *Ill-huſwifes* which at once do burn (turn)
Two or three lights, where one would ſerve the
Not her Owne only, but more orient Gemms,
More rich, more rare; more fitting *Diadems*.
As, firſt, th' old Father, famous-fortunate,
The prime firm Founder of our *Iriſh State*:
Next, His Son PHILIP (more then PHILIP's Son)
Whoſe World of *Worth*, a World of *Honour* won:
Then, His ſole *Heire* (ſole *Venus-Juno-Pallas*)
All *Beauties Pattern*, and All *Vertues* Palace;
(Whoſe memory, on *Muſes faireſt Hill*
Is *Canonized*, by a *Phœnix* Quill). (grac't,
Theſe *Three*, the which *Three Ages* might have
All *Theſe* and moe in my ſhort Age have paſt:
Beſides *This* new *Sweet-William* now deceaſt
(Th' *Epitome* and *Summe* of All the reſt)
The Flower of *Youth*, of *Honour*, *Beauty*, *Bloud*,
Th' Apparent *Heir* of All the SIDNEYS *Good*;
Formind, for mould, for ſp'rit, for ſtrength, & ſtature
A Miracle, a Maſter piece of *Nature*.
Alas! How groſſely doe our Painters erre
In drawing *Death's* grim Viſage (every-where)
With hollow holes, as wholly dark and blinde!
Ah! See wee nor, how ſtill hee ſees to finde
The faireſt mark, the rareſt and the beſt
Of *Vertues* buds, and lets alone the reſt?
Ravens, Brambies, Bandogs, *Sirens*, here he leaves;
Swans, Roſes, Lions, *Dians*, hence hee reaves:
Nay; th' *onely Phœnix* hath hee newly ſlain
(But, maugre *Death*, That *Bird* revives again).
No marvaile then, if SIDNEYS fall ſo faſt,
So early ripe are ſeldome apt to laſt:
So *Eminent* are imminent to *die*;
Malicious *Death* doth *ſuch* ſo eas'ly ſpy.
But, why of *Death* and *Nature* rave I thus;
Another *Stile* (My LISLE) befitteth us.
Another *Hand*, another *Eye*, directs
Both *Death* and *Nature* in theſe high Effects;
The *Eye* of *Providence*, the *Hand* of *Power*,
Diſpoſing All in *Order* and in *Hower*;
So *Working* in, ſo *Waking* over All,
That but by *Thoſe* doth nothing here befall.
Then, not (as Currs) the ſtone or ſtaffe to bite,
Un-heeding *why*, or *who* doth *hurle* or *ſmite*;
Unto that *Eye* let us erect our owne;
And humble us nnder That *Hand* alone,
Which (as the Potter his owne Work controules)
Diſſolveth Bodies, and *abſolveth* Soules:
Un-partiall ever, Un-prepoſterous;
How-evet Other it may ſeem to us.
For, ever ſince *firſt Woman* teemed *Twin*,
And at a *Birth* brought forth both *Death* and *ſin*,
(*Sin*, as her *Heir*: *Death*, as an *Heritage*
Juſtly derived down from Age to Age)
It is *Decreed* (by a more Change-leſſe *Law*
Then ever yet the *Medes* and *Perſians* ſaw)
That *All men once* (as well as Low, the High,
Of either *ſex*, of every *ſort*) *muſt dye*.

Yea,

Yea, th' INNOCENT, for *Our imputed Ill*
(Who *came*, not *Lawes* to break, but to *ful-fill*)
The *Son* of GOD (The *Son* of MAN become)
Th' *Immortall* yeelded to This *mortall Doome*.
So that (*for Sin*) no *Son* of MAN hath breath
But once muſt dye, *Wages of* SIN *is Death*.
As for the reaſon, Why it comes to paſſe
Somtimes, that *Age* ſeems to have turn'd his *glaſs*;
While oftentimes *Youth*'s, yer it ſeem *begun*,
Is crakt, or broken, or already run:
Why *Lillies*, *Roſes*, *Gilli-flowers* be reft;
When *Nettles*, *Thiſtles*, *Hemlocks* here be left:
Why *Cedars*, *Okes*, *Vines*, *Olives* rather fall,
Then *Bruſh* and *Bryars* (good for nought at all)
Let Fleſh and Bloud, let *Duſt*, be rather mute,
Then with *His* MAKER ſawcily diſpute.
Yet here (mee thinks) but little Queſtion needs.
Doe not Wee rather gather Herbs then Weeds?
Doe not Wee take the timber for our turn,
And leave the Dotrells, in their time to burn?
And in the Shambles, who is it but would
Be rather ſped of young Fleſh then of old?
And yet in Seaſon, when wee ſee it good,
Wee weed our Gardens, fell our Under-wood:
And kill old Cattell, leſt they goare the young,
Or fall away, or mize ſom Mange among.
Much like, the Lord, who knoweth beſt all ſeaſon,
And beſt obſerves. But will wee urge his Reaſon?
His Reaſon is his WILL: His *Will* is *juſt*,
Or rather *Juſtice*; Which his *Power muſt*
In *Wiſdome execute* (right underſtood)
To his *Owne Glory*, and His Childrens *Good*;
Wherein His *Goodneſs* through his *Mercy* ſhines,
To cleer and cheer devout and humble mindes.
For to the *Godly*, (in deſpight of Hell)
Heav'n maketh all things to re-iſſue *well*.
Here here's a Harbour; here's a quiet Shore
From *Sorrowe's* Surges, and all Storms that rore.
This is *Cap Comfort* (a high *Promontory*
Of *richer* Store then here is room to ſtorie).
Here let us bide, and ride-out all Events,
With Anchor *Hope*, and Cable *Patience*;
Untill our Bark ſome happy Gale ſhall drive
Home to the *Hav'n* where wee would All arrive.
Come, Noble *Vi-Count*, put into *This Bay*,
Where with a Light) our A'M'RAL leads the way,
Though deepeſt laden, and the moſt diſtreſt,
The greateſt *Ship* of Burthen, and the beſt.
HIM boldly follow: and though here, as CHIEF
In *Grief*, as *Greatneſſe*, His muſt drown your *Grief*:
Count it an Honour, to be call'd to try
Your *Vertues* Valour, in your *Soveraign's* eye.
Wee all partake his *Croſs*; his Loſſe is *Ours*:
But his *Affections* (to the life) are *Yours*.
The neerer then You match his *mournfull* fate,
His *royall Patience* neerer imitate.
And *you*, ſad *Lady*, Mother of annoy
For having loſt the *prime* Son of your Joy;
Ah! ſee the *Soveraigne* of your *ſex* hath ſo.
Some think it eaſe, to have ſome peer in *Woe*:
But ſuch a PEER, and *ſuch* a *Pattern* too,
Should much (mee thinks) confirm & comfort You
To beare-up hard into this happy *Road*,
And lighten ſomwhat of Your heavy Load:
The rather, ſith beſides the *Happineſſe*,
Which now, *above*, your *Darling* doth poſſeſſe;
(The *Crown*, the *Kingdome* and the *Company*
Of All the *holy*, *heav'nly* HIERARCHIE)
Beſides your meſs of goodly GRACES left (reft;
(Whoſe WORTH from All, the *Price* of *Worth* hath
Foure lovely *Nimphs*, foure *Rivers*, as it were,
Your veins of *Vertue* through the Land to bear)
You have another *Model* of *The ſame*,
To propagate *renowned* SIDNEY'S *Name*;
Another, like in every part to prove
As worthy of our Honour, and your Love;
In whom (if now, You, JOB-like, bear this *Croſſe*)
Heav'n may reſtore you, manifold, your Loſſe.

FINIS.

HONOUR'S FARE-WELL

TO

HER HONOURABLE FRIENDS:

OR

THE LADY HAY'S

Last Will:

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Executors and *Overseers*,

EDWARD, Lord Denny; *JAMES, Lord Hay*;

&

MARY,

Lady Denny.

FRom Gratitude, **from Duty**, *From Affection*,
To You (my Lords) **your** *Honour, and Your Name*
(Without Offence, **without Mis-sense**, *or Blame*)
Receive, **conceive**, *consider This* DIRECTION
AGAINST th' Excesse, **the Rage**, *The Insurrection*
Of Tears, **of Sighs**, *of Sorrowes* for This DAME
As Dead, Who Lives (in Soule, **in Seed**, *in Fame*)
Inspiring Breath, **Life**, *Strength* To This COLLECTION
Made, **aimed**, *meant*, For quick, **kind**, *Keen* CORRECTION
Of Men, **of Minds**, *of Manners*, (Out of FRAME)
In Citie, **Court**, *and Country* (All too-BLAME)
ThroughSin's, **though Satan's**, *Through our Selves* Infection.
Som Vow, **Som Verse**, *Som Monument* To HONOUR
I thought, **I ought**, *and Thus I* Dreamed on-Her.

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

HONOURS

HONOUR'S FARE-WELL.

FRom Man-Gods birth (*the Scale of earth to heav'n*)
Th' Yeer *twice eight hundred & twice ſingle ſev'n:*
Amidſt the Month *which Second* Cæſar *names;*
Upon the Day *which* Diane *weekely claimes:*
About the Hower *that golden* Morpheus *uſes*
Fantaſtickly to feaſt perplexed Muſes
(*While* Phœbus *Coach-man ſcarce awake, did ſeem*
Hying to harneſſe all his fiery Teem)
Being, me thought (ith' Ward-robe, *or at* Waltham)
Among the Chief, where Grief did ſo aſſault 'em
(*On either ſide*) *that neither Great nor Small*
Had one dry Eye to ſee My ſight *withall:*
Me thought I ſaw a White bright-ſhining Creature
(*Juſt in the Forme of* HONOUR's *Wonted Feature*)
Approaching ſoftly to a Sable Bed
Where weeping Sorrow *layd his ſleepleſſe head;*
And with a Voice like one devoutly praying,
Shrill-ſoftly, Thus (*me thought*) *I heard it ſaying:*

Sweet Love, my Lord, *Loadſtar* of my Deſire,
Whoſe pureſt flame had onely power to fire
The Icie Fort of HONOUR's chaſte Affection,
Wonne by thy love; but more by thy Perfection:
Deare Soule, which draw'ſt (by unſeen vertue) ſo,
My Soule to greet thee once yet yer I goe;
Ceaſe, ceaſe to weep, give-over Sighs and ſobbing,
Thine eyes of Reſt, thy breſt of Comforts robbing:
For, though ſoft Water hardeſt Marble weares,
Flint-hearted *Death* is never pierc't with *Teares.*
Uſe therefore other Arms againſt his Rages:
And, of thy Love, give more authentick Gages.

Whom yerſt I choſe among the choiſeſt Worth
Of *Britiſh Gallants* (over *South* and *North*)
For *Parts* and *Port*; for mild and Martiall manner,
In brave *Deſignes* to doe their Countrey honour:
Who, in mine eye, ſeem'd to excell the reſt,
And Whom my Mind eſteem'd above the beſt;
Muſt not expreſſe His love to Mee *departed,*
With vulgar Showes of the moſt-vulgar-hearted.

No: light me Lamps that may thy love become;
Such as may ſhine, about, above my Tombe,
To all beholders, as a holy Mirrour,
Reducing Nobles, from Ignobles Errour:
Or as a *Pharus* to direct the Court,
From Rocks and Wracks, into the *Happy Port.*
For, though my love ſeek but my HAY & DENNY,
My *Charity* is here-in meant to many.

As from the *Dead*, I come, the *Quick* to call
From *Sin's* deep *Sleep*: and *Thee* (*Deer*) firſt of all.
Dear, if thou yet hold dear a Soule deveſted
Of worldly Pomp (wch hath the World impeſted)
Sweet heart, put-off; ſweet *Hay*, now leave thou
What (O!) I left not, till nigh deadly Sick: quick,
Forſake the World yer it have thee forſaken;
And yer thy Youth with Ruth be over-taken,
Regard thy Soule, thy Body leſſe reſpect:
Kill *Vanity*, curbe every fond Affect,
Whereby the World ſtill ſtriveth to impriſon
The pureſt Rayes of Mans divineſt Reaſon.
Creep here no longer with thy mortall Duſt;
Climbe with thy fiery Soule up to the Juſt;
Exhale thee ſo, in heav'nly things admiring,
As to the place of thy firſt Birth aſpiring.

Few are thy Dayes with many Dolours fill'd,
With *Hoping* tired, with *Deſiring* kill'd,
Yer thou attain what thou wouldſt fain and merry:
Or, if thou doſt, anon it makes the weary.
For, what *Delight* that ever Earth thee lent,
Haſt thou aye found *pleaſing* and *permanent?*
Honour's faire Mask, for all the Pomp and Bravery,
In *golden Gyves* is chain'd to *Silken Slavery.*
Wealth, which the World holds *ſuper-Soveraign,*
With uſe, doth vaniſh; without uſe, is vaine:
And Both, too often (as *Coat-Cards* may cotten)
Unworthily, as well are loſt, as gotten.

Few Objects here (my *Dear*) but ſubject be
To Labour more then unto Liberty: (ted:
Youth's health & ſtrength are quickly quaſht, or da-
Pleaſure and Love as ſoon are croſt, or ſated:
Affront ſtill drives the Weakeſt to the Wall:
The Mightieſt ay are under Envie's Maule;
A lowly Fortune is of all deſpiſed:
A lofty one, oft, of it ſelfe, nullized.

In Brief, *Dear Soule*, thou ſeeſt how *Certain Fate*
Conduces all things to their *finall Date.*
As on the Shore a rouling Billow ſplitteth,
When foaming high, and roaming home, it hitteth
Againſt the keen Knees of a horned Cliff,
Ending his courſe in an Incounter ſtiff;
Then ſwels another, which yet higher wallowes,
In the ſame courſe; whō the ſame fortune follows:
So, Wee (*O Worlds-Waves!*) as ſoon dead as born,
With divers Shock, on the ſame Rock are torn.

This

This age hath ſhow'n great *fortune's* greedy Mini-
(Byhook or crook) above the worlds opinions; (ons
Above their owne Hopes: nay, above (wel-nigh)
The clouded Aime of their inſatiate eye: (glory?
But, now where are they? where's their grace? their
Rotten in Duſt; forgotten all their Story
(Unleſſe, perhaps, what here ſo goodly ſhin'd,
Went out in Snuffe, and left ill ſent behinde)
And all their vaine Fume, turn'd to violent Fire,
For ever burn's (ſuch is *Ambition's* Hire):
Where, too-too late, they finde unto their Coſt,
Such Favours, ſo found, had bin better loſt.
Soul's ſad Repenting, & Hearts heavy Throeing,
Are ſureſt Fruits that in the World are growing:
Here's nothing firmer, nothing frequent more,
Then *Death*: Which (living) not to mind before
Makes men run headlong to the Gulf infernall;
And, for howrs Joyes, to loſe the Joyes eternall:
Drawn diverſly by divers Appetites,
After the Humors of their vain Delights.
Some *Apiſh*, acting every *Faſhions* Model:
Some *Swiniſh*, wallowing in their Surfeits Puddle:
Some *Goatiſh*, haunting Fillies with their Dams:
Some *Wolviſh*, worrying innocenteſt Lambs:
Some *Curriſh*, ſnarling at all good mens Good:
Some *Monkiſh*, hollow under *Holy-Hood*:
Some *Brutiſh*, Monſters in all kind of Evill:
Some *Helliſh*, Actors, Factors for the Divell.
Deare, tread not Thou in *Errors* common Track:
But in thy *Life ſure thine Election* make.
Feare, love, beleeve, ſerve, ſorrow, ſue, contemple;
And rather walk by *Precept*, then *Exemple*.
'Tis utterly to be of judgement voyd,
'Tis wilfully to have ones Selfe deſtroyd;
To truſt our Soule with ſuch whoſe Stipulation
Cannot repaire, cannot reprive, *Damnation*.
Who, curious, cares but for the things below,
Shall finde in fine, that hee ſhall Both forgoe;
But Hope of things above (with due progreſſion)
Is far more ſure, then th' others full Poſſeſsion.
Labour thou therefore for the *certain Gain*:
And if thou lov'ſt mee, higher, higher ſtrain.
In *Holy Pride*, hence-forth diſdain the Creature,
And mount thy thoughts up to the Lord of Nature:
Love, free thy love from this dark Dungeon here,
And hence-forth fix it in th' *Empreall* cleer:
Whither no ſooner ſhall thy mind be rais'd
But all thy Mournings will be ſoon appeas'd,
With other comforts then the World affords
In bitter Deeds candied in ſugar Words.
The World it ſelfe is dying and decaying:
The earth more ſteril, heav'nly Stars more ſtraying:
The Sphears diſtun'd. Theſe are the laſt, laſt Times:
Where *Vertue* fails, where *Vice* prevailes & climes;
Where good men melt away; ungodly harden.
How many flow'rs (the choiſe of all our Garden)
Of either Sex, of every Age and Rank:
From every Quarter, Border, Bed, and Bank
[Beſides that paire of *Royall Siſter-buds*,
Whoſe life had promis'd *Europe* many Goods:
Beſide That *Prime*-ROSE, Miracle of Princes,
Whoſe Herſe as yet a Sea of Tears berinſes:
Beſides that *knot of Nobleſt* HARRINGTONS,
Th' old Father's Honours doubling in the Sons:
Beſides GODOLPHIN, BODLEY, *Muſes* Father;
Rare SACVIL'S-*Nevill* (new *Minerva* rather):
Beſides Saint *Drury*, *Sydney's-Rutland*, *Cheiney*,
Mirrour of *Dames*, and other Worthies many]
Hath our *Great Husband* lately ſnatched hence,
Before his Wrath's approaching ſtorm commence?
Why wail'ſt thou then my happy *Diſſolution*,
By Natures Current, and Heav'ns Conſtitution?
Repell thy Sorrowes: and repeale to Thee
All active Vertues. Mourn no more for Mee.
I lived long enough; ſith while I lived
Thou loved'ſt mee: but (ſo ſhould I have grieved)
Hadſt thou appear'd unkind unto thy Wife,
My longer Date had bin a ſhorter Life.
I leave thee Babes enow; A Son and Daughter:
Enow to crave thy care, and cauſe thee laughter:
Enow for Thee; enow for Mee to beare:
Which oft I wiſht; and the Almighties Eare
(Who hears his Owne, and on them ay beſtoweth
Their owne deſires; or what Hee better knoweth)
Heard mee in this; and one Petition more;
That, when wee parted, I might paſſe before. (ſure
So, fare thou well (Dear Heart) fare-wel my lea-
Serves now no longer for this laſt beſt pleaſure.
Fare-wel, dear Pheer: Fare-well, dear Father too.
This is my laſt Will, which I leave with *You*.
You, joynt *Executors* I have ordained:
And for an *Helpe*-My Mothers love unfained
As *Over-ſeer* I beſeech you call:
And for your *Counſell* uſe our heav'nly *HALL*.
So, in the heav'ns, among my Joyes ſupernall;
So, in my Glaſs, the *Viſion* of th' *Eternall*;
If I ſhall ſee *You*, in your Pilgrimage,
O! be it happy, as my Hopes preſage.
So, in our Children, as their yeers be growing,
May Natures Gifts and Heav'nly Grace beſtowing.
One have I heer; two have you there below; (know
Wee here have peace, you there have Wars (wee
With-out, with-in: the more therefore behoves you
Defence from Hence. So wiſhes She that loves you.
So, grant mee God (if it be lawfull here)
I never loſe remembrance of my Dear::
So, calmed be the Tempeſt of your mourning
For My *Deceaſe* (according to my warning).
So, caſting off this Load of Heavineſſe,
Out Love unceaſing, may *Your* Sorrow ceaſe.
So ceaſt the Voyce, *and ſo the* Shadow *Vaniſht*,
The Mourners *then, more raviſht then aſtoniſht*,
Did ſtill, ſtill liſten with a longing Eare
For more ſuch Muſick: *which then miſſing there*
(Mee thought) the Sable Curtains *back they haled.*
And, looking round, *were ready to have called*;
When inſtantly their Paſſions *ſo abound*,
That down they ſink; and as they ſink they ſwound:
Whereat, I (griev'd *to ſee ſuch Friends bereft mee*)
Starting *to help, diſturbed* Morpheus *left mee*:
But, as hee rouz'd, *by chance hee* caſt a Quill,
For preſent Pen *to copie* HONOUR'S Will.

HONOUR'S

Honours Epitaph.

Here-under, lies
The wonder of her kinde:
The rareſt Work
Of Nature and of Grace:
A beauteous TEMPLE
Of a bounteous Minde;
Where *Venus, Juno,*
Pallas, had their Place.
Nay; Heav'ns and Natures
Gift ſingled to Many,
Here All concurr'd
To HONOUR HAY & DENNY.

TO MY REVEREND FRIEND, Mr. Doctor HALL.

NOne *ſhould*, *but* Thou, *This* Ladies death *be grieving*;
None knew ſo well, *the* Vertues *of her life*:
Death's *rob'd of her Death*, *by* Thy labours *riſe*:
By Thee, *is* Shee *in Heav'n and Earth ſtill living*:
In Heav'n, *by* hearing, *and* (*through thee*) beleeving
Th' eternall Word; *which taught her* holy Striſe
'Gainſt Hell *and* Sin; *and* (*as becoms a* Wife)
Peace *with her* Spouſe, *him due* Obedience *giving*:
In Earth, *for* acting (*in ſo gracious meaſure*)
*The twice-*preacht Lectures *of thy Life and Tongue*;
Alms, Meekneſſe, Mildneſſe, (*towards Old and Young*)
Forgiving *Wrongs*, forgetting *all Diſpleaſure*.
O happy Seed *that fell in ſuch a ground!*
And happy Soil *that ſuch a* Seed-*man found.*

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

A FUNERALL ELEGIE.

TO MY REVEREND FRIEND, M. D. HILL:

In pious memory of that worthy Matrone, his right *vertuous and religious Wife*, MARGARITE WYTS (late Widow of the reverend Dr. HADRIANUS SARAVIA) *Deceased.*

ALL, that in this wide *World* is inclos'd,
Is of *Two kinds* (and divers, too) compos'd:
Mortall, the one; *Immortall*, th' other sort,
Exempt from *Death* (wᶜʰ spilleth worldlings sport)
And unto each a diverse place is giv'n,
Th' one droops on earth: the other dwels in heav'n.
For, all, above bright *Cynthia's* silver Car,
Live out of fear, from *Death* and danger far:
Far from corruption, and as free from *Change*,
Selfe-stable ever, never selfly-strange:
Never transformed, nor transi-substantiate:
Sith neither subject to the power of *Fate*,
Neither obnoxious to those cumbers rife,
Cares, snares, and surfaits, that doe combat Life:
And, all, beneath her many-formed *flame*,
That sojourns here amid this fickle *Frame*
(Whether, the winged *Myriades* of the Sky,
Whether, the *Millions* of the *Ocean's* fry,
Whether, the *Legions* in the woods and groves,
Of savage herds, or of domestick droves)
All, all, doe dy: All are to *Death* inthrall'd:
And, for their *dying*, are here *Mortall* call'd.
But, chiefly *Man*, though in his better part
Most like to *God*, in This, most like to smart:
So that his *Reason* (though *divine* inspir'd)
Seems over-rated, or too dear acquir'd.
Yet, if kind *Nature* nobly had decreed,
By certain and irrevocable Deed,
None but the vitious and the lewd to dy
(The *Vertuous* living here eternally)
There were some comfort in Man's wretched case:
And *Nature then* might hold a Mothers place:
But when wee see the *Wicked* (for the most)
Live long and lusty, ruling all the roast,
Though ever *turning*, and *returning* quick
(As Swine, or Dogs) their vomit to re-lick:
While (for the most) the godly soon are gon,
Or daily going, deadly laid upon
By humane malice, or som hand divine:
O! flesh and blond, how can it not repine?
Alas! To see a goodly field of *Wheat*
All burnt with *lightning*, or with *hail*-stones beat
(When the full Ears, humbling their flowry top,
Were even as ready, with a gratefull crop,
To thank the Husband for his taken toill,
His cost and care, his swear, his seed, and soil;
While safe the *Tares*, *Cockle* and *Darnell* rest,
With *Thorns* and *Thistles* that the *Corn* oppress:
O! Who so constant, but would grieve and grudge
(*If not a Christian*) at th' All-ordering Judge;
And wag his head at Heav'n) weak earthly worm')
Against the Author of that angry storm?
Such is thy case: Such was thy heavy Crosse,
To lose thy *gold*, when others kept their *drosse*:
To have thy vessell, *full of Vertues*, split;
Where *lighter* Keels, and *empty*, never hit:
To be bereft so sweet, so *sainct a Wife*;
While here be left Harpies, and *Hels of Life*.
But, I have *learn'd*; and *thou* hast *taught* (my *Hill*)
Wee must content us with our Makers will:
The Rule of right, disposing all that is:
And ordering all things to the good of his.
So, for her *good* (thy *good*) was his good pleasure,
To snatch so soon, thy *Marg'rite*, hence, thy treasure,
Thy *Pearl* (indeed, the *Jewell* of her kinde,
For worth and wealth of body and of minde)
Tri'd in her cradle, train'd from tendrest youth
Under the *Cross*, for CHRIST's eternall *Truth*:

Forsaking

Forſaking *Gaunt* for th' holy Goſpels ſake;
Lands, good & air, which Nature dear doth make:
Fleeing from *Antwerp* (in poor *Beggers* weed)
The *Spaniſh fury*, in a fearfull need;
With her dear Parents, toſſed to and fro,
Right noble Parents, partners in her wo.
Her *April* paſt, her *Summer-Age* prepares,
If much leſſe dangers, not much leſſer cares;
In Houſe-hold charge, under her *Virgin*-ſway,
Her puiſne *Orphan-ſiſters* to defray.
For, her owne Father, *Nature* had unhous'd:
And *Metkerk* had her Mother re-eſpous'd
(Renown'd *Sir Adolph*, of whoſe noble ſtuff,
Little is nothing; and much, not enough,
To be recorded: But, his ſtile and ſtate,
Learn of *S. Butolph*, neereſt *Alderſgate*)
And hee releaſt, and ſhee deceaſt ſoon after,
Moſt worthy Mother of ſo worthy Daughter.
Religious Lady, leaving by her Will,
Charge to her children, to perſever ſtill
In *Truth's* profeſſion; and here rather reſt,
Though poor and mean; then to be re-poſſeſt,
Return to *Flanders* (on the beſt condition)
To be replung'd in *Romiſh* ſuperſtition.
And well her *Will* her valiant Sons obſerv'd,
Both *Serjant Majors* (as both well deſerv'd,
In *Faiths Defence*, by wounds yet healed ſcarce)
To both thoſe brave *Naſſauvian Sons of Mars*:
So did the reſt: but reſt my *Margarite*,
Executrix (her years and vertues right)
All which ſhee paſt; and with ſo pure report
Fitting the mirrour of her ſex and ſort:
Such exerciſe of every *Houſ-wifes part*,
Such honeſt *ſhift*, ſuch *thrift*, ſuch *uſe*, ſuch *art*:
Such *modeſty*, ſuch *gravity*, ſuch *grace*,
Such *ſpeech*, ſuch *ſilence* (ſuiting time and place):
Such due *devotion*, ſuch *diſcretion* ſeen,
As ſeemed neerer *ſixty* then *ſixteen*.
How well, and worthy of her former fames,
Shee did demean her with two *noble Dames*,
In *honour'd ſervice*, (many years with Each:)
With praiſe and love, without the leaſt impeach:
Palavicine, and *Haſtings* will avouch (*Zouch*)
(Though now new-nam'd: that *Cromwel*, and this
So *vertuous* both, that (for ſo long together)
None but ſo *vertuous* could have *ſerved* Either.
Such was her *Minor-age*: ſuch *Maiden-life*:
Such-*Woman-ſtate*: and ſuch ſhee was a *Wife*
To (*My*) SARAVIA; to whoſe *reverend Name*
Mine owes the honour of *du*-BARTAS fame.
For (*as our London* (elſe for drought undon)
Sucks from the Paps (the Pipes) *of Middleton*,
(*Whoſe memory mine never ſhall forget*,
But to Hugh's *name adde the ſurname of Great*,
For his great Work) abundant *ſtreams to drench*,
Cool cleanſe and clear: and fearfull flames to quench.)
From th' ample *Ciſterns* of his Sea of *skill*,
Suckt I (*my Succour*) my ſhort ſhallow *Rill*:
The little *All* I can (and all I could
In *three poor years*, at threetimes three years old.)
His love and labour apted ſo my wit,
That when *Urania* after rapted it, (produce
Through Heav'ns ſtrong working weakneſſe did
Leaves of delight, and *fruits of ſacred uſe*:
Which, had my *Muſe* t' our either *Athens* flowne,
Or follow'd him, had been much *more mine owne*,
Then was the fault that ſo it fell not out.
(*But prais'd be God, who pleas'd to bring about*
His better will, to better mine; leſt I,
Too-puft with knowledge, ſhould be huft too-hie.)
Howbeit Him needs muſt I honour much:
And Her for him, and for Herſelf: ſith *ſuch*
(When *ſuch* ſo *few*, in ſuch an Age as this:
So foul, ſo falſe, ſo full of *vanities*)
So milde a Childe, ſo meek a Servant, rather:
So loving Nurſe to one, leſs *Pheer* then *Father*
(So weak and wayward thorough Ache and Age,
As ſtill in *Patience* ſteept her *Pilgrimage*:)
O, happy Hee! ſo, happy Shee, the while:
Till Hee, more happy, left Her *Widowes* ſtile.
Whenceforth, ſequeſtred from all publike ſight,
From all occaſions that might move Delight:
As hearty ſorry as in habite ſad.
Tears in her eyes, Sighs in her breſt ſhee had
(As grieved Turtle on the green-leſſe Spray
Groanes, and bemoanes her, in a mournfull Lay)
Lamenting many Months in heavy Cheer
Her loſſe (alas!) Her loving *Father-Pheer*:
Reſolved chaſtly, not to change her Life,
Her Widow-ſtate, to be a ſtately Wife:
Still keeping home; ſtill tasked, ſober-wiſe,
In Huſ-wifes Uſe, or holy exerciſe.
Or, if at length ſhee looked out of Door,
'Twas but to viſit ſome weake, aged Poor;
Som wofull Woman, or ſom wretched wight,
Through ſom diſaſter in ſom wofull plight:
Som long-Sick Neighbour, or ſom needy Soule,
With timely comforts of her Bag or Boule:
Or, on the *Sabbaths*, or the *Lecture-dayes*,
To *hear*, and *learn*, to *read*, and *pray*, and *praiſe*,
Such was thy *Marg'rite*, *morally divine*;
Maid, Widow, Wife (*Hill*) till thou hadſt her thine.
This, I record: to *Thee* belongs the reſt:
If here I ly, doe thou deny my *Teſt*,
Or teſtifie under thy hand with Mee,
That *Such* ſhee was, and *Such* ſhee was to Thee;
And, to that end, inſert thy *Paragraph*
Before, or after her ſad *Epitaph*.
Or, if thy *Grief* as yet permit thee not,
Make mee thy *Proxie*: for, right well I wot,
Will-nill thou *Hill*, Thou canſt not but aver,
That *Such* ſhee was, as I have vouched Her:
And *Such* to Thee, well witneſt by her *Will*,
Bequeathing all to her dear Dr. *Hill*:
And more then ſo, by a deer *Mother*'s Smart,
Thy glad-ſad Partner in a *dead-live Part*
(Her firſt and laſt) unhappy-happy Boy,
Which coſt her life, and thee thy Lifes beſt Joy.
Such then Shee liv'd and dy'd: for ſuch muſt *dy*:
Yet ſuch ſhall live here, and *eternally*.
So Shee; ſo Shee (though ſudden from thee took)
Shall *live*, with *Thee*, in *this* thy living *Book*.

TO GODS GLORY.

IN PIOUS MEMORY OF THE Nobly Vertuous and Religious Matrone, MARGARITE, Wife of ROBERT HILL, Dr. of Divinity, and Pastor of this Parish.

HEre lies a Margarite, *that the most excell'd,*
(Her Father Wyts, *her Mother* Litchterveld,
Rematcht *with* Metkerk*) of* remark *for birth,*
But much more gentle *for her* genuine *worth:*
Wyts *(rarest)* Jewell *(so her name bespeaks)*
Vertues brave Load-starre, *to enlight her* Sex
In pious, prudent, peacefull, praise-full life,
Fitting a SARA, *and a* Sacred's *Wife.*
Such as SARAVIA *and (her Second)* HIL,
Whose joy of life Death *in her Death did kill.*

Quàm piè Obiit, Puerpera, } *Salutis,* 1615.
Die 29. Junii, Anno } *Ætatis,* 39.

Pignus Amoris } *ac Mœroris* { *Posuit* Rob. Hill.
Signum Honoris } { *Composuit* Jos. Syl.

Uxor Felix.
Loquitur post funera virtus.

FRom *my sad Cradle to my sable chest,*
Poor Pilgrim I did find few months of rest.
In Flanders, Holland, Zeland, England, *all.*
To parents troubles; and to mee did fall.
These made mee pious, patient, modest, wise:
And though well born, to shun the Gallants guise.
But now I rest: my soule where rest is found;
My body here in a small piece of ground.
And from my Hill, *that Hill I have ascended,*
From whence for mee my Saviour *once descended.*
Live yee to learne, that dye you must,
And after come to judgement just.

AN EPITAPH.
Maritus mœstissimus.

Thy rest gives mee a restlesse life,
Because thou wert a matchlesse Wife:
But yet I rest in hope to see
That day of Christ, and then see Thee.

Margarita a Jewell.

I, like a jewell tost by Sea and Land,
Am bought by him who wears mee on his hand.

Margarita, Margareta.

Margarita beat, sed Margareta beavit:
O utinam posset dicier, ista beat.

One night, two dreams made two propheticals:
Thine, of thy Coffin; mine, of thy Funerals.

If Women all were like to Thee,
Wee men for wives should happy bee.

R. H.

Margarita surrept' est, mons exaruit.

FINIS.

A BRIEFE CATECHISME.

THE PREFACE.

Q. KNow'ſt thou, my child, wherfore thou waſt (created?
A. Sir, to ſerve God, who mee and all created.
Q. How ought wee him to ſerve and to adore?
A. The Summe thereof conſiſteth in theſe foure.
Q. Which foure be they? *A.* Faith & obedient li-
After Gods law, wᵗʰ prayer & thankſgiving. (ving
Q. O teach of theſe apart, and (orderly)
Firſt, of the firſt let mee examine thee.

1. *Of Faith.*

Q. In whom haſt thou thy faith's affiance founded?
A. In God alone my truſt is wholly grounded.
Q. Why? *A.* God the Father made me firſt of nought
And God the Son redeem'd me worſe thā nought,
God th' Holy Ghoſt (my Guide and Conſolation)
Inſtructs, conducts mee to Sanctification.
Q. Are th' Holy Ghoſt, the Father and the Son
Three gods? *A.* No; Perſons three, God only one.

2. *Of Obedience.*

Q. Will God be ſerved after the Commiſſion
Of his owne word, or after Mans tradition?
A. Doubtleſſe according to his owne beheſt,
And not the motions of mans brain or breſt.
Q. But, of thy ſelf canſt thou accompliſh fully
The Law of God? canſt thou perform it wholly?
A. No, God doth know. *Q.* Who doth it then in
A. The Holy Ghoſt begetting faith in mee. (thee?
Q. Having (within) the Spirit for thy direction,
Canſt thou perfome obedience, in perfection?
A. No, neither yet. *Q.* Yet God rejecteth all
That perfectly keep not his Law in all.
A. 'Tis very true. *Q.* How then, or by what action
Canſt thou pleaſe God, give the law ſatisfaction,
Or ſcape that death which to damnation brings?
A. By Jeſus Chriſt, and by his ſufferings. (for ever,
Q. How ſo? *A.* Why thus: Chriſt our High-prieſt
Self-offring once to be re-offred never,
Hath pleas'd his Father, hath appeas'd our ſtrife,
And by his Death purchaſt us endleſſe life;
So that, by lively faith to us applying
Th' one Sacrifice of Chriſt our Saviour dying,
By imputation w' have his righteouſneſſe,
As Ours, with God; and thereby life and peace.

3. *Of Prayer.*

Q. Whom prai'ſt thou to? *A.* To the true God (of (pow'r
And will to help) who hears us every hour.
Q. But in whoſe name will hee be call'd upon?
A. Onely in Chriſts, our Saviour and his Son,
Our Price, our Peace, Our Reconciliation,
Our Advocate of much commiſeration,
Sole Mediatour of mankind; who needs
No Aid of Saints, or any that ſucceeds,

4. *Of Thanksgiving.*

Q. While Chriſt, our King, our Prophet, Prieſt, and (Preacher,
Converſt with his Diſciples as a Teacher;
Tell mee, I pray, how many Sacraments
Did hee ordain his Church for evidence? (per
A. Two. *Q.* Wᶜʰ are they? *A.* Baptiſm, & the Sup-
Which hee aſſign'd the night yer hee did ſuffer.
Q. Of Sacraments what end, what uſe have wee?
A. Signes to our Senſe, ſeals to our Faith they be.

Of Baptiſm.

Q. What is it that is ſignifi'd unto us
In ſacred Baptiſm? *A.* It betokens to us
Full pardon and remiſſion of our ſins,
And a new birth, where better life begins.
Q. But in whoſe name is Baptiſm to be giv'n?
A. In th'only name of th' one-three God of Heav'n;
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt: to whom
Be praiſe alwayes beyond all time to come.

Of the Lords Supper.

Q. What's ſignifi'd unto us and preſented
In th' holy Supper? *A.* There is repreſented
The true Communion of Chriſts body and bloud
Giv'n for, and to us, for immortall food:
Whereby our ſoules are fed in expectation
Of Life eternall purchaſt by his paſſion.

Q. When

Q. When wee receive theſe Myſteries Divine,
What's ſhowne unto us by the Bread and wine?
A. Theſe Elements before us lively figure
Of Chriſt his Death the vertue and the vigor.
For, as our bodies by the ſtaff of Bread,
And cheer-heart Wine, are ſtrengthned here, & fed:
Even ſo his Body and his bloud doe nouriſh (riſh.
Our Faith-mouth'd Soules, that they may never pe-
Q. But, is Chriſt preſent in the Sacrament?
A. Yea: and his Fleſh hee doth us there preſent.
Q. How meaneſt thou, that the ſubſtantiall Eſſence
(After a reall and a carnall preſence)
Of Chriſt his Body, in the Bread is cloſed;
And, of his Bloud within the Wine incloſed?
A. No; nothing leſs. *Q.* Then plainly let mee know
Where wee may find him. *A.* Not in Earth below;
But, in Heav'ns glory, with his glorious Sire:
Whence hee ſhall come, to judge the World, in fire.

Q. But to climb Heav'n, what Ladder can ſuffice us?
A. Faith. *Q.* Then we muſt beleeve, ere ye adviſe us
Unto this Feaſt for faithfull ones ordain'd.
A. So it behoves. *Q.* But, how is Faith attain'd?
A. Faith comes by hearing; when the Holy Spirit
Works with the word, and in us doth aver-it?
Confirming us in all the promiſes
Which in his Goſpell Chriſt hath made to his.

The Prayer.

Q. O Gracious GOD, that grant'ſt the juſt deſires
Of Soules whoſe zeal to thee by Faith aſpires:
Sith onely thoſe doe worthily receive
The Sacred Supper which thy Son did leave;
Who firſt by Faith, with ſtrict examination,
Doe ſound themſelves by upright converſation:
Give us the grace, ſo to examine (then)
Our Faith and Life as appertains. *A.* AMEN.

FINIS.

SPECTACLES.

1 *Sol, Annus, Stellæ.*

When wee can ſtop th' accuſtomed Career
Of heav'ns bright champiõ, mounted on the
When we can ceaſe the circuit of the Yeer, (Dawn:
Whoſe winged car, by mõths, daies, hours, is drawn:
When wee can ſtint the wandring Armies cleer,
Which march above (in Blew-Gold-tinſeld Lawn)
Tilting at ours their many-pointed Eyes:
Then may wee ſtay the World's Inconſtancies.

2 *Orbis Cœli & Terræ.*

Who will not wonder, looking up, to ſee
The moving Heav'ns ſet, certain, Conſtancy;
When, looking-down, in Earth unmov'd and ſtable,
Hee nothing findes but vainly variable?
What lives on Earth, what-ſo partakes of Clay
Is frail and mortall; hath no reſt nor Stay:
Heav'ns reſt-leſs roul; yet in the Heav'ns there dwels
An end-leſs Reſt, and Life that life excels.

3 *Quatuor Elementa.*

Fire, Air, Earth, Water, warring Each with Other,
Turn and return them one into another;
As pleas'd th' All-Maker in This All-diſpoſe
Th' accorded Diſcords of theſe friendly-Foes,
To ſhew, that wee ſhould for our bliſſe repair
Eſe-where then where is Earth, Fire, water, Air;
And that Our Reſt reſts in a Place far higher
Then Earth, or Water, or the Air, or th' Fier.

4 *Mare.*

Is ought more fierce, more furious to withſtand,
Then ſtormy Billows of the raging Sea?
Is Ought more feeble then the flitting Sand?
Yet doth the Sand the ſwelling Ocean ſtay.
O! then, how fiercer! O! how furious more
Is th' aw-leſs Storm of Man's Concupiſcence!
Which ſo tranſports him, that no Sand, no Shore,
No Bank, no Bound, can ſtop his Violence.

5 *Fontes & Flumina.*

You ſilver Brooks, cleer Rivers, cryſtall Fountains,
Whoſe ſmooth ſwift-ſliding paſe
Still, ſtill roules down apace; (rains?
Say, why ſo long you drive through Vales & Moun-
To ſhew Thee, that thy Life (in This Theater)
Flees from thee as the Water:
And, that thy Soveraign Bliſſe
Abides not Here; where nought abiding is.

6 *Dies.*

When the Day (the Sun's bright Son)
New-awake, begins diſcover
Mountain-Tops new-gilded-over,
With his ruddy Raies thereon:
That (mee thinks) ſhould make us think
On that true eternall Morning,
When no Night ſhall be returning,
When both Heav'n and Earth ſhall ſhrink.

7 *Nox.*

When the Night's black Curtain, ſpread,
Hides the Day, and Light bereaveth;
Then, my wakening Thought conceaveth
Other Night, more dark, more dread:
There where Worldlings, wilfull-blinde,
Loath Inſtruction, leave Light's Mirrour,
Double-nighted in dark Errour;
Selfely put-out Light of Minde.

8 *Ver.*

When youthful ſpring the earth in green hath dreſt
When Trees with Leaves & Bloſſoms them re-veſt;
Their Flowers (white, red, blew, yellow)
Betoken Fruit to follow.
But Worldlings, though they flouriſh in their prime,
Nor bud, nor bear, nor bring forth Fruit, in time:
Their Health, Wealth, Wit, miſ-waſted,
Are but as bloſſoms blaſted.

9 *Æſtas.*

When Summer's Heat hath done his Part,
The Husband hath a gladſom heart;
Sith golden Treaſures of the Plains
Make large Amends for all his Pains.
But, th' idle Lubber, labour-loathing,
Walking, talking, wiſhing Store;
Sowing Nought, but Winde, before;
Shall, but Winde behinde, reap Nothing.

10 *Autumnus.*

When the Leaves in Autumn wither.
With a tawny tanned Face
Warpt and wrinkled-up together,
Th' Years late Beauty to diſgrace:
There thy Life's Glaſs maiſt thou finde-thee.
Green now, gray now, gone anon;
Leaving (Worldling) of thine Own,
Neither Fruit, nor Leaf behind-thee.

11 *Hyems.*

When chill Winter's cheer wee ſee
Shrinking, ſhaking, ſhivering, cold;
See Our Selves: for, ſuch are wee
After Youth, if ever Old.
After Winter, Spring (in order)
Coms again: but, Earthly Thing,
Rotting here, not rooting further,
Can Thy Winter hope a Spring?

12 *Quinque Senſus.*

How ſwift is Beauty vaniſht from thine Eye!
How ſudden Muſick drowned in thine Eare!
How ſoon doe Odours from thy Noſtrils fly!
How ſhort, touch-Pleaſures (tipt with pain & fear)!
How ſower, taſt-ſweeteſt, in final time's expenſe-is!
Then, Epicure, well may wee blame thee, ſince
All under Senſe thus vain, Thou haſt no ſenſe
Of Vanity, which ſo beſots thy Senſes.

13 *Vita & Mors.*

Worldlings that live in State and dye in Strife,
Wretched their Death, and wretched is their Life.
For, their Life kills them, keeps them fetter'd in
The Chains of Death, the Cage and Wage of Sin.
Their death is double; termin'd and eternall:
So much more deadly as it dyeth not.
For Errors, Terrors here; there Torments hot:
Their Life, a Death; their Death, a Life infernall.

14 *Eccho.*

What is the World, but a vain *Eccho's* Sounding,
From Woods, & Caves, & hollow Rocks rebounding?
A new No-noiſe, a dead-live Voice, to ſummon
Deluded Ears to liſten to a Dumb-one:
A ſpeaking Fiction of a mocking Faëry:
A formall Anſwer, in Effect but aëry?
Hence, hence, vain *Eccho*, with thine idle Mocks;
Keep in thy Woods, ſleep in thy Caves & Rocks.

15 *Incarceratus & Mendicus.*

As a cloſe Priſ'ner, in dark Durance chained,
Dreams that hee walks, runs, ranges at his will:
As a poor Begger, with ſharp hunger pained,
Dreams that hee eats, and yet is empty ſtill:
So, the world's Captives, ſleeping here ſecurely,
Dream them the freeſt in their deepeſt Thrall,
Dream them abounding, ſeeming Lords of all:
Yet ſtill are Beggers, and ſtill Priſ'ners ſurely.

16 *Fumus & Aura, convivium.*

The Worldling feeds his greedy Minde
With golden Hopes of high Conceits
(As vain and voyd as Smoak and Winde)
Which prove in fine but fine Deceits;
Yet keenly ſet his Teeth on Edge.
No Marvail though: for, he muſt needs
Be ever light, that ever feeds
On Winde and Smoak (and Chaff and Sedge).

17 *Cupido & Timor, conſtitutum.*

Deſire and Fear the Worldling ever martyrs,
Still double-racked with two divers Tortures:
Deſire's a Fire, running through all his bones,
Which dries him, fries him, & his Reſt bereaves:
His Fear's a Froſt, chilling his heart at-once,
Killing his Hopes, ſpilling the Webs he weaves:
So that, diſtract with Fear and with Deſire,
In Froſt hee fries, and freezes in the Fire.

18 *Ambitio, Luxus, Avaritia.*

Ambition, Luxe, and Avarice three witches
(Ladies, I ſhould ſay) whom the world doth wooe
With ſuit and ſervice (and that ſlaviſh too)
For their three Daughters, honour pleaſure, riches,
Serve

Serve All alike: the Ambitious, but with Winde:
With Woes, the Wanton (after Shews of Mirth):
The Avaricious, with som Crums of Earth;
Ever the leſſe, the more hee ſets his Minde.

19 *Avis & Navis.*

As in the Air, th' high-ſoaring Ægle ſcuds:
As on the water ſlides the winged Ship:
So flees, ſo flits the wealth of worldly goods;
So ſwift away doth wanton Pleaſure ſlip.
And, as wee cannot, in the air or water,
See the Ships furrow, nor the Ægles footing:
When Wealth is paſt, and Pleaſure poſted after;
To track their trace, nor is, nor can be booting.

20 *Fratres in Malo.*

Th' Ambitious alwayes doth aloft aſpire;
Honour on Honour ſtriving ſtill to heap:
The Avaricious ſtoopeth his Deſire,
From under ground his Golden Crop to reap.
Th' one tendeth upward, th' other downward tends;
As if at Ods, and utterly Contrary:
Yet, though they ſeem, indeed they do not vary;
But mean to meet together in their Ends.

21 *Væ Vobis.*

Who but hath heard Both bitterly deplore
Their diſmall Fortune, and diſaſtrous Fates?
O! cryes th' Ambitious, I have loſt my State:
O! th' Avaricious, I have loſt my Store.
Why cry you out on *Wracks*, and *Rocks*, and *Shelves*,
And *Wars*, & *Wiles*, that have your States undon?
Rather complain, rather cry-out, upon
Your *goods* & *greatneſs*, where you loſt your ſelves.

22 *Punctus non dividendus.*

Is Heav'n a Circle, and is Earth the Centre
So ſmall a Point (as Sages oft have Showne)?
Why then fond mortals, dare you Battell venture,
Who the moſt part of ſo ſmall Point ſhall owne?
Why ſilly worldlings, do you toil you ſo, (tion?
Train'd with falſe hopes of your too-fond Ambi-
O! dangerous Error is it, not to know
'Tis vain to ſtrain about a Points partition.

23 *Onus cuique ſuum.*

Sure, Avarice is an extreme Diſeaſe;
So is Ambition an extreme Vexation:
Yet ſhall wee finde, ſurvaying Both of Theſe,
That Either's Self bears his Own ſeverall Paſſion.
But, th' eagre Fit, the Forme, the Frenzy (rather)
Miſ-called Love (dead-living, merry-Sadneſſe)
Of one ſame Sickneſſe makes Two ſick together;
And Two at-once mad of One very Madneſſe.

24 *Dulce Venenum, quod ſibi ladens.*

Why wail'ſt Thou, Fondling? and why weep you, (Fair?
Sighing your ſouls into the ſenſeleſs Air?
Blame but your Selves: Deare is your Diſeaſe:
Your Pain proceeds from what your Selves doth
Your chief content is in our torment's top: (pleaſe.
Your moſt delight is in you moſt Diſeaſing:
You drink you drunk in the ſweet-bitter Cup,
Wch ſowrs your *joyes*, & makes *annoyes* as pleaſing.

25 *Aqua, Sagitta, Venti.*

Swiftly Water ſweepeth by:
Swifter winged Arrowes fly:
Swifteſt yet, the Winde that paſſes,
When the neather clouds it chaſes.
But, the Joyes of Earthly Mindes,
Worldly Pleaſures, vain Delights,
Far out-ſwift far ſudden flights,
Waters, Arrowes, and the Windes.

26 *Inconſtantia.*

Inconſtant Countrey, Thou maiſt witneſſe be,
The world hath nought but vain *Inconſtancy*.
Thy peace for war, thy war for peace thou takeſt:
Thou doubtfull floateſt on uncertain Waves:
Thou ween'ſt, the ſlaughter thee frō ſhables ſave,:
Thy moſt Deſpight thy moſt Delight thou makeſt.
Th' haſt nothing fixed, nothing firm, in Thee;
Nor conſtant Ought, but thine *Inconſtancy*.

27 *Mundus qualis.*

What is the *World*? tell, Worldling (if thou know it)
If it be good, why do all Ils ore-flow-it?
If it be bad, why doſt thou like it ſo?
If it be ſweet, how coms it bitter then?
If it be bitter, what bewitcheth men?
If it be Friend, why kils it (as a Foe)
Vain-minded Men that over-love and luſt it?
If it be Foe, Fondling, how dar'ſt thou truſt-it?

28 *Aura, Flos, Unda.*

Worl'ds beſt Beauty Self-defaces,
Sooner then the Puff that paſſes:
Sooner then the fragrant Flow'r,
Blowne and mowne within an how'r:
Sooner then a Wave (that follows)
His owne Predeceſſor ſwallows.
O! what is then the World wee have?
Alas! a Blaſt, a Bloom, a Wave.

29 *Quam malè conveniunt!*

More eas'ly far may wee
Make black and white,
And Day and Night,
In one ſame Terme agree:
And rather) rarely-od)
Wed fire and water;
Death and Nature:
Then with the world match GOD.

30 *Emblema.*

Friend *Faber*, caſt mee a round hollow Ball
Blown full of winde (for Emblem of this All):

Adorn

Adorn it fair, and flouriſh every part (and Fowl;
With Flow'rs & Fruits, wth Brooks, Beaſts, Fiſh,
With rareſt cunning of thy curious Art:
And grave in Gold, about my ſilver Bowl,
Thus roules the World (the Idol of Mankinde)
Whoſe Fruit is Fiction; whoſe Foundation, Winde.

31 *Glacies.*

Ice is fair and ſhines externall;
Fair and ſhining th' All-Theater:
From the ice they fall in water;
From the World to Death eternall.
Both at laſt ſhall vaniſh: ice
Into Water ſhall re-ſolve;
All the World (and all his Vice)
Into Nothing ſhall diſſolve.

32 Rome (*Conquerer*) *conquered.*

The Stranger, wondring, ſtalks, and ſtares upon
Rome's antique Glories, in her Ruines ſeen:
Hee ſees high Arches, huge ſhining Heaps of Stone,
Maim'd, mutil'd, murder'd, by years waſteful teen:
Hee ſees a rugged, ragged, rocky Quar
Hang in the Air, with Ivie lac't about.
O! what can laſt, alas! (then cries hee out)
Sith Time hath conquer'd the World's *Conquerer?*

33 *Arbor.*

The World's a Tree (in my Conceit)
The Arms wide-ſpread, the body great,
The Root deep-reaching, nie to Hell:
The Leaves freſh varniſht lively green,
The Bloſſoms various to be ſeen:
The Fruit doth ſuit the reſt right well:
The Flow'r it bears, Som Beauty call;
Hony the Fruit; indeed, but Gall.

34 *Hortus.*

The World's a Garden; Pleaſures are the Flowers,
Of faireſt hues, in form and number many:
The Lily (firſt) pure-whiteſt Flow'r of any,
Roſe ſweeteſt rare, with Pinked-Gillie-Flowr's:
The Violet, and double Mari-gold,
And Panſie too: but, after all Miſchances,
Death's Winter comes; and kills with ſudden cold,
Roſe, Lily, Violet, Mari-Gold, Pink, Panſes.

35 *Avaritia, Invidia.*

Never have, and never crave,
Are the Worldlings thoughts intire:
Honour, Wealth; the more they have,
More they covet, more aſpire.
They never doe enjoy their Own,
But Other's wiſh, like, love, admire:
And having all, yet have they None;
For, after all, they more deſire.

36 *Scientia, & Ignorantia.*

In Heav'ns ſweet Language have I learn'd yer This,
That to the wiſe the world's as night to morning,
As Deaw to Sun; as Cloud to Noon-ſted is: (ning;
For, vertuous knowledge, in his breſt bright bur-
Is Morning, Sun and Noon: but, Ignorance
Is th' ugly Night; Pleaſures, the vading Deaw;
Cloud Vanity, which doth our Soules purſue,
Till Vertues Raies infuſe their Radiance.

37 *Bona cur Mala.*

Antiquity, O! why didſt thou deviſe
This name of Goods unto theſe worldly Riches!
Sith th' are (alas!) but Evils (Pains or Pitches)
To ſilly men that doe them over-prize,
Rather ô worldling, why doſt thou miſ-uſe them?
Why doſt thou wrong Vertues good Inſtruments?
Goods (Ills to thoſe that doe them ill diſpenſe)
Sith goods are goods to thoſe that rightly uſe them.

38 *Quatuor Monarchia.*

The *Babylonian*, with ambitious fiſt,
Firſt the grand Scepter of the World poſſeſt:
The *Perſian*, Him; the *Grecian*, Him diſmiſt:
Him, th' awfull *Roman* after diſpoſſeſt:
And Him, his Own Waight let not long ſubſiſt;
Him, his Own Greatneſs ruin'd with the reſt.
Who then (alas!) this Fall of *Monarchs* ſeeing,
Can hope on Earth for an eternall Being?

39 *Glacies.*

Hee that makes the World his Neſt,
Settling here his onely Reſt;
Never craving other Scope,
Never having higher hope:
What thinks (think you) ſuch a One?
Thus: to ſit ſecure upon
A Ball of Ice, a ſlippery Bowl,
Which on the Seas doth ever roul.

40 *Diruit Edificans.*

When-as the worldling moils, and toyles, and tires,
Inceſſantly to heave-up Wealth on Wealth,
Pleaſure on Pleaſure, Stile on Stile; by ſtealth,
To reach the top of his too-vain Deſires:
When, the more loaden, the leſs Waight he feeleth,
Plotting his Eaſe i'th Pain hee doth purſue-in:
Whē hoord on hoord, whē heap on heap he hilleth,
What doth hee elſe but build himſelf his Ruine?

41 *Bellum cum vitiis.*

One-Day I ſaw the World in furious Fight
With lovely Vertue, his moſt loathed Foe;
It dared her, ſhee bravely did defie't:
It entred Liſts (She firſt had entred though).
It traverſes, it toils, it heaws, it hacks;
But all in vain, his blowes come never nigh-her:
For the World's Weapons were but lythie Wax;
And Vertue's Shield is of celeſtiall Fier.

42 *Naufra-*

42 *Naufragium.*

Thou, thou, whoſe heart dives in the world ſo deep,
Seeſt thou thy caſe? know'ſt thou thine own condi-
Like head-leſs bark toſt 'twixt the oppoſitiō (tion?
Of bluſtring Storms which every way doe ſweep.
Reaſon, Thy Rudder, is already lacking:
The Gales of Pleaſure, and the Guſts of Paſſion,
Hurry thee headlong in the Gulf of Faſhion,
On rocks of death thy wretched life ſoon wracking

43 *Mors in Olla.*

(death:
Where's *death*? i'th' *world*. Where is the *world*? In
Death to it Self: for, nothing in the *world*
Kils & confounds the *world*, more then the *world*;
Which breeds and feeds, and giveth life to *death*.
But, frō the *world* could Gods love wean the *world*,
Killing the *world's* Love, and his Iſſue, *death*;
Then happy wee ſhould triumph over *death*;
The *world* not worldly; *death* dead in the *world*.

44 *Somnium.*

I ſaw, I ſaw, the World was but a dream, (eyes:
When heav'ns ſhrill voice had rouz'd & rais'd my
For, in the World I found but Lies;
Eyes clos'd, Ears ſtopt, Mindes inly toil'd extreme;
All dark, all night: Man out of Man (in Cumber)
Himſelfe with Fumes and Phant'ſies feeding,
Not feeling Pains, nor Paſſions heeding;
Loth to be waked from ſo ſweet a Slumber.

45 *Quaſi non utens.*

O! happy hee can be ſo highly wiſe,
As not to know the vain and vicious pleaſures
The vicious take (when they will take their leaſures)
Which ſo beſot their Soules, and blinde their eyes.
O! happy Hee that can diſdain and deem
Thoſe Pleaſures, Poiſons; and that Hony, Gall.
But, who can ſo? Hee that contemning All,
Lives in the World, and not the World in Him.

46 *Monſtrum horrendum.*

What Monſter's that which hath ſo many heads;
So many Ears, ſo many Eyes between;
So lively clad before in luſty Green;
So black behinde, in cloudy Cloak of Shreds;
His feet ſo ſliding down a round ſteep Hill:
Rouled by Time, which turns it ſwift away;
Death running after, ſhooteth at it ſtill?
Ah! now I ſee. What is't? The World, I ſay.

47 *Sordeſcit & Surdeſcit.*

Stay, Worldling ſtay: Whither-away ſo faſt?
Hark, hark a while to Vertue's Counſels Current.
No, no: alas! after the World in haſte,
Hee hies, flies, follows: as a rapid Torrent
Too-proudly ſwelling with ſome freſh Supply
Of liquid Silver from the Welkin guſhing,
My warning (as a Rock) hee rouleth by
With roaring Murmur, ſudden over-ruſhing.

48 *Sufficit Unum.*

'Twas a loud Lie (think I) a very Slander,
Th' Ancients aſcrib t' ambitious *Alexander*,
Weeping for wo there were no mo worlds made.
Suffic'd not One, ſo buſie and ſo bad;
If true it were, Great Monarch ceaſe to mourn;
And give mee leave, O let mee weep my Turn;
Who ſtrain and ſtrive; yet cannot all my Care
All Vanities of this One World declare.

49 *Variable.*

Vary, re-vary; tune, and tune againe
(Anon to this String, and anon to That;
Baſe, Treble, Tenor; ſwift, ſlow, ſharp and flat)
Thy One ſame Subject in a ſundry Strain;
To repreſent, by thy ſo divers Ditties,
The dying World's ſo divers Alterations;
Yet will the World have ſtill mo Variations;
And, paſt thy Verſe, thy various Subject yet-is.

50

'Tis but Vanity and Folly,
On the World to ſettle wholy.
All the Joyes of all this Life
Are but Toyes, Annoyes and Strife.
O God! onely wiſe and ſtable,
To eſtabliſh Mee in Thee,
Give mee, Thou that art All-able,
Wiſedome with true Conſtancy.

FINIS.

MOTTOES.

LE Rocher orgueilleux
Sent tomber ſur ſa teſte
La plus rude Tempeſte:
Le fouldre perilleux
Au groz Arbres ſ'attche:
Ainſi Dieu de ſes mains
Des lieux plus hauts arache:
Les ſuperbes humains.
The higheſt Rocks and Hils,
Which ſeem the Clouds to threaten,
With rougheſt Storms are beaten:
The lofty Cedar feels
The Lightnings Flaſh and Thunder:
So Gods Almighty hand
Soon from aloft brings under
The proudeſt that withſtand.
Que ſont les Conſeils humains?
Que ſont les OEures des mains?
Qu'eſt l'Excellence des hommes?
Qu'eſt tout l'Eſtat ou nous ſommes
Si CHRIST en eſt ſeparé?
Ce n'eſt qu'un Cachot pavé
de vents, d'ombres, de fumées,
D'un Feu de Mort allumées.
What's the wiſdome of Mankinde?
What the works of hand or minde?
What the Vertues of the Rareſt?
What is all our Beſt and Faireſt,
Void of Chriſt? *Alas! a Grave,*
Dungeon, Den, or dreadfull Cave,
Lin'd with wind, with ſhades, with vapors,
Set on fire with deadly Tapers.
Mon Ame, ou ſont les grands Diſcours
De ces hautains filz de la Terre?
Ou ſont les magnifiques Tours
Des Roys qui en Ciel ont fait Guerre?
Je cuide voir en y penſant,
Une Fumée s'amaſſant
Au Feu d'un Bois ſec que l'haleine
Du Vent eſcarte par la Plaine
Where, where are now the great Reports
Of thoſe huge haughty earth-born Giants?
Where are the lofty Towrs and Forts
Of thoſe proud Kings bade Heav'n defiance?
When Them I to my Minde revoke,
Mee thinks I ſee a mighty Smoake
Thick mounting from quick-burning Matter
Which in an inſtant Windes doe ſcatter.

Pauure Ver, travaille, tracaſſe, Omnia ſommia.
Sans te laſſer,
Pour amaſſer
Les Honneurs, ou d'Or quelque Maſſe:
Mais la Mort qui ta force ronge,
En t'abatant
Tout a l'inſtant,
Prouvera que tu n'es qu'un Songe.
Goe, ſilly Worm, drudge, trudge, and travell,
Deſpiſing Pain;
So thou maiſt gain
Some Honour, or ſome Golden Gravell:
But Death the while (to fill his number)
With ſudden Call
Takes thee from All,
To prove thy Daies but Dream & Slumber.
As tu miz en Oubliance Quorum meminiſſe pudebit.
Homme ta brutale, Enfance?
Riant, ozes tu chanter
Les Erreurs de ta Jeuneſſe?
En courant vers ta vielleſſe
Voudrois Tu bien plaiſanter?
Pleure donc, puis que ta Vie
Eſt a touts maux aſſervie.
Art thou, Man, no more now mindefull
Of thy Child-hood, brute and blindefull?
Doſt thou laugh, and doſt thou ſing
Th' Errors of thy Youth and folly?
Canſt thou be ſo blithe and jolly,
Towards Age now galloping?
Rather wail thy Life's Condition,
Thrall to Sin, Death and Perdition.
I'apperceus un Enfant qui d'un tuyau de Paille Quaſi Bulla.
Trempé dans la Savon, avecques Eau meſlé,
Des Ampoules ſouffloit encontre une Muraille,
Dont l'œil de maint paſſant eſtoit eſmervillé:
Riches, Elles ſembloit, fermes, de forme ronde:
Mais les voyant crever en leur luſtre plus beau,
Voire ſoudainement; voy-la (di-je) un Tableau
De la frail ſplendeur & vanité du Monde.
I ſaw a child with ſlender pipe of ſtubble
(From hollow ſhell with Soap and Water mixt)
Againſt a Wall to blow-up many a Bubble;
Where many an Eye of many by was fixt:
For, rich they ſeem'd, and firm round Form did render.
But, when I ſaw them (and that ſuddenly)
Break at the beſt; behold a Type, ſaid I,
Of World's vain glory, and ſoon-vading ſplendor.

Rosa non sine spina

Quand je li quand je contemple
L'estat de ceſt heureux Temple
Que *Chriſt* en Terre a planté,
Courant par le Monde, ente
Sur l'Ordure & la Malice;
Je devien triſte & joyeux,
J'embraſſe & chaſſe le vice
Je quitte & cerche les Cieux.
When I read, when I contemple,
Th'eſtate of that happy Temple
Chriſt *hath planted here below*
Amid this World; and grafted ſo
On Dirt, in danger of the Divell;
Sad and glad at-once I am:
I imbrace and chaſe the Evill:
Heav'n I ſhun, yet ſeeke the ſame.

Deserians sequor.

Le monde eſt outrageux, & ſi eſt bien ſervi:
C'eſt un Tyran cruel, & ſi eſt bien ſuyvi:
C'eſt un infame Monſtre, & tandiz ſe contente:
Il giſt au liſt de Mort, & de vivre ſe vante:
Il n'eſt rien que malheur, & ſi eſt trop aimé:
C'eſt Dueil, Honte, & Dommage, & ſi eſt eſtimé:
Il cerche ſon Repos en ſe faiſant la Guerre:
Il abhorre les Cieux & perit en la Terre.
The World is full of Wrong, and yet is ſerv'd too-well:
'Tis too-well follow'd too, and yet a Tyrant fell:
'T's an ugly Monſter-moſt, and yet the moſt contenteth:
'Tis on the Death-bed laid, and yet of life it vanteth:
'Tis ſorrow, ſhame, and loſſe, and yet is moſt approved:
'Tis nothing but a Croſſe, and yet is beſt beloved:
'Tis ſeeking peace in war; choaks whom it ſeems to cherish:
'Tis hating heav'n for earth; and it in hell ſhall periſh.
Ce Monde eſt une Galere
Equipée de Miſere;
Cinglant en Mer de Douleurs:
Ses Forçats, ce ſont les Pleurs:
Son Pilote, Coeur rebelle:
Ses Vents, funeux Deſires:
Ses Routes, triſtes Plaiſirs:
Son Havre, Mort eternelle.
This World is a Galley fraighted
With miſ-haps (or Haps miſ-treated)
Sliding on a ſea of Care.
Tears and Fears her Sailers are:
Will, her Pilot (ſtill at Stern, all):
Strong Deſires, her Windes (for moſt):
Bitter-ſweet, her Courſe and Coaſt:
And her Hav'n is Death eternall.
Qu'eſt ce du Cours & de l'arreſt du Monde?
C'eſt un Chemin rabotteux, ennuyeux:
Un Cocher fol, deſloyal, dangereux,
Traînant ſon Coche en la boüe profonde.
Un Logie fumeux, ſale puant:
Un hoſte avare, infame, remuant:
Un liſt pierreux: un faſcheux & vain Songe:
Un Reſueiller d'Orgueil & de Menſonge.
What th' World's Progreſs? what our Gifts here living?
But a foul way, all full of Baulks and Sloughs:
(A fooliſh Coach-man, falſe and dangerous,
Through thick and thin our old weak Chariot driving)
A ſmoakie Lodging, ſtinking, naſtie-moſt:
A greedy, needy, churliſh, filthy Hoſte:
A ſtony Bed, a ſtrange unquiet Slumber:
Awak't with Lies, Pride, Peril, and Incumber.
Des Monarques la grandeur,
De tant de Nobles la Race,
De tant de Preux la Splendeur,
Des bons Eſprits le grand-heur,
Le Temps & la Mort Efface.
N'arreſtons donques les Yeux
A ceſte lueur qui paſſe,
Ains les eſlevons aux Cieux.
Monarch's greateſt Greatneſſe here,
Nobles nobleſt Ranks and Races,
Worthies Tropheis, paſſing peer,
Sages Worth for Wiſdome cleer,
Time (alas!) and death defaces.
Why then fix wee here our Eyes
On this glimpſe that ſudden paſſes?
Rather rear them to the Skies.
Mais que feroy-je plus au Monde
Que en Monde de Maux abonde?
Adieu Monde, adieu tes debats,
Tes Cris, tes Aſſaults, tes Combats:
Verité Retraitte ſonne.
L'Eternel tire a Soy mon Coeur
(Par foy de ta force Vainqueur)
Et de ſa Gloire me couronne.
Why, why ſhould I the World be minding,
Therein a World of evils finding?
Then farewel World: farewel thy Jars,
Thy joyes, thy toyes, thy wiles, thy wars.
Truth ſounds Retrait: I am not for-yee.
Th' Eternall drawes to him my heart
By faith (which can thy force ſubvert)
To crown mee (after Grace) with Glory.

Invenit portum Spei, &c.

Mundus immundus.

Quelle eſt ceſte Beauté que je voy tant extreme,
Qui avec ſes Cheveux, & ſa voix, & ſes yeux,
D'un lieu, & d'un Charm, & d'un Traict amoreux,
Et s'enchaine, & s'enchante, & s'aveugle ſoy meſme?
C'eſt la monde changé en Courtiſanne infame,
Qui ſe va deſguizant de mille fards le Corps;
Mais, ce'eſt une Beauté ſeulement par dehors,
Qui ne peut effacer les Laideurs de ſon Ame.
What Beautie's This, ſo brave bedeckt in Riches?
Whoſe wanton Looks, whoſe waving Locks & Song,
As with a Dart, a Chaine, a Charm (too-ſtrong)
Self-blinds, ſelf-bindes, and ſelf it ſelf bewitches?
O! 'tis the World 't's a Courtiſan transformed,
Who pranks and paints her body round about:
But all this Beauty onely is without,
And cannot hide the Soule within deformed.
Le Peché, & la Mort, & le Monde, & la Chair,
Conſpirerent un Jour contre l'Ame immortelle:
Le traiſtre Corps des-ja les laiſſoit approcher,
Si la Foy n'euſt eſté pour lors en Sentinelle:
Qui du Peché, du monde, & de la Chair l'effort
Surmonta par ſa croix, de quoy l'Ame enhardie,
Fit ſe bien qu'en plain châpelle vint mettre a Mort
La Mort qui s'attendoit de luy oſter la Vie.
The World and Fleſh, combin'd with death and ſinne,
Againſt th' immortall Soule were privie-banding;
Selfe Traitor Nature had even let them in;
Had not the Faith for Sentinell bin ſtanding;
Who by the Croſs, did Sin, Fleſh, World ſubdue:
Whereby, the Soule re-hearted and revived,
Led by her Head, purſu'd the Fight and ſlew,
Slew Death, which ſought Her Life to have deprived.

Morte

Morte eſt la Mort, & non le Monde,
Qui au Monde donner la loy ;
N'ayant plus Crainte que la Foy
Quelque autre Querelle luy fonde.
Dautant qu'au Ciel la Foy demeure,
Hors du Monde ; ne pouvant voir
Que dans ſon ſiege on vienne aſſoir
Toute Inconſtance & tout Pariure.
Death's dead indeed, the World yet is not ;
But yet, yet rules the World about ;
Of Faith's Affront no more in doubt :
Sith her hero fighting more it ſees not.
For, Faith hath now in Heav'n her Station,
Forth of the World ; diſdaining here
To ſee her Seat uſurpt ſo neer
By Error and Equivocation.
Pourquoy mets tu ton Eſperance,
Monde, en la Mondaine Inconſtance ?
Veu que du Monde les Delices
Ne ſont qu'une grand Mer de Vices :
Ne ſont qu'un miſerable ſort :
Qu'un vain Eſpoir, & qu'un pur Songe :
Et qu'un Orage qui de plonge
En fin au Goufre de la Mort.
Why ? why build Worlds their Hopes Aſſurance
On this vain Worlds unduring Durance ?
Sith all the Sweet of worldly Pleaſures,
Worldly Honours, worldly Treaſures,
Is nothing but a Blaſt, a Breath,
An addle Hope, an idle Dreaming,
A ſudden Storm with fury ſtreaming.
And drowning all in Gulf of Death.
Tout ce Monde eſt un Tabourin qui ſonne
L'al'arme au Monde, & cruel eſpoinçonne
Filz contre Pere : & ſcavez vous comment ?
Par un Moyen qui n'eſt fait que de vent.
Monde, dis moy, d'ou vient qu'un ſimple Son
Qui ſort de peaux qu'on bat ſur un eſcorce,
Peut eſmouvoir d'une telle faſon
Encontre Toy la force de ta force ?
The World's a Drum, with loud Alarum ſtirring
The World to war ; and too-too-cruell ſpurring
Son againſt Sire. The Means if you would finde,
'Tis by a Mean that is but made of Winde.
But tell mee, World, how coms a ſimple Sound
Sent but from Skins, upon a Skin but beating,
T'incite thee ſo, ſo to beſtir thee round
To face thy Force, thy Faces force ſo threating ?
Monde, pourquoy fuis tu ? Pour cercher aſſurance,
Et, ſi ce n'eſt en Toy, ou la trouveras Tu ?
Ou le Monde n'eſt pas du Monde combattu.
Le Monde ſe faict il a ſoy meſmes offenſe ?
Ouy trop ; car en la Terre, au Feu, en l'Air, en l'Onde
Le Monde s'occit, s'ard, & ſe noye & ſe pend.
Monde, fuy donc au ciel : car fol eſt qui s'attend
D'Anchrer ſa Nef flotante en l'*Euripe* du Monde.
Why fleeſt thou, world ? Alas ! to ſeek Aſſurance.
Where to be found, if in the world it fail ?
There where the world doth not the world aſſail.
Why ? doth the world cauſe to it ſelf Ill-durance ?
Yes ; too-too-much : for in Fire, Air, Earth Water,
The world ſelf-drowns, ſelf-burns, ſelf-hangs, ſelf-
Flee then to heav'n. Fond he that Anchor layes (ſlaies.
In th' Euripus of this vain Worlds Theater.

Peintre, ſi tu tires le Monde,
Ne le pein pas de Forme ronde :
Car, ce qui en Rond eſt pourtraict
Eſt eſtimé du tout parfaict :
Et le Monde ne le peut eſtre
Ou defaut le Soveraign Bien ;
Et ou tant ſeulement le Rien
Et l'Inconſtance prennent eſtre.
Friend Larkin, if the world you figure,
You muſt not draw it round of Figure :
For, Sages hold the compleat Round
In every part is perfect found.
So never can this world be ; ſeeing
There wants the Chief, The chiefeſt Good :
And Nothing there (right underſtood)
But Nothing hath (inconſtant) Being.
Pluſtoſt les Yeux du Firmament
Seront ſanz reglé Mouvement ;
Et Vagabonde
Ne ſera l'Onde :
Pluſtoſt qu'on voye deſplacée
Des vains Appats
De ces lieux baz
Du Mondain la folle penſée.
Sooner ſhall all the Heav'ns bright Eyes
Ceaſe their ſet courſes in the Skies :
Sooner ſhall the Ocean
Have no more Motion :
Sooner then worldly mindes removed
From vain Deceits
Of Earthly Baits,
By Worldlings here too-dear beloved.
Et le Monde & la Mort entr'Eux ſe deſguiſerent
Un Jour pour pouvoir mieux l'Homme Mondain ſurprendre
L'adjournent pour ce faict, & puis l'interroguerent
Qu'l diſt, au quel des deux pour ſerf ſevouloit rẽdre.
L'hõme mõdain cuidant ne s'addõner qu'au monde,
Par le Monde trompeur s'aſſervit a la Mort.
Mais ſe voyant deceu, Il appella du Tort,
A Un qui par ſa Mort chaſſa la Mort du Monde.
The world and Death one day them croſs-diſguiſed
To coſen Man (when ſin had once beguil'd him)
Both call'd him forth ; and queſtioning adviſed
To ſay, whoſe ſervant he would fainly yeeld him.
Man, weening then but to the world t' have giv'n-him,
By the falſe world became the Slave of Death :
But, from their fraud hee did appeal by Faith (him.
To Him, whoſe death kild death, and hence hath driv'n-
Le Monde eſt un grand Parlement :
Son Avocat, eſt l'Arrogance :
Son Soliciteur, eſt l'Offenſe :
Son Procureur, vain Penſement :
L'Huiſſier, qui les Cauſes appelle
Eſt le Remords : Juge, la Mort
Qui prononce en dernier Reſort
L'Agreſt de la Peine eternelle.
The World's a Seſſions, or Aſſize ;
The Counſellor is Arrogancy :
Sin the Sollicitor (fee'd by Fancy)
Th' Attourney is but vain Surmiſe :
Remorſe is Marſhall : Conſcience, Crier :
Death ſits as Judge in dreadfull room ;
Pronouncing, for a finall Doom,
The ſentence of eternall fire.

Vous Pleuples bazanez les quels le Gain attire
Ores a recercher une incognue Mer;
Ores de vers la Tane, & vers l'Inde ramer
Fondans tout voſtre Appuy ſur le vol d'on Navire.
Pour Patron, qu'avez vous que vaine paſſion?
Pour Timon, qu'Avarice?& pour Voles, que Rage?
Et pouſſez par le vent de toute Ambition,
Que penſez vous gaigner qu'un aſſeuré Naufrace?
Yon tanned Tiphyes, whom Gain's love bewitches,
From Inde to Inde, and from the North to Nile,
To ſound new ſeas, to ſeek new ſhores, the While
Your Life's beſt hope but in a Plank and Pitch-is.
What Pilot have you but your Paſſion, ſtill?
Your Rudder, Avarice; and your Maſt, Ambition;
Your Sails, but Pride; which Furies puffs doe fill:
What think you then to gain, but deep Perdition?
Ce Monde eſt un Peierinage
Les Meſchants forcenez de rage
Y ſont les devots Pelerins,
Qui four voyes des droits Chemins,
Tombent en la foſſe profonde
De la Mort: Mais O Toy Mon DIEU,
Guidant mes paz in autre lieu,
Tire Moy du Chemin du Monde.
This World is but a Pilgrimaging,
Where wicked men, moſt felly-raging,
Doe trudge and travell moſt devout:
But, from the right way wandring out,
They headlong fall in Pit of Terror,
The Gulf of Death. But, O my God,
Guiding my ſteps in better Road,
Draw mee to Thee, from worldlings Error.

FINIS.

AN APPENDIX.

ALthough thou canſt not write ſo rare a Ditty,
Nor ſing ſo ſweetly, be thou vertuous though:
For, doing well is more then ſaying ſo:
And, to be Wiſe, is more then to be Witty.
The Vertuous, reading and recording ſweet
The ſacred Song, is cheered in his Courſes:
The vicious, reading, ſinging, rather worſe-is;
Rapt with the Sound, not with the Senſe, a whit,
Surceaſe thy Muſick, lay aſide thy Muſes:
Paſchal and *Pibrac*, you have toil'd too-long:
Seing that vertue ſerves but for a Song
To this vain World, that on all Miſchief muſes:
Lo, here in Paper is poor Vertue painted:
Alas, dead Vertue! Thus theſe times do uſe-thee:
Yet, if all hands, yet if all hearts refuſe-thee,
Remaine Thou ever in theſe Songs imprinted.
As fierceſt Lion, fretting in his Cage,
Is ſomtimes calmed with harmonious ſounding
Of Lyrike ſtrings, and made to leave his rage,
Let go his Prey and fall to Dance-like bounding:
So, the vain World, in Pangs and Paſſions flinging,
Charm'd (as it were) & bound with ſev'nty chains,
It's Fits and Phant'ſies, for a while, refrains;
Here, to it Selfe, it Selfe's Inconſtance ſinging.

FINIS.

THE WOOD-MANS BEAR.

A Poeme:

By JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

Semèl insanivimus Omnes.

TO THE VVORSHIPFUL, HIS MOST approved Friend, Mr. ROBERT NICOLSON.

SIr, the kind Welcom that you alwayes daign
To the faire Muſes, and their Favorites;
And chiefly mee, the meaneſt of their train,
(Too mean to meddle with their ſacred rites)

My willing heart with thankfull hand invites
To offer you my buſie idle pain,
Ill-ſhapen ſhadows of my young delights,
Till better fruits my better Fates ordain.

Yet (pray-you) private let this Jigg bee kept,
Unworthy Object for judicious Eyes:
Which, but for you, eternally had ſlept;
And, but to you, from hence-forth ever dyes:
But, lack of better forc't mee, for a ſhift,
To bring you now this old-new New-yeers Gift.

Semper Arcto-philos.

TO HIS
DIVINE ARCTO
HER DEVOUT
ARCTOPHILOS.

BEcauſe I count a promiſe debt (my Dear)
Eſpecially unto a ſpeciall friend,
This promis'd pledge to your ſweet Self I ſend;
A gloomy glaſſe of your perfections cleer:

A pourtraiture reſembling nothing neer
Your heav'nly Features that in worth extend
Beyond the reach of my poor rymes Commend,
As in this plot I make too plain appeare.

Yet ſince for you amid my dumps I drew it,
And ſince your ſelfe have ſince deſir'd to ſee it;
With milde aſpect vouchſafe (bright-Star) to view it,
To doom whereof, in your diſcretion be it:
But deem withall, that in this bitter ſtory
I grave my griefs, and not your beauties glory.

Vicenti gloria Victi.

THE WOOD-MANS BEAR.

1

Seventy nine-score years and sev'n
Were expired from the birth
Of a Babe begot by Heav'n,
To bring Peace unto the Earth;
Peace that passeth all esteeming,
Sin-bound soules from Hell redeeming.

Ver. 2.

Phœbus in his yearly race
(Having past the *Ram* and *Steer*)
Now began to post apace
Through the *Twins* fair houses cleer,
Pranking in perfumed robes
All these goodly neather Globes,

Aurora. 3.

And *Aurora*, richly dight
In an azure mantle fair,
Freng'd about with silver bright,
Pearl-deaws dropping through the air,
Hung the gate with golden tissues,
Where *Hiperions* Chariot issues.

4

At which sight (that all rejoyces)
All the cunning Forrest Quier,
Tuning loud their little voyces,
Warbled who should warble higher:
Striving all to beare the Bell
(All in vain from *Philomel*.

5

When my joylesse senses, dulled
With the busie toil of Cities,
Mee from pensive fancies pulled,
To goe hear, their heav'nly Ditties:
To goe hear, and see, and sent,
Sounds, sighs, savours excellent.

6

Wending then through Lawns and Thickets,
Where the fearfull Deer doe brouz,
Where the wanton Fawns and Prickets
Crop the top of springing boughs:
Where the Stag and light-foot Hinde
Scud, and skip, and turn, and winde;

7

While I led my wandring feet
Through a silent shady Grove,
Paved thick with Primrose sweet:
As mine eyes about did rove,
Neer a spring I chanc't to spy,
Where a wretched man did ly.

8

Like a *Wood-man* was his weed:
Groveling on the ground hee lay,
Mourning so as doth exceed
All that ever I can say.
Beasts to bellow, birds to sing,
Ceast, to see so strange a thing.

9

Wringing hands, and weeping eyes,
Heavy sighs, and hollow groans,
Wailing words, and wofull cries,
Were the witnesse of his moans;
Moans that might with bitter passion
Move a flinty hearts compassion.

10

Fain would I the cause have kend,
That could cause him so complain:
But I fear'd him to offend
With repeating of his pain:
Therefore I expected rather,
From himselfe the same to gather.

11

Sitting then in shelter shady,
To observe and mark his mone,
Suddenly I saw a *Lady*
Hasting to him all alone,
Clad in Maiden-white and green:
Whom I judg'd the Forrest Queen.

12

Who the eager game pursuing,
Lost her Ladies in the chase,
Till shee heard the wretches ruing:
Unto whom shee hied apace;
Moving him, with milde intreat,
To unfold his grief so great.

13

When the Queen of Continence,
With the musick of her words,
Had by sacred influence
Charm'd the edge of sorrows swords

(Swords

(Swords that deeper wounds have made
Then the keen *Toledo* blade.)

14

Fain hee would, and yet hee fainted
To unfold his fatall grief:
Paſsions in his face depainted,
Striving whether ſhould be chiefe:
Thus at laſt, though loath and ſorry,
Sigh't hee out his mournfull ſtory.

15

Madam, quoth hee (yet hee knew not
What ſhee was) that you may ſee,
That I curſed cauſeleſſe rue not,
Lend awhile your eare to mee:
And you ſhall perceive the ſource
Whence my cares have had their courſe.

16

Whence my cares and ſad incumbers
Have ariſen and proceeded:
Whoſe account of countleſſe numbers
Hath the *Ocean's* ſand exceeded;
Whoſe extreme tormenting ſmart
Paſſeth all conceit of heart.

17

Thrice-ſev'n Summers I had ſeen
Deckt in *Flora's* rich array;
And as many Winters keen
Wrapt in ſuits of ſilver gray:
Yet the *Cyprian* Queens blinde Boy
Grudged at my grief-leſs joy.

18

But when on my maiden chin
Mother *Nature* gan ingender
Smooth, ſoft, golden Doun, and thin
Blades of Bever, ſilk-like ſlender;
Then hee, finding fuell fit,
Sought for coales to kindle it.

19

Coals hee found, but found no fire:
For, th' Eaſt *Friſian* Icy ſky
Made the ſparks of loves deſire
Sudden born, as ſoon to dy.
Thus ſo long as there I bid,
All was vain that *Venus* did.

20

Seeing then that nought might boot,
Shee (conſulting with her baſtard)
Bid the buſie wanton ſhoot:
But alas hee durſt not, daſtard:
In that quarter well hee wiſt
Armes to meet with mee, hee miſt.

21

Therefore weary of his toile,
Hopeleſſe ſtill of better hap,
In that ſo unhappy ſoile,
Where few *Brutes* hee could entrap;
Hee forſooke the frozen *Ems*
Soaring towards ſilver *Thames*.

22

On whoſe lilie-paved banks,
Where faire water-Nymphs reſorted,
Plaid hee many wanton pranks,
While the ſilly Damſels ſported;
Wounding with his cruell darts,
Their unwary tender hearts.

23

Chiefly in my Mother-Towne,
Where the Paragon of honour,
Vertues praiſe, and beauties crowne,
With ſweet Ladies tending on her,
Kept her Court in Palace royall,
Guarded by Attendants loyall.

24

There the *Paphian* Prince (perceiving
Lords and Ladies, young and old,
Apt (through eaſe) for Loves deceiving)
Sends about his ſhafts of gold,
Striking all, ſave her hee dares not,
Dians ſelfe: the reſt hee ſpares not.

25

Having triumpht there a ſeaſon
Over all degrees and ſexes,
Planting love, ſupplanting reaſon,
Where his darts dire venome vexes:
Suddenly hee croſt the floud,
To the famous Seat of *Lud*.

26

Finding there ſufficient fuell,
To maintaine his wanton fires,
By and by begins hee cruell
To inflame both Sonnes and Sires,
Maid and Miſtris, Man and Maſter,
Dame and Daughter, light or chaſter.

27

Thus hee tortures, voide of pitie,
Rich and poor, and fond and wiſe,
Through the ſtreets of all the Citie;
Cauſing by his cruelties,
Sighing-ſinging, freezing-frying,
Laughing,-weeping, living-dying.

28

Fates by this time had contrived
Cauſes that mee thither drew.
Which, ere ever I arrived,
This deteſted Tyrant knew:
Wily waiting time and place,
To revenge his old diſgrace.

29

Oftentimes hee did attempt
Even in ſtreets of ſecond *Troy*,
To have puniſht my contempt,
By bereaving freedomes joy:
But unable there to match mee,
Elſe-where yet hee thought to catch mee.

30

I was wont (for my diſport)
Often in the Summer ſeaſon,
To a Village to reſort,
Famous for the rathe ripe Peaſon;
Where, beneath a *Plumm*-tree ſhade,
Many pleaſant walks I made.

31

Till a graſſe-born-kricket, mounted
On that goodly Trees fair top,
Made his fore fruit (rare accounted)
Over-ſoon to fall and drop;
Loading every branch and bough
With her brood of krickets now.

32

Hither while I us'd to haunt,
Cupid seeking change of harbour,
Leaving ſtately *Troy-novant*,
Lighted under this freſh Arbour,
Neere the houre when *Titan* wondrous,
Hides our ſhadowes wholly und'r-us.

33

When the Dwarfling did perceive mee,
Mee, *Loves* moſt rebellious ſcorner;
By ſome cautell to deceive mee,
Skipt hee ſoone into a corner
Where, leſt I ſhould ſpie the Elfe,
In a *Bear* hee hid himſelfe.

34

Many Beaſts, and Birds beſide,
Adorned with the pride of nature;
Faire of feather, rich of hide,
Trim of forme, and tall of ſtature,
Us'd this Orchard to frequent,
Till the Summers heat was ſpent.

35

But the *Bear* was my Betrayer;
Nay, ſhe was my lifes defender:
But ſhee was my freedomes ſlayer;
Nay, ſhee was my thraldomes ender:
But ſhee fill'd my ſoule with ſadneſſe;
Nay, ſhee turn'd my griefe to gladneſſe.

36

Bleſſed *Bear*, that bears the bell
From the faireſt of her kind:
Such a *Bear* as doth excell
Thoſe to either *Pole* aſſign'd:
Such a *Bear*, as 'twould not grieve mee,
To be Bear-ward made: beleeve mee.

37

In a *Crofte* where *Muſicks* King
(Making mends for *Daphnes* wrong)
Made out of the ground to ſpring
Trees transform'd to *Daphnes* young:
In the *Crofte* ſo faire and pleaſant,
Harbour of the Prince-diſh Pheaſant.

38

Southward was this white *Bear* bred,
Yet not ſcorcht with *Affrick* heate;
For her Dam had dipt her head
In the Cryſtall waters neat
Of a Spring call'd *Hamberwell*,
Which can Sun-burnt ſpots expell:

39

And beſides, while young ſhee was,
Shee was carried from that coaſt,
To be taught ſuch practice, as
Makes ſuch Beaſts beloved moſt:
Beaſt am I to call her beaſt:
Yet indeed a *Bear*'s a beaſt.

40

Bear in name, but not in nature,
Was this much admired creature,
Peerleſſe piece of perfect ſtature,
Full of all deſired feature:
Feature ſuch, as all too-faint,
My dull pen preſumes to paint.

41

Lovely Lily-white ſhee was
Strait proportion'd ſtately-paſed,
Coy, or kind (as came to paſſe)
Courteous-ſpoken, comely-graced:
Graces ſeem'd of graces laviſh,
Eyes that gaz'd on her to raviſh.

42

Locks like ſtreams of liquid Amber,
Smooth down dangling, ſeem'd to ſpred
Hangings fit for Beauties chamber,
Curtains fit for Beauties bed:
Of which ſlender golden ſleave,
Love his wanton nets did weave.

43

Fore-head fair as Summers face,
Built upon two *Ebene* Arch's:
Under which in equall ſpace
Stood two bright reſplendent ſparks;
Sparks excelling in their ſhine,
Faireſt beams of *Ericyne*.

44

From theſe Arch's between theſe eyes,
(Eyes that arme Loves Arches tillar)
Even deſcending did ariſe,
Like a pale *Pyramid* pillar,
That faire double-doored port,
Where ſweet *Zephir* loves to ſport.

45

On each ſide whereof extended
Fields, wherein did ever grow
Roſes, Lilies, Violets blended,
Steept in ſtreams of ſanguine ſnow:
Red-white hils, and white-red plaines,
Azure vales, and azure veines:

46

Veines, whoſe ſaphir Seas do ſlide
(Branch-wiſe winding in and out)
With a gentle flowing tide
All that *Little World* about,
Up and downe, aloft and under,
To fill all this world with wonder.

47

With her mouth I meddle not,
Nor with *Ecchoes* dainty mazes;
Leſt theſe hearing any jot
Miſ-reported of her prayſes
In their form, might them incenſe
To reprove my proud offence.

48

But fond hee that over-skips
(Fearing fancies had I wiſt)
Thoſe ſmooth ſmiling lovely lips,
Which each other alwayes kiſt:
Sweetly ſwelling round like Cherries,
Fragrant as our garden-berries.

49

Lips like leaves of Damaske-Roſe
Joyned juſt in equall meaſure,
Which in their ſweet folds incloſe
Plenteous ſtore of pleaſant treaſure:
Treaſures more then may be told;
Balme, and Pearles, and pureſt gold.

50

Balme her breath, for ſo it ſmelt;
Pearles, thoſe pales about the Parke,
Where that golden Image dwelt,
Her pure tongue that moſt I marke:
Such a tongue, as with my tongue
Never can enough be ſung.

51

Now remaines of all this *Ile*
Onely that white *Ivory* Ball,
Dimpled with a cheerfull ſmile,
Which the *Cape* of *Love* I call.
Eden was this Iland, Madam:
While I gaz'd, mine eye was *Adam*.

52

Next her Swan-like neck I ſaw:
Then thoſe ſpotleſſe ſnowie mountaines,
Which, when Loves warme Sun ſhall thaw,
Shall reſolve in *Nectar* fountaines:
'Twixt which mountaines lies a valley,
Like *Joves* heav'nly milken alley.

53

What my ſong ſhould further ſay,
Art envying my delight
(As the night conceales the day)
Shrowdes in ſhadowes from my ſight:
Art, that adds ſo much to others,
Here a world of beauties ſmothers.

54

Yet not ſo, but that I ſaw,
As the Sunne ſhines through the rack,
Smalling down by meaſures law,
Her ſtraight comely ſhapen back:
Which, though well it liked mee,
Leſt of all I long'd to ſee.

55

But her ſlender virgin Waſte
Made mee beare her girdle ſpight,
Which the ſame by day imbrac't,
Though it were caſt off at night;
That I wiſht, I dare not ſay
To be girdle night and day;

56

Leſt thoſe hands that here I kiſſe,
As offended there-withall,
Riſe to chaſtiſe mine amiſſe,
Though their rage be rare and ſmall;
Yet God ſhield, her prayſes ſinger
Should offend her little finger.

57

Yet I feare in much I ſhall:
For, to ſay her hands are white,
Slike and ſlender, fingers ſmall,
Straight and long, her knuckles dight
With curled Roſes, and her nailes
With pearle-muſcles ſhining ſcales:

58

Theſe are praiſes great I grant;
But full oft heard I before,
Many may like honours vant,
Such as theſe have many more:
Hers are ſuch, as ſuch are none,
Save that hers are ſuch alone.

59

For, if ſhee had lived, when
Proud *Arachne* was alive,
Pallas had not needed then
To come downe with her to ſtrive:
Her faire fingers, finely faſt,
Had *Arachnes* cunning paſt.

60

But when to the muſick, choice
Of thoſe nimble joynts ſhee marries
Th' *Eccho* of her Angel-voice,
Then the praiſe and prize ſhee carries
Both from *Orpheus* and *Amphion*,
Shaming *Linus* and *Arion*.

61

Here before her nimble feet
Fall wee flat (mine humble Muſe)
To endevour (as is meete)
All our errours to excuſe:
For, theſe are the beautious baſes
That ſupport this frame of graces.

62

Now, like as a Princely building,
Rare for Model, rich for matter,
Beautified without with guilding,
Fond beholders eyes to flatter,
Inwardly, containeth moſt
Both of cunning and of coſt:

63

So this frame, in framing which
Nature her owne ſelfe excelled,
Though the outward walles were rich,
Yet within the ſame there dwelled
Rareſt beauties, richeſt treaſures,
Chief delights, and choiceſt pleaſures.

64

For, within this curious Palace,
'Mongſt the *Muſes* and the *Graces*,
Phebe chaſte, and charming *Pallas*
Kept their Courts in ſundry places,
Lawes of Vertue to enactize,
There proclaim'd in daily practice.

65

Here the Foſter waxing faint,
Looked on the lovely Dame,
Sighing-ſaying, Gracious Saint,
Here-hence all my ſorrowes came.
Lady, pardon, if my ſong
Have detain'd you over-long.

66

Not your ſong: your ſorrowes ſeem
Longer then I would (quoth ſhee)
Yet, as yet I cannot deeme
How your griefes with this agree:
For did this faire ſight intrap yee,
This fair ſight might make yee happy.

67

Happy (mee unhappy moſt)
(Then repli'd hee) had I been,
Had my life or light been loſt
Ere my ſight that ſight had ſeen:
Then had I not liv'd to languiſh
In this eaſe-leſſe end-leſſe anguiſh.

68

But becauſe you doubt (faire Dame)
How from ſuch a heav'n as this,
Full of every beauties flame,
Full of bounty, full of bliſſe,
Full of each delight full joy,
Could deſcend the leaſt annoy:

69

If you daigne attend, I'll tell
(As my feeble tongue will let mee)
All miſ-fortune that befell,
Though the thought thereof doe fret mee:
Madam, ſo your kindneſſe moves mee,
That to ſhew you all behoves mee.

70

Therefore think upon (I pray)
What, when firſt my tale begun,
Was fore-ſpoken to bewray
Shifts of *Cytherea's* ſonne:
How, for feare I ſhould have ſpi'd him,
In a *Bear* the Urchin hid him.

71

Thence-from crafty *Cupid* ſhot
All the Arrows of his quiver:
But my heart that yeelded not,
Made them all in ſunder ſhiver;
Till hee, full of ſhame and ſorrow,
Better bowes and ſhafts did borrow.

72

Borrow did hee of that *Bear*,
Arms more apt to work my woe.
Stringing with her golden haire
Her faire brows, hee made his bow:
Whence for ſhafts hee ſhot likewiſe
Beams of her keene piercing eyes.

73

Of which Diamond-headed darts
(Beating hard my boſoms Center,
Whence reſiſting pow'r departs,
Where, but theſe, none elſe could enter)
Some abiding, ſome rebounded,
Wherewith-all the *Beare* was wounded.

74

Wounded was the gentle *Bear*,
With the weapons that ſhee lent;
That ſhee lent (alas) for feare
Leſt your *Love-God* ſhould her ſhent:
So wee ſee, who lend their Armes,
Oft procure their proper harmes.

75

So did harmleſſe ſhee (alas)
That I ever muſt bemoan:
Moan I muſt for never was
Marble-hearted *Mermidon*
But would moan, and mourne, and melt
To have ſeene the paine ſhee felt.

76

To have ſeen her piteous plaining,
To have heard her loud lamenting,
To have thought on her complaining,
To imagine her tormenting;
Eyes would weepe, and ears would wonder,
Hardeſt heart would break in ſunder.

77

So mine eyes, mine eares and heart,
Fild with waters, wonders, woes,
Drowned, deafned, dead in part,
Wel-nigh all their vertues loſe:
Every ſenſe, and all my reaſon
Fled, and fail'd mee for a ſeaſon.

78

Here when this hee had rehearſed,
Ere the ruefull reſt could follow;
So the freſh remembrance pierced,
That his voice waxt weake and hollow:
Bitter teares aboundant dropping,
Drowned words their paſſage ſtopping.

79

Words were turn'd to ſighs and ſobbing,
Inward griefes did inly groan:
Hopeleſſe heart with hearie throbbing,
Shew'd all ſignes of ſaddeſt moan.
Signes made moan, but voice was mum:
Small griefes ſpeake, but great are dumb.

80

Wo-begon, and wondrous ſorry
Was the *Goddeſſe* to behold him,
Through repeating of his ſtory
In ſo ſad a fit to hold him;
Fearing further to provoke him,
Leſt new Seas of ſorrow choak him.

81

For, as Sea-coales flame the faſter,
When wee caſt cold water on them:
Or as Children under Maſter,
Mourne the more, the more wee moan them:
So the more ſhee ſpake, her ſpeeches
More increaſt his cries and ſcreeches.

82

Yet ſhee would not ſo forſake him,
Leſt ſome ſavage hungry beaſt
In this tragick tranſe ſhould take him,
Of his fleſh to make a feaſt:
Danger of which dire event,
Thus her pity did prevent.

83

Lowd her bugle Horne ſhee blew,
Babbling *Eccho* voice of vallies,
Airy Elf, exempt from view,
With the Forreſt muſick dallies:
Doubling ſo the curled Winde,
That the firſt was hard to finde:

84

Yet her nimble Nymphs, inured
Often to the Fairies guile,
Could not be ſo ſoon allured
To enſue her ſubtle wile:
For where firſt they heard the blaſt,
Thither-ward they trip it faſt.

85

But Becauſe theſe maids had follow'd
Eagerly their game together;
They, when firſt the Lady halloo'd,
Could not by and by be with her:
For, before ſhee found the Foſter,
All her traine (I told you) loſt her.

86

In came theſe bright beauties than,
Where as they their Lady found
Standing by this wretched man,
That lay there upon the ground:
With which wofull ſight amazed,
Each on him with wonder gazed.

87

To whom their Goddeſſe did relate
All before that hee had told her,
All his miſerable ſtate:
Who did all the while behold her
With a heavy halfe-ſhut eye,
As a man at point to dye.

88

At which the Nymphs with pity moved,
Somewhat to aſſwage his woe
For the *Beares* ſake whom hee loved,
And that him had loved ſo,
Bade him of their helpe aſſure him,
For they could the Art to cure him.

89

For in a Grove thereby, there grew
An herbe which could loves power expell:
Which (but they) none ever knew,
As how it proſper'd neer a Well,
Where *Diana* us'd to bathe her
When the ſcorching heat did ſcathe her.

90

Which the *Sylvans* of thoſe Groves
Held in every high account:
For therewith they cur'd their loves.
It was call'd *Dianaes* Fount:
And that Herb, the pride of Summer,
Took that ſpeciall vertue from her.

91

And the ſwifteſt of the traine,
Away to fetch the ſame was ſent.
Which her nimble joynts did ſtraine,
And return'd incontinent;
And the Simple with her brought,
By which the cure was ſtrangely wrought.

92

Which unto the ſenſe apply'd,
As the juyce thereof hee taſted,
Hee might feele even in that tide
How his old remembrance waſted.
By the med'cine thus revealed,
Was the Wofull Wood-man healed.

EPITHA-

EPITHALAMION.

O You that on the double mountaine dwell,
And daily drink of the *Caſtalian* Well,
If any Muſe among your ſacred number,
Have power to waken from a dying ſlumber,
A dull conceit, drown'd in a gulfe of griefe,
In hapleſſe ruine, hopeleſſe of reliefe:
Vouchſafe (ſweet ſiſters) to aſsiſt mee ſo,
That for a time I may forget my woe,
Or (at the leaſt) my ſad thoughts ſo beguile,
That ſighes may ſing, & tears themſelves may ſmile,
While I in honour of a happy choice,
To cheereſull Layes tune my lamenting voice;
Making the Mountains and the vallies ring,
And all the young-men and the maidens ſing,
All earthly joyes, and all heav'ns bliſſe beside
Our joyfull Bridegrom, and his gentle Bride. (ſorrow,
Then, peace complaint, and pack thee hence proud
I muſt goe bid my merry Greeks *good morrow:*
Good morrow, Gallants: thus begins our game:
What? faſt aſleep? fie ſluggards, fie for ſhame,
For ſhame ſhake off this humour from your eyes.
You have ore-ſlept: 'tis more then time to riſe.
Behold, already in the ruddy Eaſt
Bright *Erycina*, with the beaming creſt
Cals up *Aurora*: and ſhee roſe-like bluſhing,
From aged *Tythons* cold armes, quickly ruſhing,
Opens the wide gates of the welcome day,
And with a beck ſummons the Sun away:
Who quickly mounting on his gliſt'ring chaire,
Courſeth his nimble Courſers through the aire,
With ſwifter paſe then when hee did purſue
The Laurel-changed Nymph that from him flew;
Fearing perhaps (as well hee might) to miſſe
A rarer object, then thoſe loves of his.
Such, as at ſight (but for the kinde reſpect
Of loyall friendſhip, to a deare elect
Child of the Muſes) had with hotter fire
Inflam'd the wanton *Delphian* gods deſire,
Altars adorn'd with bliſſe-preſaging lights
In ſaffron robes, and all his ſolemne rites
Thrice-facred *Hymen* ſhall with ſmiling cheere
Unite, in one, two Turtles loving deare.
And chaine with holy charmes their willing hands,
Whoſe hearts are linkt in loves eternall bands.

Milde vertues mirrour Beauties monument,
Adorned with Heav'ns praiſe, and Earths perfection:
Receive (I pray you) with a brow unbent,
This petty pledge of my poore pure affection:
Had I the Indians golden heaps and hoords,
A richer preſent would I then preſent you.
Now ſuch poore fruits as my bare field affords
Inſtead of thoſe, here have I rudely ſent you.
Count not the gifts worth but the givers will:
Oft mighty Princes have accepted ſmall things;
Like as the aire all empty parts doe fill,
So perfect friendſhip doth ſupply for all things.
O be it ever ſo: ſo never ſmart
Nor teene ſhall trouble the Soon calm in hart.

Mind firſt your Maker in your dayes of youth:
Aske grace of him to govern well your wayes:
Reverence your Husband with unſpotted truth:
Take heed of pride, the poiſon of our daies:
Haunt not with thoſe that are of light report:
Avoid the vile charmes of unchaſte temptation.
Never lend look to the laſcivious ſort:
Impeach not any's honeſt reputation:
Comfort the poore, but not beyond your power:
Over your houſhold have a needfull care:
Lay hold on Times lock, loſe not any hower:
Spend, but in ſeaſon; and in ſeaſon ſpare:
Off-ſpring, if any heav'n vouchſafe to ſend you,
Nurture them godly; and good end attend you.

So ſhall your life in bleſsings ſtill abound,
So from all harme th' almighty hand ſhall ſhend you,
So with cleere honour ſhall your head be crown'd,
So for your vertue ſhall the wiſe commend you,
So ſhall you ſhun vile ſlanders blaſting voice,
So ſhall you long enjoy your loving Pheare,
So ſhall you both be bleſſed in your choice,
So to each other be you ever deare.
O! be it ever ſo in every part,
That nought may trouble the Soon calm in hart.

FINIS.

A HOLY PREPARATION TO A JOYFULL RESURRECTION.

2

DEare, deare Soule, Awake, awake.
Ah! What Anſwer wilt thou make,
When *Chriſt* in glory ſhall appear?
When Hee comes to take Account
Of thy Sins that hourely mount,
By acting or neglecting here?

3

Of that irefull Day to come
(That red dreadfull Day of Doome)
Th' affrighting Terrour to prevent,
Bleeding tears let heart diſtill;
Right reform thy crooked will;
And ſpeedily Repent, Repent.

1

That, That dreaded Day of Ire,
Shall diſſolve the World in Fire;
As holy Prophets have foretold.
O! What horrour will be then,
When the Lord ſhall come agen,
Our deeds of Darkneſſe to unfold!

4

Shrilleſt Trumpets thundring ſound
Through earth's entrails ſhall rebound,
To ſummon all before the Throne.
Nature, Death ſhall ſtand amaz'd,
When the Dead (alive) be rais'd,
To heare their Judgement, every one.

5

Open ſhall the Bookes be laid,
Wherein what wee have miſ-ſaid,
Miſ-done, miſ-deem'd, is regiſtred:
So that when the Judge is ſet,
Cloſeſt crimes (conceal'd as yet)
Reveal'd, ſhall all be puniſhed.

12

(Then alas!) what ſhall I ſay?
To what Patron ſhould I pray,
Sith the Juſteſt are not cleer?
King of awfull Majeſtie,
Health of All that hope on thee,
My ſaving Health as then appear.

14

JESU, Lord, my Sute attend:
Oppoſe thee to th' accuſing Fiend;
Remembring, once thou cam'ſt for mee,
Weary ſeeking wilfull Loſſe;
Mockt, torn, tortur'd on the Croſſe,
In vain theſe Suffrings may not be.

15

O! Juſt Judge of each Condition,
Gracious, grant mee free Remiſsion:
Let not my Works receive their Meed.
Sighing, I lament my Sin:
Teares without, and Feares within.
Break not, dear God, this bruiſed Reed.

16

MARIE's Sin thou didſt remit:
Theefe on Croſſe Thou didſt acquit.
Like Hope in mee thou doſt inſpire;
For this glorious Grace of Thine,
(For no worth or work of mine)
Lord ſave mee from th' infernall fire.

37

Point my place among the Sheep:
Sundred from the Goats mee keep;
Diſpoſing mee, on thy Right-ſide;
That (the *Curſed* being caſt
Into Flames that ever laſt)
I with the *Bleſſed* may abide,

Full of Joy, Bliſſe, endleſſe Glory,
(Free'd of Feare, Grief, ſin-full Folly)
Loud-ſinging *Holy, Holy, Holy.* Amen.

FINIS.

THE FATHER.

ALPHA and OMEGA, GOD alone:
ELOI, My GOD, the HOLY-ONE;
Whose Power is Omnipotence:
Whose Wisedome is Omni-science:
Whose BEEING is All Soveraigne Blisse:
Whose Worke Perfection's Fulnesse is:
Under All things, not under-cast:
Over All things, not over-plac't:
Within All things, not there included:
Without All things, not thence excluded:
Above All, over All things raigning:
Beneath All, All things aye sustayning:
Without All, All conteyning sole:
Within All, filling-full the Whole:
Within All, no where comprehended:
Without All, no where more extended:
Under, by nothing over-topped:
Over, by nothing under-propped.

Unmov'd, Thou mov'st the World about;
Unplac't, Within it, or Without:
Unchanged, time-lesse, Time Thou changest:
Th' unstable, Thou, still stable rangest.
No outward Force, nor inward Fate,
Can Thy drad ESSENCE alterate:

To-day, To-morrow, yester-day,

THE SONNE.

WIth FATHER co-eternall L
Co-equall, consubstantiall W
His Wisdome, Glory, graven Feature
Thou MAKER, made (for Us) a Creat
Took'st humane Flesh and Servants F
Man-kinde to ransome and re-forme:
ETERNITIE (in time) began,
Immortall Mortall: GOD and MAN,
MAN, God-head's bodily Abode:
ONE, unconfounded MAN and GOD
Not God-head into Flesh converti
Nor God-head by the flesh subvertin
Nor by the God-head, Flesh consum
But, to the God-head Flesh assuming
As GOD, co-equall with the Fathe
As very MAN, inferiour rather:
GOD onely Father, but of God-head
Maid onely mother, but of Man-he

In this so sacred secret Band,
So Joynt-distinct Both Natures stan
That Either's What it was before;
And both together Somewhat more
One CHRIST, our onely *Avocate*
(Prince, Prophet, Priest) to mediate
True GOD, true MAN (excepting Sin)
Like us in all ... hout, within.

OF MYSTERIES.

THE HOLY-GHOST.

THe COMFORTER, ay Uncreate,
Unmade, Unborne, Ungenerate,
The FATHER's Equall and the SON's,
Proceedeth ſo from Both at-once,
That Neither is in Power greater;
Neither, in their Condition better:
For, What, How-great, How-Aye They be;
As Great, as Laſting, Such, is Hee:
Save (paſt conceit) all time before;
FATHER begat, and SON was borne;
The HOLY-GHOST from both proceeding:
All THREE in ONE, ONE THREE abiding.
Each of the THREE is perfect GOD:
Yet not THREE GODS, but ONE ſole GOD.
In this true Onely GOD alone,
True faith beleeveth THREE and ONE:
Aſcribing, to the ESSENCE, *Unitie*:
And to the PERSONS onely *Trinitie*:
Whereof (indeed) is none Before
Or After Other; leſſe, or more:
But Each remaines the Same, unmixt;
So conſtant and ſo ever fixt,
That Neither, in it Selfe, Selfe-changes,
Nor into Other it exchanges.

This is the Orthodoxall Creed,
From Hereſie *and* Errour *free'd*:
This is the Faith *that I profeſſe*,

With Thee are One, and inſtant aye.

ALPHA and OMEGA, GOD alone:
ELOI, My GOD, the HOLY-ONE;
Whoſe Power is Omnipotence:
Whoſe Wiſedome is Omni-ſcience:
Whoſe BEEING is All Soveraigne Bliſſe:
Whoſe Worke Perfection's Fulneſſe is:
Under All things, not under-caſt:
Over All things, not over-plac't:
Within All things, not there included:
Without All things, not thence excluded:
Above All, over All things raigning:
Beneath All, All things aye ſuſtayning:
Without All, All conteyning ſole:
Within All, filling-full the Whole:
Within All, no where comprehended:
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Under, by nothing over-topped:
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Unmov'd, Thou mov'ſt the World about;
Unplac't, Within it, or Without:
Unchanged, time-leſſe, Time Thou changeſt:
Th' unſtable, Thou, ſtill ſtable rangeſt.
No outward Force, nor inward Fate,
Can Thy drad ESSENCE alterate:

To-day, To-morrow, yeſter-day,
With Thee are One, and inſtant aye;
Aye undivided, ended never:
To-day, With Thee, indures for-ever.

Thou, FATHER, mad'ſt this mighty Ball:
Of nothing thou created'ſt All,
After th' *Idea* of thy Minde,
Conferring Forme to every kinde.
Thou wert, Thou art, Thou wilt be ever:
And thine *Elect*, rejecteſt never.

WIth FATHER co-eternall
Co-equall, conſubſtantiall
His Wiſdome, Glory, graven Fea
Thou MAKER, made (for Us) a C
Took'ſt humane Fleſh and Servan
Man-kinde to ranſome and re-form
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MAN, God-head's bodily Abod
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But, to the God-head Fleſh aſſumi
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GOD onely Father, but of God-h
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In this ſo ſacred ſecret Band,
So Joynt-diſtinct Both Natures ſt
That Either's What it was before
And both together Somewhat n
One CHRIST, our onely *Advocat*
(Prince, Prophet, Prieſt) to medi
True GOD, true MAN (excepting S
Like us in all, without, within.

Borne, circumciz'd, baptiz'd, c
Tempted, tormented, mockt, con
CROSSE-fixed, dead, buried, deſ
Aroſe againe, and then aſcended
To his bright Throne of Majeſtie
At the right hand of GOD on hig
From whence Hee ſhall returne a
Judge to his Judge, and to all Fle

THE LAW, THE GOSPEL; MOSES, CHRIST;
IN BRIEF COMPAR'D; IN CHIEF COMPRIS'D.

The LAW.	*The GOSPEL.*
PReceeds,	*Succeeds*; Retaines the Right of bitter Death,
	Of life: Promiſeth,
Giveth; Hopeth,	*Hath, CHRIST (Rock of Comforts rife)*:
But to the JEWES,	*To all the World*; But for a Time,
	For aye: Standeth aloof,
Approacheth NEER; Diſmay'd,	*Without diſmay*: As darke as Night,
As cleere as Noone; All ſhadie,	*Shadow-leſſe*: Diſcovers Faults,
Recovers Falls; Threats Judgement,	*Gives Releaſe*: Accuſeth Sinnes,
Excuſeth SONNES; Depreſſeth Soules,	*Aſſureth*: Dejects,
Erects; Gives grievous wounds,	*The bleeding Conſcience cureth*: Condemnes,
Abſolves; Retaineth SINNES,	*Remitteth all Amiſſe*: Damnes,
Juſtifies; Enjayleth deep,	*Entaileth CROWNES of Bliſſe*: Deſtroyeth,
Builds; Curſeth All,	*All BLESSING (onely) brings*: Confounds,
Confirmes; Ter-terrifies,	*Sweet CONSOLATION ſings*: Strippeth,
Cloatheth; Calls for Works,	*A working FAITH impoſes*: Bindes,
Breaks the Bands; Layes heavie Loads,	*Our weary Burdens loſes*: Diſhonours,
Honours; Reaveth Grace,	*Adds Grace to Graces given*: Takes away Riches,
Makes us Rich; Gives earthly Goods,	*Gives Heav'n*: Makes ſcorners ſad,
Makes mourners glad; Brings Sorrow,	*Sorrow ceaſes*: Kils,
Quickens; Spoyles of Vertue's Show,	*True Vertues Seed increaſes*: Weighs downe to Hell,
Lifts up to Heav'n; Would puniſh,	*Will remit*: Solicits Wrath,
Appeaſeth Rage; Calls Vengeance,	*Cryeth Quit*: (Glorious. Makes bloudy warrs,
Wins battels glorious; Still fights,	*Still triumphs ſtill Vi-*

Cæruleo conſperſa ſolo, roſa, li
Præ ſe Virtutis ſtemmata ſa
Effigies Veri, campus; ſunt l
Imminet his Cœlum, dimi
Aurea per cruces via ſit præla
Lactea ſic Nobis ſit via ſtra

Humbly Devote
JOSUAH SYLVE

co-eternall LORD,
ſubſtantiall WORD,
graven Feature,
for Us) a Creature,
and Servants Forme,
and re-forme:
e) began;
OD and MAN,
dily Abode:
MAN and GOD;
Fleſh converting:
fleſh ſubverting:
, Fleſh conſuming;
Fleſh aſſuming.
with the Father:
ur rather:
t of God-head:
out of Man-head.

et Band,
Natures ſtand,
was before;
me what more:
ly *Advocate*
ſt) to mediate;
except ing Sin)
within.

baptiz'd, contemn'd,
mockt, condemn'd,
buried, deſcended,
aſcended
of Majeſtie,
OD on high:
l returne afreſh,
l to all Fleſh.

THe COMFORTER, ay Uncreate,
Unmade, Unborne, Ungenerate,
The FATHER's Equall and the SON's,
Proceedeth ſo from Both at-once,
That Neither is in Power greater;
Neither, in their Condition better:
For, What, How-great, How-Aye They be;
As Great, as Laſting, Such, is Hee:
Save (paſt conceit) all time beforne;
FATHER begat, and SON was borne;
The HOLY-GHOST from both proceeding:
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That Neither, in it Selfe, Selfe-changes,
Nor into Other it exchanges.

This is the Orthodoxall Creed,
From Hereſie *and* Errour *free'd:*
This is the Faith *that I profeſſe,*
Without declining more or leſſe.
No Worke I plead, nor worth of mine,
But Faith *in this* Eternall TRINE.

Lord, I beleeve: relieve (my GOD)
Mine unbeliefe, remove my Load:
And let thy Mercies Soveraigne Balme
Salve all my Sinnes, my conſcience calme.

ſa ſolo, roſa, lilia, cruces,
ſtemmata ſacra ferunt.
mpus; ſunt lilia luces:
Cœlum, dimidiata roſa.
via ſit prælata Salutis:
is ſit via ſtrata Poli.
G. L.

ly Devoted
SYLVESTER.

To the Right Reverend, Learned and Religious,
The L. BISHOP; Deane and Chapter,
CHURCH and COLLEDGE
Sacred
To the HOLY TRINITIE,
in GLOUCESTER:

And
To the Right Worſhipfull
The MAYOR, & SENATE There.

PRoſtrate before This ONELY-TRINE,
For pardon of Defects of mine
In This Myſterious *ſerious* Song,
To your grave Cenſures *I ſubmit,*
And dedicate *My Part of it.*
For, to Whom ſitter doth belong
Diſcuſſion of ſo Deep Divinity,
Then to a Colledge *of the TRINITIE?*
And to Whom rather than to YOU
(Moſt kinde, though moſt unkinde in view)
Should I with Love *theſe Layes addreſſe;*
To ſigne, and (in a ſort) to ſeale
A Counterpane *of gratefull* Zeale
To your Love-worthy Lovingneſſe?
Therefore, as Rills *to th' Ocean render;*
This Thus reſend *I to the* Sender

Place this betwixt Fol. 620. and 621.

POSTHUMI.

OR

SYLVESTERS REMAINS:

CONTAYNING

Divers Sonnets, Epistles,

Elegies, Epitaphs, Epigrams,

AND OTHER

Delightfull Devises,

REVIVED

OUT OF THE ASHES

OF

THAT SILVER-TONGUED

TRANSLATOUR

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MASTER

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NEVER

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SONNETS.

AN ACROSTICK SONNET TO MASTER HENRY PARVIS *deceaſed.*

Mᵀ.alignant Death our ever dreadfull Foe,
H ow haſt thou robb'd us of our Countries praiſe?
E ngland lament that thou haſt loſt him ſo,
N ow in the ſun-ſhine of his Summer-Dayes:
R ich *Aſian* Merchants, and the men of *Nile*,
Y our wonted travell and your traffick ceaſe
P eople of *Greece* and you of *Candi-Ile*;
A h, henceforth, who ſhall have the brave increaſe?
R enowned PARVIS famous far and neere,
V ntimely dyes; ſo ſhort is Earthly glorie,
I n vaine wee weepe, in vaine wee waile him here,
S orrow prevailes not, death is peremptorie.

R are Paragon (therefore) reſtrain your plaints,
N ow lives your dear-love 'mong the bleſſed Saints.

2 SONNET.

2 AN ACROSTICK SONNET ON HIS *Owne NAME.*

J n paine, 'tis paine, paſt pleaſures to record;
O how it grieves, in griefe to think of gladneſſe!
S mart after Smiles ingenders treble ſadneſſe:
U ſe of delight makes dolour more abhorr'd.
A h, what availes mee (then) thy wonted favour?
H igh hopes dejected, double in deſpaire;
S o, ev'ry ſmile-beame of thy ſun-ſhine faire,
Y f now thou frowne, makes ev'ry torment graver:
L ove, think not (then) ah think not it ſufficeth,
V nto thy Merit, that thou didſt affect mee;
E ven that remembrance, if you now neglect mee,
STings more then all-elſe ſorrow that ariſeth.
E aſie's his paine, who never pleaſure proved,
R ougher, diſdaine, to him that hath beene loved.

3 AN ACROSTICK, TOTHE RARE PATRON AND right PATTERN of vertuous *GENTRIE*, R.N.

R eviv'd afreſh by your Muſe-friending favour,
O ur griefe-ſtarv'd-Muſe begins again to ſtirre,
B reathing againe, the Breath your Bounty gave-her,
E ven when deſpaire had hope to burie her.
R eſtored (thus) by your kinde love, to life,
T heſe thankfull lines ſhall tell the Times that follow,
N o niggard praiſes of your vertues rife,
I t ſhall be ſaid you were our *Pens-Apollo.*
C ount it no blemiſh to be ſo accounted;
O ur humble notes, though little-noted now,
L auriz'd (hereafter) 'mong the loftie-mounted;
S hall ſing a part that Princes ſhall allow:
O ur numbers (then) with Time-contemning breath
N ow rais'd by You, ſhall raiſe your Name from death.

4 AN ACROSTICK ON HIS OVVNE NAME, TO *His afore-ſaid Friend.*

J mping his broken wings with better plumes,
O ur ill mew'd-Muſe ſhall (one-day) mount your merit
S o high, that cankred-Time which all conſumes,
U ertue except, ſhall have no power to wear-it.
A nd this, our little World divided Ile,
H opefull already of your riſing Fame,
S hall grow too narrow for ſo great a Name
Y n baptiſme noted * BORN TO CROS the NILE.
L et not the meaning of that Motto daunt-yee:
V nder that Fate-ſpell onely are fore-ſhowne
E ternall praiſes which our pens ſhall chaunt-yee,
ST retching beyond the *Sultans Babylon*;
E lſe, if our *Thames-tunes* cannot ſound ſo loud;
R hone, Rhyne and Po, ſhall lend their Numbers proud.

* *Anagr. on Robert Nicolſon.*

5 SONNET.

Puis qu'aſsiegé des ondeux Exercites
L'humble parler des Eſcrivains Anglois,
Confiné court dans ce coing Britanois,
N'oſe franchir ſes farales limites.
Pour ne borner de bornes ſi petites,
De vos vertuz la loing volante voix
Du Loyre & Po: os'emprunterai par fois
Mots pelerins, pour chanter vos merites.
Si que l'amour qu'aux Muſes vous portez,
Aiſlé du vent de mes errantes rimes,
S'oyra ſonner outre les blanches cimes,
Des Apenins, de megé enfarinez.
Mers, Monts, & Vaux, rauiz de voſtre nom,
Retentiront le loz de NICOLSON.

6 SONNET.

6 SONNET.

ACROSTITELIOSTICHON.

If patience true could termine paſsions war R———
Our thankefull Harpe had tendred long-a g O———
Save that, our Griefs, whoſe deep-gulfs never eb B———
Unto you ſacred, by the which you ſe E———
Ah, muſe not, then, if all our Muſe-work ſavou R———
Heart ſad, Art bad; yet pray you read the res T———
So deare *Mecœnas*, if your patience daig N———
Your praiſes due to publiſh farre and n I———
Lifting your Name, the glory of your Sto C———
Vnthrall to Time, for, Time that tryeth ſ O———
Elſe had th' old Hebrews and brave Worthies al L———
STones wear, ſteel waſts, too weak to bear their glorie S———
Even ſo devout as wee are found to do O———
Recording loftie though wee low begu N———

7 SONNET TO MASTER *R. N.*

SIth round beleaguer'd by rough *Neptunes* legions,
Within the ſtraite-nookes of this narrow Ile;
The nobleſt volumes of our vulgar ſtyle
Cannot eſcape unto more ſcopefull Regions;
Reſolv'd to reſcue from death-threatning dangers
Arctoa's Name, pride of her ſex and ſoyle,
And yours kind Patrone, * BORN TO CROS the NILE,
Our friend-ſtrong Muſe ſhall uſe the helpe of Strangers.
Sweet *Petrarchs* Po, and ſwan-proud *Sein* ſhall lend
Their Syren-voyces, loud-reſounding Layes
To ſing her wonders and your worthie praiſe,
Till Engliſh victors having Heaven to friend,
Pouling the *Pyrés*, with their valiant ſwords,
Through Spayne make paſſage for our Engliſh words.

* *Anagr. on Robert Nicolſon.*

6 SONNET.

ACROSTITELIOSTICHON.

——— R are type of gentrie, and true Vertues Star R
——— O ne entire payment of the Zeale wee O
——— B reake ſtill the beſt threades of our buſie we B
——— E vill the Muſes with griev'd mindes agre E
——— R uth, more then Youth, and rather cry then quave R
——— T is ſaid of ſomethings, that the laſt is bes T
——— N o praiſe, but pardon to our new-found ſtrai N
——— I will enforce my leaden Thoughts to fl I
——— C loude-high, to grave it, in a Diamond Ro C
——— O n every thing, forbeares the Muſes th O
——— L oſt with their lives, their Lives memorial L
——— S weet learning, yet, keeps freſh their famous ſtorie S
——— O ur verſe, your Vertues ſhall eternize to O
——— N othing a whit more cleare then radiant Su N

8 SONNET.

WIlt thou not, yet, beleeve how deare I love thee?
O! Thou unjuſt, how thy diſtruſt doth grieve me!
What ſhall I ſay to make thee to beleeve mee?
What ſhall I doe that may ſuffice to move thee?
Have I not made my voyce all hoarſe with moaning?
Are not thine eyes growne blinde with ever weeping?
Are not my wits growne wild with never ſleeping?
Is not my heart halfe dead and more, with groaning?
All eares but Thine, doe pity my complaining;
All eyes but Thine, my weeping makes to water;
All wits but thine, doe blame my wits abater;
All hearts and Thine conceive not my hearts paining:
And yet my love exceeds my Sorrow fell,
For, ſtill the Cauſe doth its Effect excell.

9 SONNET

9 SONNET.

TO MY SOVERAIGNE LORD THE KING.

JAMES STUART.

Anagram.

A JUST MASTER.

SIck of the evill which you onely heale,
Onely to you my proſtrate Sighes appeale,
From long delayes of Others doubtfull Art,
Aſſur'd of pitie in your princely heart.
Should, None-beſide, ſecond mine humble ſuit,
Du BARTAS, yet, I hope will not be mute,
Nor you diſdaine, what, for his ſake, I ſeek,
Of a JUST-MASTER, mercifull and meeke.
Mine, is no ſwelling, but a ſinking Sore,
Which, but you ſalve, will daily gangrene more:
More needfull patient to leſſe-carefull cure,
Did never, yet, your royall Hand procure;
Your word and ſword is all that it requires
To grace with Knighthood two ſufficient Squires.

10 SONNET.

O Eyes, more beauteous then thoſe blazing eyes,
Whoſe wanton ſparks did fire the town of Troy!
O Tongue, more tunefull then thoſe melodies,
Of him that *Daphné* lov'd, the Damſell coy!
O Wit, more wondrous then that wondrous-wiſe,
Joves braine-borne Daughters, or *Latona's* Boy!
O Eyes! O Tongue! O Wit, all words exceeding!
See, ſay, ſuppoſe, whence is my pain proceeding.

11 SONNET.

IF theſe mine eyes were ever ſent to ſeek,
In ſumptuous ſhewes, for better-Beauties choice;
If theſe mine Eares were ever lent to like
Of any ſound above the Heav'nly-Voice;

If this my heart did ever meane miſlike,
Of thee, or did in Other-Love rejoyce;
Blind be theſe Eyes, deafe be theſe Ears for ever,
Sad be this Heart conceiving comfort never.

12. SONNET. TO HIS BELOVED.

FArewell my Hope, adieu,
My chaſte remembrance ſweet;
Farewell my Truſt to you,
Untill againe wee meet.

You have forſaken mee,
And yet I know not why;
If ought I have offended yee
For pardon here I cry.

The ſweet delightfull Flowers
Are pleaſant to the Eye,
So are thoſe ſpotted bowers
Which in thy Cheeks doe lye.

The orient Colours fine
Will fall and fade away,
But let that ſweeteſt love of thine
Still live and ne'r decay.

The margaritall-gem
For praiſe deſerves thy name,
So like you are to them,
As nature ſhewes the ſame.

Sweet Love remember this
That though thy beauties ſhine
And hath reſplendent beames amiſſe,
Yet, alwayes I'll be thine.

The Sunne ſhall ceaſe to ſhine,
The Moone ſhall loſe her light,
Before theſe conſtant eyes of mine
Chooſe any new delight.

In token of my Love,
I here proteſt and vow,
And by all facred ſenſe approve
I will love none but you.

The higheſt ardent powers,
The fiery Strall of *Jove*,
Shall lighten brightly upon yours
And ſtill increaſe my love.

Sweet Earth, ſweet Water, Ayre,
And Fire in your Degree,
Be meanes unto this Orb ſo faire
That Shee likewiſe love mee.

13 SONNET.

EVen as the timely ſweet heat-temp'ring ſhowers
Feed the faint Earth and fill it all with flowers green;
Green, grain, and graſſe, and plants, and fruits, and flowers
Whereby the beauty of the world is ſeene:
Even ſo my tears temp'ring mine inward fire,
Doe feed my Love and foſter my Deſire.
And as a ſudden and a ſtormy raine,
Makes *Flora*'s children hang their painted heads,
And beateth downe the pride of *Ceres* plaine,
Drowning the Paſtures and the flow'ry Meades:
Even ſo my teares that overflow my fire,
Drowne my Delight but not my Loves deſire.

And

And as a little Water, caſt upon
A Forge, doth force the flame to mount the more,
Which being by the panting bellows blowne,
It glowes, and growes much hotter then before:
Even ſo my teares caſt on mine inward fire,
Blown by my ſighs augment my high deſire.
And as a Brooke that Meadowes undermines,
Doth make them ſeem more green, more freſh more fair:
And as the deaw before bright *Phœbus* ſhines,
Gives the ſweet Roſe a more delightfull aire:
Even ſo my teares wat'ring mine inward fire,
Adorn my love, and garniſh my deſire.
Thus, then, though weeping waſte my life away
And drench my Soule in ever-flouds of care,
Yet by my teares I doe my faith diſplay,
Whereby my merits (ſtill) recorded are:
So that my teares refreſh mine inward fire,
And yet my tears quench not my high deſire.

14 A MASKE SONNET, TO QUEEN ANNE.

Hye wee,
Hye wee, Siſters, Fairies,
Dead our comfort, deep our Care-is
While wee miſſe our Miſtreſſe grace:
In the mirrour of whoſe Face,
Majeſty and mildneſſe meet
Stately ſhining, ſmiling ſweet;
In whoſe boſome
Aye repoſe-em
All the Honours of Diana;
Say, who ſaw our Glorie-Anna?

This way,
This way Grace did guide-her,
Could ſo rich a Jewell hide her?
So unſeene that none can ſay,
Whither Shee is gone this way.
Or doth envie make you mum?
Or hath Wonder ſtrook you dumb?
Iõ Siſters,
Here's our miſtreſſe.
Iõ, Fairies, have wee found her?
Daunce wee rapt with joy and wonder.

After the Daunce

Haile,
All haile; O Queen of Graces,
Whoſe aſpect, auſpicious, chaces
All our cares and feares away,
Cleering all with cheerfull ray:

Whom, who-ever never ſaw,
Knowes not Vertue's Love nor Law;
Bounties preſence,
Beauties pleaſance;
Modell and divine Idea,
Both of Pallas and Aſtrea.

Welcome,
Welcome Phœnix royall,
Wils and Wals her eccho loyall;
In all Fairie is not found
A more happy piece of ground,
Then your preſence maketh here,
Where, together with your Pheere,
All I wiſh-you
And your Iſſue,
With all joyes of grace internall,
Outward glory and eternall.

15 SONNET.

LOoke crueller, you lovely eyes, yee kill mee
With pleasing poyson of your sweet aspects:
Yet doe not so, for cruelty dejects
My mounting hopes, and with despaire doth fill mee.

Doe but a little vaile your beames divine,
Whose over-brightnesse dimmes my tender sight;
Yet, vaile them not, for then eternall night
In ever darknesse drowns this soule of mine.

Alas, faire eyes, how will yee stint this strife?
Favour or frowne, love ever makes mee languish
In living deaths and in delightfull anguish,
How ere you looke, I looke to lose my life:
Ah looke no more(then)if you doe,ye spill mee,
Yes, looke(alas)unlesse yee looke yee kill mee.

16 SONNET.

THey say that shadowes of deceased ghosts
Doe haunt the houses and the graves about,
Of such whose lives-lamp went untimely out,
Delighting still in their forsaken hostes:

So, in the place where cruell love doth shoote
The fatall shaft that slue my loves delight,
I stalke and walke and wander day and night,
Even like a ghost with unperceived foote.

But those light ghosts are happier far then I,
For, at their pleasure, they can come and goe
Unto the place that hides their treasure, so,
And see the same with their fantastick eye.

Where I (alas) dare not approach the cruell
Proud Monument, that doth inclose my Jewell.

17 SONNET.

LOve, doe thy worſt, uſe all thy tyrannies,
And as thou liſt torment and torture mee:
I'll ne'r relent, nor ſhalt thou ever ſee
Mee ceaſe to ſerve her ever-ſacred eyes.

I know my fault, and knowing I confeſſe it;
Like th' Argive Lad, I tooke my flight too high:
But what of that? there's now no remedy,
Unleſſe, perhaps, propitious death redreſſe it.

Back reaſon (then) thou doſt in vaine adviſe mee;
If death prevent mee, then my paine expires,
And honour'd death doth waite on high deſires;
I muſt proceed what ever end ariſe mee:
If it were pride, at firſt, to undertake it,
'T were cowardize, now, faintly to forſake it.

18 SONNET.

BReak heart and ceaſe in ſorrowes thus to ſwell,
Or ſhrink thy veines that vanities may end;
Or elſe record the cauſe why thoughts rebell,
Or elſe forget thou ſerv'ſt ſo faire a friend:
Or if thou meane to feed on fancy ſtill,
Break heart; for bloud beſt fits to blaze thine ill.

For, blubber'd eyes doe but in water write,
And ſighes are ſignes of dolour, not of death;
And pale is but a change from red to white,
And plaints are pangs but of a ſtrained breath:
But bloud bewrayes the bitter ruefull ſtate;
Then write in bloud, thy love, thy hope, thy hate.

Then, ſtarting-up, forthwith I took a knife,
As one reſolv'd, and yet in doubt, to kill:
'Twixt feare of death and loathing of my life,
Twixt hope of good and greedineſſe of ill,
I ſo remain'd, doubting the ſtroak to give,
Becauſe I dare not dye, yet cannot live.

19 SONNET.

MY prayers have turn'd my Miſtreſſe to a ſtone,
A virgin have they chang'd into a Beare:
Ah yet ſome hope remains unto my mone,
For thouſands write, Raine drops hard flints doe wear,
And ſavage Beares on no dead corps will prey.
No ſavage, but cœleſtiall Beare art thou,
Spare mee that am a Corſe cleane fall'n away;
Doe not, ah doe not ay my death avow:
Flint though thou beeſt, yet thou art full of fire;
Kindle my hopes, burn not my waxen wings:
Bear though thou be, yet will rough Beares retire
From humane bloud, if one them hony brings.
Oh let the hony of my words appeaſe thee,
Still muſt I love, though I can never pleaſe thee.

Oh that her heart were but a heart of ſtone,
(As, often raine the rocky Marble weares)
Yer this, the oft fall of my fraudleſſe teares,
Had pierced it, and made her feele my mone.
Were ſhee no fiercer then a forreſt Beare,
(As from dead bodies that foule Beaſt abſtaines,
And pleas'd with hony humane bloud refraines)
My hony words had wrought remorſe in her:
But ſhee's a Beare of that cœleſtiall breed,
That in the Poles imperious *Jove* did plant.
Her heart is ſtone, but it is Diamant,
Whoſe hardneſſe doth the hardeſt things exceed;
Therefore it is, that teares-raine cannot pierce her,
And hony words doe make her ſeem the fiercer.

20 SONNET.

THrice toſſe theſe oaken aſhes in the aire,
And thrice three times tie-up this true Loves knot;
Thrice ſit thee downe in this enchanted chaire,
And murmure ſoft, ſhee will or ſhee will not.
Goe burn theſe poys'ned weeds in that blew fire,
This Cipreſſe gath'red at a dead mans grave;
Theſe Scriech-owles feathers, and this pricking bryer,
That all thy thorny Cares an end may have.

Then come you Fairies, dance with mee a round:
Dance in this circle, let my love be center,
Melodiously breath out a charming sound;
Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter:
In vain are all the charmes I can devise,
Shee hath an Art to breake them with her eyes.

21 SONNET.

FRom thy faire lookes I count my Kalender,
For, viewing them mine eyes make holy day;
Depriv'd of them, my soule through jealous feare,
In restlesse labour weares the time away.
Thy smile foretels a solemne feast is neer;
But most of all it doth my minde dismay
To finde no certain seasons in my yeare:
Spring, Winter, Summer, Harvest finde I not,
Nor day nor night, th' are all confounded there:
No grasse can grow, thy beauty shines so hot;
Thy beauties Sun which no Eclipse can beare.
Therefore by guesse I make my times agree,
Alas, that Kalenders so uncertaine be.

22 SONNET.

THou art not faire for all thy red and white,
For all those rosie temp'ratures in thee;
Thou art not sweet, though made of meer delight;
Nor faire, nor sweet, unlesse thou pity mee:
Thine eyes are black, and yet their glistring brightnesse
Can night illumine in her darkest denne:
Thy hands are bloudy, yet compact of whitenesse,
Both black and bloudy, if they murther men;
Thy brow whereon my fortune doth depend,
Fairer then snow, or the most lilly thing;
Thy tongue which saves at every sweet words end,
That hard as marble, This a mortall sting.
I will not sooth thy follies: thou shalt prove,
That beauty is no beauty without love.

23 SONNET.

MIght baſhfull ſhame put on a paper maske
And whiſper paſsion in his miſtreſſe eares;
Then ſhould my Verſe his numbers overtaske
To lead thee to the ſtorehouſe of my teares.
Oh, I have ſeen content in thy faire eyes,
My ſoules content, if thou be ſo content:
Faire eyes, bright skies, what praiſe may I deviſe,
To paint the pleaſure of your blandiſhment?
Onely this will I ſpeake with pleaſing anguiſh,
Thoſe Lamps are cauſe that make my life to languiſh.

24 SONNET.

THeſe lines you reade as his who never knew
What beauty meant, ſave that which ſhines in you.
For ſhouldſt thou pleaſe to dwell in deſart Grove,
Thy eyes would teach the ſenſeleſſe trees to love,
Thy ſight (one ſight) made mee that ſcorn'd before,
Feare fraile effects, and truſt mine eyes no more:
So from thy ſight theſe my ſad paſsions grew,
And therefore read them if thou wilt not rue;
Read them and ſee how my coy heart came thrall,
And then goe ſweare thou wilt not love at all.
Oft had I ſeene men ſigh and weepe and mourne,
And curſe deſire, and looke with eyes forlorne:
Oft had I heard them ban their bitter fate,
As they of all had beene unfortunate:
Then would I ſmile and count their outcryes vain,
And ſay when they did weepe, they did but faine:
Fond thoughts too ſimple to conceive the force,
Of Loves deſire, that kils without remorſe.
Weepe wayward eyes, then let my ſoule complain,
For it hath taſted loves immortall paine.
When firſt falſe fortune, to betray my heart,
Had ſlily brought and left mee where thou wert.
When I beheld thine amiable face,
Thy lovely hair which ſeem'd thy brow t'imbrace;
Then I envi'd thy curious locks arow,
And wiſht to twine about thy forehead ſo:

But when I view'd thy lips, thy cheeks, thine eyes,
So red, ſo white, ſo full of delicacies;
Mee thought that I their beauty long had knowne,
And therefore would have kiſt you (as mine owne).
But feare and jealouſie ſtept 'twixt us two,
And told mee I had nothing there to doe:
Henceforth I found my Liberty was fled;
My hearts eaſe, and Soules comfort baniſhed,
Alone I went; alone was my delight,
Tedious the day, and weariſome the night:
No ſoft repoſe or delicate repaſt
Could eaſe my limbs or pleaſe my froward taſte;
Onely I fed upon that pleaſure ſtore
Which mine eyes ſuckt from thy ſweet face before.

25 SONNET.

AS in the deadneſſe of the ſilent night,
A dreame doth forge ſtrange ſhadows of delight:
So thy faire image in my fancy wrought,
Preſenting wonders to my troubled thought.
For, ſtill (mee thinks) that I doe either heare,
Thy voyce, as any challeng'd Eccho, cleere,
Thy voyce that makes the ſilver ſtrings contend,
How they may beſt thy moſt fine fingers bend:
Or that I ſee thy feet in meaſures fall,
And then I ſtart, as one diſtract withall:
I dye, revive mee, that it may be ſed
Your beauty can put life into the dead.

26 SONNET.

YOur ſweet behaviour makes mee bold to write,
More then my tongue durſt utter in your ſight,
Unleſſe before I ſpake I could ſurprize
My pardon, written in your gracious eyes:
But, wherefore ſhould'ſt thou judge amiſſe of mee?
If I offend it is in loving thee.
How hard and hapleſſe were our wretched ſtate,
If for true love wee purchaſe unkinde hate?
I doe not ſeek as others Lovers doe,
Who doe attempt to win before they wooe:

Sufficeth

Sufficeth I may live a thrall to thee
(Grant that of favour which of force muſt be).
None but thee muſt I honour day and night;
Thee I muſt love, though in mine owne deſpight:
Fortune and Fates have chain'd my fancie ſo,
And thou maiſt free them, which none elſe can doe.
If thou be piteous, ſhew it now or never,
Save me but once, and I will ſerve thee ever.

ELEGIES

ELEGIES,
EPISTLES AND
EPITAPHS,

Written by

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

AN ELEGIE, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE VVORSHIPFULL AND VVORthy Merchant, Master *Henry Parvis*, Deceased Auguſt the twentie *fifth*, 1593.

HOw frail is fleſh! how worldly bliſs is brittle!
How in our birth begin wee all to die! (tle,
Youth, beauty, bloud, wealth, worſhip, laſt but lit-
All theſe like Shadowes of the night doe flye;
Vertue alone gives men eternity.
Vertue, which drawes mine over-tasked Verſes,
Sadly to ſing theſe tragick Tombs and Herſes.
Alas how far fond Painters erre, in drawing
Deaths ghaſtly viſage, void of eyes and dark!
Ah, ſee wee not That-Archer all-men awing?
How ſure hee ſhoots ſtill at the faireſt mark!
Foule Rav'ns hee leaves, and reaves the dainty Lark;
Nettles forſakes, and takes the fragrant Roſes;
Contemnes the Cockle, and the Corn hee choſes.
Elſe had not *London* loſt her lamp of glory,
The pride of Merchants and the prime of men,
Milde-portly PARVIS, whoſe lives worthy ſtory
Merits the praiſe of an immortall Pen: (teth,
Whoſe death not only our own Thames tormen-
But Arne, and Po, & Rhine and Maine lamenteth.
The man that Europe in his life admir'd:
Enricht with all that heav'n and nature could;
With inward gifts and outward grace attir'd;
Gallant and grave; nor baſhfull nor too bold:
Mirrour to Youth, amazement to the Old:
A Perſonage of comely limbs and ſtature;
Of vertuous Nurture joyn'd with gentle nature.
What might be wiſht for that this worthy wanted?
Wit, wealth and worſhip did adorn his life;
And more, to glad him, gracious *Hymen* granted
A choice, chaſte, vertuous, faire and fruitfull wife:
A pleaſant Vine, whoſe branches ſpreading rife
Inviron'd round his Table with her treaſure,
Eight lively pledges of their love and pleaſure.
Into his travaile I forbeare to enter,
To tell the profit and the praiſe hee got
In forrain Countries, where hee us'd to venter:
Where never blemiſh did his Credit blot;
Where PARVIS Name ſhall never be forgot.
'Mid the ſtern *Germans* and *Italians* ſtately,
That mourne his death (ſtill) moſt affectionately.
But, where (alas) ſhall I ſad phraſes borrow?
To ſhew his Countries ſighs for his deceaſe,
Court, Citie, Countrie, all are fill'd with ſorrow:
The rich lament, the poore complaints increaſe,
But, his deare Turtles teares that never ceaſe,
Exceed the number of the pearl-drops-rainy;
Sad *Niobe* did never ſhed ſo many.
Alas it boots not, therefore leave lamenting;
For ruthleſſe death doth no complaints regard:
In his ſtone-breaſt no pitie moves relenting,
Rough and remorſeleſſe, more then marble-hard.
Rejoyce in this, your PARVIS is preferr'd
From worlds delights, which wiſe-men oft bewitches,
To the poſſeſsion of eternall riches.

Flumina de Parvis *oriuntur fontibus alta,*
Et ſæpe ex Parvis *grandis acervus erit.*

MON-

MONODIA.

AN ELEGIE, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE VERTUOUS LIFE,

And godly death of the right worſhipfull and moſt religious Lady, Dame Hellen BRANCH Widow (late Wife to the right worſhipfull Sir *John Branch* knight, ſomtimes L. Maior of this honourable City, and daughter of *M. W. Nicolſon* ſomtimes of London Draper) who deceaſed the 10. of *April* laſt, and lieth interred in Saint *Mary Abchurch* in London, the twentie ninth of the ſame, 1594.

SIth unto mee, unworthy, you commit
This worthy taske (for better Muſes fit)
To ſing (nay rather ſadly to deplore)
This common loſſe, that nothing can reſtore:
You ſacred brood, borne of celeſtiall race,
You virgin-Ladies which poure downe the grace
Of Arts and Learning on your ſervants deare,
Vouchſafe aſsiſtance to my mournings here.
Teach mee ſad accents and a weeping meaſure
To ſtraine forth pitie, not to ſtir-up pleaſure.
And you my private cares (although th' .auſe
Of your diſpaires doe never, never pawſe)
Pawſe you a little, and give leave a-while,
'Mid publike griefs my private to beguile;
Give leave I pray you; for a private caſe
Unto a publike ever muſt give place.
Alas, how fitly is this life of ours
Compar'd to field-graſſe and to fading flowers,
Freſh, greene and gallant, in the morning ſun,
Wither'd and dead before the day be done!
Did ever yet the worlds bright eye behold
(Since firſt th' Eternall earthly ſlime en-ſoul'd)
A frame of fleſh ſo glorious here beneath,
But hath been ruin'd by the rage of Death?
Of Death dread victor of all earthly things,
Who in a moment equals clownes with Kings.
For majeſtie can nothing him diſmay,
No ſtrength nor courage can his comming ſtay,
No wealth can wage him, nor no wit prevent him,
No lovely beauty can at all relent him;
Nay (which is more) no vertue can availe;
Ay mee, that death on vertue ſhould prevaile.
But 'tis decree'd, death is the meed for ſin,
This by ambition did our grand-ſire win;
And wee the heires both of his work and wages
Muſt all dye once, throughout all after ages.
And here for inſtance ſee this ſable hearſe
Shrowding the ſubject of my mournefull verſe,
The breathleſſe body of a worthy Dame,
The Lady *Branch*, a *Nicolſon* by name:
A godly, vertuous and religious Matron,
For maids, and wives, and widows, all, a pattern.
Worſhip and wealth adorn'd her parentage,
Favour and beauty grac't her perſonage,
But vertuous manners, by good education,
Brought to her youth the greateſt commendation,
Wherein ſo well ſhee ſpent her virgin-dayes
That envies ſelfe ſaw nothing to diſpraiſe.
Now when her age had made her apt to marry,
With friends adviſe, that of her choice were chary,
Shee was eſpous'd to one of ſpeciall ſort,
Wealthy in purſe, and worſhipfull in port,
Maſter *John Minors*, prais'd for zeale and pietie,
One of the Drapers worſhipfull ſocietie:
To him ſhee bare foure children, one a boy,
The reſt all daughters, all, their parents joy.
But all theſe joyes (alas) but little laſted,
All theſe faire bloſſoms were untimely blaſted.
All dyed young; for what drawes lively breath
But young or old muſt yeeld at laſt to death?

But

But they, long mourning for their mutuall losse,
Frame mutuall comforts to each others crosse,
Till time, that all things weares, had worn away
Their sorrowes edge, uneasie to allay.
Then happily many faire dayes they spent,
To others comfort and their owne content,
In all the practise of a Christian life,
And mutuall duties meet for man and wife:
Hee happy in his chance, shee in her choice,
Both joyntly blessed in themselves rejoyce.
But ah, these earth-joyes doe not ever last.
'After long cleernesse clouds will over-cast:
'After long calmes still followes stormy weather.
When they had liv'd full fortie yeares together,
Hee dyed, alas! for what drawes lively breath,
But, young or old, must yeeld at last to death?
Then desolate and comfortlesse alone,
Like to the Turtle when her mate is gone,
With sigh-swoln heart and sorrow-clouded eyes,
Shee wailes her lost Love in a woefull wise,
Till time, that all things weares, had worne away
Her sorrowes edge, uneasie to allay.
Then after modest and meet intermission,
Becomming well her years and her condition,
In second wedlock shee was linkt again
Unto another wealthy Citizen;
To master *Branch*, who afterwards became
Lord Mayor of London, worthy well the same:
In which high office hee him so acquighted,
That for his service hee was after knighted.
Hee was her husband twentie years, or more,
And much increast her stile, her state, and store.
But boughs and branches, shrubs and Cedars tall
Wither and dye, and into ashes fall:
So fell this *Branch*, for what drawes lively breath
But old or young must yeeld at last to death?
Then all forlorn, thus having lost her knight,
This dolefull Lady left all worlds delight,
All shewes of pleasure, and all pomp forsaking,
Her selfe to sadnesse and to solenesse taking,
With inward sighes and outward teares lamenting
His death, whose life was all her lives contenting.
Even like unto the sad and wofull Winter,
Who (soon as ever the bright season-stinter
Hath left her widow of his wonted raies,
Whil'st to another world hee takes his wayes)
Casting aside her rich enamell'd crownes,
Flower-poudred mantles, and embroidered gowns
Of grass-green silk-shag, and the gawdie pride
Of all her Jewels and her Jems beside,
Her mirth-lesse selfe in mournefull manner shrouds
Down to the ground in robe of sable clouds;
And from her swoln-heart sighs a thousand stowers,
And from her drown'd eies weeps a thousand show-
But now becom her self, her selfs commander (ers.
To shield her life safe from all shot of slander,
(As't were) sequestred from much conversation,
Shee past her time in holy meditation,
In thanks and prayer unto Christ our Lord,
And often hearing of his sacred Word;
In godly almes and liberall pensions rife,
And all the duties of a christian life;
Laying up treasure with the joyfull just,
Safe from the force of theeves, and fret of rust.
So that her three-fold godly life alludeth
To virgin *Ruth*, wife *Sara*, widow *Judith*.
This life shee led; but this life will away,
Wee are but Pilgrims, here wee may not stay:
No more might shee; for when thrice thirty yeere
(A goodly age) shee had expired here,
'Shee also dyed; for what drawes lively breath,
'But, young or old, must yeeld at last to death?
'Such life, such death: well ends the well begun,
'And by the Even the faire Dayes praise is won.
'Well shee began, and wondrous well shee ended,
'Faire rose this sun, and fairely it descended
'To rise againe to glory at the last,
'At that great Angels all-awaking blast. (weep,
And therefore (deare friends) doe not waile nor
For her that is so happy fall'n asleep;
But waile our losse, our common cause of griefe,
'The riches load-star, and the poores reliefe:
For to the rich in life shee gave example,
And to the poore in life and death was ample.
Weep rich, weep poore, let high and low lament;
But most you poore, let your salt tears be spent,
For you alas have lost your liberall Ladie,
Your nurse, your mother: but alas, why wade I
'With my poore stile in so profound a streame?
'You springs of Arts, eyes of this noble Realme,
'*Cambridge* and *Oxford*, lend your learned teares,
'To waile your owne losse, and to witnesse theirs:
'Tell, you that have the voice of eloquence,
'This bounteous Ladies large beneficence,
'First to your selves, for love unto your lore,
'Then severally to every kinde of poore
'Within this Citie: To the Drapers Hall,
'To every Prison, every Hospitall,
'To Lunatikes, and poore Maides marriages,
'And many other worthy Legacies: (drie
'And when you have drawn all your teare-springs
'For her decease, here let your comfort lie,
'That of this Phœnix ashes there revives
'Another, where her vertue still survives.

FINIS.

EPIST. I.

ARCTOPHILOS'S EPISTLE TO HIS DEAREST ARCTOA.

ARctophilos to his Arctoa ſends
Such ſalutations as beſeeme ſuch friends.
Let not my ſweet Love take the matter ill,
That at this ſeaſon, ſore againſt my will,
I parley thus in paper to my deare,
Being my ſelfe in perſon now ſo neere:
Sith by the malice of ſo many ſpies
That watch us ſtill with more then *Argus* eyes,
Wee are debarr'd of every time and place
Wherein wee wont to commune face to face:
So that, alas, as ſeldome as wee meet,
Wee dare not ſpeake and one another greet.
For, whil'ſt with other arme in arme you walk,
That tyr'd your eares with toyes and idle talke;
Courting you quaintly with continuall ſute,
I march among you like a ſhadow mute:
In hollow ſilence, ſighing to my ſelfe
To ſee my roome uſurped by an Elfe.
So fares the Merchant that hath loſt his goods,
Among falſe Pirats on the raging flouds;
Where too too cheape hee chanceth to behold
Before his face his ſubſtance bought and ſold:
And laviſh waſte made of the fineſt ware,
That hee had got with mickle coſt and care:
Whil'ſt hee, poore ſoule, as partner of their ſinne,
Muſt hold his peace and bite his ſorrow in.
But you perhaps may Muſe, and not amiſſe,
Unleſſe miſtaking what my purpoſe is,
How I can brooke and put up ſuch diſgrace,
To ſee his dwarfſhip court you to my face:
Sith neither love nor Lordſhip can allow
Competitors, as wee have proofs enough.
Now, that I love you needs not now be ſcann'd,
You know too well my life lyes in your hand: (neſs:
You know your frowne turns all my mirth to ſad-
You know your ſmile turns all my grief to gladnes:
You know ſo well that I doe love ſo much,
That you admire my patience can be ſuch.
For ſome ſay patience is the Cowards badge;
But ill, mee ſeems, that Cognizance doth fadge
To ſuch a Coate; ſith wiſer men conclude,
That Patience is the Creſt of Fortitude:
And they are fooles that doe forget this ſentence,
That raſh Revenges never want Repentance.
But leaving this, that I may let you know
Why I refraine from my corriving foe:
You doe not think (I think) that I doe feare him;
And that the cauſe wherefore I doe forbeare him,
Not that I dare not, but that I diſdaine
On ſuch a dwarf my ſtronger hands to ſtaine.
Have I forborne? for valiant minds deſpiſe
A victory wherein no glory lyes;
But moſt of all (which moſt concerns the cauſe)
For that this ſtrife your name in queſtion drawes.
I ſtrive the more to maſter my deſire,
Leſt ſtirr'd, our aſhes doe bewray their fire:
'For fondly loves, how ere hee fawne upon her,
'Who tenders not his Ladie's deareſt honour.
Beſides, conſidering calmely of the matter,
Unleſſe wee liſt ſelfe-wounding wrath to flatter,
I ſee no cauſe why I ſhould draw my weapon:
For who forbids gaine-thirſty Chapmen cheapen
Anothers ware, unleſſe it beare ſome token
Of him that hath the ſame before beſpoken:
If at the leaſtwiſe, being at the beſt,
It lye in ſight no leſſe then all the reſt.
For, like as when ſome Gentleman hath bought *Simile.*
Some rare rich Jewell, paſsing curious wrought;
And, giving earneſt, leaves the ſame a ſeaſon,
With the knowne Artiſt for ſome ſpeciall reaſon:
Hee, glorying in his work and glad to ſhew it,
Still ſets it forth, as if hee ſtill did owe it:
While other Gallants gazing and admiring
Th' ingenious Gemme, the coſtly price inquiring,
Careleſſe of coſt doe inly preſſe and pray him,
Offring, perhaps, more then the firſt ſhall pay him.

But

But th'honeſt workman, to conclude, doth tell them
'Tis gone already, 'tis not his to ſell them.
So when a Lover, by deſert and duty,
Hath purchaſed a Paragon of Beauty,
Binding the bargaine with ſufficient pledge
Till the concluſions feathers may be fledge.
Nature as proud of forming ſuch a Creature,
Adorns her ſhop ſtill with the matchleſſe feature,
While other bloods, beholding ſuch a baite,
Doe inly ſigh, and ſue, and preſſe, and waite;
Swearing to paſſe more perils for her ſake,
Then *Juno* made *Alcides* undertake.
But then, what then? ſweet, I referre the reſt
To your deare ſelfe, that may apply it beſt.
But thus ſmall quarrell can ariſe of this,
Sith commonly a Lovers cuſtome is
To love his choice the more, and more to like it,
The more hee ſees that other ſuitors ſeek it:
Although ſome drown'd in that deteſted humour,
Which bred of love, becommeth loves-conſumer,
Like wretched *Procris*, work their owne deſtruction
Through fond ſurmiſes, and a falſe conſtruction.
"But I am none of that miſtruſtfull crew
"That pout and pine in peeviſh jealouſie,
If they but ſee another man come nigh,
To the deare Saint whereto themſelves doe ſue.
For thee I know ſo faithfull and ſo true,
That though I ſee freſh rivals daily plye
To purchaſe favour to thy peerleſſe eye;
I never feare that thou wilt change for new.
If any wiſe and worthy Suitors ſeeke thee,
The more I love thee, and the more rejoyce
To ſee the prudent to approve my choice.
If any foole or franklin Lob doe like thee,
It grieves mee not, no, I am glad therefore,
For ſuch a foile ſhall grace my grace the more.

EPIST. II.

TO ARCTOA.

NO doubt you deem that I have done you wróg,
To make you waite for my reply ſo long;
But pardon that, that I may pardon you
The treble trouble you have put mee too,
In over-racking my unready wit,
To make my words to march in meaſure fit.
For though the Patrons of *Pernaſſus* Mount,
Be virgins all, as verſes doe recount:
Yet every virgin cannot verſe it well;
Nay, few or none, can tuned numbers tell.
Then marvaile not to ſee my Rimes ſo rough,
For even my proſe is hard and harſh enough;
And both too baſe, even at their beſt, to be
Matcht with the meaneſt of your melodie.
But ſetting what might more be ſaid aſide,
You crave (forſooth) my Cenſure, to decide
A controverſie 'twixt a loving Lad
And his ſweet Love, that ſeem'd to uſe him bad:
And alſo aske my judgement of the Dame,
And which of both was worthy greateſt blame.
But, for becauſe you doe not there diſcover
The qualities of her, nor him, the Lover,
'Tis hard for mee to cenſure of the cauſe;
And that was chiefe occaſion of my pauſe.
But now at laſt, and better late then never,
I have employ'd my uttermoſt endevour
To ſatisfie your doubtfull, darke demand,
As farre, at leaſt, as I can underſtand:
For, to the depth I cannot duely enter,
But muſt reply to all by peradventure:
By peradventure I muſt needs diſcuſſe
Th' ambiguous Theam, that you propound me, thus:
Perhaps the man was worthy that did wooe her;
If ſo, ſome fault may be imputed to her:
Perhaps his judgement, and his geſture too
Were quick and comely, fitting for to wooe:
Perhaps his perſon, and his parentage
Did anſwer well his birth and perſonage:
Perhaps his Lands and wealthy Livings wai'd
Her Dowrie down; If ſo, perhaps the maid
Wronging her ſelfe, did with her ſelfe abuſe him;
And yet perhaps had reaſon to refuſe him:
Perhaps her eye had ſeene a man before,
A better man, that had deſerved more:
Perhaps her heart had made a firme election,
Of ſuch a man for manifold perfection:
Perhaps her hand had giv'n the truſty token
Of ſtedfaſt Faith, that never muſt be broken:
Perhaps her ſoule was joyn'd to *Juno*'s ſtate,
And then perhaps this Lover came too late:
If ſo it were, as ſo perhaps it was:
I blame not her, but his hard hap, alas:
Perhaps this Suitor was ſome ſimple patch;
Why ſhould ſhe grant with ſuch a Mome to match?
Perhaps his maners were miſ-ſeeming men;
Why ſhould I blame her for miſliking then?
Perhaps his Parents were but baſely bred;
Why ſhould ſhee yeeld to make her foot her head?
Perhaps his perſon did not pleaſe her eye;
Why ſhould ſhee not in ſuch a caſe deny?
Perhaps his purſe was leſſer then his pride;
Is any bound to be a beggers Bride?
If ſo it were, as ſo perhaps it was,
I blame not her, but beg him for an Aſſe:
Blame him, or her, or both, or chuſe you whether;
For I can judge but by perhaps of neither.
Perhaps (I ſay) for till I know the ſtorie,
I can pronounce no ſentence peremptorie:

But thus conlude; No woman's bound to marrie
With every Lout that loves her, by St. *Marie*:
For, granting that, succeeds by consequent,
That Queens belov'd of Carters must consent.

EPIST. III.

Phileremus to his kinde friend *Philopolites* in due commendation of this his first ESSAIES.

THy worke it selfe, it selfe, enough commends,
And well approves thy busie labour such,
As of thy Countrey seemes to merit much
And promise more, as well thy name portends:
For, good beginnings seldome have bad ends.
These short Essayes, but as it were, a touch
Of ampler Tomes that in thy store doe couch,
Shew thy wits worth, which worthiest things attends.
If any *Critick* at thy Tables carp,
Apelles, bid him meddle with his last;
Let th' Asse crop Thistles, keep him from the Harp,
Whose learned Sound sound judgments only taste:
And such can take and make right use of these,
With praisefull thanks to *Philopolites*.

EPIST. IIII.

To his very friend Master *Robert Nicolson*.

THere needs no praising of a perfect Creature,
There needs no signe to help good wine away,
There needs no Candle to commend the day,
There needs no foile to grace a faultlesse feature;
Nor needs our friend my fameless pens obscureness
To give a luster to his lightsome glasse:
Sith the bright substance of the same doth passe
The cleerest Crystall farre, for price and pureness.
Who list to looke in his faire glasse, shall finde
Faire *Albion*, full of life prolonging smiles,
Choice Queen of beauties, and the chiefe of Iles,
Worlds wonder, and the maze of every minde:
Then who can see such beauties, and refrain
To praise the hand that tooke such happy pain?

EPIST. V.

To his friend Master *John Norden*:

YEt lives *Apelles* in despight of time,
Though time long since hath worne his tables out
For the rare Pourtrait of that Monarch stout,
That in young yeares the worlds high throne did climb.
But *Norden* here, that doth so lively limne
The blisfull beauties that the heav'ns doe wooe;
Makes th'elder ages, and *Apelles* too,
Resigne the praises and the prize to him:
The wealth, the worth, the beauty and the state,
That hee depaints, excels *Olympia*'s Sonne;
His matchlesse Art, that never age shall date,
Hath from the *Greeke* the goale and glory won:
Then give it him, for hee that doth deny it,
Is envie's Sonne, and shames not to descrie it.

EPIST. VI.

To the worshipfull my most assured loving Friend *Master Robert Nicolson*.

THe rowling Stone that never gathers Mosse,
The restlesse Ball that Fortune still doth tosse,
The hopeless Barke that findes no certaine Port,
The hapless man, whose heart is all amort,

To

To you deare paire of chiefe approved friends,
The joyes hee wants in zealous wiſhes ſends;
To ſhunne ſuſpect of groſſe ingratefulneſſe,
To both your vertues gentle gentleneſſe.
I ſtole the leaſure of theſe haſty lines
From out a *Chaos* of confus'd deſignes;
Wherein incumbred with a thouſand cares,
Inviron'd round with infinite Affaires,
I pine my body and impair my wit;
Not for mine owne, but others benefit:
As Bees, and Birds, and Sheepe, and other Beaſts,
To others uſes, yeeld their rich increaſe.
Pardon therefore, although I ill deſerve,
A time will come (though yet it doe not ſerve)
When thankful thoughts ſhall prove & publiſh bet-
Then theſe dull rimes, how deeply I am debter (ter
To both your favours; and for both your ſakes,
To whomſoever in your love pertakes:
Which, one day, *Tangley* (if I live) ſhall tell,
Where thrift and bounty in aboundance dwell.
I bluſh to be ſo briefe, becauſe ſo rare;
But my occaſions ſo importune are,
That I proteſt, by all your friendſhips paſt,
I am ſo preſſed, by the bearers haſte,
And inſtant cauſes that this while attend mee;
That in deſpight I here muſt recommend mee,
And end abruptly ere I had begun,
The ſtrange Career my Muſe had meant t'have run.
But take in worth, this fragment, and, I hope,
Another time will lend mee longer ſcope:
Till then farewell, and ſtill immortall *Jove*
Maintaine you both, in plenty, peace, and love.

EPIST. VII.

TO MY VERY LOVING AND MOST Conſtant friend Maſter *Robert Nicolſon* *at his houſe at* BRAMLEY.

I Am in doubt you have mee oft indighted,
Caſt & condemn'd, unheard, though not uncited,
And ſtil'd mee ſtill, forgetfull and ingrate:
But if confeſſion faults can expiate,
You blame mee not, more then my ſelfe I blame,
For th' oft omiſsion which mee ill became,
Of timely anſwer, to thoſe new, true ſignes,
Of old good will, your ever welcome lines.
Spurre mee, therefore, and ſpare not, I confeſſe,
At ſight, I ſeem'd to have deſerv'd no leſſe.
But, by your leave, 'tis errour to eſteeme
Or cenſure all things, alwayes as they ſeeme;
When every thing now Tuskanizeth ſo,
That nothing is the ſame it is in ſhow:
When neither vice dares like it ſelfe appeare,
Nor vertues ſelfe dare ſhew her ſelfe too cleer;
Leſt th' one (too ougly) be of all condemn'd,
Th' other (too honeſt) be of all contemn'd.
For 'tis a queſtion whether excellence,
Be now a dayes more loath'd, or impudence:
And therefore now our skilfull Neuters hold,
The beſt complection neither hot nor cold;
But ſuch a temper as can temporize
With fate and ſtate, whence health & wealth ariſe:
So that both reaſon and religion too,
In ſpight of both, may doe as others doe:
And even the Soules deare Soule divineſt zeale,
May take, like wax, the print of every Seale.
Such are our dayes, ſuch are our deeds in Court,
Such is our Citie, ſuch is every ſort
Of every Science and of every Sex;
O griefe of griefes, a righteous Soule to vex.
Then doome not raſhly, leſt you may miſdeem;
Ah, few or none, are found the ſame they ſeeme.
So though I ſeeme, as yet, to be ungrate;
Becauſe, alas, my yet too niggard fate
Cannot acquit, nor yet requite, in kinde,
Old courteſies, that have beene long behinde:
And though I ſeeme to have forgot my part,
Both to your ſelfe, and your * *Soon calm in Hart*; * Anagr. of Martha Nicolſon.
It was not ſo, it is not ſo, nor ſhall,
Till I in death forget my ſelfe and all.
No, no defect of true affections fire
Dims your deſert, nor dampeth my deſire:
No ſcant of leaſure, nor no want of love,
No diſtant abſence, no remote remove,
No change of fortune, either mine or yours,
No ſmiles of Sun-ſhine, neither frowning ſhow'rs:
No, none of theſe, nor all of theſe, in one,
Shall ever taint mee with oblivion
Of your deſerts; nor of the mutuall dues,
Whence Phœnix-like our ancient love renewes.
And therefore faine I would not have you think,
That I from *Lethe* fetch my frozen inke;
Or that from thence ſuch a *Torpedo* comes,
As fetters letters, or my Pen benums.
No, I aſſure you, though for juſt excuſe
Some ſerious cauſes I could well produce,
Beſides attendance on my tender * *Lord*, * *Henry* Prince of VVales.
And taske impos'd mee by his princely word;
Perhaps ſo large, and of ſuch conſequence,
As may command my utmoſt diligence.
Yet neither theſe, nor thoſe, nor both together,
Have held my hand, but hope of comming thither;
And not alone bare hope, which boads delay,
But preſent purpoſe, almoſt every day,
To come my ſelfe, and in my mouth to beare
And bring my letters, to your longing eare;

Which yet in hope yer many dayes is meant,
If gracious heav'ns be pleaſed to conſent:
Till then I pray, let this, though ſhort, ſuffice,
To wipe my ſeeming faults from your ſurmiſe:
So, for your fiſhes, ſhall my wiſhes be,
That on your ſtore you may ſuch bleſſings ſee,
As Chriſt our Saviour on thoſe fiſhes ſhed,
When with ſo few, ſo many folk hee fed:
That like the Widowes little Tub and Cruſe,
You may have more, daily the more you uſe.
Beſides your Carps I muſt in fine avow
I have rec'iv'd a Pig of mine owne Sow:
A timeleſſe birth, *Minerva* like, begot
Without a mother, of I wot not what:
A Beare indeed, a Seed without a ſhape;
Th' upbraiding blurr of my young Muſes rape.
For theſe I thank you; but my chiefe deſire,
Was for the Damme to damne her to the fire;
Leſt, if ſhee ſhould out-live mee, ſhee defame
My lineall heires, and ſcandalize my name.
Fare ever well, ſo ever wiſhes hee,
Who is more yours then hee can ſeeme to be.

EPIST. VIII.

TO THE VVORSHIPFULL HIS APproved friend Maſter *Robert Nicolſon* Merchant, *Joſuah Sylveſter* wiſheth ever all true content.

TO you youths Load-ſtar, Londons Ornament;
Friend to the Muſes, and the well inclin'd;
Loving and lov'd of every vertuous minde;
To you theſe tuneleſſe accents I preſent,
Of humble ſtile, and uncouth ornament:
Not to requite, but to record your kinde
And gentle favours, by the which you binde
My beſt endevours to acknowledgement.
Accept I pray This Preſent in good part,
This ſimple pledge of my ſincere affection;
Weigh not the worth, but weigh my willing heart
Perfect Goodwill ſupplies all imperfection:
So may I one day write your worthy name,
By better pen, upon a bigger frame.

EPIST. IX.

TO MY RIGHT VVORTHY DEARE Affected, moſt reſpected Friend Maſter *Robert Nicolſon* Gentleman.

THough providence all prudent have decreed,
To hold mee ſtill under the Tyrant need:
So hard and ſcant, that, ſcarce a breathing while,
My careſull life hath had juſt cauſe to ſmile.
Of all the wants I feele, of all the woes,
(Witneſſe hearts-ſearcher which all ſecrets knows)
None woundeth deeper my diſtreſtfull breaſt,
Then want of power to parallel the leaſt
Of thouſand favours, of a thouſand kindes,
Vouchſafed mee from many noble mindes:
Among which number, neither leaſt, nor laſt
In my memoriall, is your merit plac't.
The conſtant kindneſſe of whoſe Cordiall love,
From my beſt thought ſhall never ought remove.
For though, alas, my fates no meanes afford,
To quit good turnes; my Faith ſhall them record,
And ſue with ſighs, unto th' Eternall Throne,
My friends may reap what they have kindly ſow'n:
So, as for one, they may have ſeaven times ſeaven,
In Earth of Grace, of Glory more in Heav'n.
Hereby in part, you may perceive, report
Hath bruited falſe my fortunes in the Court:
The King indeed (whoſe bounty is renown'd)
Now five years ſince, gave me five hundred pound,
Of debts long due to our late royall Maid;
Which never were, nor never will be paid:
Becauſe Sir * *Ceſar* who devis'd my plot,
Dy'd ſuddenly ere any thing was got:
Nor could I ſince have light of any thing,
Wherein to ſeek the favour of the King.
My gracious Prince, O how his name doth pierce
My grieved Soule, and ſables all my verſe.
Henry my whole, and ſole *Mecœnas* late,
With Princely penſion did releeve my ſtate,
With Princely purpoſe to have daign'd mee room,
Of grace and gaine, his privie Chamber-groome.
But hee is dead, alas, and with him dy'd
My preſent helpe, and future hope beſide:
So that with *Job* I murmure not, but mourne,
Naked I came, and naked ſhall returne.

* Prince *Henry.*

His

His will be done, that can doe what hee will;
Hee to us all is All-ſufficient ſtill:
For at all times, in all extremeſt ſtreights,
His ſacred Arm, our ſecret armie, waits
To ſuccour us; and in all various ſort,
Our wants, our weakeneſſe, to ſupply, ſupport:
Whereof mine own proofs paſs mine own account,
And paſt examples paſt all numbers mount.
What ſhall I then repay his providence,
His goodneſſe, bounty, and beneficence,
For all his mercies, and for every one?
Beſides, beyond, yea, againſt hope beſtowne
On me, whoſe ſins mought more his wrath incenſe.
What can I give my friends for recompence
Of all their favours ſeverally ſhowne;
Unſought, unthought, unknowing, ſome unknown,
To mee the leaſt in my moſt indigence?
But laud the Author, love his inſtruments:
Praiſe him for all, and pray for all their weale (zeal
Whoſe hearts hee moves by faith, with hope and
To ſuccour Arts poore humble Innocents;
As you on mee and mine heap ſweet contents:
So, manifold be multipli'd to you,
All earthly goods, heav'ns grace, and glorie too.
To you and yours, ſo ever I beſeech
Th' Eternall grant his treaſure truly rich.
And ſo I reſt as ever by deſert,
Much bound to you and your * *Soon calm in Hart*,
In hearty love, though lacking helpfull powers,
Unfained, faithfull, and as thankfull yours.
This meſſenger, your Brother and our friend,
Gave firſt occaſion theſe few lines to ſend,
With theſe few teares that have been lately ſhed,
For two great *Henries*, too untimely dead:
A ſigh for *Sidney* and the map of man,
Theſe if you pleaſe mildely a while to ſcan,
Yer many months (or weeks I hope) expire,
Except the heav'ns ſtill envie my deſire;
I'll ſend or ſhew you, ere the preſſe prevent,
My *Little Bartas*, and my *Parliament*
Of royall vertues, ſummoned long ſince,
And now aſſembled to create a Prince:
Such as was *Henry* while hee was with us,
And *Charles* will be (wee hope) *Panaretus*:
Of whom no more, till face to face wee meet,
To view avie our papers ſheet for ſheet.

* Anagr. of Martha Nicolſon.

TRANSLATED OUT OF THE LATINE VERSES *Of George Dicher.*

SEeking ſome luckie Starre, whereby to ſteer
Our wandring Pinnace to her wiſhed Peer;
Firſt *Venus* bright-ſtar in the welkin blazes,
And quiet Seas, the Sea-borne *Venus* raiſes:
But yet I fear'd ſhee favour'd more our foe,
For commonly like will to like yee know.
In *Venus* pranks this Prieſt hath *Venus* paſt,
Therefore mine eyes on other Stars I caſt.
Then *Ledas Twins* perceiving in the skie,
Theſe ſhall be guides unto our ſaile ſaid I.
Yet theſe, I fear'd, might more our foe befriend,
For ſuch, to ſuch, doe rightly band and bend;
Like unto like, and ſtill fowles of a feather,
Are wont, they ſay, to flock and fly together.
Thoſe Baſtard Cignets Godhead did aſſume,
This baſe-ſprung Shaveling doth as much preſume.
For, ſcarce a man, for God this Prieſt is plac't:
Therefore mine eyes on other Stars I caſt.
Then both the bright-Beares I began to mark,
Theſe thought I then, will better guide our bark:
Yet fear'd I theſe our foe might rather minde,
For like to like are ever moſt inclin'd.
The cruell'ſt Beares this cruell Prieſt exceeds,
For on the fleſh of his owne flock hee feeds.
Alas what loadſtar ſhall I then implore,
To lead my poor ſhip to th'appointed ſhore? (ſigns!
Why fly'ſt thou fondling to the ſhadowie night-
No doubt ỳ day wil yeeld thee happier bright-ſigns.
The Sun will ſerve; when nightly Lamps ſhall faile,
Be ſure the Sun will ſafely guide thy ſaile.
The Sun joyes all things, and without his light,
The world were *Chaos*, and the day were night.
The Sun firſt gave men knowledge of the Arts;
A noble name knowledge to men imparts.
Darts, *Muſicke*, *Phyſicke* firſt of all he found;
And thoſe ſweet numbers, ſacred verſes ſound.
O thou that art the Laureats liberall Fautor!
O wittie thou, that lov'ſt a wittie Author!
Sith nothing cleerer then the Sunne doth ſhine,
Guide thou, *Apollo*, this firſt courſe of mine.
Now fear no more my boat the boy'ſtrous billows
Of ſwolne fac't *Auſter*, nor his ſtormy fellows;
Neither *Charibdis* rage, nor *Scilla*'s rore:
The Sun, be ſure, will bring thee ſafe to Shore.
Goe, and the Golden Sun propitious ſtand.
Now take wee (Muſe) our new found taske in hand.

FINIS.

*A deviſe ſent to his good friend Miſtris Martha Nicolſon

* *To her that is* Soon calm in hart
A Winters Poſie made by Art.

Arctophilos.

NOt to requite, but to record
Thy worth and kindneſſe in a word,
I kindly here preſent to thee,
This little brittle peece of mee.
A *Larke* they ſay is worth a *Kite*;
Till more my might accept this mite.
Some greater, greater things preſent,
Of leſſer worth, or worſer meant,
God meaſures not our work but will;
Doe thou the like and love mee ſtill.

Phileremus.

BEtween two hearts by love made one,
Let this be ſhar'd, or elſe to none.

ON THE BACKSIDE Of the Deux of hearts, *THUS:*

ALthough the flowers I here preſent,
Freſh to the view, but void of ſent,
Like th' Apples on the ſulph'ry ſloud,
Where *Sodome* and her Siſters ſtood,
Be like this Worlds deluding ſhow,
Where vertue ſeemes, but is not though:
Yet mark them neer and you ſhall finde
Some pleaſant Poſie for the minde,
Of wholſome ſavour, holy uſe,
Delightfull taſte, and ſprightfull juice:
To cleer the ſoule, or cleer the ſight,
Or breed a better appetite.
For in the nature even of flowers,
Are remedies and rules for ours.
The Lilly, Roſe, and Marigold,
Within their leaves theſe Leſſons fold:
Firſt ſpotleſſe, though on ſtinking ſtalke,
How pure among th' impure to walke:
The next, which from a bramble ſprings,
That Grace more grace then nature brings:
The third, which with the Sunne doth ope,
To th' onely Sonne directs our hope;
And richer clad then *Salomon*,
They altogether cheer us on,
With hearts-eaſe, thrift and patience,
To truſt th' Eternall providence.
Now add but Time to theſe, my friend,
And learne thy laſt, reſpect thy end:
For even the fading life of flowers,
Is but a lively type of ours:
Freſh in the morning, fall'n at noone;
Wither'd yer night, and vaniſht ſoone.

FINIS.

Canzone delle 3. Grazie.

OMNES CHARITES.

To the moſt faire and vertuous Preſident of all female perfection, the *Soon calm in Hart.*

THE GRACES ALL TOGETHER.

ALl her good children Nature hath inclin'd,
T' aſpire to full perfection in their kinde:
Therefore ſhee makes each thing ſom good to love,
That being had, that good may better prove:
Yet in their choice of good they often erre;
And ſeeming good before true good preferre.
But let us ſee if wee can chooſe the thing
That to our Sex doth moſt perfection bring.

1 *Aglaia ſola*, Beauty.

Our perfect'ſt Crown is made of beauties flowers,
Which of it ſelfe ſupplies all other dowers:

Women

Women excell the perfect'ſt men in this,
And therefore herein their perfection is.
Wee for the beauty heav'n it ſelfe admire,
Faire fields, faire houſes, gold and pearles deſire;
Beauty doth alwaies health and youth imply;
Beauty delights the nobleſt ſenſe, the Eye.

2 *Sola Thalia*, Wit.

Beauty delights the ſenſe, but Wit the reaſon;
Wit laſts an age, and beauty but a ſeaſon;
The ſenſe is quickly cloy'd with beauties taſte;
But wits delight ſtill quick and freſh doth laſt.
Beauty, weake eyes with her illuſion blindes;
Wit conquers ſpirits and triumphs over minds:
Dead things have beauty, onely men have wit;
And mans perfection doth conſiſt in it.

3 *Euphroſyne ſola*, Wealth.

Wit will want matter, beauty ornament,
If wealth doe want which is omnipotent:
Wealth is a power which paſſeth nature farre;
Wealth makes a gooſe, a ſwan; a ſpark, a ſtarre:
Wealth, on a Cottage, can a Palace build,
New paint old walls, and rotten timber guild.
Not a faire face, but fortunes faire I crave;
Let mee want wit, ſo I fooles fortune have.

4 *Omnes Charites*, Vertue.

Yet theſe perfections moſt imperfect be,
If there be wanting vertues modeſtie:
Vertues aſpect would have the ſweeteſt grace,
If wee could ſee, as wee conceive her face:
Vertue guides wit, with well affected will,
Which if wit want, it proves a dangerous ill:
Vertue gets wealth, with her good government,
If not, ſhee's rich, becauſe ſhee is content.

FINIS.

Epitaphium *Helenæ Nicolſon*, *Dominæ Branch.*

QVam, ter fœlicem, Pietas, Opulentia, Forma,
Fecêre in terris, modo ſuffragante Popello:
Suffragante Deo, fidei conſtantia vivæ
Æternùm in cœlis te nunc jubet eſſe beatam.

J. H.

Anglicè.

Whom Piety, Plenty, and Beauty made
Thrice happy, here, on earth among the beſt:
Her lively faith, whoſe true fruits never fade,
Makes now with God, in heav'n for ever bleſt.

J. S.

An Epitaph on the death of the *right vertuous and univerſally beloved* BENJAMIN NICOLSON Gent.

Who deceaſed at *Bramly* in *Surrey*, *January the* 4. 1599.

UNkindly kind, why mourn we, friends, in vain?
Whoſe bitter death is better Life's beginning;
Whoſe fleſh-freed Souls are henceforth free frõ ſin-
Whoſe earthly loſs redoubles heav'nly gain. (ning;
For meed of ſinne, th' All-maker did ordaine
All (once) to dye, all fleſh returnes to duſt;
But, deare is the memoriall of the juſt
In his remembrance; and they bleſt remaine
That dye in him; for, from their carefull paine
They ever reſt: ſo ever bleſt and deare,
Ben. Nicolſon's old Body reſteth, here:
His Soule in Heav'n among the Saints doth raigne.
Borne gentle, gently bred, nobly ally'd;
Liv'd vertuouſly, and chriſtianly hee dy'd.

An Epitaph, on ever-bleſſed *Queene Elizabeth.*

IF ever royall vertues crown'd a Crowne,
If ever mildneſſe ſhin'd in Majeſtie,
If ever Honour honoured Renowne,
If ever Courage dwelt with Courteſie,
If ever Princeſſe put all Princes downe,
For Temp'rance, Proweſſe, Prudence, Equity;
This, this was Shee, that in deſpite of death,
Lives (ſtill) ador'd, admir'd *Elizabeth.*

Idem ad Eandem.

ZEalous of God, Jealous of ev'ry Ill;
Devout to God, and to the Godly deare;
Whoſe vertues (like a Candle on a Hill)
Shin'd to her Sex for conduct farre and neere.
For, all the Graces, elſe-where, ſingle-ſowne,
Met all, at once, in her chaſte Breaſt alone.

Idem.

SPaines Rod, Romes Ruine, Netherlands Reliefe,
Heav'ns gem, earths joy, worlds wonder, natures (chiefe.

An Epitaph on the Lady *Maney.*

MAny religious, many be diſcreet;
Many officious, many faithfull wives;
Many ſevere, many ſincerely ſweet;
Many be meeke, kinde, conſtant all their lives.
But, all theſe Gifts in many ſingle-ſet,
In *Jeff'ryes Maney*, All-together met.

Mirrour

*A deuise sent to his good friend Mistris Martha Nicolson

* *To her that is* Soon calm in hart
A Winters Posie made by Art.

Artophilos.

NOt to requite, but to record
Thy worth and kindnesse in a word,
I kindly here present to thee,
This little brittle peece of mee.
A *Larke* they say is worth a *Kite*;
Till more my might accept this mite.
Some greater, greater things present,
Of lesser worth, or worser meant.
God measures not our work but will;
Doe thou the like and love mee still.

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BEtween two hearts by love made one,
Let this be shar'd, or else to none.

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Of the Deux of hearts, *THUS:*

ALthough the flowers I here present,
Fresh to the view, but void of sent,
Like th' Apples on the sulph'ry sloud,
Where *Sodome* and her Sisters stood,
Be like this Worlds deluding show,
Where vertue seemes, but is not though:
Yet mark them neer and you shall finde
Some pleasant Posie for the minde,
Of wholsome savour, holy use,
Delightfull taste, and sprightfull juice:
To cleer the soule, or cleer the sight,
Or breed a better appetite.
For in the nature even of flowers,
Are remedies and rules for ours.
The Lilly, Rose, and Marigold,
Within their leaves these Lessons fold:
First spotlesse, though on stinking stalke,
How pure among th' impure to walke:
The next, which from a bramble springs,
That Grace more grace then nature brings:
The third, which with the Sunne doth ope,
To th' onely Sonne directs our hope;
And richer clad then *Salomon*,
They altogether cheer us on,
With hearts-ease, thrift and patience,
To trust th' Eternall providence.
Now add but Time to these, my friend,
And learne thy last, respect thy end:
For even the fading life of flowers,
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Fresh in the morning, fall'n at noone;
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T' aspire to full perfection in their kinde:
Therefore shee makes each thing som good to love,
That being had, that good may better prove:
Yet in their choice of good they often erre;
And seeming good before true good preferre.
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If ever Princeſſe put all Princes downe,
For Temp'rance, Proweſſe, Prudence, Equity;
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Lives (ſtill) ador'd, admir'd *Elizabeth.*

Idem ad Eandem.

ZEalous of God, Jealous, of ev'ry Ill;
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Shin'd to her Sex for conduct farre and neere.
For, all the Graces, elſe-where, ſingle-ſowne,
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Many officious, many faithfull wives;
Many ſevere, many ſincerely ſweet;
Many be meeke, kinde, conſtant all their lives.
But, all theſe Gifts in many ſingle-ſet,
In *Jeff'ryes Maney*, All-together met.

Mirrour

Mirrour of Nature, miracle of Grace;
Pattern of Women, Paragon of Wives:
In whom Affection had perfections place;
With whom deceaſt more Good then ill ſurvives.
For, all heav'ns Gifts in Many ſingle ſet,
In *Jeffryes-Maney*, All-together met.
Devout to God, officious to her Pheere;
Zealous of Good, jealous of every Ill:
Wiſe, milde, and more then can be mention'd here;
Her Many-vertues would whole volumes fill.
For, All Heav'ns Gifts in many ſingle-ſet,
In *Jeffryes Maney*, All-together met.

Epig. I. Of Nobility.

WHat are the badges of Heroike Blood, (ly'd?
But blots to thoſe that have their birth be-
What's outward Greatneſſe without inward good,
But glorious painting of a graceleſſe Pride?
But where with Banners, vertuous Maners bud;
Where honours are with honeſty ally'd,
With Pity, Proweſſe, Prudence, Right, Humility,
Faith, Juſtice, Bounty; there's the true Nobility.

Epig. II. To his moſt deare friend *Miſtreſſe* E.

YOur humble ſervant moſt ſincerely wiſhes
More happy joyes then in the Sea be Fiſhes;
Fowles in the Aire, or on the Earth be Flowers;
Or then be drops in twenty thouſand Showers:
Heav'ns peace, earths plenty, ſoules and bodies bliſs;
And all true Comforts incident to this.

Epig. III. The twelve Signs.

MAns head and face Heav'ns Ram obey:
Our neck the neck-ſtrong Bull doth ſway:
Th' arm-twining Twins guide hands and armes:
Breaſt, Sides and Stomach, Cancer charmes;
The Lion rules our back and heart:
Bowels and belly's Virgo's part:
Reines, Hanches, Navill, Libra friends:
Bladder and ſecrets Scorpio tends:
The halfe horſe Bow-man claimes our thighs:
Unto the Kid our knees ſuffice:
Our leggs are but the Butlers fees:
The Fiſh our foot-ſteps over-ſees.

Epig. IV. Pallas & Aſtræa.

PRoweſſe and Prudence are my double part,
Either alone is as a headleſſe Dart:
Or if not headleſſe, heedleſſe, throwne (as ill)
From feeble arme without or aime or skill.
But both united by their mutuall worth,
Begin eſtates, beget and bring them forth;
And in the joynt, and the juſt uſe of them,
Conſiſts, ſubſiſts, perſiſts a Diadem.

Epig. V. Aſtræa.

BOth temperance and Juſtice I containe,
As well as Pallas, my one part is twain;
And, in this preſence, many prooſes there bee,
I may as juſtly vaunt my parts as ſhee.
For, but my Balance counterpoize her Lance,
And, but I ſteepe her wit in temperance,
Spee failes her courſe, and fals in her diſcourſe;
Yea too-too oft brings things from bad to worſe:
And (by her leave) in all ſhee arrogates,
My ſhare is moſt in th' happy ſtate of States.

Epig. VI. The true honour of the *truely Honourable.*

NEither the birth drawn though in long deſcent
From noble, royall, or imperiall Race:
Neither the match (with houſes eminent) (grace:
When heirs with heirs, their arms with arms they
Neither poſſeſſion of a princely Rent,
With ſumptuous ſervice in a ſtately place;
Are honours reall (being right defin'd)
But reall vertues and a royall minde.

Epig. VII. To the Noble Captain *and Commander in the* Barke *Care*, the honourable Baronet Sr. *Henry Baker* and to his right vertuous Lady *Katherine Baker*, *ANAGRAMS.*

HEre is thy *Bark* Care, *Anker* be
(Sir, ſo your names bid, ſo beg wee)
Well grounded Hope; your Cable, Love;
Your Compaſſe, Wiſedome, from above;
Your Helm, Diſcretion, ſteering faire;
Your Maine-Maſt, Faith; your Fore-ſaile, Prayer;
Your tackling, ſure; your reck'ning, juſt;
Your Pilot, Truth; your Purſer, Truſt;
Your Trafficke, Grace; your Profit, Glory;
Your Hav'n, in Heav'n (prepared for-yee);
That whiles you croſſe the toſſing Seas,
'Twixt Rocks of Ill, and Wracks of Eaſe;
If Stormes ariſe, you ſafe may ride,
Though *Neptune* chafe, and *Boreas* chide.
So prayes the heart, whoſe love, whoſe zeale,
Would worke as well as wiſh your weale;

Had

Had it the power as well as will,
To ſerve and to deſerve you ſtill.

A contented Minde.

I Waigh not Fortunes frowne or ſmile,
I joy not much in earthly Joyes,
I ſeeke not ſtate, I reake not ſtile,
I am not fond of fancies Toyes:
I reſt ſo pleas'd with what I have,
I wiſh no more, no more I crave.
I quake not at the Thunders crack,
I tremble not at noiſe of warre,
I ſwound not at the newes of wrack,
I ſhrink not at a Blazing-Starre;
I feare not loſſe, I hope not gaine,
I envie none, I none diſdaine.
I ſee Ambition never pleas'd,
I ſee ſome *Tantals* ſtarv'd in ſtore,
I ſee golds dropſie ſeldome eas'd,
I ſee even *Midas* gape for more:
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Enough's a Feaſt, content is crown'd.
I faine not friendſhip where I hate,
I fawne not on the great (in ſhow),
I prize, I praiſe a meane eſtate,
Neither too lofty nor too low:
This, this is all my choice, my cheere,
A minde content, a conſcience cleere.

The Fruites of a cleere *Conſcience.*

TO ſhine in ſilke, and gliſter all in gold,
To flow in wealth, and feed on dainty fare,
To have thy houſes ſtately to behold,
Thy Princes favour, and the peoples care:
The groaning Gout, the Collick or the Stone,
Will marre thy mirth, and turne it all to moane.
But, be it, that thy body ſubject be
To no ſuch ſickneſſe, or the like annoy:
Yet, if thy Conſcience be not firme and free,
Riches are Traſh, and Honours but a Toy.
This peace of Conſcience is the perfect joy,
Wherewith Gods Children in the world be bleſt;
Wanting the which, as good want all the reſt.
The want thereof made *Adam* hide his head;
The want of this made *Cain* to waile and weep:
This want (alas) makes many goe to bed,
When they (God wot) have little liſt to ſleep.
Strive, O then ſtrive to entertaine and keepe
So rich a Jewell, and ſo rare a Gueſt,
Which being had a ruſh for all the reſt.

Of Croſſes or Afflictions.

UNhappy is the life feeles no miſhap;
For, Croſſes in this eaſie erring way,
Are guides that teach us how to ſhun decay,
In all the tempting Paths of pleaſures Map.

When ſuch as proſp'rous-Chance lulls in her lap,
Forget their maker God, their ſubſtance Clay:
And by their faults, their heav'n-born ſoules betray
Into Sins Iron Cave, old Sathans Trap:

Then ſuffer not thy need, ſhame, death, or others
Falſly accounted Ils, thy ſpirit to grieve;
For ſmall affliction great offences ſmothers;
And, as it touches, teaches to beleeve.
Then, thanking God, ceaſe to be vainely ſorry;
For, Croſſes come for Our good and His glory.

Wiſe adviſe, fond miſtruſt.

IN ſerious matters to make ſober ſpeed,
In doubts to looke before one leape in danger;
In waighty caſes to take wary heed,
In briefe, to try, before you truſt a Stranger,
Argues great wiſdome, and ſuch circumſpection
Doubles your vertue, trebles my affection.
But to be ſtill caſting beyond the Moone,
Still to be ſounding in a channell knowne,
Still to be looking for the light at Noone,
Still to ſuſpect a heart ſo much your owne,
Implies a weakeneſſe which doth ſtill bewray
Irreſolution, Mother of delay.
And that delay, deluding (for the moſt)
But ſelfe and others with ſome maske of reaſon,
The faireſt fortunes hath as foulely loſt,
By overſlipping their peculiar ſeaſon:
Delay breeds danger, every day doth prove;
It quencheth hotteſt, killeth hearty love.
Let wiſedome (therefore) firſt at large explore,
Thereby reſolve, and then revolve no more.

A Caution for Courtly Damſels.

BEware faire maid of mighty Courtiers oaths,
Take heed what gifts or favours you receive;
Let not the fading gloſſe of ſilken cloaths
Dazle your vertues, or your fame bereave:
For once but leave the hold you have of Grace,
Who will regard your fortune or your face?
Each greedy hand will ſtrive to catch the flower,
When none regard the ſtalke it growes upon;
Baſeneſſe deſires the fruit ſtill to devoure,
And leave the tree to fall or ſtand alone:
But this adviſe, faire Creature, take of mee,
Let none take fruit unleſſe hee'll have the tree.

Beleeve not oaths, nor much proteſting men,
Credit no vowes, nor a bewailing ſong;
Let Courtiers ſweare, forſweare, and ſweare agen,
The heart doth live ten Regions from the tongue:
For when wth oaths & vows they make ye treble,
Beleeve them leaſt, for then they moſt diſſemble.

Beware

Beware leſt *Craſus* doe corrupt thy minde,
Or fond Ambition ſell thy modeſty;
Say, though a King thou even courteous finde,
Hee cannot pardon thine impurity.
Begin with Kings, to ſubjects you will fall,
From Lord to Lackey, and at laſt to all.

Natalis Chriſti.

WHo made al time, this time was made a man,
Bred after time, but being ay beforne,
Th' All-Fathers Sonne, of his own Daughter born;
Eternity now (as it were) began:
Clouts ſwaddle him, whom no Clouds circle can:
Hee cries for milke, who giveth all things meat:
Th' Almighty, feeble; little, th' onely-Great;
Chriſt in a Cratch, who all the world doth ſpan:
The Lord of all lies in an humble Lapp; (gold,
Who cloths the Fields wᵗʰ green, the Sphears with
Hath not a ragge, his naked Limbs to wrap:
Heav'ns Majeſty, Earths Miſery doth fold.
The King of glory comes with ſhame to dwell,
To open Heav'n (for his) and ſhut up Hell.

Paſſio Chriſti.

DEare Lord, who did'ſt (to open heav'n for us)
Endure thine owne ſide to be opened ſo;
And wert thy ſelfe ſhut in the grave below,
To ſhut the gates of gaping *Erebus*:
Who, to exalt us, did'ſt thy ſelfe abaſe;
Who, thine to looſe, didſt bind thy ſelfe for them;
Who, to acquit us, did'ſt thy Selfe condemne;
Who, us to heale, thy ſelfe wert hurt, alas;
Who bar'ſt thy ſelfe, our Curſe, to bring us bliſſe;
Who, to inrich us, mad'ſt thy ſelfe ſo poore;
Who dyd'ſt thy ſelfe, that wee might dye no more.
Lord with thy merit cover mine amiſſe,
In bloud and water thy deare boſomes bath,
O drench my ſins, O quench thy righteous wrath!

The Soules Errand.

GOe Soule, the bodies gueſt,
Upon a thankeleſſe Errand,
Feare not to touch the beſt,
The truth ſhall be thy warrant:
Goe thou, ſince I muſt dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the Court it glowes,
And ſhines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church it ſhowes
What's good, but doth not good.

Tell Potentates they live,
Acting by others Action,
Not lov'd unleſſe they give,
Not ſtrong, but by a faction.

Tell men of high condition,
That in Affaires of State,
Their purpoſe is ambition,
Their practice onely hate.

Goe tell the young Nobility
They doe degenerate,
Waſting their large ability
In things effeminate.

Tell thoſe that brave it moſt,
They beg for more by ſpending;
And, in their greateſt coſt,
Seeke but a ſelfe-commending.

Tell Zeale it wants Devotion,
Tell Love it is but Luſt,
Tell Prieſts they hunt Promotion,
Tell Fleſh it is but Duſt.

Say Souldiers are the Sink
Of Sinne to all the Realme;
Given all to whores and drink,
To quarrell and blaſpheme.

Tell Townesmen, that becauſe that
They pranck their Brides ſo proud,
Too many times it drawes-that
Which makes them beetle-brow'd.

Goe tell the Palace-Dames
They paint their parboil'd faces,
Seeking by greater ſhames
To cover leſſe diſgraces.

Say to the City-wives,
Through their exceſsive brav'ry,
Their Husband hardly thrives,
But rather lives in Slav'ry.

Tell London Youths that Dice,
Faire Queanes, fine Clothes, full Bouls,
Conſume the curſed price
Of their dead-Fathers Soules.

Say Maidens are too coy
To them that chaſtely ſeeke them,
And yet are apt to toy
With baſer Jacks that like them.

Tell Poets of our dayes
They doe profane the Muſes,
In ſoothing Sin with praiſes,
That all the world abuſes.

Tell Tradeſmen waight and meaſure
They craftily abuſe,
Thereby to heap-up treaſure,
Though Heav'n thereby they loſe.

Goe tell the vitious rich,
By uſury to gaine,

Their

Their fingers alwayes itch,
To Soules and Bodies paine.

Yea tell the wretched poore
That they the wealthy hate,
And grudge to see at doore
Another in their state.

Tell all the world throughout
That all's but vanity,
Her pleasures doe but flout
With sly security.

Tell Kings and Beggers base,
Yea tell both young and old,
They all are in one case,
And must all to the mould.

And now kinde Host adieu,
Rest thou in earthly Tombe,
Till Christ shall all renew,
And then I'll thee resume.

FINIS.

PANTHEA:

OR

DIVINE WISHES

AND

MEDITATIONS.

THE AUTHORS INVOCATION AND IMPRECATION Againſt his Infernall Enemies.

SUpreme Commander of the Cryſtall Sky,
That ALL of NOTHING powerfully didſt frame,
Be't not offence againſt thy Deity,
With humble Accents to adore thy Name:
Though in this teare-compoſed terrene Globe,
I weare Mortalities Sin-ſtained Robe.

Let mee behold with Contemplations Eye,
The Beauty of thine Angell-guarded Throne;
And let my ſoule with humble boldneſſe fly,
Above the Starry Conſtellation:
And there with that moſt holy Hierarchie,
Sing Hymns and Anthems to thy Deitie.

Let my ſad ſoule, long pierc't with ſwords of Griefe
By *Fiends*, *Alaſtors*, *Harpies*, *Furies* fell,
Receive (my God) from thee Divine Reliefe,
Which may their Pride and canker'd Malice quell:
Make thoſe *pure Hell-Dogs* in their Dens to couch,
And *Belzebub* himſelfe at laſt to crouch.

Joſ. Syl.

PANTHEA.

The Induction.

WHat ſhould I wiſh for on the Earth?
Goodneſſe *is grown to ſuch a dearth;*
While want of Grace *doth make abuſe*
Of that which might be for good Uſe:
That who obſerves what moſt men wiſh,
Shall finde how fond and vaine it is.
Some wiſh for Wealth, *to pamper Pride;*
The Med'cine's good, but ill appli'd.
Some wiſh for Honour, *in high thought;*
Honour is good, Ambition nought.
Some wiſh for Health, *to live at eaſe;*
Health may be good, Eaſe breeds Diſeaſe.
Some wiſh for Power, *to wrong at will;*
Power oft is good, Oppreſſion ill.
Some wiſh for Youth, *to nouriſh Folly;*
Youth may be good, the Wiſh unholy.
Some wiſh for Love, *to anſwer Luſt;*
Love may be good, the Wiſh unjuſt.
Some wiſh for Strength, *to cruſh and kill;*
Strength may be good, but Murther ill.
Thus ſtill th' Abuſe which Will brings forth
Doth make the Wiſhes nothing worth.
Yet ſince that Wiſhes *may be good,*
When Worth is truely underſtood,
Let mee ſet downe my Hearts deſire,
And what hath ſet my ſoule on fire.
It is not Earth, nor earthly Treaſure,
Nor worldly Honour, fleſhly Pleaſure,
Nor Power, nor Place, nor Youth, nor Strength,
Nor drawing out this Life at length,
Nor idle pleaſing Natures Eye,
With fond Affections Vanity.
Not one of theſe comes neer the White
Of my Hearts Wiſh and Soules Delight.
The Courſe of my true Cares content
Extends above the Firmament.
The levell of my Soules chiefe Love
Is onely in the Heav'ns above;
Where I ſhall ſee my Saviour ſweet,
And how his Saints and Angels meet
With ſuch an Harmony of Voyces,
As ſhewes how every Soule rejoyces
In the beholding his ſweet Face,
That is the glory of all Grace.
This, this, my Wiſh *ſhall onely be,*
To live where I may ever ſee
My Saviour ſweet, and in his ſight
Have all my Hearts and Soules Delight.
Daigne then (my God) this Boone *to give*
Whiles here upon this Earth I live,
That neither Wealth, *nor* Poverty,
Nor Comfort, *nor* Calamity,
Nor Health, *nor* Sickneſſe, Eaſe, *nor* Paine,
Nor Hope, *nor* Feare, *nor* Loſſe, *nor* Gaine,
May ever take ſuch hold on mee,
But ſtill my Joy in CHRIST *may be.*

I. *Wiſh* or *Meditation.*

OH! had I of his *Love* but part,
That choſen was by Gods owne heart,
That Princely Prophet, *Dævid*, hee,
Whom in the Word of Truth I ſee
The King of Heav'n ſo dearely lov'd,
As mercy beyond meaſure prov'd:
Then ſhould I neither *Gyant* feare,
Nor *Lion*, that my ſoule would teare;
Nor the *Philiſtims*, nor ſuch Fiends
As never were true Chriſtians friends:
No *Paſſions* ſhould my ſpirit vex,
Nor *Sorrow* ſo my minde perplex,
But I ſhould ſtill all glory give
Unto my God by whom I live.
Then *Health* nor *Sickneſſe*, *Griefe* nor *Eaſe*,
Should ſo my minde diſeaſe or pleaſe;
But *Want*, or *Woe*, what-ere I prove,
The Lord of Life ſhould be my Love.
To him I ſhould my minde impart,
And to him onely give my heart,
And to his mercy onely pray,
To put my ſecret ſinnes away:
To heale my ſinfull wounded Soule,
And put my Name in Mercies Roll:
In all my *Cares* and *Croſſes* ſtill
To comfort mee with his good Will:
And when I cry and roar in Griefe,
In deepe deſpaire of Hopes Reliefe,

My Faith ſhould yet in Mercy find
The Comfort of a conſtant Minde;
And I ſhould ever joy to ſee
How Mercies Eye did looke on mee;
Then ſhould my Heart tune every ſtring,
That to his glory I might ſing
A *Song* of ever-laſting Praiſe,
To end in never-ending daies.
Then ſhould I *play*, and *ſing*, and *dance*,
And to the Heav'ns mine Eyes advance,
With joy to ſee in Triumph ſo
The *Arke* of God in Glory goe:
And whatſoever I poſſeſſe
In *Power* or *Honour*, more or leſſe,
Nor Earth nor Heaven ſhould mee move,
But ſtill my Lord ſhould be my love.
If I were *ſicke*, Hee were my *Health*;
If I were *poore*, Hee were my *Wealth*;
If I were *weake*, Hee were my *Strength*;
If *dead*, Hee were my *Life* at length;
If *ſcorn'd*, Hee onely were my *Grace*;
If *baniſht*, Hee my *Reſting place*;
If *wrong'd*, Hee onely were my *Right*;
If *ſad*, Hee were my Soules *Delight*;
In ſumme, and all, All-onely Hee
Should be All, above All, to mee.
His *Hand* ſhall wipe away my *Teares*,
His *Favour* free mee from all *Feares*,
His *Mercy* pardon all my *Sinne*,
His *Grace* my life *anew* begin,
His *Love* my *Light* to Heav'n ſhould be,
His *Glory*, thus to comfort mee.
Thus was the Kingly Prophet bleſt,
To live in Loves eternall Reſt.
And ſince I ſee his Grace ſo great,
To all that Mercy doe intreat;
And how the faithfull Soule doth prove
An heav'nly bleſſing in his Love;
Let mee but onely *This* requeſt,
To be but *thus* with *David* bleſt,
That *Joy*, or *Griefe*, what-ere I prove,
The Lord of Life may be my Love.

II. *Wiſh* or *Meditation.*

Solomon

OH! that I were as *Wiſe* as * Hee
That did by Obſervation ſee
What all things are, with all their Worth,
That under Heav'n the Earth brings forth;
How *vaine* they are, and how they vex
The Soule whom *Paſſion* doth perplex.
Then ſhould I neither *carke* nor *care*
For things that ſo uncertain are;
Nor toile nor labour for a Life
So full of falſhood, feare and ſtrife.
Nor ayme at Title, Power, or Place,
Nor Favour, Wealth, or Worldly Grace;
Nor trouble Patience with a hope
Of ought beyond my onely Scope;
Nor ſooth, nor flatter, lye, nor ſweare,
Nor ſtand in Danger, nor in Feare
Of him, of her; of this, of that,
Nor hunt I know not after what:
But love the meaſure and the meane,
That keepes the Soule and Body cleane.
Then ſhould I finde this Life but Breath
That Sinne hath ſubject made to Death:
For from the greateſt to the leaſt,
No Soule but lives at ſome unreſt:
The ſoundeſt and the deepeſt *Wit*
Sometimes in idle Thoughts doth ſit;
The faireſt and the ſweeteſt *Face*
Is ſometime ſubject to diſgrace.
The nobleſt and the valiant'ſt *Minde*,
Sometime may hap goe downe the Winde.
The richeſt *Hand*, and proudeſt *Heart*,
May chance to play the Beggers part.
The valiant'ſt Arme, and ſtrongeſt Hand,
Sometime at *Mercies* Gate may ſtand.
The pureſt *Soule* that would not ſinne,
May chance to fall in Satans Gin̄e.
Then ſince I ſee there is no ſtate,
But that ſometime, or ſoone, or late,
Is ſubject to ſo hard a courſe
As leaves the *Better* for the *Worſe*,
Though I be not ſo wiſe as *Hee*
That made mee *This* to know and ſee,
Yet will I joyne with him in this,
Upon *this Earth* to build no *Bliſſe*;
But with the Wings of *Faith* to flye
Unto my Glorious God on high:
And in his *Mercy* onely prove
The Bleſſings for my *Soules* behoofe;
From *Sorrow*, *Sinne*, and *Satan* free;
And love the *World* that liſt (for mee).

III. *Wiſh* or *Meditation.*

OH! that I had that *Patience*
That is the Spirits Excellence,
That *Job* in all his paines did prove,
Unto the Lord to ſhew his Love:
Then ſhould no *Loſſe* of *Lands* or *Goods*,
Bring in ſuch Flotes of Sorrowes Floods;
Nor *Childrens* death, nor dogged *Wife*,
Nor wounded Heart, nor weary Life,
Nor Scoffs of Friends, nor words of griefe,
Nor Hearts *Deſpaire* of Hopes Reliefe,
Should make mee once (which God forbid)
Offend his Grace, what ere hee did:
But ſay with *Job*, *if hee will kill*
My heart, yet will I love him ſtill;
And in his ſight, my Waies reprove,
That is the God of gracious Love.
That then, when *All* were at the worſt,
And that my Heart were almoſt burſt,
My Soule might feele, that Comfort ſweet
Did tread all ſorrow under Feet.
But *Job* was juſt, ſo am not I,
His God did but his *Patience* try;
And made his *Faith* in Mercy finde
The comfort of a *conſtant* Minde:
But my Soule hath ſo wicked bin,
That I am ſcourged for my Sinne,
In *Juſtice*: but with *Mercy* ſuch,
As I can never praiſe too much.

For

For had not mercy heal'd my Sore,
I had beene ſlaine for evermore.
But my good God is ever *One*;
His Hand is not to *mee* alone,
But unto *All* that in diſtreſſe
Doe in his Mercy ſeeke redreſſe;
And whoſe true *Patience*, *Faith*, and *Love*,
Doe in his *Juſtice*, *Mercy* prove.

IV. *Wiſh* or *Meditation.*

OH! that I had that *Gracious Call*
That from the Heav'ns had bleſſed *Paul*,
That choſen Saint of ſacred Bliſſe,
Where onely Saints true bleſſing is:
Who from the way of wicked Thought,
Unto the gates of *Grace* was brought;
Hnd when his *Eyes* were ſtricken blinde,
Had ſuch an inſight of the *Minde*,
As made him ſee through *Mercies* light,
(That is the Soules eternall ſight)
How blinde is *Reaſons* ruthfull Eye,
Where Errour leads the Heart awry;
Whil'ſt *Conſcience* thinking to doe well,
Doth carry *Miſconceit* to Hell;
Till *Mercy* meeting on the way,
Brings home the Sheepe that went aſtray:
Then ſhould no *Office*, *Power*, nor *Place*
Make mee to ſeek my Soules Diſgrace,
To take a Tyrants powerfull Rod,
To perſecute the Saints of God.
But I ſhould more in ſoule rejoyce
In Mercies Gracious-Glorious Choice,
All *Perſecutions* to abide,
Where *Patience*, *Faith*, and *Love is try'd*
Of the ſweet Lord of Heavens Bliſſe,
Then perſecute one Saint of his:
But all my *Love*, and Loves *Delight*,
My *Meditation* day and night,
Should onely, all, and ever be
Of *Mercy* that ſo called mee.
No *Griefe*, no *Paine*, no *Want*, nor *Woe*,
That I ſhould ever live to know,
But I ſhould thinke too little all,
In Love to anſwer Mercies Call:
For all the World I would not care,
Nor K. nor *Keſar* would I feare;
No *threats*, nor *thraldom*, *ſcourge* nor *death*;
To ſpeake his Praiſe, ſhould ſtop my breath;
But I ſhould plainely ſpeake and write
My knowledge of the Lord of Light:
And to the Glory of his Name,
Throughout the World divulge the ſame.
My *Walke* ſhould be but in his Waies;
My *Talke* but onely in his Praiſe;
My *Life* a Death, but in his Love;
My *Death* a Life, for him to prove:
My *Care* to keepe a Conſcience cleane;
My *Will* from wicked thoughts to weane;
My *Prayers* for the Good of all,
That Mercy unto Grace doth call:
My *Labour* for the Love of Truth
To leade the life of Age and Youth:
My *Comfort* truely to convert
The Soules which Sathan did pervert:
My *Health*, to labour for their Love,
That ſeeke their bleſſing from above:
My greateſt *Eaſe*, to worke for thoſe
Whom Mercy to Salvation choſe:
My Paine, and pleaſure, Travell, Eaſe,
My God *thus* in his Saints to pleaſe.
Then ſhould I this baſe *World* deſpiſe,
With all Earths *idle Vanities*;
And governe mine *Affections* ſo,
That Sin ſhould never overthrow
This wounded wofull Soule of mine,
But ſtill in Mercies love divine,
My Soule ſhould finde that *life* of Grace,
As ſhould all *Earthly love* deface:
And I ſhould onely wiſh to live,
All *Glory* to my God to give;
And all in all my *Joy* to be
His *ſervant* that ſo *called* mee.

V. *Wiſh* or *Meditation.*

OH! that my Soule might live to prove
Some part of that ſweet bleſſed Love,
Which *John* th' Evangeliſt poſſeſt,
When hee lean'd on our Saviours breſt:
When *Wiſedome*, *Vertue*, *Grace* and *Truth*,
Embrac'd the bleſſed dayes of Youth!
Then ſhould I fly with *Eagles* wings
Unto the Glorious King of Kings;
And ſee that *Heav'nly Court* of his
The Beauty of the Angels Bliſſe;
Where *Goodneſſe*, *Grace*, and *Glory* dwels,
And *Love*, and *Life*, and nothing elſe
But *Holineſſe* and Heav'nly *Light*,
All, onely in my Saviours ſight:
Then ſhould I *loath* this World of Woe,
That doth *bewitch* the Worldling ſo;
And ſeeke (but at my Saviours *feet*)
To finde my Soules eternall *Sweet*;
Till Mercy will vouchſafe mee grace
To have a glimpſe of his ſweet *Face*,
In whoſe leaſt ſweeteſt *Looke* of Love,
A *Sea* of Joy the *Heart* doth prove;
And ſwimming in the Soules Delight,
Is *raviſht* with that Glorious *Sight*.
But though I cannot be ſo bleſt,
To leane upon my Saviours *Breſt*;
As all unworthy of ſuch Grace,
To looke on his Cœleſtiall *Face*:
Yet let mee beg at *Mercies* Feet,
That I may but receive this Sweet,
That when his Saints and Angels ſing
Their *Haleluiahs* to their King,
My Soule in Joy all-ſounding then,
May have but leave to ſing *AMEN.*

FINIS.

IV. Night or Meditation.

O That I had a Guardian Angel,
That might be pure and undefiled;
Or chosen Saint of Christ his Flock,
That were only Saints true bred:
From the way of wicked People,
To the path of Virtues steep;
And when I Prayers frame in Night,
That can in spite of Devils fright,
(Remaining Fire through Night,
Like is the Sun at Noon bright)
Where Prayer is Angels meat,
Where Prayer is the Saints Seat,
Where Prayer, Fire, and Zeal,
Can be heat to a Heavenly Flame,
Then perfume the Saints Throne,
Then all my Love and Duty,
My Celebration day and night,
Should one way stand erect
Or Prayer to called mee,
Then I would ever live to Pray,
Then I should think too little all,
In Love to my dear Maker Christ,
For all the Good I can,
Nor Pleasure, nor Pain, nor Fear,
To make this Prayer from my heart;
My Tongue to the Lord of Light:
And to the Glory of his Name,
My Tongue the World divulge the Fame,
My Voice should be but in his Ears;
My Voice but only in his Tears!
My Life a Death, but in his Love;
My Deeds a Life, for him to prove:
My Care to keep a Conscience clean;
My Will from wicked thoughts to wean;
My Prayer for the Good of all,

V. Night or Meditation.

O That thou Spirit might live to prove
Some part of that Heaven could love,
Which Poets Fancy did portray,
When bee lead on our Saviours way:
When Peace, Truth, Grace and Truth,
Embrac'd the blessed days of Youth!
Then should I fly with Angels wing
Into the Court of Heavens King;
And see that Holy Company of his
The Glory of the Angels Bliss;
Where Good, and Only dwells,
And Love, and Life, and nothing else
But Holiness and Heavenly Love,
All, onely in my Saviours sight:
Then should I know the World of Woe,
That doth howrah the Worldlings so;
And feele but as my Station was,
To finde my Saviour crucifi'd Anew;
Till Mercy with enchaine me grace
To have a glimpse of his Sweet Face,
A sea of Joy the Heart doth prove:
And living in the Souls Delight,
Is ravish with that Glorious Sight,
But though I cannot be so blest,
To leave upon my Saviours Breast,
As all unworthy of such Grace,
To looke on his Celestiall Face,
Yet let me keep Heavens Way,
That I may live receive this Mercy,
That when it Saints and Angels sing
Their Maker to their King,
My Soule in Joy all-louding then,
May have but leave to sing Amen.

FINIS.

UPON THE SEVERALL PETITIONS OF THE LORDS PRAYER.

VII. LETANIES.

LETANIE I.

Hallowed be thy name.

1

O God the Father, who on high
In Heaven haſt thy dwelling place;
Yet doſt thy Soveraigne Majeſtie
So far beneath it ſelfe debaſe,
Out of thy great abundant grace,
Us wormes on earth, here earthly bred
Thence to behold, mans mortall race;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

2

O Son of God, of like degree,
God with the Father, who didſt make
Thy ſelfe of no repute to be;
But didſt mans nature undertake,
Made fleſh and bloud for mankinds ſake,
With ſervants rags apparelled;
Who heav'n and earth doſt make to ſhake;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

3

O God, the holy Ghoſt, who, when
Our Saviour us departed from,
Returning back to heav'n agen,
Didſt ſtreight deſcend to take his roome,
And daily ſtill on us doſt come,
To viſit us in his bleſt ſteed,
Till hee ſhall come all fleſh to doome;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

4

O holy, glorious, ever bleſt,
Eternall individuall Trine,
Who every one, as do the reſt,
With equall luſtre forth do ſhine,
One God in endleſſe ſacred Twine
Of perſons three diſtinguiſhed;
O Father, Son, & Spirit divine;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

5

For our Creation by thee made
After thine owne ſimilitude,
With righteouſneſſe as garment clad,
With judgement, wit and grace endew'd,
And power over creatures rude,
Ordein'd to be their Soveraigne dread;
Next to the Angels none ſo good;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

6

For our Redemption, by thee freed
And ranſom'd at a coſtly price,
Thy life-bloud, coſtly price indeed,
O Chriſt, no meaner ſacrifice;
When our firſt parents by advice
Of curſed Serpent altered
Thy ſervice for thine enemies;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

7

For that proportion of thy Spirit,
Whereby, when wee thine image faire
Defaced had beyond our merit
Thou of thy goodneſſe debonaire
Didſt freely it againe repaire,
Wee will abroad thy glory ſpread,
And make it be our daily prayer;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

8

For hope of glory to us giv'n
By' aſſurance of thy promiſe true

Of everlasting blisse in heaven,
Made us hereafter to ensue,
When thou our bodies shalt renew,
And them againe raise from the dead,
Wee give thee praise and honour due;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

9

Such glory whereto Virgin chast
Thou glorious Lord, above the rest
Of womankind advanced hast,
Whom thou, ô Father, thoughtest best
With so great honour to invest,
To make thy Son of her be bred;
For *Marie* virgin-mother blest,
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

10

That blisse, whereof those heavenly ones,
Of Angels sacred Hierarchie
Partakers are Archangels, Thrones,
And all that blessed companie:
Who though thy visage heavenly
They still behold, are destined
Our 'tendants; for whose minist'ry
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

11

That joy, which soules enjoy departed,
That are in booke of life enroll'd,
Of pious men and humble-hearted,
Of Patriarkes and Prophets old,
Apostles and of Martyrs bold,
Who have the way before us led;
For whose examples manifold
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

12

And for that speciall benefit,
Their lives and thine owne lawes record,
Which some of them themselves have writ,
The pen-men of thy holy Word,
Whereby thou dost us light afford,
Where wee ought after them to tread
Step after step; for this ô Lord,
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

13

And for that blessed, heavenly food,
Thy Sacraments given to sustaine
Our soules deare life and livelyhood,
Which thou as pledges didst ordaine
Of thy great love still to remaine;
For which in forme administred,
As thou, ô Christ, commandedst plaine,
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

14

And for that holy Discipline,
Which makes vice starve and vertue spring,
For exercise of things divine
Through a religious, gratious King,
Under the shadow of whose wing
Wee may in godly quiet lead
And spend our daies; wee to thee sing,
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

15

For other blessings severall
Concerning this lifes present state,
Of which wee, Lord, do more then all
The world beside participate,
(Which to thy praise wee now relate;)
For what wee have not merited,
Beyond last ages utmost date,
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

16

For our prosperity and peace,
Our maintenances competence,
Our cattels and our lands encrease;
Thy watchfull care and providence
To help our want and indigence,
Comfort of friends in time of need,
Wee have but this for recompence,
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

17

For many great deliverances
From enemies against us bent;
From sundry mischiefes and mischances
Open and private by them meant
With full ill purpose and intent,
Which not our strength or subtle head,
But thy sole goodnesse did prevent;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

18

For thousand things beside and more
Unto us thy poore servants done,
Of thine abundant mercies store,
Thy name, ô Father; thine, ô Son;
Thine, holy Ghost, who three in one;
Of like degree, like honoured,
Doe sit above in heavenly throne;
Thy Name be ever hallowed.

The end of the first LETANIE.

LETANIE 2.

Thy kingdome come.

1

O God, chiefe Soveraigne Lord and King
Of all the world, who dost command
The heav'n and earth and every thing
By thy Almighty-pow'rfull hand;
O Father whom
No mortall creature can withstand;
Thy Kingdome come.

2

And thou, ô Son, his onely Birth,
Who with like pow'r dost all things sway,
To whom the things in heav'n and earth,
And under earth, doe all obey;
O Saviour, from
Thy lips it came, what wee now pray,
Thy Kingdome come.

3

O holy Ghost, whose power doth
With like authority entire
For managing their kingdome both
All faithfull hearts with grace inspire;
Thy Halydome

Infuse

Infuse into us this desire,
Thy kingdome come.

4

O God, the Father, God the Son,
O God the holy Spirit, three
In person, yet but monarch one,
Of the same power and degree,
Unto whose doome
Both men and Angels subject be;
Thy kingdome come.

5

Let all the heavenly hoast above
Of Saints and Angels glorifi'd,
Which stand assured of thy love,
In such possession, ne'er to slide
Or fall there-from,
Sing this to thee, who dost them guide;
Thy kingdome come.

6

Let *Michael, Gabriel, Raphael,*
Angels, Archangels royall band,
And all the powers in heav'n that dwell,
In order howsoe're they stand;
Let all resume
This song, that are at thy command,
Thy kingdome come.

7

Let *Abr'am, Isaac, Jacob* sing,
Let Patriarchs, Priests, and Prophets sound
Unto the praise of thee their King;
Apostles, virgins, victors crown'd
With martyrdome;
Let every one this forth rebound,
Thy kingdome come.

8

Kings upon earth and magistrates,
Subjects, men women old and young,
Of all degrees, of all estates,
Sing forth aloud, with heart and tongue;
Let none be dumb;
But every one joyne to this song,
Thy kingdome come.

9

The divell now comes up and downe,
Like rampant lyon to devoure,
Searching through countrie, court and towne,
To make men thrall each day and hower;
But though hee come,
Yet keepe us, Lord, in thine owne power;
Thy kingdome come.

10

His whole intent, thy people is
To draw from their allegiance,
To make thy servants to be his,
To bring them to his governance
And masterdome;
But thou thy selfe, ô Lord, advance,
Thy kingdome come.

11

His time, he knowes, is short; his wrath
Is by so much the fiercer growne;
Finding how little space he hath,
Ere his proud state be overthrowne:
But save us whom
Thou hast made subjects of thine owne,
Thy kingdome come.

12

The Flesh against the Spirit rebels,
Our members are our enemies:
Our foe within our castle dwels
In readinesse us to surprise
In our owne home:
But to our help, ô Lord, arise;
Thy kingdome come.

13

What stirs doth foule Concupiscence
Raise in our hearts, within the bars
Of our owne troubled Conscience?
O what tumultuous fearefull jars
Thence issue from?
But hasten thou to end these wars;
Thy kingdome come.

14

Ambition, lust and avarice,
The eyes desire, the pride of life,
The fleshes sin and every vice,
O Lord, be in us too too rife;
Not few, nor some,
But every one; to part which strife,
Thy kingdome come.

15

The world and worldly men abroad
What squadrons, troupes, what armies they
Against us muster up, ô God,
By their examples wicked sway?
To conquer whom,
We have, ô Lord, but this to pray,
Thy kingdome come.

16

The nations doe themselves combine,
The Heathen rage, as once they did,
Like to wilde boares they spoile thy vine;
They fome their shame and vent amid
Their filthy scum:
But, Lord, for their conversion, bid
Thy kingdome come.

17

Great *Cham*, that seekes to dispossesse
Thy Son of all his majestie,
And daily doth thy Saints oppresse,
Curse him once more, sore enemy
To Christendome:
Let, maugre all his tyrannie,
Thy kingdome come.

18

Thou blessed, onely Potentate,
Thou King eternall, King of kings,
Whose principality and state
Blisse everlasting to us brings,
And doth us from
Drive far away all hurtfull things;
Thy kingdome come.

19

Thy scepter is a scepter right
Of vengeance fierce, an Iron rod,
To such as use thee with despite,
To breake and bruise them like a clod
Of earth or cloome:

So let thy power be seene, ô God;
Thy kingdome come.

20

To them that in thy favour stand,
Thy Scepter is a golden one,
Like Persian Kings when he his hand
To *Esther* stretcht, that fairely shone
In *Vashties* roome:
So give us leave t' approach thy throne,
Thy kingdome come.

21

Thy hand shall heavie light on those,
Who thy displeasure do provoke,
Upon all such as be thy foes;
Who breake thy lawes and think thy yoke
Too burdensome:
But rule thou us with gentle stroke,
Thy kingdome come.

22

Thine, Lord, whose kingdom doth exceed
All kingdomes else without compare,
Like Sun and Moon established;
Whose dayes more firme and lasting are,
Beyond the summe,
Beyond the dayes of heaven far;
Thy kingdome come.

23

By Salems King, *Melchisedech*,
The King of Peace prefigured,
Who King and Priest and Prophet eke,
To make us such hast promised:
Unto us, whom
Thou hast the same determined;
Thy kingdome come.

24

By Prophets anciently fore-told,
That thine should the dominion be,
And that all nations worship should,
Bow and do service unto thee;
May we hence-from
So happy be, ô Lord, to see
Thy kingdome come.

25

By Angels mouth King *Davids* son
And heire declar'd, for evermore
To sit upon his royall throne,
So to thy mother, ere she bore
Thee in her womb,
Did *Gabriel*, Lord, make knowne before:
Thy kingdome come.

26

Sought for by name King of the Jewes
By Kings themselves, who did not spare
To come at thy births blessed newes
Unto Jerusalem from far,
From Easterne home,
By guid and conduct of a star:
Thy kingdome come.

27

The same by *Pilate* at thy death
In Hebrew, Greeke and Latine writ
Of thee, JESUS *of Nazareth,*
King of the Jewes: God thought it fit
That other some
Beside the Jewes should knowledge it;
Thy kingdome come.

28

Then having by thy death subdu'd
The pow'rs of hell, and them bereaven
Of all their strength, thy grant renew'd
Of Soveraigne pow'r in earth and heav'n,
Streight from the tomb,
By thee declar'd to be thee given:
Thy Kingdome come.

29

Then after thine Ascension high
Placed above at Gods right hand,
Invested in thy majestie
With pow'r Imperiall and command,
All men to doome,
When we before thy seat shall stand;
Thy Kingdome come.

30

O be thou mindfull of us then,
When thou shalt come at later day
To sentence us poore, sinfull men:
Meane while our faults wipe cleane away,
And purge us from
All drosse of sin, that we may pray,
Thy kingdome come.

The end of the second LETANIE.

LETANIE. 3.

Thy will be done in earth, &c.

1

O Father, God omnipotent,
Who sitt'st above in heav'nly seat;
By whose alone arbitrement
Things stand dispos'd in order sweet;
Thy will be done here in earth, even
As it is done above in heaven.

2

And thou, ô Saviour, blessed Lord,
His deare beloved Son, whose will
Doth with thy Fathers will accord,
To will the same, the same to nill;
Thy will be done here in earth, even
As it is done above in heaven.

3

And thou, ô holy Sp'rit of both,
Who of Gods will revealer art,
Whose sacred inspiration doth
The knowledge of the same impart;
Thy will be done here in earth, even
As it is done above in heaven.

4

O glorious Soveraigne majestie,
Who three in one, and one in three,
In one divine Oeconomie
To governe all things do agree;
Thy will be done here in earth, even
As it is done above in heaven.

5
The heavenly quire Angelicall
Thy ſervants and attendants are;
To do thy errands ſeverall
Is their whole ſtudy, all their care:
Thy will be done here in earth, even
As it is done by them in heaven!

6
They ſtop, they move, they come, they go,
They run, they flie, at thy command;
They ſtreight, with all obſervance, do
What e're thou bid them take in hand;
Thy will be done here in earth, even
As it is done by them in heaven!

7
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars above
In all their great variety,
How in their ſeverall orbs they move
Each one diſtinct and orderly:
O could we doe thy will, but even
As theſe do it above in heaven!

8
The fixed Stars, that to their ſpheares
Above the ſtars faſt linked be,
There is not one but true him beares,
As faſt and faithfull unto thee:
O could we doe thy will, but even
As do the Stars above in heaven!

9
The Planets, every wandring ſtar,
Though in their various courſes they
And in their motions differ far,
Yet all concurre thee to obey;
O could we doe thy will, but even
As do the Planets there in heaven!

10
The Sun doth know his riſe and fall,
Yet yeelds himſelfe at thy command;
Back to returne when thou doſt call,
To ſtand when thou doſt bid him ſtand:
O could we do thy will, but even
As doth the Sun above in heaven!

11
The Moon, that in her habit ſtrange
Twice like her ſelfe was never ſeene,
Conſtant in her inconſtant change
To thy command hath ever beene:
O could we doe thy will but even
As doth the Moon above in heaven!

12
The Meteors in the aier below,
Fire, haile, ice, lightning, froſt and cold,
The fierce and ſtormy winds that blow,
Yeeld thee their ſervice manifold:
O could we do thy will, but even
As theſe do in the neather heaven!

13
Nought more uncertain then the weather,
Yet this keepes certainty with thee,
To be at thy appointment, whether
It ca'me or yet tempeſtuous be:
O could we do thy will, but even
As doth the weather under heaven!

14
The ſeverall ſeaſons of the yeare,
Spring, Summer, Harveſt, Winter dead,
Do ſtill continue as they were
By thee at firſt eſtabliſhed:
O could we do thy will, but even
As theſe here do it under heaven!

15
Nought more unruly then the Sea,
A moſt unquiet element;
Yet he yeelds ſervice unto thee;
Man onely is contrary bent:
O could we do thy will, but even
As doth the Sea here under heaven!

16
Beaſts, foules and fiſhes, oxen, ſheepe,
Thou haſt ſubjected to our hand,
That we ſhould them in order keepe;
And they be all at our command:
O could we do thy will, but even
As theſe do ours here under heaven!

17
The Oxe his owner knowes full well,
And yeelds himſelfe unto the yoke;
The Aſſe his maſters crib can tell,
And patiently receives his ſtroke:
O could we do thy will, but even
As theſe do ours here under heaven!

18
Unruly creatures, horſe and mule
With bit and bridles gentle ſtraine
We manage and their bodies rule,
Which way our ſelves them pleaſe to raine:
O could we do thy will, but even
As theſe do ours here under heaven!

19
O could we be contented too,
Since thus we cannot do thy will,
To ſuffer what thy ſelfe doth doe,
And patiently to beare it ſtill,
To yeeld to thy correction,
And ſay at leaſt, *Thy will be done.*

20
And that we cannot do nor ſuffer,
Thy bleſſed will in any caſe,
If thou unto us do not offer
Thy helping hand and ſpeciall grace;
When thou ſhalt lay us ought upon,
To make us ſay, *Thy will be done.*

21
And may we ſtill be of this mind,
To lay it alwayes unto heart,
If we thy hand do heavie find,
To think, all is but our deſert;
What ever be th' affliction,
Let us ſtill ſay, *Thy will be done.*

22
From ſuff'ring yet for foule offence,
Keepe us, that we deſerve it not;
But for a guiltleſſe conſcience
To ſuffer if ſo be our lot;
Welcome ſuch perſecution,
When ere it comes, *Thy will be done.*

23
If *Shimei* curse and raile for spite,
And call us sons of *Belial* too,
If thou do think it for us fit,
And hast him bidden so to do,
So let him; let him still raile on,
And spare not, Lord, *Thy will be done.*

24
If either of thy judgements sore
Thou please to send upon our land,
O let us not repine therefore,
But with all patience at thy hand
Accept thy visitation,
And alwaies say, *Thy will be done.*

25
From plague, from famine, and the sword
We pray thee to deliver us;
Yet if it be thy pleasure, Lord,
Thy peoples sins to punish thus,
We have no way of help but one,
Thou, Lord, hast done't: *Thy will be done.*

26
Amidst our cares, amidst our crosses,
What ever ill shall us befall,
In time of our most hearie losses,
Of wealth, of health, of life and all;
This let our mind be set upon,
To think and say, *Thy will be done.*

27
If thou 'gainst us give Satan leave,
As 'gainst thy servant *Job* thou didst,
Us of our substance to bereave,
Servants or children; this amidst
Be still our Resolution,
Thy name be blest, *Thy will be done.*

28
If he us smite with botch or blaine,
And some there be that bid us curse,
O, God forbid! shall w' entertaine
The better, Lord, and not the worse?
Nay, but with all submission
Make us still say, *Thy will be done.*

29
If bitter cup of death we see
Approach us neere before our face,
And that it is thy pleasure, we
Should drink it ('twas our Saviours case,)
Let him be our instruction,
Not ours, ô Lord, *Thy will be done.*

30
Betide us then, what may betide,
(A thousand troubles more then are:)
Make us thy pleasure to abide;
So thou our soules hereafter spare,
Our bodies launce, bruise flesh and bone,
Do what thou please; *Thy will be done.*

The end of the third
LETANIE.

LETANIE 4.

Give us this day our daily bread.

1
O blessed God, who Father art
To every creature severall,
And dost the meanes to them impart,
To keepe them in their being all,
Regard thou thy poore servants need,
And heare us now who to thee call;
Give us this day our daily bread.

2
O Son of God, who dost denie
Thy servants nothing that is good,
For whose behoose thou wouldest die,
And shed forth thy most precious bloud;
Who dost both soule and body feed,
True-living bread, our heav'nly food,
Give us this day our daily bread.

3
And thou, ô holy Sp'rit of both,
Life of our soules, whose sacred breath
Our hearts with grace enliven doth,
Whose bounteous mercy cherisheth
The poore for hunger almost dead,
And them againe recomforteth;
Give us this day our daily bread.

4
O holy, blessed, glorious Trine,
Three persons, all in Godhead one
By sacred mysterie divine,
O God the Father, God the Son,
And Sp'rit who dost from both proceed,
Behold us from thy heavenly throne,
Give us this day our daily bread.

5
No sooner thou the world hadst made,
Man, beast, foule, fish, and creeping thing,
But they from thee prepared had
Each one his sev'rall victualling,
After his kind, herb, fruit and seed:
Grant still our fields with corne may spring,
Give us this day our daily bread.

6
Thou that didst *Jacob* once preserve
From jawes of cruell griping dearth,
When he and his were like to sterve
Through famine that did all the earth
At that time strangely over-spread;
As thou hast hither from our birth,
Give us this day our daily bread.

7
Thou fed'st his seed in desert wild,
When out of Egypt they were driven,
With fruit of garden, nor of field,
But Manna, Angels food from heaven:
O let our wants be furnished,
Continue still what thou hast given;
Give us this day our daily bread.

8
Thou which the ravens didst command
To bring *Elias* bread and meat
At Morne and Evening, from thy hand
Give us our food what we shall eat;
That beeing by it strengthened
We in thy service be not let:
Give us this day our daily bread.

9
Thou giv'st the ravens selves their food,
The foules which in the air do flie;

The

The old ones and the younger brood
Are by thee ſuccour'd when they cry:
O may we ſtill by thee be ſped;
O Lord, our hunger ſatisfie;
Give us this day our daily bread.

10

Nor oyle did waſte within the cruiſe,
Nor meale in barrell that remain'd
In widow's houſe, for both their uſe,
Whil'ſt ſhe the Prophet entertain'd:
O let not us be miniſhed
Or of our needfull fare reſtrain'd;
Give us this day our daily bread.

11

Thou with five loaves and fiſhes twaine
Who did'ſt five thouſand ſoules and more,
And by like miracle againe
With a few fiſhes, as before,
And ſeven loaves, foure thouſand feed,
O grant us of thy bounties ſtore;
Give us this day our daily bread.

12

Thy bountie's ſuch, if bread we beg,
Thou wilt not give us, Lord, a ſtone;
If we thy children aske an egge,
Thou wilt not give a Scorpion:
Nay thou art better purpoſed,
To give us what to feed upon;
So give us ſtill our daily bread.

13

It is the thing thy ſelfe did'ſt teach
Thy ſervants, Lord, upon that day,
When thou upon the Mount did'ſt preach,
And ſhew the people what to ſay,
In thine owne words delivered;
That in this manner we ſhould pray,
Give us this day our daily bread.

14

Thy meaning was not, we ſhould vex
Or eat our hearts with cark and care,
That we our ſelves ſhould ought perplexe
Concerning this, our bodies fare,
With what we ſhould be nouriſhed,
That we to pray thus bidden are,
Give us this day our daily bread.

15

Thy purpoſe was and thine intent,
That we ſhould wholly truſt in thee,
And of thy goodneſſe confident
Without all jealous doubting be:
And to aſſure us, we ſhall ſpeed,
When we to thee alone do flee,
To give to us our daily bread.

16

It is but labour ſpent in vaine
To riſe betimes and breake our ſleepe,
To ſpend our ſelves in toile and paine,
To ſit up late, long watch to keepe:
Without ſuch trouble of the head
Thy bleſſing 'tis, makes all things cheape;
To give to us our daily bread.

17

No coſtly dainties deerely bought,
No artificiall cates devis'd,
From forraigne coaſts or countries brought,
By curious palates highly priz'd:
We beg things lower valued,
By high-fed ſtomachs quite deſpis'd,
Give us this day our daily bread.

18

What *Jacob* did content afford,
When he was on his journie bent
To *Padan Aram*, ſhall, ô Lord,
Afford to us the ſame content:
With food and clothing us beſtead,
And it ſhall be ſufficient;
Give us this day our daily bread.

19

Our prayer is what *Agurs* was:
O give us neither poverty,
That we ſhould ſteale for need, alas;
Nor wealth, that we grow proud thereby:
But us with food convenient feed,
That wee may not forget to cry,
Give us this day our daily bread.

20

Bread is the ſtaffe that doth ſupport
Mans life that elſe would faint and fall,
It is the cement in a ſort,
That holds our bodies tottering wall,
Soone elſe to be demoliſhed:
This then ſo needfull to us all,
Give us this day our daily bread.

21

In bread all things compriſed are,
That our neceſſities require,
Not onely of the bodies fare,
Our meat, our drink, and our attire,
But all things 'longing to our need:
O grant us then, what wee deſire,
Give us this day our daily bread.

22

In bread more yet contained is,
Thy ſelfe, ô Chriſt; thy body bleſt,
True bread of life, ſubſtantiall, this,
Wherewith our ſoules thou nouriſheſt
In Sacrament exhibited:
O give us this above the reſt,
Give us this day our daily bread.

23

This day and every day: ſo we
Our vowes and offerings ſhall pay,
And render praiſe and thankes to thee,
Not onely this, but every day;
Untill this life be finiſhed.
That we no more ſhall need to pray,
Give us this day our daily bread.

The end of the Fourth
LETANIE.

LETANIE 5.

Forgive us our treſpaſſes, &c.

1

O Gracious God, who downe didſt ſend
Thy deare-beloved Son from heaven,

To

To pay our debts, and to this end,
That we might them be, Lord, forgiven;
O God the Father, *may't thee please,*
To pardon all our treſpaſſes!

2

O thou the Fathers onely Son,
Who undertook'ſt to be the price,
The ſole propitiation
Oblation and ſacrifice
For all our ſins, *O may't thee please,*
To pardon all our treſpaſſes!

3

And thou, ô holy Spirit bleſt,
Who doſt all faithfull hearts inſpire,
Whoſe power, right and intereſt
Is with them both the ſame entire
To pardon ſin; *O may't thee please*
To pardon all our treſpaſſes!

4

O bleſſed, glorious Trinitie,
The Father, Son, and holy Spirit,
Whoſe mercy is abundantly
To ſinners ſhowne beyond all merit,
Their ſins to pardon; *may't thee please*
To pardon all our treſpaſſes!

5

Our Senſes five, ſight, hearing, ſmell,
Our taſte & touch, which ſhould have bin
Each one a ſeverall cittadell
To keepe out ſin, have let it in:
Our ſins, Lord, pardon, caus'd by theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

6

Our Wits, which ſhould have bin the womb,
For to conceive more heavenly birth,
Of all good things hath been the tomb,
Fit to bring forth but thoughts of earth:
Our ſins, Lord, pardon caus'd by theſe
And all our other treſpaſſes.

7

Into our traitour Memories
The thiefe by night, ô Lord, hath crept,
And ſtollen thence ſuch rarities,
They ſhould more faithfully have kept:
Our ſins, Lord, pardon, caus'd by theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

8

Our Wils and our Affections both,
Which were to thee affianced,
Have prov'd unchaſte and broke their troth,
And have defil'd thy marriage bed:
Our ſins, Lord, pardon caus'd by theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

9

Our parts and members corporall,
Hands, heart, tongue, feet, each ſeverall lim,
Have to thy foe them yeelded thrall,
And done their ſervice unto him:
Our ſins, Lord, pardon caus'd by theſe
And all our other treſpaſſes.

10

The ſins and treſpaſſe of our youth,
Our childhood and our pupillage,
Our manhood and our older growth,
Our treſpaſſes of every age;
Lord, of thy goodneſſe, pardon theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

11

All our miſdeeds which we have done
Or witting or unwittingly;
Of boldneſſe and preſumption,
Of weakeneſſe and infirmitie;
Lord, of thy goodneſſe, pardon theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

12

Sins ſecret, open, preſent, paſt,
Remembred and remembred not,
So long conceal'd, that we at laſt
Have them our ſelves now quite forgot;
Lord, of thy goodneſſe, pardon theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

13

Our greater and our leſſe offences,
Jealous miſtakes, groſſe ignorances,
Our many careleſſe negligences,
With their attending circumſtances:
Lord, of thy goodneſſe, pardon theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

14

The things by us omitted, which
We ſhould have done, and yet we would not,
The things by us committed, ſuch
As we have done, and yet we ſhould not;
Lord, of thy goodneſſe, pardon theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

15

Each ſev'rall ſin, each ſev'rall fault,
Whether in thought, in word or deed,
Through fleſh, or world or divels aſſault,
Conceived, ſpoke or practiſed;
Lord, of thy goodneſſe, pardon theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes,

16

Our pride, vaine-glory, avarice,
Raſh anger, envie and deſpite,
Our idleneſſe, luſts filthy vice,
And our intemp'rate appetite:
Lord, of thy goodneſſe, pardon theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

17

That we have beene unto the poore
Hard-hearted, too too pitileſſe,
When they ſtood hungry at our doore,
To ſuccour them in their diſtreſſe;
Lord, of thy goodneſſe, pardon theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes,

18

Though of good workes we empty be,
As be their bellies we ſhould fill;
Yet let not us be ſo by thee
Dealt with according to the ill:
But, of thy goodneſſe, pardon theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

19

The ſick we have not viſited,
Nor cloath'd the naked and the bare,
Nor to the hungrie dealt our bread,
Nor ſtranger entertain'd from far:

Lord,

Lord, of thy goodneſſe pardon theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

20

The ſimple wee have not adviſed,
The froward we have not corrected;
To comfort thoſe that were deſpiſed,
We have too careleſly neglected;
Lord, of thy goodneſſe pardon theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

21

Our pettie wrongs and injuries
We have not taken in good part,
Nor pray'd thee for our enemies,
To pardon them and turne their heart;
Lord, of thy goodneſſe pardon theſe,
And all our other treſpaſſes.

22

And of thy goodneſſe grant this too,
What for our ſelves of thee we crave,
The ſame that wee for them may doe:
That like as we deſire to have
Our debts forgiven, ſo may wee
Forgive them, that our debters be.

23

It is the Covenant, as it were,
We ſtand bound in each unto other;
That thou wilt us alike forbeare,
As we our ſelves forbeare our brother;
Forgive then, Lord, our debts, as we
Do them, or ſhould our debters be.

24

The meaſure wee to others make,
Shall back to us be meaſur'd even;
Vengeance, if we do vengeance take;
If we forgive, to be forgiven:
Forgive then Lord, our debts, as we
Forgive them that our debters be.

25

O what is all that trifling ſcore,
All the offences done to us,
If they a thouſand times were more,
To hinder us from praying thus?
Forgive us, Lord, our debts, as we
Forgive them that our debters be.

26

What be their debts to ours compar'd?
Not mites to talents, pence to pounds:
Why doe we then ſo light regard,
To pray on ſuch uneven grounds?
Forgive us, Lord, our debts, as we
Forgive them that our debters be.

27

O may it pleaſe thy heavenly grace,
The leaven of our hearts to purge,
All malice from them to diſplace,
That we may pray without all urge;
Forgive us, Lord, our debts, as we
Forgive them that our debters be.

28

So henceforth by thy grace we will,
And here that promiſe we renew,
To pardon our blaſphemours ſtill,
And all that do our ſoules purſue:
Forgive us, Lord, our debts, as wee
Forgive them that our debters be.

The end of the fifth
LETANIE.

LETANIE 6.

Lead us not into temptation.

1

O God, whoſe ſacred providence
Doth even unto ſin extend,
On whom the firſt beginnings, whence
It iſſueth, alone depend;
From all occaſions miniſtred
Thy children, Father, ſtill defend,
Ne them into temptation lead.

2

And thou by everlaſting birth
The onely Son of God, begot
Before all worlds, who borne on earth
Of Virgin bleſt without all ſpot,
Waſt by the Tempter viſited;
Without thy help us ſuffer not
Into temptation to be lead.

3

O God the holy Ghoſt, who didſt
Our Saviour lead into the vaſt
And deſert wilderneſſe, amidſt
The thornie brakes and wood-lands waſt,
To Satans tempting offered;
Do not us on ſuch dangers caſt,
Ne us into temptation lead.

4

O thou who reign'ſt eternally
In one conſent and ſweet accord;
O bleſſed, glorious Trinitie,
By Divels ſlight ſuffer not, Lord,
Our ſoules to be endangered,
(Unleſſe thou help withall afford,)
Ne us into temptation lead.

5

With armed troupes of cruell foes
We are encompaſt round about:
O do not thou us weake expoſe
To enemies ſo ſtrong and ſtout,
As have us now environed:
But ſet thy hand to help us out,
When we be 'into temptation led.

6

Among thoſe troupes the Divell firſt
His ſtandard 'gainſt us doth advance,
Accompanied with Fiends accurſt
All under his ill governance:
But let not us be vanquiſhed
By them, if ſo it be our chance
Into temptation to be led.

7

The world is up in armes abroade,
And is confederate combin'd
Unto the Div'll in league, O God,
Of helliſh partnerſhip conjoyn'd:

But

But let not their intent be sped
Which they against us have design'd,
Into temptation to be led.

8

The Flesh as bad, false traitoresse,
As either of the other twaine,
More mischiefe, greater wickednesse,
Is like to worke us by her traine,
In our owne fort and castle bred:
But, Lord, help thou us out againe,
When wee be 'into temptation led.

9

The Serpent when by subtle wile
To tempt our parents hee began,
The woman first hee did beguile,
And shee did after tempt the man:
So deales he still; his subtle head
Contrives by all the meanes he can,
Into temptation us to lead.

10

The Divell is that serpent base,
The Flesh is as our mother *Eve*,
And *Adam* stands in Reasons place:
The Fiend our flesh doth first deceive,
The flesh doth then with reason plead,
Then reason yeelds to give her leave,
Into temptation us to lead.

11

Temptation is the sowing tares,
The Divell is the seeds-man skill'd;
He sowes them close and unawares,
Which if they fall in fruitfull field,
They grow apace, unhappy weed:
But let not us beare fruit so wild,
Nor be into temptation led.

12

The Divell parent is to get,
The Flesh the mother is to beare,
And these two when they both are met,
What goodly off-spring do they reare?
What but foule sin can thence proceed,
A bastard brat, because we were
By them into temptation led?

13

And this is Sins accursed brood,
Which if it were observed well,
And rightly by us understood,
Like Cockatrices in the shell,
Or rather in their spawne and seed,
We would them crush like Imps of hell,
Which us into temptation lead.

14

Against each sev'rall enemie
Thou of thy goodnesse dost provide
A sev'rall sundry remedie,
Their sharp encounters to abide;
Wherewith if we were furnished,
Lesse might we feare to be thus tri'd,
Into temptation to be led.

15

And specially against the Divell,
As specially thou hast prepar'd,
This precious good against his evill,
Of Angels and Archangels gard:
To be against him strengthened,
That he to hurt us be debar'd,
When we be 'into temptation led.

16

Against the worlds lewd practises,
The profits false and honours vaine,
We have the Saints examples, these,
And many precepts Soveraigne;
By them to be encouraged,
'Gainst it defiance to maintaine,
If we be 'into temptation led.

17

Against the flesh, when she grows proud
Through lust and foule concupiscence,
Fasting to tame and coole the bloud,
And keepe it in obedience:
Which if it be well practised,
A weapon proves for our defence,
When be 'into temptation led.

18

Against them all in generall
We have those weapons Christian,
That complete armour, which *St. *Paul* Ephes. 6. 13.
Adviseth every faithfull man,
Therewith to get him furnished:
We shall it feare the lesse, if than
We be into temptation led.

19

Truth, for our girdle; righteousnesse,
For breast-plate; faith, to be our shield,
Shoes on our feet, the Gospels peace;
The word of God our sword to wield;
Salvation, helmet for our head;
Thus sped wee shall not need to yeeld,
If we be 'into temptation led.

20

If unto these we Prayer adde
So much the stronger we shall be
To make resistance in the bad
And evill day, if we to thee
Devoutly pray, who canst us speed:
Thou, Saviour, bid'st us so, that we
Be not into temptation led.

21

Returne we to our prayers then,
And having prayed ten times o're,
Still we will pray, and pray agen,
Ten thousand times to that and more:
We have already trespassed
Too much: ô adde not to our score,
Into temptation us to lead.

22

Wee guiltie stand of grievous crimes,
Of many foule offences past,
O give us grace for future times,
That we amend our lives at last,
And be no more endangered,
To doe what thou forbidden hast,
If we be 'into temptation led.

33

Diseases prove most dangerous,
When men to them againe relapse:
Let not the ease stand so with us,
Who mind to leave our former scapes:

As men to health recovered,
So keepe us, Lord, from like miſhaps,
Ne us into temptation lead.

24

To our owne power doe not leave us,
Withdraw not, Lord, thy helping hand:
For of thy grace if thou bereave us,
By our owne ſtrength wee cannot ſtand.
'Tis thou alone, that canſt us ſteed:
So ſteed us then, and give command,
Wee be not to temptation led.

The end of the ſixth
LETANIE.

LETANIE 7.

But deliver us from evill.

1

O God the Father, heavenly King,
Fountaine of light inviſible,
Of goodneſſe everlaſting ſpring;
Be to thy ſervants mercifull,
To keepe us from all hurtfull thing:
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from all evill to deliver.

2

O God the Son, heav'ns Prince and heire,
Of Fathers light the glorious beame,
His countenances mirrour faire,
His goodneſſe ever-flowing ſtreame;
Be to thy ſervants debonaire,
And be our helper now and ever,
Us from all evill to deliver.

3

And thou, ô holy Ghoſt, above
Who raign'ſt with them in heav'nly ſeat,
In equall glory, ſpirit of love,
Lights influence and quickening heat,
Conduit through whom lifes waters move;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from all evill to deliver.

4

O holy, individuall, bleſt,
Eternall, glorious Trinitie,
Who by thy wiſedome ordereſt
Things good and evill ſeverally;
The worſt keep from us, ſend the beſt,
And be our helper now and ever,
Us from all evill to deliver.

5

Againſt the Fiend, the wicked one,
Mans enemie profeſt, the Divell,
Whoſe minde is wholly ſet upon
To work our woe and doe us evill,
To thee wee pray and make our mone;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from the Divell to deliver.

6

Againſt him and his complices,
Companions and his fellow-mates,
The world and fleſh; 'gainſt both of theſe,
That be his ſworne confederates,
To worke us miſchiefe, as they pleaſe;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from their evill to deliver.

7

Againſt their wicked, lewd intents,
Which toward us they harbour ſtill,
To bring us to their ſinfull bents,
That wee may do after their will,
And breake all thy commandements;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from their evill to deliver.

8

Againſt all actuall forfeiture
Of our obedience to thy lawes,
That wee ſhould careleſſe and ſecure
Sin againſt any point or clauſe,
Or others thereunto allure;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from this evill to deliver.

9

'Gainſt taking of offence at other
Through raſh miſ-apprehenſion,
Or giving it to our weake brother,
By what in us lies to be done,
'Gainſt doing this, or one or t'other;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from this evill to deliver.

10

'Gainſt turning back to any thing,
Whereof wee have repentant beene,
Like ſow unto her wallowing
Back to the mire when ſhee was cleene,
Or dog unto his vomiting;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from this evill to deliver.

11

Againſt thoſe ſins the reſt among
Eſpecially, whereto wee find
Our ſelves by uſe and cuſtome long,
Or elſe by nature more inclin'd,
That they are now growne in us ſtrong;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from theſe evils to deliver.

12

'Gainſt Idleneſſe and Luxurie,
Pride, Anger, Malice, Envie, Spite,
Oppreſſing any wrongfully;
Againſt foule, greedie Appetite,
Both Covetiſe and gluttonie;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from theſe evils to deliver.

13

'Gainſt ſects and factions too too riſe
Both in the State and in the Church,
Which cut more keene then ſharpeſt knife,
From living traitor-like at lurch,
'Gainſt our Kings honour, ſtate or life;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from theſe evils to deliver.

14

Againſt preſumption, confidence,
All boldneſſe to commit lewd ſin,
Hardneſſe of heart, impenitence,

With

With purpose to remaine therein
With cauterized conscience;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from these evils to deliver.

15

Against Despaire, no one more foule,
More ougly or more hainous crime,
To bring thy wrath upon us whole;
Downe unto hell before the time
Without all hope to plunge the soule;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from this evill to deliver.

16

'Gainst sland'ring and back-biting tongues,
Which seek our credits to deface;
'Gainst all the like enormous wrongs,
That wee should other men disgrace,
Or credit ought thereto belongs;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from these evils to deliver.

17

'Gainst thy great plagues and judgements, Lord,
Which our offences have deserved,
By pestilence to be devour'd,
Or pinch through famine hunger-starved,
Or fall by adversaries sword;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from these evils to deliver.

18

'Gainst utter want and beggers ease,
'Gainst bondage and our freedomes losse,
'Gainst lothsome, foule, uncleane disease,
Crazing our wits, and every crosse
Too heavie for us; 'may 't thee please,
To be our helper now and ever,
Us from these evils to deliver.

19

'Gainst all thy curses temporall,
The fierce effects of thy displeasure,
Those curses more especiall,
Which doe thy wrath in greater measure
Declare, when they upon us fall;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from such evils to deliver.

20

'Gainst sudden death, that we should dye
And meet our judgement unprepar'd;
'Gainst fire that burnes eternally
Of wicked men the just reward,
'Gainst everlasting miserie;
Be thou our helper now and ever,
Us from these evils to deliver.

FINIS.